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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 23, 1907.

"I HAVE LOVED THEE WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE."

These words, so often quoted and so little understood, may well give us an insight into the love of God for mankind. From all eternity they were murmured by God: on earth they were heard on the Annunciation Day, when at the answer of the Blessed Virgin the Holy Ghost framed within her of her best heart's blood a perfect body and joined to it a perfect soul and the Eternal Word came down from heaven and made it all His own. The Son of God became man to sweep away the barrier which stood between earth and heaven. He, a victim of justice and mercy, bore our sins in His body upon the tree and on Him the Lord laid the iniquities of

Coming into the world Christ proclaimed "for this I am come that I may do Thy will, O Father." And the Father's will was that He should suffer mission and from the beginning to the end of His mortal career every word and every action were devoted to its

We see Him, the Meek One, walking among men and doing good. We hear Him teaching a sin-ridden world doctrines of which its wisest philosophers had never dreamed and raising it by His moral precepts to a higher plane of purity and perfection. He is all ce. Though the Pharisees try to ensuare Him in His speech and term Him a wine-bibber and One possessed of the devil, His forbearance knows no bounds. He loathes the pretence, the shams, the hypocrisy of the Jewish princes; but to the sinner-the man lured away by passion, to the woman, a Magdalen enslaved to sensuality-He stretches forth the hand of charity and

The years of labor and preaching would seem enough to satisfy the world of the love of its Creator. For the world indeed it might be sufficient, but in the prodigality of His love God did not fear to lavish all favors upon us. On Holy Thursday we see Him changing bread and wine into His body and blood. This is yet not enough. He will give His life - the supreme argument-to prove how His Father loves the sons of men.

After the Last Supper He wends His way to the garden to nerve Himself for the scenes in which He must be the principal actor. The horrors of the Crucifixion are already before Him. When a Babe at Bethlehem, a Boy at Nazareth, and when in manhood's prime He taught His doctrine they were never absent from His mind, but on this them to be ready to sympathise with Him in this hour of sorrow. "My Soul is exceeding sorrowful; tarry ye here and watch with Me." Then, going about a stone's cast from them, the Lord Jesus knelt down and prayed. As He kneels amid the olive trees in the solemn stillness of the night, He sees and feels in spirit all the anguish He is to suffer on the morrow. He feels the cords on His hands, the spittle on His face, and the crown of thorns, and the mantle of derision, and in His cars is ringing the yell of triumphant hatred : Crucify Him ! Crucify Him ! But the cause of His sorrow lies far deeper than any dread of pain and ignominy. He beholds in fearful array all the sins that ever disfigured the souls of men. The history of the world is before Him.

Writes Cardinal Newman:

Writes Cardinal Newman:

"It is a long history and God alone can bear the load of it. Hopes blighted, vows broken, lights quenched, warnings scorned, opportunities lost: the innocent betrayed, the young hardened, the penitent relapsing, the just overcome, the aged failing; the sophistry of misbelief, the wilful, alone of passion, the obduracy of pride, the tyranny of habit, the canker of remorse, the wasting fever of care, the auguish of shame, the pining of disappointment, the sickness of despair: such cruel, such pittable spectacles—they are upon Him and in Him."

He turns His ayes to heaven and we

He turns His eyes to heaven and we hear that cry wrung from the anguished

price high and commits a crime un. unpardonable sin.

God's forgiveness and mercy. Christ knows the diabolical design of the apostate, but, yearning to save him, He says with ineffable sweetness: "Friend, whereto art thou come? Betrayes thou the Son of Man with a kiss." These words touch not the cold heart of the perfidious disciple. He gives the signal, and the raging crowd rushes in upon the Lamb of God and drags Him on to the city. A few days ago they saluted Him as King and cried out in admiration as they thronged the streets: "Hosanna to the Son of David!" But the popular approval is fickle, and to-night the cry of triumph

When He answers Annas as to His life and doctrine, one of the servants flings himself forward, and strikes Jesus on the mouth. How well the atrocity of this act comes home to us! But have we not, however, struck God more cruelly than that Jewish servant? Yes, more cruelly, for we know Him. for the sins of mankind. This was His He is with us daily, and how many times have we not lifted up a sacrilegious hand in mortal sin and struck Him, not once but a thousand times.

gives place to the yell of derision.

Christ goes from Caiphas with their false witnesses trying in vain to entangle Him in a mist of lies and calumnies, to Pilate-weak, vacillating Pilate-who washed his hands, as his descendants endeavor to do, of the Lord's blood. He, man of the world, with an eye on Rome and his future, will not stem the tide of hatred. But he tries to do so, in half-hearted fashion. It was the custom of the Jewish nation on the day of their paschal solemnity to have set at liberty one criminal for whom the people should petition. Knowing this, Pilate proposes to their choice Christ-and Barrabas, a notorious robber and murderer. But hear the infuriated Jews: " Not this man, but Barabbas." "What evil hath He done?" asks Pilate; and for answer they cry out with one accord : " Crucify Him !" "Shall I crucify your King?" asks Pilate. "Away with Him! We have no King but Caesar," is the answer. How we loathe this horrible injustice-the cowardice and injustice of Pilate! But think! Do we not betimes cry out that we have no King but liquor, but lust, but revenge. Do we not sell the Lord for less than thirty pieces of silver-for the passion of a moment—and drag Him through the mire of a polluted soul.

the Hands that fashioned the world are driven the nails, tearing bone and sinew. Slowly the cross is raised. Around it are His enemies; near by His own pure Mother, a gift of mercy at the well of Jabob. You can listen to fine merit of an agreeable to the hours pass—the end is of the far off. His Blood is after with the thin. The thorns are sticking like of flame through the skull.

The thorns are sticking like of flame through the skull.

The thorns are sticking like of flame through the skull.

The thorns are sticking like of flame through the skull.

The thorns are sticking like of flame through the skull.

The thorns are sticking like of flame through the skull.

The thorns are sticking like of flame through the skull.

The thorns are sticking like of Jabob. You can listen to flame has not even the merit of an agreeable and elevated style!

Avoid Dangerous Books.

"It is related in the Acts of the Apostructions people. You had converted at Ephesus possessed. night they stand out in bolder relief. to us. The hours pass — the end is He turns to John and James and Peter, who accompany Him, and beseeches pain. The thorns are sticking like Dark loneliness weighs upon Him, for we hear that bitter cry : " My God, my God, why hast Thou abandoned Me !" Then the blood-stained face of Christ turns once more towards His persecutors, and they hear the words : 'It is finished." Christ is dead. Divine Justice is satisfied—and the world is saved. He can rest now. In His desire to save us the Father smote His Son, the image of His substance and the splendor of His glory. One tear, one sigh would have been more than sufficient for the redemption of a million worlds; but to show us the earnestness of His love, the Father made His Son drink the cup of suffering to the dregs. And how bravely the Son seconded the Father's design! When in the garden the army of evil fell like infernal spirits upon Him He paid the debt for our own evil thoughts. When in humility He stood before Pilate and the rabble that clamored for His blood, He atoned for our pride and vanity. And when the soourge tore His shoulders and gashed His holy body, He paid our debt

for our impurities. Let us so study the lesson of the crucifix during life as to be able to say when we put it to our lips at the hour of death: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit."

The Unpardonable Sin.

Father Price in the Pitteburg Observe

heart: "Father, if Thou wilt, remove this chalice: nevertheless not My will, but Thine be done."

Ohrist rises from the ground with renewed strength to meet His foes. The garden fills up with a band of infuriated ruffains led on by Judas, who sells His Master and thinks the price high and commits a crime un-

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, MARCH 23 1907

COUNSEL FOR READERS.

Cardinal Gibbons delivered a force-ful and opportune sermon at the Balti-more Cathedral last Sunday on a sub-ject which is becoming every day of greater importance. At a time when greater importance. At a time when books were never so numerous or so accessible, when the public is fairly stormed with newspapers from early morning until late at night, the Cardinal took the opportunity to preach on the necessity of discrimination in the choice of reading. His words carry weight—it is doubtful if any man in America can command a more respectful andiance—and at least a few respectful audience—and at least a few paragraphs from his discourse found their way into nearly every newspaper in the country—even into those, oddly enough, which most flagrantly offend in

enough, which most hagranty outside in the ways which he denounced.

The Cardinal began his sermon by pointing out the benefit of familiarity with the best of all books, the Holy

"The timely remembrance of an ap-"The timely remembrance of an appropriate sentence of Holy Writ," he said, "is a tower of strength in the hour of temptation and despondency. But we cannot conjure up these pious phrases unless we are familiar with the sacred text, and it is only by habitual perusal of the Word of God that we are familiar waters that the confemiliaries are said. that we can familiar ize ourselves with it.

DEPENCE AGAINST TEMPTATION. "When the demon of swelling pride and vain glory assails you let your battle cry be the words of the royal prophet: 'Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name give glory.'
"When the spirit of avarice haunts

you let your antidote be the words of our Lord: 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'
"When the demon of unhallowed de-

sires endeavors to defile your soul, devoutly recall the words of Christ:

'Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.' Or the words of the patriarch Joseph: 'How can I sin

in the presence of my God?'

"When tempted with impatience on account of the loss of health or relatives, say with Job: 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"The Holy Scientific in and a long with the lord."

"The Holy Scripture is not only your weapon in time of war, but also your companion in time of peace. Conference with God in the Sacred Volume diffuses around you a heavenly and delicious fragrance.

LEADS AMID MEMORABLE SCENES.

"With the Holy Scripture as your companion it will lead you into the most sacred and memorable scenes ever presented to the gaze of men. It ever presented to the gaze of men. It will take you to Mount Sinai, where you can contemplate Jehovah giving His law to Moses. It will enable you to follow the children of Israel in their devious wanderings through the desert till the Promised Land is reached. It will accompany you to the mountains of Judea, where you can listen to the prophets denouncing the iniquities of the Hebrew people.

"With the multitude you can sit on the grass and hear our Lord preaching His Sermon on the Mount. You can reverently stand beside Him while He is conversing with the Samaritan woman at the well of Jabob. You can listen to Him while He is preaching His last At last Calvary is reached. Through

refined but superstitious people. You can behold in imagination those sacred personages recorded in Scripture and listen to the very words that fell from

MOST FEARLESS PREACHER.
"The Word of God is the most fear me word of God is the most lear-less preacher you can listen to. Your most intimate friend will hesitate to remind you of your faults from a sense of delicacy and from a fear of being considered overcensorious. Even the ministers of God, though they are commanded by the Holy Ghost 'to preach bby Word, to reprove, entreat and re-buke with authority,' are cautious not to lay bare the diseases of the soul in their naked deformity from a dread of suggesting evil thoughts to the inno-cent or of giving personal offense to the guilty or of shooking the sensibili-ties of the hearers generally.

"But the Inspired Volume is never

ashamed to tell us the plain, unvarnished truth, for people can never suspect its authors of being personal.

CONVERSION OF AUGUSTINE.
"It was the reading of a passage in one of St. Paul's epistles that gave an Augustine to the Church. Seduced in his youth from the religion of his pious mother Monica into the Manichean heresy, Augustine became not only shipwrecked in faith, but also dissolute in morals. One day while in company with his friends, Alipius and Pontitianus, the latter related the extraordinary life and sanctity of St. Annual Company with marked

st. Paul open and his eye falls on these words, so well adapted to his condition: "Not in reveling and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences." He read no more. From that moment dates his conversion to Good.

GOOD AND BAD NEWSPAPERS. "I shall conclude by making a few

practical suggestions:

"First—Rigidly exclude from your household all books and pamphlets which are hostile to religion and good morals. Never admit into your homes any newspaper or periodical which ventilates obscene news and licentious

scandals.
"There is one kind of literature in which we all indulge and of which we partsk) as regularly and with as much relish as our daily bread, without which life would be dull and tedious —a literature which has become a necessity of our being. I refer to the daily newspaper. Now there are good and bad journals, as there are clean

and unclean animals.
"No kind of literature works more mischief in a community than salacious journals. They contain not only news matter, but also advertisements of a most objectionable character.

"They have sensational news items which are a snare and a stumbling block to the innocent and unwary. Many youths of both sexes have learned from this impure fountain their first lesson in the dark mysteries of human descens in the dark mysteries of human depravity. Oh, how easy it is to taint the pure fount of youth, and who shall blanch the sullied snow of innocence? Advertisements which paint in glowing colors the attractive features of dangercolors the attractive features of dangerous haunts of amusement, advertisements of patent medicines and other drugs whose object is to defeat the inexorable laws of nature and of nature's God—what a terrible responsibility those publishers assume who admit into their paper such insidious poison! For every soul perverted they have a strict account to render to God and to society.

PUBLISHER REFUSED \$10,000.

"As an offset to these depraved journals I have known the proprietor of an upright paper of this state who refused an offer of \$10,000 rather than admit into the columns of his paper an advertisement suggestive of immodesty, though its indecency was thinly veiled by ambiguous phraseology. Would to God that all newspaper owners had

emulated this noble example.

"You would not permit a vial of poison to remain on your mantlepiece poison to remain on your mantepletes lest it might inadvertently fall into the hands of some members of your household. And will you allow to lie on your table an unclean journal which would instill poison of sin into the soul?
"The Lacedemonians commanded

the poems of Archilochus to be ban-ished from their city because, while his writings were beautiful and attractive in point of style, they were immoral in their character and tended to corrupt the minds of youth. What an example do these ancient pagans set to degenerate modern Christians who greedily devour a literature which undermines faith and morals and which has not even the merit of an agreeable and elevated style!

burned, and their value was estimated at fifty thousand pleces of silver. "My brethren, these books were not as hurtful as those which attack your faith. And if those early Christians destroyed their superstitious works re-gardless of their price, how can we re-tain in our possession books that utter the most blasphemous calumnies against the Christian religion?

"Second—The same motives which you have to eliminate dangerous publications should prompt you to exercise your zeal in the diffusion of sound lityour zeal in the diffusion of sound literature, particularily such as is explanatory of Christian doctrine. Circulate good books among your neighbors and you will be co-operating with the clergy in the propagation of the religion of Christ. You will share in the reward promised by our Lord-in these product of Them. these words: 'They that instruct others unto justice will shine like stars that instruct

for all eternity.'

"Third—Resolve during this holy season of Lent to set aside a certain time each day or night which you will devote to the reading of a religious book. Select for spiritual reading such venerable treatises of plety as have by their exceptional merit survived the wreck of time and have met the com-

mendation of succeeding generations.
"But, above all other books, choose
the Sacred Scripture. There is a special grace attached to the reading of
the Inspired Volume. It will impart

THE FRENCH SITUATION.

A press cablegram from Paris says a majority of the members of the French Episcopate held a private meeting on March 6 in the Catholic Institute. No results of their deliber-ations have been made public, but it is understood that they confirmed the decision to maintain the status quo in

the matter of the churches.

At Nantes, on March 6, a police court judge inflicted fines of \$3.20 upon each of twenty seven Ursuline nuns and a fine of \$5 upon the Mother Superior for persistently refusing to quit their convent in compliance with the law dispersing religious commun the law dispersing religious communities. The defendents pleaded that both the grounds and the buildings themselves belong to the order, which has been authorized to carry on educational work. The prosecution, while not contesting this argument, insisted upon obedience to the Act of Congregations, and at the same time gave warning that further refusal by the gations, and at the same time gave warning that further refusal by the nuns to leave the buildings would be followed by ejection. During the trial the court room had to be cleared, because of the demonstrations of a crowd of Catholic sympathizers who at the conclusion of the hearing accompanied the nuns back to their convent with cheers.

Abbe Jouin, of the Church of St. Augustin, Paris, is to be tried on March 14 by the Correctional Tribunal on a charge of "distributing a writing calculated to incite rebellion and civil

calculated to incite rebellion and civil war."

The matter of the violation of the Papal nunciature in Paris by the French Government is said to be in the hands of Austria.

The audience granted on March 4 by the King of Italy to Bonomelli, of Cremona, is regarded as significant of the altered times and of how the estrangement with France is gradually drawing the Vatican nearer to Italy, which has practically succeeded which has practically succeeded France as the protector of Catholic religious institutions in the East. Heretofore the Italian Bishops when in Rome refrained from intercourse with the Government, much more with members of the royal family.

A DIVORCE THAT IS FATAL.

The religious fakirs, who have pros-pered so much during the last few days in this country have at last fallen upon evil days. "Dowleism" is dead, upon evil days. "Dowleism" is dead, and its quondam "prophet" is regarded as a hopeless lunatic. Zion City has passed from his control and is now conducted as a purely business enterprise.

Now it is the turn of "Eddyism" to

take the road to dissolution through the courts. The foundress of the cult made millions out of it. Her deluded followers poured their treasures into her lap and asked no questions. Now comes her son to ask the courts to protect him, as her heir, from the greed of the coterie that greed of the coterie that surrounds her in her dotage. He alleges that these friends of Mrs. Eddy are trying to get her fortune away from her. Perhaps they are, but if so, they are only following out the teaching of the once shrewd business woman who founded a religion as a means to amass great wealth. She made "Christian Science" pay, then why should not they get a share of the spoils?

It is stated that the present suit is brought to protect the property of the

brought to protect the property of the foundress of the "Christian Science Church" and not to injure the organization itself. That would be all very well if the organization did not essendangerous books treating of magic and other superstitions. These books they voluntarily collected together and burned, and their value was estimated to the superstitions of the superstitions. These books they voluntarily collected together and burned, and their value was estimated to the superstition of the superstitions. These books they of the superstitions of the superstitions. These books they of the superstitions of the Science is purely a matter of business for those at the head of the cult.

The principle upon which it is based is that it is a "good business" or those in control. When the "business" is divorced from the creed, the latter will soon die of itself. It was the divorce that killed "Dowleism" and it will kill Eddyism in a few years if the separation is enforced. When the leaders of Eddyism fall to quarreling over the spoils the day of dissolution cannot be far off.—True Voice.

THE CATHOLIC CONFESSIONAL.

The Rev. Albert McKeon, S. J. L., of St. Columban, Ontario, Canada, has just issued a second edition of his excellent tract on "The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penfessional and the Sacrament of Pen-ance." This second edition was made necessary by the quick sale of the first and the demand for more. We can say of this enlarged and illustrated edition what we said of the

first; it is a clear statement of the Catholic doctrine on confession, and the Sacrament of Penance, supported by many texts from the Old and New Testaments carefully arranged and reasoned out. Catholics are often asked by their Protestant neighbors who are sincerely seeking information contians, the latter related the extraordinary life and sanctity of St. Anthony. Augustine listens with marked
attention to the narrative of his friend
and then replies with emotion: 'These
ignorant men take the Kingdom of
Heaven by violence, and we with all
our learning remain wallowing in the
mire of sin.'

"Retiring afterward into the garden,
he sits under a fig tree and gives vent
to tears. He is struggling between
virtue and vioe. While God gently
calls him upward to Himself his passions strive to chain him to the earth.
While virtue and vice are struggling
to the supremesy Augustine hears the
voice of a child uttering these words:
"Toile, lege, toile, lege, and knowing
that these were not the usual expres-

CATHOLIC NOTES.

It is persistently reported that Archbishop Bourne of Westminster will be made a Cardinal at the March consis-

A dispatch from Rome states that by order of the Holy Father, His Emin-ence, the Cardinal Vicar, has issued a decree ordering the first steps in the work of canonizing Pope Pius IX.

Right Rev. Mgr. Patrick F. Mc-Sweeny, D. D., rector of St. Brigid's Church, New York, and one of the old-est and most prominent priests of that archdiocese, died on Sunday evening, February 24, at his rectory.

Miss Alice Laurent, daughter of the chief of the Abenaqui Indians, at Pierreville, Canada, took the veil in Ottawa recently. She is the first Abenaqui Indian to become a nun.

The Rev. Henry Grey Graham, formerly a Church of Scotland minister at Avondale, Strathaven, who some years ago joined the Catholic Church and went to Rome to study for the priest-hood, has been ordained priest at the Scots College, Rome.

The complete writings of Bishop England of Charleston are about to be re-published in a set of seven volumes, by the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland, to whom the Buffala Catho-lic Pablishing Company turned over

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia rounded out on Feb. 20 seventy-six years of a notable life. Fifty-four of these have been spent in the service of the Church. He was ordained in 1853, made coadjutor of the St. Louis diocese in 1872 and two years later appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Rev. Jos. M. Ardia, the oldest Jesuit in the world, died at Loyola College, Baltimore, on March 1st. Up to a little more than two weeks ago the venerable priest celebrated Mass daily. Father Ardia was ninety-one years old, born in Naples and came to this country about sixty years ago.

Very Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, very key. Lord Archibald Donglas, uncle of Lord Queensbervy, has been admitted into the Congregation of the Redemptorists at St. Joseph's church, Bishop's Stortford, England. Lord Archibald Douglas was formerly a diocesan priest, and in that capacity did good work at Manchester.

good work at Manchester.

The Pope received on Feb. 28, 400 pilgrims from Milan, who presented him with \$8,000 toward the support of the French clergy. The Pope's speech of thanks was greeted with applause, which was started by some women in the front row of the party of pilgrims. The Pope jakingly remarked: "In my time only the men applauded. I see time only the men applauded. I see now that the women have learned the art as well."

Those outside the Catholic fold who Those outside the Catholic fold who frankly think the Catholic nun is uncultured will soon receive a surprise. A Sister of Mercy of St. Xavier's Academy, Rhode Island, has just set music to Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Day Is Done," and the work will soon be issued by a secular firm. Capable judges assert that the Sister's music is the most beautiful of any of the numerous settings that have been made of the poem.

Ill luck has attended "Archbishop" Vilatte, and the first schismatic church of Paris, where no services will be held again until "Archbishop" Vilatte clears himself of the charge of swinding. Suddenly and without warning ministerial officers called at the church, the Pare Legadre Monday at 10 in the Rue Legendre Monday at 10 o'clock and seized the miter and cross, from a Parisian woman, is returned.

Dr. Frederic E. J. Lloyd, whose re-cent lectures to non-Catholics in Chicago were so remarkably successful, deliver-ed his lecture on "Why I am a Cathoed his lecture on "Why I am a Catho-lic" before an audience of more than 4,000 people at the Auditorium in that city last Sunday evening. It was one of the most impressive gatherings ever assembled in a religious interest in Chicago and was very consoling to the lecturer and to the Paulist Fathers, and a whose avenings it was given under whose auspices it was given.
Dr. Lloyd's son Frederic sang "Lead,
Kindly Light" at the conclusion of the
lecture with fine effect.

YOUNG MEN AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

The presence of Catholic young men at non-Catholic universities is a world problem, and across the water they are solving it in a much more masterly way than elsewhere. There they seem not to live in a theory, but to accept a condition of affairs and provide for

At Oxford university it has been the custom to hold conferences in Msgr. Kennard's chapel and lectures have recently been given there by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. In previous

that which he ought not to be," he answered; "and since then I have been

unable to obtain any further enlighter

ment. Alas! you see, Cardinal, that

your hope."
"My hope, my hope!" replied Beaton

quickly, "grows stronger every instant, my lord. Those adroit answers satisfy me that the boy is Francis, and no other. He told you that he served a

"Who are you?" demanded the tinel. Then the boy called out:

Beaton in his turn, having overheard Lord Stopp's exclamation.

"Yes, His Majesty has arrived," said the Governor, and quitted the room precipitately, followed by the

Beaton hurried after them, and a

minute later James, bathed in perspir-ation and covered with dust, was safe within the walls of Stirling Castle.

"The King free!" cried Beaton with

from captivity. But go, sir, go and double the guard; for who knows but

that the Douglases may not be pursuing us, and I should wish to give them a vig-

orous response if they dare to appear b

neath his pillow."

The Governor hastened away to arouse the garrison, and, at a sign from the Cardinal, Shell also retired, leaving the

Cardinal, Shell also retired, leaving the King and Beaton to concert as to the measures to be adopted at the present juncture. Their council had lasted over an hour before Lord Stopp rejoined them with the keys of the castle in his hand, to announce that the garrison was up and ready for action, in case the

Douglas should appear.
So occupied had Beaton and the Gov

business and hospitality that both had quite forgotten Francis, or the one Beaton supposed to be Francis, and it was the King himself who recalled him to the thought of both

was the King himself who recalled him to the thoughts of both.
"Here are the keys, Sire," said Lord Stopp, presenting them to the King.
"Will your Majesty now permit me to accompany you to your chamber?"

"Certainly, my lord; I will follow you;" and, turning to Beaton, he added: "Good-night, Cardinal; we go to rest happy, but that happiness would be complete if the one who would so joyfully have shared it with me were not missing—my poor Francis!"

ot missing—my poor Francis!"
"Ah, Sire, he lives, I hope!" cried

Beaton, all at once recalling the Gov-

"Francis! my friend!" exclaimed the King, in a voice trembling with

"He is here, Sire, or I am greatly

was no time to speak before they gagged us, and when they threw the poor boy

deceived," replied Beaton, relating in a few words the story he had heard

ernor's narrative.

do ?'

ished captain.

confer with him.

"Well," he said to Beaton, as soon as they were alone, "does your visit announce the overthrow of the Douglas, and has the King escaped from

"I know not," replied Beaton; "but if he has not already arrived it will not be long, I trust, before he is here : for I have good grounds for knowing that the young monarch desires ardently to escape from the clutches of the Douglas and to make his way here, and only waits an opportunity to do

That is, supposing be can suc-

"That is, supposing he can succeed," said Lord Stoop.
"We have taken measures to secure success, replied Beaton. "The King by this time has received a peasant's dress sent by me, so that thus disguised he may escape from the castle."

"And if he succeeds," inquired Lord Stopp, "what will he do?"

Lord Stopp, "what will he do?"
"In the first place he will come
here to Stirling. He will shut himself up in this fortress of which you
have the command, and from here will
take the measures necessary to regain

"In that case," returned the Gov ernor, "I will go at once and give orders that should anyone arrive at the castle in the dress either of a nobleman or a peasant I am to be instantly apprised of it."

"Do so, but remember the King may arrive during the night. It is probable he will choose the evening as the time for making his escape, as the danger of being recognized would then below."

"Be at ease, my lord; my order shall extend to the night as well as the "Be at ease, my lord; my orders shall extend to the night as well as the day." So saying, the Governor left the apartment. On his return, he said to the Cardinal: "I have given the mecessary orders; may it please God that they prove not to be useless

ones."
"What mean you, my lord, and how can they prove useless?" inquired Beaton. "The plans are well ar-

"Be it so, my lord; but were they not equally well organized last year and yet, remember the unfortunate issue of the Kirliston affair, which cost

issue of the Kirliston affair, which cost the lives of so many brave men and compromised so many families."

"That is true, but was it my fault? It was a misfortune for us that Angus sent his spies to the Black Gorge, and that the little page, poor child! was killed at the very time that he was the bearer of liberty to James the Fifth. But we have not that to fear now. Be sides, this is not like Kirkliston, an enterprise on a large scale which needed many partisans, and which con sequently could scarcely be kept secret. Our present plot is independent of any particular time, and will be carried into execution only when a perfectly favorable opportunity arises, perfectly favorable opportunity arises, and at this present moment only the four persons concerned in it have cognizance of it. Therefore, I say, we have nothing to fear, and unless the King makes choice of an unfavorable occasion he ought in a short time to be

" May God confirm your lord!" said the Governor. "If I man ifest any doubt on the subject, it is be ifest any doubt on the subject, it is be-cause I so earnestly desire to see His Majesty safe within these walls that it would be a great sorrow to me to have my hopes frustrated, first on the King's account, and also," he contin-ned with some hesitation, "for the sake of another person in whose wel-fere I am interested." I am interested.'

will you explain your words, my
?" said Beaton. "I do not underlord ?" said Beaton.

stand to whom you refer."
"I am desirous," replied Lord Stopp of giving the King an opportunity of using his regained liberty to perform an act of generosity, and I want to en-gage you to further my interests, or, rather those of my protégé."

"Speak, my lord," replied the Car inal: "I am wholly at your disposal dinal and the little influence I may have over James the Fifth shall be used in your service. Besides, what could the King refuse to the loyal subject who be the first to offer him hospitalty? Speak, then, that I may know in whose favor I am to unite my voice to

Yes, Cardinal, I will reveal the whole matter to you, all the more be cause I have an avowal concerning my self to make. But not now, later when the keys of the castle have b brought to me and we shall be undis brought to me and we shall be undus-turbed. Will you then come to this room, and I will relate to you what I have done; which may indeed be a fault, but in which nevertheless I glory. You shall hear, too, of the great sufferings of my young protégé; in fine, you shall hear all. Until this

evening, then, my lord."
"Until this evening," replied Beaton, who felt his interest aroused by the Governor's words, and it was with impatience that he awaited the appointed interview. In spite of the proorganation of his mind concerning. preoccupation of his mind concerning the King, he found himself constantly reverting to the confidence he was to receive that evening. The three words used by the Governor, "my young protégé," came back to his mind young protégé again and again; and a secret instinct whispered to him that this young man in whom Lord Stopp took so lively an no stranger to him-ws?" he said to him-Who knows?' self, as the instinct deepened within him—" who knows but that this young

THE PAGE OF JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

Translated from the French by S. A. C., with the author's permission.

CHAPTER XX.

A KNIGHT OF FIFTEEN.

Cardinal Beaton, having received notice from Shell of his interview with the King, and wishing to be at Stirling when James arrived, set out at once, and entered the castle on the morning of the very day that the King escaped from Falkland. Lord Stopp, the Governor, received the Cardinal with open arms, and, after the first greetings were over, drew him into a private room to confer with him.

"Well," he said to Beaton, as soon as they were alone, "does your visit to the Cardinal awaited as they were alone, "does your visit to the Cardinal awaited to be a they were alone, "does your visit the King of James and the first greetings were of indifference to me, I should not feel so agitated and impatient. Why does the time not fly faster and bring the appointed hour?"

In this mood the Cardinal awaited

In this mood the Cardinal awaited his interview with Lord Stopp and when the hour struck he hastened to the private cabinet of the Governor, whom he found ready to receive him.

whom he found ready to receive him.

"I see, my lord," he said, as the Cardinal entered precipitately—"I see by your extreme punctuality that you are already interested in my young friend, and I feel sure I may rely on your joining me in petitioning His Majesty to pardon me for not executing to the letter orders given to me in his name."

"You may recken on me, my lord:

in his name."

"You may reckon on me, my lord; but for God's sake speak! If your wish was to arouse my curiosity," added the Cardinal, smiling, "you may boast of your success, for it is excited to the highest pitch, and I am burning to hear your story."

"Usiten, then," said Lord Stopp,
"to the avowal of a fault, in which, as
I said before, I glory, and I hope to
interest you in him for whose sake I
committed it. But do not imagine, my
lord, that my hero is one of high degree,

ie is but a servant."
"A servant!" cried the Cardinal, in A servant: cried the Cardina, in a tone of disappointment, his hopes suddenly dashed to the ground. "But," he added immediately, "what does that matter, my lord? The un-fortunate, whatever their rank or con-dition may be, are equal in God's sight.

"Yes my lord," continued the Gov ernor, ernor, "a servant; but truly the young man is far above his station. His countenance is handsome, and bears the stamp of honorable pride and generous feeling. Even his manners are rather those of one of gentle birth than rather those of one of gentle birth than of a servant. Nevertheless, we need not romance, for he is nothing more than a servant, for I have positive proof of the fact. But now listen to my narrative. What I am about to relate happened about a year ago, two or three days before the Battle of Kirkliston, which proved so fatal to you, my lord."

"Yes," sighed Beaton; then, as if to himself, he said: "Two or three days before the Battle of Kirkliston, did you say? Could it be? But continue, my lord, continue."

tinue, my lord, continue."
"It was just [about this hour," re to was just the court in nour, re-sumed his host, The keys had already been brought to me, and I was retiring to rest, when I heard a horn sound three times at the castle gate, and the three times at the castle gate, and the captain of the guard came to inform me that a little troop of seven or eight men were demanding entrance in the name of the King and of the Regent. I was obliged to go and see who these men were, and to make sure that their appeal to the name of the King and Regent was not a false one. Accordingly I descended, and gave orders that the drawbridge should be lowered that the drawbridge should be lowered, whereupon the chief of the band came forward alone. He was the commander of a troop which Douglas had lately taken into his confidence, and you know he does not trouble himself about the morals of those he employs. This man presented to me a paper signed by Lord Angus in the name of the King. The signature was authentic, and I was bound to obey the instructions contained therein, which were as follows: The Governor of Stirling out the orders which Sir Andrew Kern Cessford will transmit to him from me.

"Sir Andrew Kerr Cessford?" interrupted the Cardinal, more and interested. "There can, then, be no room for doubt. This has reference to the enterprise planned by me at the

"I know nothing of that," said Lord "neither do I know what fault Stopp, the poor boy whom they brought to me had committed."

"They brought a boy to you? asked Beaton, hardly daring to asked Baton, hardly daring to breather so strongly did the hope of the pre vious evening again spring up within him that, after all, notwithstanding old story, Francis might have

been saved.
"Yes, my lord," replied the Governor, "a boy, or, rather, a young man
of about fifteen. When I had finished reading, Sir Andrew made a sign to hi soldiers. Two of them then advanced, dragging between them the poor youth bound and gagged. "Here is the traitor," said the chief, "the servant of a still more treacherous master, wh nas already expiated his treachery. As to this one, my lord, the Regent de sires that he be thrown into a secret dungeon." Then leaning towards me, dungeon." Then leaning towards me, and whispering into my ear, so that the poor little prisoner could not bear, he added: "Arrange it as you please; either let him die of hunger or perish in some other way." The bandit then departed, leaving me so indignant and stupefied at such an order that he was far away before I had recovered my-

"Infamous!" cried Beaton. "It is the servant of poor Francis, the King' page, whom this menster Cessford had just drowned in the Forth. Finish! Oh, my Ged! What did you do?"

"I was bound to obey, or at least, to appear to obey. I led my prisoner away and tried to question him; but he maintained an obstinate silence. In vain I asked him why the Regent had arrested him, and of what treachery he was accused. I could not overcome his obstinacy, nor obtain any other answer but tears.

"I understand it all," said the Cardinal; the poor boy feared to betray what he knew of our plans. He is a

But he need not practise dissimulation with me, who wish him nothing but good." So I said to him: "My child, now that there is no longer any danger in your speaking freely, acknowledge that you are not a servant." "I will not acknowledge that, sir," he replied; "for only four days ago I served a master." "And your master," I inquired — "who was he?" "He was—that which he ought not to be," he "At last," continued Lord Stopp,
"I asked him if he wept because he was a
prisoner. He spoke then for the first
time, saying: "I weep for him who has
fallen a victim to his loyalty; but I do
not weep, like a coward, over my own
fate."

"He dearly loved his young and un-fortunate master," said the Cardinal, with an emotion he strove in vain to

"The cruel order," resumed Lord Stopp, "which had been given me con-cerning this young man had already interested me in him, and the reply he interested me in him, and the reply he made to my question quite won me over to his cause, and more than ever I de sired to make him speak. I was at that time, my lord, as ignorant of your project as you were of my sentiments to ward the Douglas. Nevertheless, I said to myself, "There must have been some conspiracy; if I can obtain some useful information from this young man, they may in return accord me his pardon." So I questioned him anew, and, in order that he might know that his safety depended on his answers, I and, in order that he might know that his safety depended on his answers, i did not conceal from him the cruel order I had received in his regard. But though hearing of the terrible death with which he was menaced, I death with which he was menaced, I could not persuade him to speak. I assure you, my lord, I had the greatest possible desire of saving him. His only chance lay in an avowal, yet I leared to hear him speak, lest in order to save himself he should betray those with whom he had been associated. with whom he had been associated. But he was not one to play the traitor's But he was not one to play the traitor's part. "Obey your instructions," he said calmly, "only," he added, "if the interest in me which I read in your face, my lord, is real, I will ask one favor: shoot me or stab me rather than let me die of hunger, for that must be a horrible death. If, however you cannot grant me that favor, my lord, we will speak no more of it."

"He said that — used those words those very expressions?" cried Beaton

"I have repeated them to you, my lord, without altering a word. "Oh, my God! my God?" exclaimed

the Cardinal, greatly agitated. "It is Francis — it must be; it could be no other. His servant was only a Border peasant lad — faithful and lcyal, it is peasant lad — faithful and leyal, it is true, but a peasant in his manners and speech. That is not the language in which a Scottish peasant would express himself. I tell you, my lord, it is the page of James V.'

"Do you really think so? But the poor child was drowned in the Forth. You are certain of it, for an ocular wit-

"Yes, yes, I know, my lord!" broke in the Cardinal. "It matters not. I must see this boy, for you have saved him, I am sure."

him, I am sure."

"Yes; I disobeyed the Earl's orders, and that is my crime."

"A noble and generous one, my lord—one which will earn for you the King's gratitude and favor. But where is Francis—where is he?"

"There, my lord," replied the Governor, pointing out a secret door in the wall of his chamber; "but I cannot either let him come here or take you to him just at present."

"How? Why?"
"The captain of the inside guard has not finished his round, and at any moment may arrive to make his report.

My safety lies in concealing this young My safety lies in concealing this young man's existence from everyone, as they believe him to be dead. Calm yourself, therefore, my lord, and allow me to finish my tale, which, I fear, will undeceive you, for it will show you clearly that it is the servant, not the master,

that it is the servant, not the master, whom we have here."
"It is impossible!" said Beaton.
"Let me continue, my lord. Finding that he would not save himself by treachery, I resolved to rescue him in another way from the death to which he had been condemned. But I ence, so I had the lad thrown into a deep and secret dungeon, where he remained a whole day. Food sufficient for that time was given to him, I forbade any more to be taken to him, making it any more to be taken to him, making it known to all that I acted thus in obedience to the wish of the Regent. The key of his dungeon was deposited with me, and that night I went thither secretly, took him out, and brought him to this room and placed him in the secret chamber, which is known to no one but my trusty old valet, who daily carries food to him, and in this manner he has lived a whole year. However, further steps were necessary in order that others might believe him to be dead, so others might believe him to be dead, so one morning, about four days after his arrival at Stirling, I descended again to his dungeon, bidding my valet wait in the courtyard. I entered the cell for a moment, and on leaving it carefully closed the door behind me. Returning to the courtyard, I gave orders to my servant (in a loud voice that all could hear), to take a coffin to the dungeon. He did so, and after putting in I know not what, to give it the necessary weight, nailed down the lid, and the following day my prisoner was dead and buried to all, save myself and my faithful valet. The very day of his pre tended burial my prisoner asked to see me. I went to visit him towards evening and found him with heightened colored uneasy and preoccupied. I asked wha ailed him. "My lord," he replied, " know that to you I owe my life, and that you have given it to me uncondi tionally. I thank you for it, and per haps one day I may be able to prov

a few words the story he had nost-from Lord Stopp.
"Where is he? where is he?" cried
James. "I must see him!"
The Governor, however, had not
waited for orders, but had already
opened the secret door, and out rushed
a wone man, who threw himself at the a young man, who threw himself at the King's feet, exclaiming: "Sire! Sire!" "It is he — Francis, my beloved page!" said the King, raising up the young Frenchman and folding him in his arms. This unexpected and joyful meeting made James quite forget his fatigue. He no longer thought of sleep. Francis naps one day I may be able to prove to you that I am not ungrateful; but I conjure you to put the finishing touch to your good work by answering me a question." "I promise to do so," I replied: "speak!" "My lord," he said quickly, "tell me the latest news. Has nothing extraordinary taken place?" had been saved, and he must hear by what means. The young Frenchman explained the matter simply, but with tears in his eyes, as he said :
"It was through the fidelity "It was through the fidelity of Moses, or rather Harry, a fidelity which cost the poor lad his life: for when I rejoined him on my return from the Black Gorge, fearing lest spies might be on my track, he proposed to change clothes with me. I at first refused, but the poor lad pressed his point so hard, saying that the King's liberty depended on my safety, that I at last consented, resolving, however, that if any harm othing extraordinary taken place?"
"This is what has happened," I replied
and I then related to him the failure of the attempted attack on Melrose, and the disastrous issue of the Battle of Kirkliston. The poor young man seemed plunged in deep sorrow on hearseemed plunged in deep sorrow on hearing this news. He turned away immediately to hide his tears. I acknowledge, Cardinal, that I then said to myself, "He cannot be a servant; this young lad must have been in some way compromised in the Kirkliston affair, and is passing himself off as a valet. resolving, however, that if any harm should befall the brave fellow I would share it with him; but the attack of Sir Andrew was so sudden that there

into the river, believing him to be the page of James V., I made every effort to speak, but in vain, and to my signs they paid no attention."

"I deeply grieve for the poor fel low," said the King; "but I thank him for his devotedness, since it preserved you to me. And you, poor friend, how much you must have suffered! And but for the generosity of my Lord Governor you.—Sir," he said suddenly, turning to Lord Stopp, "you have earned an eternal right to my friendship, and, as I like to have my friends near me, I name you Governor of Edin burg Castle. Cardinal," he then added, "God, Who has showered so many benefits on us to day, has a right

added, "God, Who has showered so many benefits on us to day, has a right to our thanks. We will assist at the Mass of thanksgiving which you are about to offer in the castle chapel. Gentlemen, to the chapel."

James at once proceeded, followed by Francis, the Governor, and many of the officers of the garrison. At the conclusion of the service the King, having made aloud his act of thanksgiving, rose, and said: "Now I must reward those who have

other. He told you that he served a master: that master was the King! He said his master was what he should not be: James V. was a prisoner! Oh, I tell you it is he! I must assure my self of the fact. Lead me to him; I cannot wait any longer!"

"They are coming!" cried the Governor suddenly. "Calm yoursel, my lord, or that child and I are both lost. Angus has his spice everywhere, and if "Now I must reward those who have suffered for me. Francis D'Arcy, Lord of Kirkliston. kneel." Francis knelt, and the King, taking in his hand one of the Governor's swords, continued: "Noble and courageous friend, I, the King, dub you knight." He then struck Francis on the shoulder with the blade of the sword, after which he hid him rise and gave him the Angus has his spies everywhere, and if He was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was the captain of the guard, who entered abruptly, saying, as he drew the Governor aside:

"A very extraordinary thing has just happened, my lord. As the clock which he bid him rise and gave him the accolade. Thus was Francis D'Arcy knighted at the age of fifteen, a just tribute to his courage and nobleness of struck two, a man and a boy came at full gallop to the castle. The man hailed the sentinel, crying: "Open!" "Who are you?" demanded the sen-

character.
Shell came in for his share of reward am James V., King of Scotland!"
They must be madmen. Shall I order them to be driven away?"
Merciful Heaven! what would you for the good work he had done so much to forward, having the patent of nobil-ity conferred upon him, and being made commander of a hundred lances do?" cried the Governor, beside him-self. "It is the King!" "The King!" ejaculated the astonmade commander of a hundred lances and enriched with a domain in the county of Haddington, not far from Wedderburn, where the former free booter had saved Francis's life, and where, as he always declared, he had taken his first step on a good path.

Beaton's services were not forgotten. He who had worked and suffered so much on the King's habalf was declared. "The King, did you say ?" exclaimed

much on the King's behalf was declared to be reinstated in his former offices

and dignities.
"And now," said the King, "Lord Stopp, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, conduct me to my sleeping chamber. Francis, you shall for to day still be the page of James V. To morrow Sir D'Arcy, Lord of Kirkliston, will be nothing less than the dearest friend and companion of the King of Scotland."

HISTORICAL CONCLUSION.

"The King free!" cried Beaton with emotion, as the little party rc-entered the Governor's cabinet.

"Yes, my good Cardinal, thanks to you," said James, still breathless from his rapid ride—"thanks to you and to the faithful man, whom I shall richly reward," he added, holding out his hand to Shell, who knelt and kissed it respectfully. Then, turning to Lord Stopp, he said: "Thanks also to you, my lord, for the hospitality you have tendered me in my Castle of Stirling I shall not forget that you were the first to receive James V. on his escape from captivity. But go, sir, go and At dawn of day the flight of the royal captive was discovered. The Douglas party had now good reason to fear that their power was at an end, and this fact was soon made clear to all. James issued a proclamation forbidding Angus or any of his kinsmen to appreach him within six miles. Parliament was at once convoked, and Angus and all his adherents summoned to answer for the abuses they had committed in the At dawn of day the flight of the royal adherents summoned to answer for the abuses they had committed in the usurpation of the royal power, and for the species of captivity in which for two years they had held the King. It would have been impossible for them to satisfactorily defend themselves, and "Yes, Sire," replied the Governor, bowing; "but will not your Majesty permit me first to conduct you to your apartments?" their appearance would have led to their final ruin. They therefore resolved to retire into England, counting on the mediation of Henry VIII. with apartments?" "replied the King. James V. will neither rest nor sleep until all these precautions have been taken, and the keys of the castle deposited beneath his pillow."

Though the King of England interceded strongly with James, it was in vain, and it was not until after the death of the King that the Douglases were once more allowed to return to their native land.

THE END.

FROM THE HEART OF A CHALICE.

It was commencement day at Mount St. Edward's. The sombre granite building had assumed a festive look, every column and balustrade decked and with Old Glory floating triumphant ly to the breeze. Even the hothouse had been pressed into service and brother Anselm had brought forth his nost treasured pots of fern and palms not to mention huge bouquets of roses

to enhance the general beauty.

The soft June air was liquid in its sweetness. The breezes played cares singly over beds of geranium and coleus that relieved the green sward singly over beds of gerantum and coleus that relieved the green sward here and there and blew in at the windows of the study hall where al-ready the ranks were formed for the entrance march.

A band of handsome lads indeed. Any college might well be proud to onlinery in its ranks, and the pictures-que caps and gowns of the graduates to render these all the more attractive.

"Now, Frank, are you quite sure of your lines?" queried Brother Ambrose, as he paused in his survey of the well-formed rows, and addressed the first graduate, a slender, dark-haired youth. "Yes? That's good. All ready now? March !"

There was a burst of applause from the breathless audience as the young men stepped upon the stage, and fond mothers and proud fathers craned their necks to secure a better view of some beloved hopeful. In the front seat Ruth Ransom sat with her father and mother, and in all that assemblage there was no happier heart than here And why not? Was it not Frank Ransom's graduation day? Was not Frank her only brother, her idol, the object of her worshipping devotion? Was not Frank the valedictorian of the occasion, and was not this the glor-ious climax of all his years of study and achievement? Ruth, who was three years Frank's junior, could scarcely contain herself, but keep nudging her mother every few minutes as some evolution in the march brought as some evolution in the march brought him into better view. But her rapture knew no bounds when Frank, without note of any kind, stood erect and calm, ready to deliver the valedictory. The handsome lad, with his earnest, thoughtful face, now becomingly flushed, his gentie, manly bearing, charmed the audience at once, and as the well delivered oration ended, he sat down amid rounds of applause. Prouder amid rounds of applause. Prouder than ever though was the moment when

the Brother Director, during the award of diplomas, made the announcement that for studiousness and general excellence in conduct, a special gold medal was bestowed upon Mr. Frank Ransom. The picture of the young man kneeling to receive the handsome badge from the hand of his late instantion was one that Rank Dr. structor was one that Ruth Ransom treasured in her memory through all

treasured in her memory through all the after years.
Well, it was all over, and the boys stood clasping the hands of doting parents and admiring friends and receiving with becoming modesty their congratulations. "So this is our little Ruth," cried Frank, as he gave the girl a brotherly caress. "How you have grown since last September! If you keep on, you'll be taller than your big brother, sis."

"Oh, Frank, I'm so glad you are coming home for good," the girl cried, "We have missed you so much, still, you must be sorry to leave this lovely place where the Brothers are so kind."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the youth with the lofty air of eighteen. "It is rather poky at times, you know. A fellow longs to cut loose. Of course the Brothers are all right though. There was a suspicious break in the lad's voice as he uttered the last

As the party made their adieus at As the party made their adiens at the door, Brother Ambrose drew Mr. Ransom, unobserved, inside, and said; "You have a good son, Mr, Ransom. Frank is a studious, clever boy, but he is apt to be a trifle wilful and may require a strict hand. But you will have no trouble with him, I am sure. Frank has been excellent in his conduct as the strength of the wild in his conduct as the strength of the wild in his conduct as the strength of the wild in his conduct as the strength of the wild in his winning the medal was shown by his winning the medal, but I, who have been so close to him, understand better perhaps than any ther the undercurrent of his nature

How often did this warning recur to the mind of Mr. Ransom in after days! Very gradually indeed, but none theless surely, the realization of his son's imperfections came home to him with a bitter pang. At first Frank was a model, the leader in all the societies his parish had set on foot for the advancement of its youth, the cleverest in debate, the most skilful in athletics, in debate, the most skillul in athletics, he promptly became the centre of an admiring group who were ever ready to do his bidding. A stronger character might have risen by the very spur of this adulation to better and higher things, but Frank belonged, alas, to that too large body of young men which present day society empraces. His present day society embraces. His head was turned by flattery; his wilful spirit soon learned to chafe against the wholesome restraints of home and Church, and the call of pleasure did not pass unheeded. Very quickly he tired of his parish companions. "They were too ignorant, too narrow," he would assert with a lotty sneer. So it would assert with a loty sneer. So it was that presently he made friends among more worldly, even dissolute men, an association his family viewed with grief and disfavor.

Had Mr. Ransom been spared to his family this budding propensity might have been checked at the first sign, but unfortunately he succumbed to a malady of which he had long been a victim, and to the mother was left the responsibility of governing the proud spirit of her son.

For a while all went well.

had secured an excellent position wi a large manufacturing plant in the little town where they resided. The situation was a clerical one and there was opportunity for advancement. Sub-dued by the loss of his father, Frank settled down to business for some months. The three lived very com-fortably in the neat home which Mr. Ransom's thrift had acquired for his family. Their income was sufficient for their needs and Frank's salary was taxed but little for the general sup-port. Ruth had turned her attention to vocal music and having been gradu-ated at the convent academy of which she was now devoting her time as much as possible to the cultivation of contralto voice that promised great

One night, a glorious June night it was, Ruth had returned from choir practice and now hurried up the garden walk to the porch where she had left her mother sitting. "Well, mother, here I am. I was not gone so long, was I—why, Frank—why, mother, what's the matter?" she cried.

Without answering, Mrs. Ransom broke into silent tears. Frank, with his arm caressingly about his mother's shoulders, replied: 'Now, nothing to worry over, little woman. You see. Ruth, old Davis and I had a dispute to day and I simply quit, that's all.
There's no position in this dull town for a fellow, so to-morrow I'm going to New York to try my luck."

"Oh, Frank, I'm so distressed,"
murmured Ruth dolefully, as she sank
down on the low porch step and looked
first at Frank, then at her mother's
face. "I do wish you were not so
proud and hasty. I dread to see you
step into the maelstrom of a great and
wicked city." wicked city.

wicked city."

"Fudge, kid! You talk as if you were forty. I can take care of myself rest assured. Now cheer up both of you. I have the best of references and know I'll find something worth hav-

ing."
And Frank did. He wrote from New York at the end of a few days that he had been engaged by a large and wealthy firm and that he should enter at once upon his duties. He had sec-ured board with a respectable old lady in a fair neighborhood and everything looked promising.

For a short time letters came fre-

quently. Visits were necessarily scarce but he made flying trips whenever pos-sible to do so. After a while, these also grew "few and far between." Mrs. Ransom's health had become so delicate that Ruth could never leave home for long at a time or she would have taken occasional journeys to the great city in order to keep Frank under sisterly surveillance. The advisability of leaving their native home and remov-ing to New York in order to be near him was more than once considered, but the income that warranted a com-fortable maintenance in a village,

would, they well knew, bare
the necessities of life in the
ropolis. 'As they had, ho
most resolved to risk all as
sake of their loved one breal
letter came from Frank stat
had been ordered West on
importance for his firm and,
pelled to go immediately, th
ity of making them a long
visit was denied him.

A chill went to the he
patient, waiting woman as th

patient, waiting woman as the letter. Something was wrong That instinct which is said That instinct which is sai woman aright, without direct served now to raise a double plausibility of the story. Wiere, Ruth said, "Mother, spare me for a day while I York?" Mrs. Ransom promptly. "Go, Ruth. I cyou must find out what Fradaing." . . .

"Ransom-Miss Ransom not recall the name, but be Ransom. What can I do for It was the private office & Co., and a grey-hair gentleman spoke the words, time courtesy he placed a cleside his desk.

"I have called," murmu

her embarrassment overcom couraging gentleness of the brother, Frank Ransom, wh employ and whom you ha West on business." Frank Ransom? Why M

we have no such young m we once did have a clerk b but he remained with us ths. And you are his Ruth detected a note of Why, why, he told mestake; would yo

ing why he left you? Mr. Newcome hemmed It was a severe trial to l depths of those tender, ple eyes and admit that it tionable habits of her b had caused his speedy disc facts did not come out all after a while, Ruth, by di questioning realize months pursued a course He had been in the emp come & Co. but a brief twas discovered that his h sociates were such as to reworthy of confidence. W persuasion and reprimand Newcome failed to bear Frank was discharged, nothing had been seen him. Ruth never forgot sindness with which Mr. mitted these unpleasant could not lessen the pain cital caused in her loving whirling brain Ruth left ceeding with all possible address of Mrs, Ferry, with whom her brother Here she learned other u tails—how Frank had dri

position to another, eac munerative than the la just a few days previous coming he had informed h coming he had informed his intention of leaving W good. "I am going W Miss. "Perhaps in t country I can begin life lift my head again." Ab a sad sight to see hor young man had come down and him with such an ew Why, Miss, one time he grand gold medal he'd and he told me it was ne and ne told me it was a beak keepin'. It was a beak prettiest crown of pearls his name. "I'll never he ses, ses he, "but we heart inside this case wi mother's picture. When of myself I'll hang it chain again.

"You gave us a r. morning, Miss Ransom. that our poor little chu a voice. It was good c us, especially when singing is in such deman "Oh, come now, F that is some of your Iris claimed Ruth, as a sm usually visited her fa-lips. "It is an hono pleasure to sing in chu seems so long since I le home in the East. Si concert work I have b tramp, but now that mosettled for a while in th ern town you must let n your dear little chur Father, I am told you

vestments and altar voccasionally show to visite me look at them

" Delighted, Miss Ra ter time than the pres Father, whose great collecting of elegant al Father O'Neill, on a health, had been com the charge of a wealth East and in a pict East and in a pict neat chapel to which made frequent and val With the eagerness of promptly led the way re he unlocked heavy iron safe. Soon was examining vestmented silk and satin and

I have left the most he smilingly sa pleted her survey of t made from old gold are by my parishioners a day I used it for the we have placed the grame from their origins is a diamond from a This ruby was in a braceganist. But I like organist. But I like of pearls, and the stor it is interesting. Son called to attend a J

would, they well knew, barely furnish the necessities of life in the vast met-ropolis. As they had, however, al-most resolved to risk all and for the aring the announceand general
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Mr. Frank
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his late inath Ransom
through all most resolved to risk all and for the sake of their loved one break old ties, a letter came from Frank stating that he had been ordered West on business of importance for his firm and, being compelled to go immediately, the opportunity of making them a long anticipated visit was denied him.

A chill went to the heart of each patient, waiting woman as they read this through all

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"Well, mother, ot gone so longk—why, mother, she cried.
g, Mrs. Ransom ars. Frank, with bout his mother's 'Now, nothing to woman. You see,

woman. You see,
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A chill went to the heart of each patient, waiting woman as they read this letter. Something was wrong, they felt. That instinct which is said to guide woman aright, without direct knowledge, served now to raise a doubt as to the plausibility of the story. When, therefore, Ruth said, "Mother, could you spare me for a day while I go to New York?" Mrs. Ransom answered promptly. "Go, Ruth. I cannot wait. You must find out what Frank has been doing."

"Ransom—Miss Ransom? No, I do not recall the name, but be seated Miss Ransom. What can I do for you?"

It was the private office of Newcome & Co., and a grey-haired, kindly gentleman spoke the words, as with old-time courtesy he placed a chair for her beside his desk.

"I have called," murmured the girl or inave called, "muratived the girl her embarrassment overcome by the encouraging gentieness of the other's eyes, "I have called to inquire about my brother, Frank Ransom, who is in your omploy and whom you have ordered West on business."

'Frank Ransom? Why Miss Ransom, we have no such young man with us; rever had; but wait! I remember now we once did have a clerk by that name but he remained with us only a few months. And you are his sister?"

Ruth detected a note of sympathy in the last words and her face blanched. Why, why, he told me—there must

"Why, why, he told me—there must be some mistake; would you mind—saying why he left you?"

Mr. Newcome hemmed and hawed. It was a severe trial to look into the depths of those tender, pleading, blue eyes and admit that it was the questionable habits of her brother which had caused his speedy discharge. The had caused his speedy discharge. The facts did not come out all at once, but after a while, Ruth, by dint of persistent questioning realized the sad truth. Her brother had for many months pursued a course of deception. He had been in the employ of Newcome & Co. but a brief time when it was discovered that his habits and assisted was great at the make him up. was discovered that his habits and associates were such as to make him unworthy of confidence. When repeated persuasion and reprimand from Mr. Newcome failed to bear good fruit, Frank was discharged, after which nothing had been seen nor heard of him. Ruth never forgot the fatherly sindness with which Mr. Newcome admitted these unpleasant facts, but it could not lessen the pain that the recital caused in her loving heart. With whirling brain Ruth left the office, proceeding with all possible speed to the ceeding with all possible speed to the address of Mrs, Ferry, the old lady with whom her brother had boarded. Here she learned other unpleasant de-tails—how Frank had drifted from one position to another, each one less remunerative than the last, and that just a few days previous to his sister's coming he had informed Mrs. Ferry of

"You gave us a rare treat this morning, Miss Ransom. It is not often

let me look at them when you are at leisure?"

"Delighted, Miss Ransom. No better time than the present," cried the Father, whose great hobby was the collecting of elegant altar furnishings. Father O'Neill, on account of good health, had been compelled to resign the charge of a wealthy church in the East and in a picturesque hamlet among the Western hills had built a neat chapel to which his rich friends made frequent and valuable donations. With the eagerness of a schoolboy he promptly led the way to the sacristy where he unlocked a closet and a heavy iron safe. Soon Ruth, with all a woman's admiration for pretty things, was examining vestments of embroidered silk and satin and altar cloths of daintiest lace and linen.

Blue Crest Hospital here. Grace apparently long dead, had been awakened in his heart. For many a day he had not received the sacraments, and he led a wild, reckless life for years. But believing death to be approaching he sent for me. Well, I frequently visited him and was glad to discover that a real change of heart had taken place. His sorrow for the past was most edifying. The upshot was that when the doctors and nurses had pulled him through all right. I interested myself in securing a position for him at Creston, near here, and to-morrow, with health restored, he goes to fill it. One day, hearing of my projected chalice, he drew from his breast pocket a large gold medal set with pearls. 'Father,' he said, 'this medal was won by me at dear old St. Edward's when life held out glad promise to my youth — a Blue Crest Hospital here. Grace ap-

dear old St. Edward's when life held out glad promise to my youth — a promise, alas, that through fault of my own, has never been realized. I prize this next to pictures of my mother and sister that I wear with it above my heart, but you have done so much for me that you must take it for your chalice. When its gold touches the Precious Blood of Our Lord, it will speak my gratitude to Him for calling

a poor lost sheep back to the fold."

"Father, you know all," gasped his hearer. "You have guessed the truth—that this is my brother, my poor, erring brother that mother and I have sought for years in vain! Oh, he told you of us, did he not? But where is he? Tell me at once that I may go to him — that I may take him to our mother's arms that have waited for him

speak my gratitude to Him for calling

so long !" Tears made even more benignant the Tears made even more benignant the gentle smile with which the priest replied. "Yes, I do know all. True, I never expected to meet the beloved, sister of whom poor Frank Ransom spoke to me so often, but Providence has surely sent you to this place. When I heard you sing this morning, and was told your name I was struck with the coincidence and resolved to investigate. That was why I sent you a message requesting you to call on investigate. That was why I sent you a message requesting you to call on me this afternoon. Now be calm. I—I have sent for Frank, too, and he waits for you in my study there. You will find him changed, no doubt, but a woman's love makes every allowance. There, do not stop to thank me. That is the door; go in, I will come to you later."

And so it came about that Frank Ransom found the peace and strength to which his wayward spirit had so long been a stranger.

long been a stranger.

A pretty cottage, nestling among the hills of a Western town, shelters the reunited family. The aged mother grows young again in the presence of her recovered son, slowly but surely regaining his standing among his fellow men. Ruth, her glorious voice more beautiful than ever with its new notes of happiness is theilling great audiences with ness, is thrilling great audiences with her birdlike melodies but the applause of the multitude is not so dear as the welcome tribute of the returned prodigal whose restoration was brought about, as it were, from the heart of a chalice.—Lydia Stirling Flintham in The Rosary Magazine.

"A REAL ROMANCE OF RELIGION."

olic Church there. It is one of the

romances of religion.

Any narrative of Roman Catholic mismorning, Miss Ransom. It is not often that our poor little church hears such a voice. It was good of you to favor us, especially when your beautiful singing is in such demand."

"Oh, come now, Father C'Neill, that is some of your Irish flattery," exclaimed Ruth, as a smile gayer than usually visited her face, curved her lips. "It is an honor and a great pleasure to sing in church again. It seems so long since I led the choir at home in the East. Since I took up concert work I have been a veritable tramp, but now that mother and I have settled for a while in this pretty Western town you must let me sing often in your dear little church. And now Father, I am told you have some rare vestments and altar vessels that you cocasionally show to visitors. Will you let me look at them when you are at leisure?"

"Delighted, Miss Ransom. No bet ter time than the present," cried the Father, whose great hobby was the collecting of elegant altarf furnishings. Father O'Neill, on account of good

in the port cities of Yokohama and Nagasaki, a Church being built in the former city in 1862. Three years later a Church was dedicated in Nagasaki, which had been a Christian stronghold which had been a Christian stronghold before the persecution, to the memory of the 26 martyrs who had suffered death in that city in 1597. Within a month occurred a dramatic event, for which Pope Pius IX. pro-

event, for which Pope Pius IX. pro-claimed a special feast, to be celebrated perpetually in Japan, under the title of "The Finding of the Christians." On that occasion, to the amazement and joy of the officiating priest thou-sands of Christians came forward to welcome the missionary and to acknow-ledge themselves to be Christians.

The persistence of the faith, despite these two centuries of persecution, is

The persistence of the faith, despite these two centuries of persecution, is little short of miraculous. It was found that families had preserved certain prayers and the rite (sacrament) of baptism, and a few Christian books and emblems. The ways in which this was done were most ingenious. Sometimes crosses and pictures of the Virgin were placed in shrines and then looked. Over the door of the shrine locked. Over the door of the shrine was placed a warning that it must never be opened. Here for two centuries Christian and heathen worshiped, the latter, of course, all ignorantly.

Certain of these shrines, became, with
the passage of time, favorice places of
worship, and as clear belief passed into
dim tradition, nobody knew definitely to whom these shrines were erected, or why. Some of the favorite Japanese deties have since proved to be Chris-tian personalities! Only with the opening of many shrines in recent years has the real nature of their con-

tents been discovered.

This momentous chapter of religious history has several bearings, but at the present critical period in Japan's religious life it is an important evidence to the fidelity of the Japanese character. Those who question whether the native Christians will hold out should missionaries depart have only to rea this unparalleled page of the Church annals to learn a lesson in heroism and steadfastness that is nothing less than thrilling.

RENEWAL OF PERSECUTION.

Lulled into a sense of security by the coming of the missionaries, the the coming of the missionaries, the Christians openly avowed themselves. But in 1868 the present Emperor reit erated the ancient anti-Christian edicts, in the following proclamations: "The ovil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers and rewards will be given." With respect to the Christian sect.

"With respect to the Christian sect, the existing prohibition must be strict ly observed. Evil sects are strictly prohibited."

For several years the Christians who refused to forswear their faith were again called upon to pass through the fires of persecution. They were exiled and imprisoned and tortured to the number of more than six thousand—two thousand again paying "the last full measure of devotion." Full religious measure of devotion. Full religious liberty was granted, however, in 1873, and since then the Roman Catholic Church has made remarkable progress in Japan, especially among the poor and lowly, to whom it has particularly min-

There are 243 Roman Catholic mis-

yen (\$11.50) a month to European mis-sionaries. It is misery to those who have no private means. Nevertheless, there are several who must content themselves with this pittance and live on such modest resources. Strange to relate, it is just these last who succeed relate, it is just these last who succeed best in evangelization. The Japanese people, being themselves poor, listen more readily to an apostle who lives a life of privation than to one who has a

nodest competence."

Repeatedly I have heard the contrast made between the style of living adopted by the Roman Catholics and that of the Protestant missionaries, and always

in favor of the former.
Of Roman Catholic churches in Japan

Of Roman Catholic churches in Japan
—usually more prepossessing in appear
ance than the Protestant—there are 145,
with 385 preaching stations in addition.
The membership is now 60,000, minister
ed to by 243 missionaries, 119 of whom
are priests and 124 nuns. There are 33
Japanese priests and 269 native helpers.
In publication and in education the
Roman Catholic mission in Japan lags
far behind others, although it has three
boys' schools, with an enrollment of
800 pupils, and 6 girls' schools, with
500 pupils. In direct evangelization,
the figures already given show the
creditable work of the Fathers. But it
is in works of charity and philanthropy
that the Roman Catholics lead all other
religious bodies in Japan. All the Father, whose great hobby was the collecting of elegant altar unishings. Father O'Neill, on account of good health, had been compelled to resign the charge of a wealthy church in the East and in a picturesque hamlet smong the Western hills had built a seat chapel to which his rich friends made frequent and valuable donations. With the eagerness of a schoolboy he promptly led the way to the sacristy where he unlocked a closet and a heavy iron safe. Soon Ruth, with all a woman's admiration for pretty things, was examining vestments of embroidered silt and satin and altar cloths of daintiest lace and linen.

I have left the most beautiful till the last," he smilingly said, as Ruth completed her survey of these. "Here is a chalice that I prize most of all. It is made from old gold and jewels donated by my parishioners and friends. Today I used it for the first time. See, we have placed the gems just as they came from their original settings. Here is a diamond from a birthday ring. This ruby was in a braceletigiven by our organist. But I like this little crown of pearls, and the story connected with it is interesting. Some time ago I was called to attend a young man at the

in every part of Japan I have visited; and no here have I heard aught said of them, by Protestants or by Japanese, other than in terms of praise.

THE FINDING OF THE CHRISTIANS." The "dramatic event" of 1865, so briefly referred to by Mr. Ellis, is the subject of a wondrons harrative by M. Bernard Petitjean, a native of France, who, having joined the Society of Foreign Missions in Paris, was sent out to Japan in 1860. This illustrions mis. to Japan in 1860. This illustrious missionary, whose name will ever be indissolubly bound up with the history of the Japanese Church, built the me-morial edifice at Nagasaki. Of "The Finding of the Christians" he says:

Finding of the Christians" he says:

On March 17, 1865, about 12:30 some fiteen persons were standing at the church door. Urged no doubt by my angel guardian, I went and opened the door. I had scarce time to say a "Pater" when three women, between fifty and sixty years of age, knelt down beside me and said in a low voice, placing their hands upon their hearts:

"The hearts of all of us here do not differ from yours."

differ from yours."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Whence
do you come?"

They mentioned their village, add-

ing:
At home everybody is the same as

we are."

Blessed be Thou, O my God! for the happiness which filled my soul. What a reward for five years of barren ministry! I was obliged to ans wer all their questions, and to talk to them of "O Deous," "O Yaso Sama" and "Santa Maria Sama," by which names they designated God, Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin. The view of the statue of the Madonna and the Child, recalled Christmas to them, which they said they of the Madonna and the Child, recalled Christmas to them, which they said they had celebrated in the eleventh month. They asked me if we were not at the seventeenth day of the time of Sadness (i. e., Lent). Nor was St. Joseph unknown to them; they called him "O Yaso Samana yo fu," the adoptive father of the Lord.

In the midst of this volley of ques-

In the midst of this volley of questions footsteps were heard; immeditely all dispersed. But as soon as the

tely all dispersed. But as soon as the newcomers were recognized, all returned, laughing at their fright.
"Taey are all people of our village," they said. "They have the same hearts as we have."
"However, we had to separate for fear of awakening the suspicions of the officials whose visit we feared. On Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, April 13 and 14, 1865, fitteen hundred people visited the church at Nagasaki. The presbytery was invaded; the faithful took the opportunity to satisfy their devotion before the crucifix. their devotion before the crucifix.

their devotion before the crucifix.

During the early days of May the missionaries learned of the existence of two thousand five hundred Christians scattered in the neighborhood of the city. On May 15 there arrived delegates from an island not very far from here. After a short interview we dismissed them, detaining only the catechist and the leader of the pilgrimage. The catechist, named Peter, gave us the most valuable information. Let me say that his formula for baptism does say that his formula for baptism does not differ at all from ours, and that he pronounces it very distinctly. He de-clares that there are many Christians left up and down all over Japan. He cited in particular one place where there are over one thousand families. He then asked about the Great Chief of the Kingdom of Rome, whose name he desired to know. When I told him that the Vicar of Christ, the saintly that the Vicar of Christ, the saintly Pope Pius IX., would be very happy to learn the consoling news given us by himself and his countrymen, he gave full expression to his joy. Nevertheless, before leaving he wished to make quite sure that we were the true successors of the ancient missionaries.

"Have you no children?" he asked timidly.

timidly. "You and all your brethren, Chris-"You and all your brethren, Christian and heathen, of Japan, are all the children whom God has given to us. Other children, we cannot have. The priest must, like the first apostles, remain all his life unmarried."

At this reply Peter and his compan-

At this reply Peter and his companion bent their heads to the ground and cried out: "They are celebate! Thank God!"

Next day an entire Christian village invited a visit from the missionaries. Two days later 600 more Christians sent a deputation to Nagasaki. By June 8 the missionaries had learned of the existence of 25 Christian settlements and 7 the applicant which were put into direct relation with them.

to direct relation with them.
Thus—says M. Launay—in spite of the absence of all exterior help, without any sacraments—except baptism—by the action of God in the first place, and in the next place, by the faithful transmission in families of the teaching and the example of the Japanese Christians and martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the sacred fire of the true faith, or spark of this fire,

had remained concealed in a country tyrannized over by a government, the m st despotie and the most hostile to the Christian religion.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

A POETIC LITURGY.

Rev. Charles M. Caroll, D. D. The poetic principle pervades the entire liturgy of the Church. Each succeeding Sunday unfolds some new mystery of the God-man's life on earth, until on Ascension Day we stand in spirit on the summit of Mount Olivet, and thence behold Him taken from us into Heaven. However, it is particularly during Holy Week that the poetry of Mother Church reaches the highest point of excellence.
On Palm Sunday we actually partici-

pate in a procession commemorating the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem; bearing Palm branches in our hands, we sing joyous hosannas to the Son of David, the King Who cometh in the name of the Lord.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings are chanted the Lamentations of Jeremias during the office called Tenebrae, or Darkness. The versicles Tenebrae, or Darkness. The versicles and responses are so arranged during His passion so that His words of reproach and sorrow may excite in us feelings of repentance for our many sins. On good Friday the sombre drapings and the vestments of deepest mourning, the desolate altar and the open tabernacle, the plaints of mourning and the cries of wee, give evidence of the great grief of the widowed bride of Christ. The history of His sufferings is recited in Gregorian chant; and when is recited in Gregorian chant; and when the last words on the cross have been uttered, we prostrate ourselves in sorrow and meditate on the death of the Son of God. We are in spirit at the foot of the cross on Calvary, amid the darkness and the gloom, weeping with
Mary and John and Magdalen, striking our breasts like the many that
were there, and confessing with the
centurion that this man is truly the
Control of the gloom, weeping with
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But darkness does not always last; our wee must become less intense. Did He not give a promise saying that on the third day He would rise again? In the very midst of our grief, Mother Church allows us to catch a glimpse of Easter day; for on Holy Saturday the tidings of the Resurrection are communicated, the allelulia is entoned, and we are told that Mary Magdalen and the other Mary have gone to see the sepulchre.

Son of God.

RARTH'S VOICES.

A striking symbol of the voice of poor and humble and suffering ones of earth—a voice ever raised to God, in whom is their firmest hope and their truest consolation — is quoted by Mr. Reginald Balfour in the current Dublin Review, from M. Rene Bazin's latest volume, "Questions Litteraires et Soci-

ales":

"One of my friends having made an ascent in a balloon at eleven o'clock at night, I asked him what impressed him most strongly. "The moment when the balloon began to rise?"—'No,' he said. 'The town with its lights all merging in each other, and becoming like golden powder or a section of the Milky Way?—'Again, No.'—'What, then?'—'The strongest impression I received,' said my friend, 'was that of the swiftness with which the noises of earth dwindle and fade. At 400 yards above the earth we scarcely heard the voices of men or the roar of trains along the railway. At 700 yards the silence is complete; the ear can distinguish only one song and that rises perhaps as far as the stars.' 'What song is that ?'I asked.—'The song

which alone penetrates the night of Heaven, which alone mounts on high to reach One who pities and can do justice to reach One who pities and can do justice to starved souls crying aloud amid the restlessness and trouble of the world? I am persuaded that one day, which the youngest among us will assuredly see, there will begin an epoch of restoration. I am persuaded that the youngest among us will witness that marvel—the reconstruction of Christian France. It is already in preparation, one might almost say begun as the flower is begun in the seed which the earth still covers, but which begins already to put forth a shoot."

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easers Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. G
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sociated to receive subscriptions and train
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cont for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power

Agent for district of Niplesing, Mrs. Leynolds, New Liskeard. When subscribers change their reside When subscribers change their residence simportant that the old as well as thene address be sent us. LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. To the Editor of the Catholic Record, London, Ont.

London. Ont.

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is immued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenusly defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its molecume influence reaches more Catholic because.

erefore, earnestly recommend it to Cathmy blessing on your work, and bes

for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900 To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD

London, Ont:

Dar Sir: For some time past I have read rour estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a saiy Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success.

thful.
ing you and wishing you success,
Believe me to remain,
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ
† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 23, 1907.

AN EXCELLENT PASTORAL.

We have received from a kind friend the able pastoral on education by the Bishop of Superior, Wisconsin, U. S. A. It is beside the question, and somewhat out of place, to express regret at the unfrequent visits-few and far between -which pastorals pay the Church in Ontario. This makes more welcome one which is replete with learning and zeal. The subject of the pastoral is so important and absorbing that it must claim special attention far beyond the limits of those to whom it was addressed. We cannot do justice by a synopsis ; for every sentence is a link in a golden chain. To omit one link is to break the chain. Its leading charac teristic is historical, without forgetting the doctrine and philosophy of education so frequently enunciated by the teaching of the Church and insisted upon by the various Pontiffs of the Holy See. Starting from the initial mission, emphasizing as a teaching mission, he lays down the proposition that the Church has by divine appointment been constituted the greatest educational power in history. Through the ages the Church has been true to this sublime trust. Beginning at Jerusalem she " has developed and adapted her system to the changing times and circum-

" Parochial or common schools, and episcopal or High schools, can be de monstrated to have existed as early as the second century. Councils and synods made them obligatory upon priests and Bishops, and we can con-clude, with sufficient certainty, that these schools were established when-ever a diocese or parish was organized. With the convents there were connected shools for those who wished to adopt a religious vocation as well as for such as nained in the world. Societies were founded, whose object it was, beside the work already done in convents, to multiply books, to conduct schools and make education, common and higher, accessible to all. The missionaries carried to the savages not only the tidings of the gospel, but also the trades and arts and sciences of civilization. When the pagan Prussians had been won over to Christianity, Pope Honorious, anxious to erect schools among them, appealed to the Danes for funds. Schools were common throughout Italy in the fifth century. Abbot Guibert of Negent, 1124, testifies that there was no city or town without a school. Ireland early in the middle ages bore the title of the Island of Saints as well as of scholars. From Ireland learning passed into England and Scotland, and to some extent also into the continent. Florence in the thirteenth century, with a population of 90,000, had 12,000 children in its schools. Scotland as well as France in the afteenth century had schools in every considerable town; in Germany a conservative estimate places the number of schools in that century at 40,000. At the same time there were in Europe about 100 Catholic universities, some of which, among them the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in England, exist to the present day.'

very beginning has had a theory of education. She is opposed to sc-called naturalism "which considers man naturally good, evil coming only from without." This system, neglecting as it does the supernatural, leads to rational ism and exposes to the corrupting dangers of excessive humanism. The Church is exposed to extreme nationalism, "because all men are members of one family, and the individual does not exist for the State, but the State for the individual." And since utilitarian ism is devoid of ideals and so materialistic that it attacks the immortality of the soul the Church rejects this system of philosophy. Christ is the ideal both in His heavenly doctrine and His transcendant example. Religion, therefore has been the fundamental principle in education, the pivot about which it turns. The spirit that rules in the education of the child will rule in the life of the man or woman. In the school is given the decision for life; whether the child will recognize his own dignity, created as he is for God, or seek satisfaction in baser things. "This is the battle that has divided mankind at all times into two factions, and in this conflict a school cannot be indifferent."

"An education without religion can-

in its attitude to faith: it must make against religion; it is a falsehood, a deception practiced upon the child. The child is a rational being, the child observes and judges; its observations are often more acute, its judgments often more correct than those of maturer intellects. The explanation is not far to seek. Life implies much that cannot bear the scrutiny of reason social life imposes many obligations that have not the sanction of reason for social life to a great extent is built upon appearances and pretentions, so that it has become a proverb: One that it has become a proverb: One must do in Rome as the Romans do reason, silenced so often, finally holds reason, shenced so often, many noise its peace. Not so with the child; with it, reason still possesses its fresh-ness, its ingenuousness, its directness. What an impression now, must an education without religion or with an occasional mention of the eternal truths make upon the child? What must it judge when it beholds that all the time s devoted to secular branches, and after that, perhaps once a week, one speaks to it of God, of the eternal salvation of its soul? What can it conclude, what is the logical inference other than this that the world must be its first consideration, and the salva tion of its soul is only of secondary im bent upon success in this world, and this being accomplished and time perthis being accomplished and time per-mitting, it might give a thought to its soul; that finally in comparison with this world, eternity may be regarded lightly ?"

His Lordship answers the objection frequently urged against Catholic schools that they are mere safeguards for the protection of the Church, and that the only subject taught in them is catechism. That the Catholic schools are not inferior to the Pablic schools has been proven time and again and acknowledged by superintendents and inspectors without number. The pastoral quotes significantly from President Eliot of Harvard, who writes, "that the educational system of the United States has not solved any of the great problems that trouble the country at the present time." Seeing such testimony. knowing its importance and through a filial desire to comply with the Council of Baltimore the Bishop promulgates his educational policy, of insisting as far as practicable upon a school along with every church. All his influence as well as all his episcopal authority is to be brought to bear with prudence and firmness upon this most important element in his high trust. And in order that his flock may understand the question of education better. instructions upon the subject were ordered to be given in the various churches of the whole diocese.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Of all the days in the year; nay, in all the cycle of time, the one day is Good Friday. Around the Cross cluster all the centuries, and history must be read in the lurid light of Calvary's crimson sky. All mankind have passed by the lifeless form of Him Who hung in death upon that wooden tree. He is there still for generations yet unborn. Some have looked upon Him in doubt and scorn; others in faith and loving sympathy; all in wonder at the death which is more mysterious than His life. What think ye of the Christ? This is the question, which men were asking when He was walking in and out amongst them. It is a still more earnest question, as standing near the Blessed Mother we watch the sacred Head droop, and see the life of Him, Who is our Life, ebb slowly away. His miracles were wonderful and He spake as One having authority. But, O His death! It was by far the most wonderful of all. Calvary is the mount of myrrh-and reader dear, wherever you are, with faith in heart and burning love in soul, go to that mountain of myrrh, the most fragrant spot in the road of our Blessed Lord's earthly life. A crushed flower exhales the sweetest perfume. So from the dving form and Furthermore, the Church from the strongest odor of the three and thirty

What love is this that gives ityears. self to death for us! What divine charity in His first words : " Father forgive them !" What unconquered patience in His weary languishing for three hours! What deep humiliation for Him, the Master of Life, to go down to death amidst the jeers of the taunting mob yelling into His ears that He could not save Himself. O the depth and beight of His love! All this for each of us. It matters not how many there are. He died for all. Yet it is all for each of us, as if we were each one alone with Him. Wounded hands and feet, pierced side, thorncrowned head, glassy eye-all for us. At what a dreadful price we are bought! If this be done to the green wood what will happen to the dry Sin nowhere appears so dreadful as standing before the Cross. In a way it is wo se than the judgment seat for it must sink there in its own guilt and bumiliation. But of all the spots on earth, this hill of myrrh is the only refuge and sanctuary sin can find. No where, even when He pardoned the sinner of the city and the man sick of the palsy is Jesus so much Jesus as upon the Cross. There must we rest in sorrow for our part in it all, and in hope that, notwithstanding our base ingratitude, He will spare us. There must we spend the watches of the Passion in reparation for others, and especially for so many, who, forgetting its great sorrowful memory, turn it into a day of recreation and pleasure. It is the one day of our life we have to live. All our life must be spent with eyes and heart and mind's attention and will's firm purpose fixed upon the Cross. With St. Thomas of Aquin there must we learn God and cur own soul, its price, its dignity and its destiny.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN ON

In its issue of the 6th inst., the Christian Guardian timidly and faintly advocates Lent-not Lent in the good old style. That savors too much of Rome, or to use the Guardian's sanctimonious language: "It has become associated with a few trifling observances, and a great deal of supersti The kind of Lent which it proposes to introduce is tentative—a little self-denial and crucifixion of the fleshall for our country, the province of Quebec especially. It may be asked by some curious reader why this great means of spiritual good has never be fore been employed, and why it is proposed at the present time. The reason given is that there was danger of leaning towards Rome. It was no matter how poor people might need fasting and self-denial. One evil was far worse, the danger of them turning Romewards. It is not a question of truth and sound discipline. It is not the case of imitating the forty days' fast of our Blessed Lord, or a more immediate preparation for the commen oration of His Sacred Passion and Death. It is all anxiety lest by fasting and prayer their Church members will seek the fold where from the beginning Lent has been practised and where it has had a meaning. A Church that makes a practice of ha other amusements on Good Friday, and turns that day of sorrow into a day of sensual enjoyment does well to start a little Lent of its own. It is not a bit too soon. We can assure The Guardian that fasting does elevate the mind and is of service to those spiritually inclined. But fasting is only a means. The end is Rome. Nowhere else can be found the power to establish Lent, or substitute some gentle tax upon the soul or body of those weaker children who cannot fast. There is no reason for fearing Rome. But if ever reason existed the time is at hand. On no other hill than the Vatican rises the beacon light or sounds the single note of unity. On no other hill stands the Cross of Good Friday with its crimson tide undimmed and its all-atoning expiation poured upon a guilty world. Gospel and practice, feast and fast, Good Friday and Easter Sunday, death and resurrection, find in Rome alone, their undving remembrance and their sanctifying influence. Far away from the great truths and practices which Lent and its associations inculcate have souls been led by the marsh-light of sentimental Methodism. Few may retrace their steps. But the thoughtful and the earnest will ever be the few. And

Jesus Christ declares that it is principally by the fealty with which we shall obey this commandment of charity that we shall be recognized as having His Spirit, and being His disciples. "By this shall all men know that you the bleeding wounds of Jesus comes the strongest odor of the three and thirty one another." (St John xiii. 35.)

when they lay aside prejudice and give

themselves to be led by the spirit into

the desert, it is easy to see whither

they will go and where they will end.

They must end where creed is un-

changed and unity undisturbed, and

sacraments unchecked in the great

channels of grace.

PROTESTANT SYMPATHY WITH THE FRENCH CHURCH.

In a sermon delivered recently by the Rev. James L. Stone, the pastor of St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church, Chicago, the preacher declared that heroism of an exalted character has been shown by the Catholic clergy in the conflict between Church and State in France, and I have no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church will ultimately come forth victorious from that con-

Continuing, the rev. gentleman said "Into the merits of the dispute be tween the State and the Church, I do not choose to enter, but I may observe that if the State in this country were to claim the ownership of the churches we worship in, the vestments, books, and other accessories we use in divine worship, or to insist that we should use them only by the permission of the State, there is not a priest or congre-gation in the land which would not re-

sist.
"I know that some will say that the
Church should obey the law of the
land: but there are times when it is land; but there are times when it is better to obey God rather than man, and a Government which refuses to recognize by divine right. Others will exult at the adversity which has befallen the French Church. Such people deserve our pity. They are beyond our under-standing. If a country be better with-out a God, without religion, without worship: if infidelity is better than Christianity, there is nothing more to be said. But I say: all praise to those French priests who have determined not to forget God, and who have sacrificed their all for Him, and who stand out alone, awaiting His com-mendation and the verdict of the nations. They may have long to wait, but they will win."

It is pleasant to know that while there are a number of Protestant elergy of various denominations who openly express their gratification at the violent persecution which is being waged on the Church in France, there are many, who, like the Rev. Mr. Stone, openly declare their contempt for the French Atheists who have undertaken to wage war against the Christian religion; for it must be borne in mind in the present condition of affairs that this is the character of the warfare which is being carried on in that unhappy country. Naturally such a warfare there seems to be carried on almost entirely against the Catholic Church, but this is because the Protestant denominations have but few ad herents in the nation, whereas the Catholic Church comprises the great majority of the people outside of those who are actually non-believers in any

creed. The Rev. Mr. Stone's remarks are on the same lines with those of severs members of the Anglican and Protest ant Episcopal clergy of Canada and the United States, including Bishops Dumoulin, of Hamilton, Ont., and Cadmon of Maine, the latter of whom prescribed a form of prayer to be recited in the churches of his diocese for the safe passage of the Church of France through the serious trials under which she is at present suffering. We have already given in our columns the substance of what these prelates have said.

We have not space for all that has been said on this subject, but we may give here a very sympathetic extract roma letter which ap the Living Church of Chicago, the principal the organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the West. The writer is the Rev. John Williams, a pastor of that Church, having charge of a parish of Omaha, Neb. This gentleman says:

"It is extremely difficult for me to understand how it is possible for any Christian man to take position in sup-port of the French Government against

port of the French Government sgainst the Church of France. Yet some of your correspondents do take that posi-tion, some jauntily, some otherwise. "The Church should obey the State. If it does not, so much the worse for the Church! It deserves what is coming to it! All it needs do is just to ask premission of an instal it not ask permission of an infidel, if not an atheistical Government to worship God, and it will have no trouble!
"Yes, that sounds strangely familiar.

Sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago, Christians were told that all they had to do was to throw just one small est grain of incense upon the altars of the gods—Venus, Bacchus, Aphrodite; and they would not be sent to the lions. It was the law of the State, otherwise the arena was their end. . .

"The French Government has as the schools, the churches, the sacred vessels, the Holy Eucharist Itself. . . It offers to loan or to rent the Church's own property to the Church on con-dition that what we would call a vestry is formed to receive it, and that rent

is paid the Government for their use.
"Obey the law! God forbid! What coward Anglican would obey such a law were it passed in England? "The State did not build the churches

of France. It did not endow them.
It did not build the houses of the
clergy. It did not give the sacred
vessels of the altar. Yet it takes possession of all. . . . then it offers to rent them on condition that the Church

shall recognize its right of possession of these sacred things!
"Out upon the miserable bigotry that can sneer at the persecuted Church of France because it does not submit to the miserable Nebuchadnezzars of France to obey the law."

The living Church spoke similarly on its own behalf. Catholics will certainly

nonest expressions of sympathy with their suffering brothren in a country which ought to conduct itself in a manner befitting the title it earned in past years as " the eldest daughter of the Church."

THE FRENCH CRISIS. The condition of affairs in France

since our last account thereof has no seriously changed. The hierarchy still refuse to accept the lesses of churches under conditions which would decatholicize the church by nationalizing it, and hence they do not submit to the condition that no foreign priests shall be placed in charge of French parishes. The State has declared that it will have nothing more to do with the Church Why, then, should it interfere with the nationality of the clergy? The fact that a priest is a German, or an Englishman, or an Irishman, or an American, is no obstacle to his preaching the Word of God in the spirit intended by Christ, and though our Lord and Master selected Galileans as the twelve apostle who were to preach His Gospel to all nations, their commission was not restricted within the boundaries of any nation, but extended to all:

"Going, therefore, teach all nations teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' (St. Matt. xxviii. 20.)

"He said to them, go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature." (St. Mark, xvi. 15.)

According to the new theology of Messrs. Clemenceau and Briand, our Lord has no authority to send His Apostles beyond the boundaries of Galilee, or, at all events, beyond the ancient kingdom of Israel : nevertheless they obeyed His commandment, and we find them preaching in India, Greece and Africa to the nations that knew not God. When the civil authorities at Jerusalem "charged them to speak no more in the Name of Jesus . . . nor to teach in His Name,' Peter and John, answering, said to them, ' if it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God. judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.' " (Acts iv. 16-20.)

In the same sense is the French Government answered by the Episcopate; and it cannot be otherwise, else all missions to the heathen must cease. such as those to China, Japan, Africa,

One despatch from Rome tells us that the authorities of the Vatican deny emphatically a semi-official anement of the French Government that Mgr. Montagnini, the expelled secretary of the Papal Nunclature, was active in trying to prevent the visit of King Alfonso of Spain o Paris. We can well believe that the Government speaks here with ts usual disregard of truth. Why does it not make public the documents which prove this, as it already threatened to do in regard to proofs that Mgr. Montagnini was engaged in a conspiracy for the overthrow of the Republic, and a re-establishment of monarchy in France? The reason is

documents in existence. We are also told that the Vatican authorities assert that they could prove easily that France endeavored to in fluence Spain to follow the pattern set by France in order to embarrass the Holy Father. We should not be surprised at this conduct on the part of the men who have the destinies of France now in their hands, but we do not believe the semi-official statement of the press reporters that they have heard such things from the Vaticar authorities, who are very cautious about what they assert, taking care not even to divulge truths of which they have become aware through diplomatic intercourses, when they know that it would be inconsistent with public policy to make such things known. The diplomatists of the Vatican are proverbially careful on these points, and it is a proof that they have been cautious in regard to the French crisis, inasmuch as the reporters have generalized the matter by speaking of "the Vatican authorities" instead of naming the authorities who have given them the opportunity of making their statement. Surely all the Vatican authorities are not involved in the communication supposed to have been made to the Roman correspondent. The inference to be drawn from so general a statement is, therefore, that none of them betrayed the secret in question. Another matter on which the corres

pondents claim that the Vatican auth orities were leaky was that France had been plotting against England and Italy, and had endeavored in divers ways to embarrass the Pope. We are satisfied that the correspondents were merely giving street gossip as authentic information.

A sunny cherrful heart changes its own behalf. Catholics will certainly world of gloom into a paradise of appreciate gratefully these earnest and beauty.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE.

On Saturday morning, March 9, died that remarkable man, John Alexander Dowie, who established at first in Melbourne, then in California and Chicago, and later in Zion City, forty miles from Chicago, a Church of his own fancy which he called the Christian Catholic Church.

Dowie was a native of Edinburgh. Scotland, having been born there in May, 1847. He was, therefore, almost sixty years old when he died last Saturday. The was for seven years a clerk in a busi ess house, and in this occupation he learned the business principles waich years afterwards made him, as head of his religion, one of the multi millionaires of America.

From 1872 to 1878 he was a Presby. terian minister, but in the last named year he made himself president of a livine healing association in Melbourne, Australia. In 1888 he came to America where also he succeeded in gaining the confidence of many who regarded him as a prophet sent by God. and entrusted to him large sums of money to be expended in various business undertakings for the benefit of the Church, which meant bimself, as he took care that these business enterprises were all conducted under his own name.

He was frequently arrested for violating the laws regarding the care of the sick as he repudiated all doctors and drugs, but so extensive was his healing practice, and so well was he paid for it that he prospered financially notwithstanding that he came so fre quently within the grasp of the law.

Zion City was inaugurated in 1898. and in 1902 Dowie declared himself to be Elijah the prophet reincarnate on earth, and in the same year he was moved by the spirit of God, as he as. serted, to go with about two thousand five hundred of his followers to New York to hold meetings in Madison Square until the city should be converted to his belief. The mission was a total failure, though in the beginning large crowds attended. These soon fell away, disgusted with the coarseness of his talk, but especially his blasphemies, and the only result was that in return for the ridicule thrown upon him by the press, he poured upon all connected with the press, reporters, editors, etc., the vilest vituperation.

Some persons who are, no doubt, honest in their belief, have asserted that Dowie affected many cures by his process of divine healing, so called, but from the best authorities to which we have had access his healing powers were fraudulent, and there appears to have been no serious investigation inte them at any time. In fact there apnear to have been no real caree affected by him or his co-laborers further than hypnotism, in which he is said to have been an adept.

Zion city belonged entirely to Dowie. with all its industries. Among these industries lace making appears to have been the chief and the most profitable, and his success was such that he realized many millions of dollars from all his enterprises.

Recently he was troubled with a evidently because there are no such schism, at the head of which was his Superintendent Voliva whom he had strengthened by appointing him his business attorney. He afterwards withdrew this appointment, and the disputes incident thereto were not settled down to the date of John Alexander Dowie's death. His story is a new evidence of the readiness with which the public can be duped in this age of science and invention in every department of human industry.

It is to be remarked that even his own family, his wife and children were. in the end, among those who repudiated him as an impostor who had grown personally rich at the expense of his dupes and the Church he established.

THE LABORING CLASS.

Our necessities and obligations are proportionate to the advancement of civilization. The more this extends itself the greater become the duties and demands of civilized society. This is self-evident, and is particularly true of Christian civilization, for since the dawn of Christianity no age ever passed that did not have its problems, intellectual, social and moral to encounter and to solve. The many, the complex and diverse problems that are forcing themselves for solution on the minds of the greatest thinkers of this age, go clearly and positively to prove that we are enjoying a civilization far superior to all the civilizations of the past. The problems of to-day are the result of the accumulated wisdom and foolishness of past ages. That the wisdom has benefited mankind, none will deny, while fact-proofs may easily be found to show that the foolishness of men has wrought much damage to society.

It is not our purpose to deal with all the problems, intellectual, social and moral that vex the minds of men, this we willingly leave to philosophers and socialogists. However, there is one problem, which, on account of its close connection with, fluence on society, consideration of e heart not only the in general, but als piness and comfo the great majority and forced to ear sweat of their bro If there is a nob in the world, it m educate, to elevat horny handed so

MARCH 23

Church recognize principal duty, prove His divini poor had the Gos He implicitly to they should also l f her watchful bitterest enemy scarcely deny the always endeavore dition of the poo more than in any the likenesses of His foster-father to earn their live their hands. He our mind either which among th ious denomination for these belov these great ber All that we inte some of those me necessary to pro and intellectual And here we w no advocate o

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H 23, 1907.

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RING CLASS. and obligations are

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age to society.

connection with, and its practical infuence on society, demards the serious consideration of every ran who has at heart not only the well being of society in general, but also the individual hapiness and comfort of his fellow men, the great majority of whom are destined and forced to earn their bread in the

sweat of their brow. If there is a noble, God-given mission in the world, it must be to console, to educate, to elevate these poor, weary, horny handed sons of labor. The Church recognizes this fact; it is her principal duty, for when Christ, to prove His divinity, asserted that the poor had the Gospel preached to them, He implicitly told His Church that they should also be the principal object of her watchfulness and care. The bitterest enemy of the Church will scarcely deny that in every age the has always endeavored to better the con dition of the poor and lowly. In them, more than in any other, she recognizes the likenesses of the God-Man and of His foster-father St. Joseph, who had to earn their livelihood by the work of their hands. However, it is far from our mind either to discuss or point out which among the many different religious denominations has done the most for these beloved ones of Christ, for these great benefactors of our race. All that we intend to do is to point out some of those means which we consider

necessary to promote their social, moral

And here we wish to state that we are

and intellectual elevation.

no advocate of a millenium for the laborer. We would not favor placing him in a garden of delights where noth ing but pleasure would reign supreme. Hence, to avoid all misunderstanding, we think it better to state what the elevation, which we here advocate, is not. It is not that the laborer should give up work altogether, that he should discard the hammer, sledge or plow, that the functions of brain and muscle should cease and make life nothing but a continual round of gaiety and pleasure. The sentence pronounced by the divine lips in the Garden of Eden upon man that he "should earn his bread in the sweat of his brow," is unalterable. And were it in our power to change it, it would, in the present order of things, be a crime against our race to do so. Man was made to work, the very structure of his body is argument enough that God intended he should work, and the idea that exists among the less educated, that if our first parents had not transgressed the divine command, we would now be enjoying a never-ending holiday, is altogether false. Had Adam not disobeyed God in Eden, his descendants would have to work just the same, but then it would be a pleasure and not as as it now is, a punishment. " Labor keeps the spirits bright while pleasare palls, and idleness is many gathered miseries in one." Who has not heard of Charles Lamb? He who fretted over his compulsory plex of all God's creatures, so mysterimonotonous life of thirty-five years of work, defied the chains of habit, and him a little kosmos, a little world in proclaimed that positively the best himself. He is many-sided for he has a thing a man can do is nothing. But relationship with the mineral, vegetahow wretched he was when he had his wish of idleness granted to him! We Hence the many cravings which flow suffer from that tired feeling which begets a longing for ease and rest, and who, when they have their wish granted It is man's soul that differentiates him to them, through some accidental cir- from all the rest of creation, it was it cumstance, never cease to strain every that enabled God to make him master be punishable by law, for it is the fruitful source of many evils. But it is also the greatest punishment that can be inflicted on any one, for it destroys the body, degrades the soul, deprives man of his reason, and finally kills him in some asylum for the insane apparently abandoned by God and man.

Had Heaven given us the power to earth an abundance that would supply every want, we would not exercise that power, for it would dwarf our faculties, stunt our growth and render our race

contemptible. Society is made up of individuals, as these are, so will society be. The development of society depends on the growth and energy of the individual. And these again depend on the determination of the will to obtain its object by overcoming the difficulties which ever and anon meet us in the various paths of life. This determination of is what we call effort, which is the source of all progress and which, alone, can give to the powers of mind and body that development and perfection of which they are capable. What good solid reading and hard study do for the mind, hard work does for the body, it develops and strengthens it, it makes it robust and strong. While on the contrary, as light reading, sorsound thought, so in like manner, easy, pleasant work never yet developed brawn and sinew, never yet did it produces a man capable of suffering for any did romances and silly novels weaken

noble cause. Only in the school of labor can that concentration of mind, that force of will, that unity of purpose, that perseverance in action, and that upright character be acquired which the world in all ages has ever held in high esteem. The man who has never learned to toil is an object of commiseration and pity, for he does not know himself; he may be rich, but he is poorer than the beggar who from door to door asking a bite t sat.

that our heart could never rest, until it would rest in God. Hence, strictly speaking there is no rest in this world, but whatever semblance of it may be found here owes its existence and sweetness to toil.

Then to relieve the great mass of mankind from labor would be to degrade them, for it would dissect and destroy the body social. Hence, labor is a means calculated to produce that intellectual and social elevation for which we contend. It is a God-given duty, it develops and perfects the power of man, and brings out the hidden things which were created for man's use and benefit. And whether good, for it has in itself some of the charms of the Divinity. It arrests our attention and excites our admiration, and in this respect we are forced to say of the laborer what Sophocles said of

naught more wondrous than the toiler." We said that labor is a great good, that may be, the laborer has a natural in fact it is the only means given us whereby we might live and make done, to a sufficient amount of time progress in all the departments of human activity; for it is not at all probable that God will, without any effort on our part, give us all the necessaries of mind and body. When Christ said " ask and it shall be given unto you; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you," did He not imply that we should use every effort, that we should streruously en deavor with all the powers of our mind and body to acquire those things which are necessary, not only for eternity, but also for our well-being in this life? In a word, did He not imply that we should work? However, labor, and here we mean that labor which tires, weakens and kills the body without instructing the mind or ennobling the soul, when made the sole object of life is not only not good, but it is positively harmful. It is this kind of labor that should be unqualifiedly condemned not only by every honest citizen, but by the law of every civilized land. For it constitutes a deformity in the moral order, and violates that sense of natural justice which exists in the soul of every numan being whose senses are not blunted by the practice of vice.

ace to the race, a source of degradation, sin and misery. Man is the most comous is he that philosophers have called grading folly? ble, animal and spiritual kingdoms. from the complexity of his nature demand a variety of occupation and discipline for their proper development. nerve to get into the battle of life of the universe, and make all things again. Idleness is a crime and should subservient to his needs and wants; and it is it that gives him, no matter what his occupation may be, a just title to fair treatment at the hands of his employer. The powers of the soul demand as peremptorily something to nonrish them as well as the senses of the body, and the laborer is shamefully treated when he is forced to eke out a mere animal existence. And what is bring forth from the rich bosom of the the cause of this oppression and degradation of the workingman? It is love of money, the love of honor, it is the insane love to satisfy the desires of the flesh and the concupiscence of the eyes; it is all that selfishness stands for. Now life for the laborer no less than for the millionaire should be like the rest of creation, it should be like the seasons of the year, like our fields and flowers and streams, it should have a certain alternation in it, but an alternation for good. How beautiful after the dreary winter has passed, when the snows have gone and the will, this battling with difficulties the grass springs up again with greater freshness and vigor and verdure; when the ice-bound streams again give out their rippling notes on their march to the sea, when the flowers bloom and the trees again are clothed with luxuriant foliage; when all nature seems to smile and feel happy, that it has rested and regained that strength which enables it to give us the rich treasures of its bosom! So it ought to be with the laborer when the toilsome

worthy of his digni+y and destiny.

To the Jews Jid, God said, "Thou shalt not muzze the ox that treadeth out the corn." And St. Paul writing to the Cerinthians quotes that divine precept and asks, "Doth God take care for exen, or doth he say this indeed for our sakes?" Just as if he were to ask: were the exen only the principal object of concern with God in issuing this Polibition or was it not also meant for us? There is no doubt that the obvious Centuries ago Saint Augustine said and literal import of the precept concerned the oxen, but under this literal meaning there is a mystical meaning which also contains a divine precept commanding that necessary support should be given, and due consideration be had for the working-nan. That such is the case we learn from St. Faul, for writing to Timothy he again quotes that divine prohibition and by way of explanation he immediately adds: "for the laborer is worthy of his reward." And by "reward" the apostle does not mean dollars and cents, he does not mean a just pecuniary remuneration only, but he also implies that due consideration and respect should be given to the working-man, and that a sufficient it be mental or physical it is a great relaxation should be allowed him after his weary hours of toil have passed.

We believe that it was Ernest Abe who said that the laborer should work for only eight hours, that eight hours should be allowed him for sleep, and man, "Wondrous are many things and eight hours to feel that he was a man, or make a man of himself. However, and moral right, after his daily work is that he may enjoy the pleasures of his own fireside, the social intercourse of his fellow-men, and also to utilize all other means which may be at hand, in order to fill his mind with that knowledge which will make him a better man, a more useful citizen, and implant more deeply in his mind the dig nity of his own nature. It is only when the working man is muzzled, that is, when a just wage and due considera tion are denied him, that he apparently becomes a menace to society. And if at such times the power of united labor makes itself felt by silencing the looms of industry and placing an effective blockade to the channels of commerce, thereby causing not a little inconvenience to the citizens of the State, it is the employers and not the laborer that should be held responsible for this. For the 'bosses,' by depriving the laborer of his just rights, throw insurmountable obstacles in the way of his domestic comfort, his social advancement, and educational progress, thereby goading him on to deeds of which his otherwise noble and generous heart would never dream. This oppression of the workingman is born of selfishness which is the fruitful mother of all in-Work to be beneficial to the laborer justice, sin and misery. It tends to and to society must have its just prodegrade him and bring him down to the portions, otherwise it becomes a menlevel of the brute creation. Who is so blind as not to see that only tyrants, enemies and corruptors of the race of man could ever be the inventors and abettors of such a pernicious and de-

"WAR AGAINST CHRIST."

By VANCE THOMPSON.

Editor's Note. -express its views to the world through other mediums less formal than a Papal Encyclical is almost unprecedented. following statement. from Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, and spiritually, the second in command of 250,000,000 people, is, we believe, the most important contribution yet published in the course of the most tremendous contest between Church and State now test between Church and Sta'e now going on in France. Its history is as follows: Upon receipt of William M. Fullerton's sketch of George Clemenceau, the brilliant head of the French Government, which appeared in the February issue of this magazine, we concluded, that, in fairness, the Church side of the controversy should have been before the American public. lso be set before the American public also be set before the American public.
Accordingly, we cabled Mr. Vance
Thompson to go to Rome and secure, if
possible, an interview with Cardinal
Merry del Val, the man who, above all
others, is credited with the responsibility for the Pope's policy of resistance to the latest religious edicts of the French Government. The article that follows is the result. Mr. Thompson has lived in Paris for many years and is a very well-known writer on for-eign subjects for American periodicals. As in other contribu-tions to this magazines, the author speaks by his own authority and our readers must understand that such expressions and opinions such as are recorded here are Mr. Thompson's own, and do not necessarily involve the editorial standpoint of Everybody's

THE VOICES AND THE APPETITES. It was a winter afternoon in the Chamber of Deputies, there by the misty Seine in Paris. By a vote of nearly three to one the representative e French nation turned out the of the French nation turned out the light in heaven. That was the pro-digious event. Two thousand years ago a star stood over Bethlehem. "We have put that star out for-

ever !" cried the orator. He was Viviani—a desperate lawyer, politician, journalist, a socialist who had The skin rids the system of more urea than the kidneys?

Nearly one fifth of the waste products of the body is eliminated by the skin. Suppose there is some unsuspected, unseen skin trouble—the pores are closed—the skin is unable to rid the system of its share of the waste.

Then the blood carries this waste product to the kidneysimmediately they are overworked—they strain to throw off the extra load. What the kidneys can't possibly eliminate, the blood takes up again and deposits on the nerves.

Then come the dull aches in back, hips and head-the nerves unstrung and irritated—the urine charged with impurities and highly colored-and you fear you have "Kidney Trouble."

Nonsense. Your kidneys are overworked-not diseased. What you need is "FRUIT-A-TIVES" to act on the skin.

open the clogged pores-start up healthy skin action-and let the skin perform its natural function. This instantly relieves the kidneys of overwork—the back-aches stop and the complexion is beautified. There is no excessive waste matter in the blood to bring dull headaches-the urine is cleared-the bowels are opened and regulated-and the kidneys strengthened.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" act directly on the three great eliminating organs—Skin, Kidneys and Bowels—make them well and keep them well. That is why "FRUIT-A-TIVES" cure so many cases of apparent kidney disease that are really skin troubles. "FRUIT-A-TIVES" are fruit juices-in which the natural medi-

cinal action of fruit is many times increased by the secret process of making them. Valuable tonics and antiseptics are added and the whole made into tablets-the finest formula known to medicine.

Buy them-try them-and cure yourself at home. 50c. box-6 boxes for \$2.50. At all druggists or sent on receipt of price.

FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, OTTAWA.

there was a deceptive light in heaven,

there was a deceptive light in heaven, but we have put it out forever !'

"By" we" he means the brawling cohort grouped at the left of the chamber—the cohort of socialistic Greeds; yonder fat and hairy man, with the immense abdomen and the short gesticulating fins (a porpoise of a man!) may stand for the type and symbol of them all—Jaures. He is not a man; he is a voice and an appetite; lungs and stomach. By "we" Viviani meant all the voices and appetites that gather round the swill-trough of the state. And wild cheers greeted him.

Old Clemenceau, a little man, smart and dirty, led the applause from his place of Prime Minister. The melan

Jaures rose and demanded that Viviani's speech should be thus placarded over France; but by a vote of nearly three to one the order was made. And for weeks after—even to this day—the walls and boardings proclaimed the interesting fact that the French Assembly had decreed the non existence of God and turned out the lights that shone once upon a time overhead.

Unless you know France well you cannot understand how the news was cannot understand now the least of the received: the Parisian journalists, who have always had a prudent dread of constellations and aureoles, wrote grinning articles in which they praised Viviani's rhetoric; the helots of the cities smashed a few church-windows, atoned a few men of God, and drank a little more absinthe than usual; the lean peasants—the real victims of the Appetites and Voices—stared at the posters and plodded on their ways, silent, and inscrutable; and in the wineshops, music-halls, cafes-beuglants a new song became popular—a Rabelai-sian parody of what children once sang sian parody of what children once sang about the star of Bethlehem. That was

all.

They did it better a hundred years

Robespierre (in a sky-blue coat) led Robespierre (in a sky-blue coat) led his deputies to the Champ de Mars, where they crowned a poor draggled night girl with tinsel, and worshipped her. The Voices and Appetites do not worship even that poor, sad, outcast type [of humanity. The only worship they have is that of the Trough; immediately after banishing God from heaven (by a vote of nearly three to one) they decided (by nearly a unani-mous vote) to double their own salaries. Thus, having disposed of the neces sary preliminaries, the Chamber of Deputies went on about its business of passing laws for the confiscation of what property it had not yet taken from the church.

It is not my business in this article to unravel for you the long and com-plicated history of the Concordat, which bound the unwilling Church to France. This was the work of Napo-leon. And it was a bilateral agree-ment, whereby the Church lost a great ment, whereby the character as a scene many of her possessions and accepted in return a system (then much in vogue in England) of multiple small pensions for her priests and curates. It was bad for the Church, because it made

into sordid French politics a new and drifting across it-and then, tar off, superfluous element of hypocrisy. Unfortunately the contract was difficult to break. You give me your house upon condition that I shall pay you a pension for life—that is a bad bond between us; but so long as the conditions are fulfilled it is not easy to undo it. Abstract justice, however, and the condensation of the cond stand for the type and symbol of them all—Jaures. He is not a man; he is a voice and an appetite; lungs and stomach. By "we" Viviani meant all the voices and appetites that gather round the swill-trough of the state. And wild cheers greeted him.

Old Clemenceau, a little man, smart and dirty, led the applause from his place of Prime Minister. The melan choly Brisson, who presided, looked almost cheerful; he had never been personally informed of the non existence of God, and his life had been a dismal fear—he showed immense relief. That bold Viviani, with his rhetor's breath, had blown out the light of heaven. When the French Chamber passes a new law it orders it printed on huge posters and pasted up all over France—at every street corner, in every hamlet, on wayside barns at fences. I have forgotten what Jaures rose and demanded that Vivalues of liberty is the

walls and boardings proclaimed the interesting fact that the French Assembly had decreed the non existence of God and turned out the lights that shone once upon a time overhead.

Unless you know France well you approxy understand here the rooms were the rooms when they please? The Voices and when they please? The Voices Appetites could not consent to that Appetites could not consent to that for one moment. And besides, in spite of the fact that the property of all the religious congregations had been seized quite recently, the Trough was empty. So the Briand law was passed, which tied the unwilling Church once more to the state—and put a gendarme at the the state—and put a gendarme at the altar, side by side with the priest.

This was the state of affairs in France

This was the state of affairs in France when—weary of the Volces—I went down to San Remo, where the world is quiet and only the gray olive-trees whisper together. It was there I received a cablegram from the editor of hverybody's Magazine, asking me to "go to Rome and interview Cardinal Merry del Val," upon this thorny French question of Church and State. French question of Church and State. It sounds quite simple, does it not? Only it has never been done before. Thousands of pilgrims have been received by the Pope—but aloc, mysterious, invisible, another Power, ancient as the faith, dwells in the gray silence of the Vatican; behind a closed door. Kings have beaten upon that door with angry swords, and had no answer— only silence. And so though I went to Rome it was without hope of fulfilling my mission. What is called in Italy a treno di lusso dragged its slow length along by the sea for twenty-four hours; I walked up and down the corridor won-dering how I should open that closed door yonder in the Eternal City. One man I knew would help me: this was the Baron von Rotenhan, the Prussian Gesandte to the Holy See; by this time he knew I was on my way to Rome. And I thought of others, of prelates—who is there? who is there?

who is there? who is there?

(A man says to himself: "This thing shall I do!" and goes his way, poor fool! And, lo, all the while an army of Obscure Wills labors in the dig in a coal-pit—quarrying out that man's destiny and shaping the thing he

Toward mid-day it was the wide campagna — the smoke-colored oxen

the great dome of St. Peter's; an hour later I was driving to the couse of Monsignor Brandi in the Via Ricetta. He is the stateliest of men, a tountain of discretion and most excellent produce. His advice was cood, it was late when I reached the Voa dell' Unita. I pushed hard on the electric button in the windy stone entrance. No answer. I beat out the door with my walking-stick. A baker's boy, with a basket of loaves on his head, came up and lead me his additional clamor. And no one came. After twenty minutes I gave it up. "There is always another way." I said; and ordered by caman to drive to the Earon von Kotenban's private He is the stateliest of den, a tountain to the Baron von Rotenban's private residence. At that moment (for the Obscure Wills had labored in the dark) a pale young priest came to the door of the house. I turned back, and a moment later I was sitting in the great, silent reception room, staring at a familiar picture—the virile head of printed on huge posters and pasted up all over France—at every street corner, in every hamlet, on wayside barns and fences. I have forgotten what Jaures rose and demanded that Viviani's speech should be thus placarded over France: but by a vote of pearly some one else about the care. The Roosevelt. Then Monsignor Kennedy entered. It was good to be able to speak English once more, and for a long time we talked. This tall man, with the athlete's shoulders, has kindly over France: but by a vote of pearly some one else about the care. Roosevelt. Then Monsignor Kennedy

> is out of the question. Such a thing is unknown and unheard of." For three days before Christmas noth-

me in clerical Rome. se days are given up to the annual visits paid in hierarchic order—the Cardinals wait upon the Secretary of State, Bishops and Archbishops pay their respects.

It was at 12 o'clock of the third day

before Christmas that Monsignor Kennedy was to make his annual visit to the Cardinal del Val. II.

"COME IN—I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU"
It was a little before 12 o'clock when I passed the Swiss Guards and entered by the Porta di Bronzo; the steps led up to the Cortile di S. Damaso—and that was familiar. I walked to and fro there with Malaspina—theman who knows Roma hast. It is how to and iro there with Malaspina—theman who knows Rome best, It is behind those windows on the second floor that the Pope dwells. The windows are curtained all. Then we went up past the knightly guards—to the Great Hall. An usher, in black and white, took my coat and hat and showed me into the First Room of the stately apartment occupied by the Secretary of State. The Appartamento Borgia; here died that Borgia who was Alexander VI. High on the vaulted ceiling dance four winged Victories, upholding the arms of the Medici. Your thoughts go back to those tremendous far off days when the militant church had conquered the universe; and the feet of Immaculate Conception were planted on the necks of kings; that was long ago. Cardinals come and go; a Bishop, in violet soutane, stands by the little table where a silent secretary sits making notes in a leather book. At last comes Monsignor Kennedy — black-robed, girt with his crimson sash. "I will see His Eminence and do

what I can;" and Monsignor takes me into the Second Room; there he leaves me. Little groups of ecclesiastics, in red, in violet, in black, are whispering paintings of the Life of the Madouna— Pinturicchio's miracles of color—and

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.



FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

SERVING GOD FROM THE HEART. "Hosanna to the Son of David."—(St. Matt

To day, my dear brethren, we are reminded of that hour in the life of our Lord on earth in which He was receiv Lord on earth in which He was receiving from the people of His own nation all the honor they could render Him. He then entered the chosen city of God in triumph over all who had opposed Him. Thousands surrounded Him, went before Him and followed after Him. They paved the road before Him with their own clothing and with the branches of trees, that they might thus make His entry into Jorusalem as into Jerusalem as

make His entry glorious as possible.

In a few days, when He had been acressed by His enemies, where was this great crowd? Where were those ont so fervently, "Howhe had cried out so fervently, "Ho-sanns to the Son of David?" But few could there be found. The rest had either deserted Him or joined in with the crowd that mocked Him even while He was dying on the Cross. Nearly all had shandoned Him in the day of His adversity. The first test of their faith in Him, the first trial that proved the strength of their love for Him, found them entirely wanting in that char-acteristic of true love, fidelity to the

Is it impossible for us to do as they did? No; it is not impossible, for many who are Catholics born and bred

many who are Catholics born and stocked of the same thing now.

But who are these? They are those who fail to keep the Ten Commandments of God and the precepts and laws of the Church. Every Catholic who breaks the Commandments of God and refuses to obey the laws of the Church does worse than those did who deserted our Lord when He was condemned and crucified. With their lips they declare they are Catholics, and in this way cry out "Hosanna to the Son of David," but in their hearts and lives they live and associate with the enemies of Christ.

But why are these men worse than the others? Simply because they received the graces of Christ in their baptism, in their confirmation, and in their First Communion, as well as in their many Communions thereafter. In Communion they receive our Lord Himself, the Lord of eternal glory Who is Eternal Life itself. These have been truth, members of the kingdom in truth, members of the kingdom of heaven, but have cast themselves out by not keeping the Commandments of God, by not obeying the laws of the Church. Truly does the Scripture say of many of them: "He that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead." For dead many of them are apparently adead earnally. They seem to be in —dead eternally. They seem to be in the spiritual slumber of eternal death. They appear to be eternally judged; their eternal fate already scaled. Why do I say this? Because noth-

ing can move their hearts to God. Missions, sermons, move their hearts to return to tions, threatenings, warnings, counsels, the prayers and entreaties of fathers, mothers, kindred, and friends are all unheeded by them, are all in vain. Even the tears of their fathers and mothers and the blushes of shame whenever they are alluded to by friends, have no effect

ot return to God. ever excuse you make to yourselves, this is true, that those who keep the Commandments and the laws of the Church show they are the true friends of our Lord; those who do not keep these show to all in heaven and earth that they are His enemies. We have but one sure and positive test of our love for our Lord. The Ten Commandnts and the laws of the Church con ments and the laws of the Undreh con-stitute that test. All who really love Him keep this faithfully. "If you love Me," said our Lord, "keep My com-mandments." All who do not love Him break them and disregard them. God Himself is not their friend. They have no part in the triumphs of our Lord on this day. It is true they cry out with us "Hosanna to the Son of David," but

and crucify our Lord. what, then, is to be done? Let those who are faithful profit by the terrible examples of these abandoned souls. Let them dread and tremble lest they also be brought into the same their increasing tepidity and neglect. Let them care to secure to our Lord a complete triumph in their own souls that He may rule there in time and eternity. "The kingdom of God is within you," said our Lord, and the Christian soul is truly the throne of God. None but faithful or truly repent ant souls can cry out to-day, in all sincerity, "Hosanna to the Son of David."

HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY.

IMPRESSIVE CONCLUSION OF CONVERT

TALKS TO NON-CATHOLICS. Cleveland Catholic Universe.

"Why I became a Catholic" was the topic announced for the concluding lec-ture of the series delivered by Dr. F. E. J. Lloyd to non-Catholics at St. Agnes' auditorium last week. Whether it was the personal nature of the sublect or the natural climax of the inter est that had been swelling like a musical crescendo with each evening of the preceding week, the announcement was a magnet that drew a multitude that would have filled the auditorium twice

By 7 o'clock Sunday evening the hall was filling, by 7:30 it was filled. By 8 clock there was such a press at the doors that the pastor had to request all Catholics in the audience to give place to non-Catholics. Hundreds were turned away after the stage and the sies behind it had been packed with people, after the side walls were banked and the aisles thronged, after the doors and hallways were jammed with eager throngs who stood crushed and strained together, motionless and silent, during r, motionless and silent, during

delight the crowd, without even the flash of humor or the beguliement of anecdote with which most public speakers sugar-coat their doses of truth, a story of religious conviction, of long spiritual uncertainty that finally impelled him into the path of submission and peace. It was the most impressive of demonstrations that religious indifferand peace. It was the most impressive or demonstrations that religious indiffer-ence is the wrong name for the state of mind induced by the spiritual inade-quacy of the Protestant Churches, and and that the Church need only ask an audience to have flocks of hearers for

her message of truth.

The address delivered by Dr. Lloyd. has already been published in sub-stance in the Universe. It was not argumentative or expository, but the record of a personal experience since ly and convincingly told. The m striking impression produced on the audience was the sense of the speaker's perfect satisfaction and complete con-tent in the faith he had attained after so many years of questioning and doubt. The peace of mind imparted by the security and authority of the Catholic Church, said Dr. Lloyd, could be realized only by one who had not always been blessed with it.

The Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann was an attentive listener to Dr. Lloyd, for the second time during the week and at the conclusion of the lecture made an address of considerable length and force. The Bishop was in very happy vein and interested the great audience by his account of his own large and varied experience in making converts and meeting the difficulties of those outside the Church. He reiterates his warm approval of the work Dr. Lloyd was doing and declared that he blessed from his heart the lay apostolate thus successfully launched in his diocese.

Rev. Gilbert P. Jenning, pastor of an address of considerable length and

successfully launched in his diocese.

Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, pastor of St. Agnes Church, closed the exercises with a brief but stimulating and impressive address in which he "put the question" to which Dr. Lloyd's expositions of Catholic truth had so logically led. Whatever effect the series of lectures had had upon the non-Catholics who had listened to them, whether or not they had been moved to make a further study of Catholic doctrine, it was impossible. Father Jennings dewas impossible, Father Jennings de-clared, that they should ever be the same men and women again, that they should ever again have the same con-ception of the Catholic Church, the same blamelessness in rejecting its truths. "What are you going to do about it?" he demanded in conclusion. 'That is the question I leave you to

More than four hundred copies of "Faith of Our Fathers" were given to non-Catholics during the week. In every case books were given only to those who went to the stage to ask for them, so the number may be regarded as indicative of the number of persons induced to give serious consideration to Catholic claims. Several applications made for private instruction were received and Father Jennings announced that a permanent inquiry class would be established in the parish in connection with the regular vesper services at 4 o'clock on Sun lar vesper services at 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoons. A systematic course of doctrinal instruction will be given with a question box addition for the benefit of 'adividual inquirers. Catechetical instruction will also be given in the school building for a regular converts' class several evenings each week. It is believed that the effects of the impulse given by Dr. Lloyd's of the impulse given by Dr. Lloyd's lectures will be far-reaching, and that the results are much larger than the actual number of converts made. Catho lics as well as non Catholics have been stimulated to a more vital interest in their faith and a more lively sense of its value. An immense amount of prejudice has been dissipated. So the vicinity, it has been proved that the mission has engendered among them a feeling of greater friendliness and respect for their Catholic neigh-

At the institution of Father Schaffield, Dr. Lloyd delivered two lectures to the non-Catholics of Elyria on Mon-built and endowed.—Catholic Standard in their lives they side with His enemies day and Tuesday evenings. He will return to Cleveland in May.

RICHEST OF ALL WOMEN.

Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to Pope Leo XIII., discovered among the manuscripts of the Escurial when he was Papal Nuncio at Madrid a biography of Saint Melania the Younger, which he has lately translated, edited and had printed at the Vatican press. What follows is an abridgment of his

The author of this biography was named Gerontius. From A. D. 405 until 439 he was in the service of and daily association with Melania, and after her death he succeeded her as the head of a monastery which she founded. An exemitness he tells who founded. An eyewitness, he tells who Melania was, the amount of her fortune and what she did with it.

Melania and her husband were both Christians and wished to follow liter-ally the Saviour's precept: "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the heaven." They therefore resolved to devote their immense possessions to the cause of Christ.

History records that during the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century after Christ certain patrician Roman families amassed enormous wealth. Melania's fortune surpassed all others and consisted of a villa on the Coelian at Rome which inclosed portioned courts, a circus, a hippodrome and immense gardens. Its buildings were decorated with paintings, mosaics, statues, sculpture and precious marbles, cared for and served by gardeners, butchers, bakers, cooks, waiting women, valets and all the host of necessary slaves.

A rural domain at the fifth milestone on the Applan way three miles in circumstance.

on the Applan way three miles in cir-cumference — its ruins have yielded many marbles to the Vatican museum. It was an inspiring and suggestive appearance—the sight of this tense and uncomfortably crowded mass of people atraining to hear an earnest man relate, very simply and without any of the caracterical tricks that are supposed to many marbles to the Vatican museum. An estate on the northern coast of Sicily tilled by eight thousand slaves. Estates in Africa, Numidia, Mauritania, in Britain, in Spain and in Gaul, with enough slaves to cultivate them. Her yearly revenues, it is estimated,

amounted to scores of millions of dollars. They may well have exceeded the civil list of any emperor or poten tate who ever lived, and were probably greater than any other woman ever

It is not known what use Melania made of her wealth before she decided to rid herself of it; her biographer begins his story only when she had so resolved.

resolved.

Melania found it very difficult to follow the command of her Master; public opinion, custom and above all the law of the empire forbade. The Roman law then prohibited, except under certain restrictions, the alienation of real estate. Then, when this husband and wife decided to obey Christ's command they were minors and they could not sell their real estate without a decree, ratified by the Roman senate.

At the instigation of a brother inlaw the slaves of the property on the Via Appla rose in insurrection, insisting that they preferred slavery,

sisting that they preferred slavery, with its sure maintenance, to freedom with an uncertain future, and they were only pacified when made over to the brother-in-law with a gratuity of

three gold pennies apiece.

How hard it was to become poor
An imperial edict alone could overcome the opposition of relatives, of the law and of the senate. This Melania se-cured through the favor of Serena, who was a niece of the Emperor Theodosius and his adopted daughter; the wife of Stilicho and the mother in law of Hon orius, the son and successor of Theodo-sius. For many years Stilicho and Serena had been the actual rulers of

Serena had been the actual rulers of the western half of the Roman empire. Public rumor, which had been busy with Melania's fu'ure, blaming or prais-ing as prejudice or religious bias swayed, had aroused the Queen's curiosity and had aroused the Queen's curiosity and its object had been several times bidden to the imperial palace, commands which had invariably been disobeyed. In the spring of A. D., 494, the disobedient one remembered that the imperial power could unmake as well as make laws and could smooth her difficult read to property.

cult road to poverty.

Accompanied by her husband, several Bishops and Gerontius, who chronicles the event, she went to the Palatine. Her train included slaves bearing many and costly presents, the customary offerings to the powerful and their court. Closely veiled and wearing a dress of very cheap material, the sup-pliant said to those who remonstrated

" I shall not uncover the head which shall not change the garment which I have put on for my Saviour's glory." Her humility had its immediate reward, for Serena herself came forward

her side on the golden throne, and call-

ing her court around her, said:

"Behold this woman, who could be surrounded by all that wealth could buy, yet for Christ's sake renounces all the vanities of this world."

Serena herself declined the gifts offered to her and forbade any of her courtiers or servants to accept any. At her request the emperor at once gave orders, to the rulers of his pro-vinces to sell Melania's estates and re-

mit the proceeds to her.

Melania and her husband left Rome before Alaric captured it and went to their Sicilian estate. The troubles of the times delayed the sale of their possessions for years. As fast as they could they spent their wealth in build-ing and endowing churches, monas teries, nunneries, hospitals and endow-

ing and adorning their altars with vessels of gold and of silver.

They relieved the necessities of thousands of the poor and needful, sending vessels and messengers with money and necessaries for them and to the hermits and monks of Egypt, Jerusalem and Antioch. After twenty-seven years of continuous effort they had at last reduced their once colossal fortune to the remnant of a small estate in Spain. they ended their days and were burie and Times.

THE OLD STORY.

It is the old story. It is the story of our England three hundred years ago, when the statesmen, and the Bishop, and the priest, and the layman refused to obey the new law of the supremacy of the king in spiritual matters, and of the king in spiritual matters, and died rather than obey the law. It is the old story when the martyr was called upon to offer incense to the deity of Casar and died because he refused to obey the law. It is the old story when the Apostles were forbidden by the law to preach Christ, and they said it is better to obey God rather than man—and they died rather than obey the law. It is he old story when the Jew made it his plea for clamoring for the death of Jesus Christ. For when Pilate wished to release Him they said: "If thou release this man thou are not Casar's friend, for whosethou are not Casar's friend, for whoseever maketh himself a king is no friend of Casar's." (John xix., 12.) And this French Government, this man Clemenceau, this man Briand, this man the ex-cleric and apostate Combes, lift up their puny hands against the God who made His Church, against the God who made His Church, against which "the nations rage, and the people devise vain things," and they think, in their folly and their pride, that where giants failed they will succeed.—From a sermon by the Bishop of

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

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y! Bir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross. ex. Premier of Onbario. Rev. John Potts. D. D., Victoria College. Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's

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

THROUGH FREE THOUGHT TO CATHO-

No doubt we all regret that the words "free thought" have come to assume a special meaning, which make them sound ominous to Catholic ears. Free hought should mean the exercise of thought should mean the exercise of the human mind, joyous in the con-sciousness of its power to learn and to know. It should mean what Bishop Spalding meant, when he wrote the Spalding meant, when he wrote the sentence, you have made the motto of the Catholic Writers' Guild: "The writers who accomplish most are those who compel us to think." Again, when he said: "Objections to what in creases in the multitude the power of reason and conscience are not worth considering unless we are prepared to think that conscious life is a curse"

But the fact is that the words. "Free

But the fact is that the words, "free thought" have no such meaning. They have come to stand for the assertion of the "all-sufficiency of the human reason," the a priori negation of

And so, to say that Ferdinand Brune-tiere came to Catholicism through free thought, though it does not imply that on becoming a Catholic he ceased to be an ever eager student and thinker, does mean that his conversion affords us an instance of a man who has come to us from an opposite pole, who has traveled the full distance that any man can possibly be called upon to travel, to come unto the truth.

To say who Ferdinand Brunetiere was will be to make us realize still

more all that this means.

Ferdinand Brunetiere died last December, the foremost literary critic of France, after having been for fifteen of France, after having been for fifteen years lecturer in her foremost university, for twenty years director of her years the most prominent member of the French Academy, that exclusive company of her greatest literary lights. Now to be a prominent critic, university professor, and editor, means much, intellectually, in any country,

but it means still more in France. prominent man of letters might come to Catholicism without exciting much com-ment. He might even do so without having come once face to face with wider questions than those of the wider questions than those of the necessity of confession or the efficacy of prayer. For this is the land of religious indifferentism, on the one hand, of religious liberty, on the other. But, as we know only too well, France is neither. As France in the middle.

That contest Ferdinand Brunetiers early accepted, and that contest he fought, step by step, till the day when some six years ago, he uttered the beautiful words which sum so well the condition for conversion: "I allow myself to be acted upon by Truth," till barely in a public lecture, after having explained some of the facts that necessitated belief, he exclaimed: "What I believe! You excisioned: What I believe for ask me what I believe, mark the word, I do not say, I suppose or I imagine, nor I know or I understand, what I

believe,—go to Rome and find out.

Times does not permit, nor do I feel competent for the task. Almost all competent for the task. Almost all these volumes are in the Chicago Public Library. Let me express the hope that some of you will seek them there. One or two have been trans-lated into English. The rest should be, at least those recently published. Lot me remark, also, in passing, that the duty of translating such master-pleoes of Catholic thought ought to attract the attention of some members of the Guild.

to indicate at least the several stages of the journey Brunetiere himself calls the journey on the way to belief.

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health, and enables it to resist

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LICISM."

ddress delivered by Louis J. Mercler before the Catholic Writer's Guild,

the fact of Revelation, and a consequent antagonism to Christianity, and, in particular, to the Catholic Church.

is neither. As France in the middle ages was the heart of militant Christendom, so France, in the new age, has been the battleground of modern thought, and if her most prominent literary man has come to Catholicism in the first years of the twentieth cen-tury, he must have done so only after having answered the arguments at lated and still hurled against Church by a vigorous opposition of two Church by a vigorous opposition of two hundred years; he must have taken into account the works of those who have labored to bring about the destruction of Christianity; he must have analyzed and dissected all the systems of philosophy that have been elaborated to replace her teachings; he must have come to her in spite of and victorious of a Voltaire, a Diderot, a Comte and a Renan; in spite of a Comte and a Renan; in spite of and victorious of skepticism and materand victorious of skepticism and materialism and naturalism; in spite of and victorious of positivism and modern exegesis; in short, he can have come to Catholicism only after having encountered in a hand to-hand struggle, and having conquered on the very lists, the scene of their past and present triumphs, all the foes that have arisen in mederal times to drive Faith form

To retrace the successive steps of that contest of Ferdinand Brunetiere with the modern opponents of Christianity and Catholicism, we would have to take up in turn the volumes he published between I880 and December,

We may stop long enough, however, To appreciate how long that journey

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for 1906 shows substantial increases over the previous year, as may be seen from the following figures:

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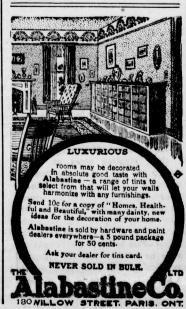
was, we have only to mention that, at the beginning of it, we find him, then a student in Paris, reading passionately the "Life of Jesus," of Strauss and Renan, the men who in the name of the science of philogoy, about the middle of the last century, challenged the divinity of Christ.

divinity of Christ.

Fortunately for Brunetiere and for Fortunately for Brunstiere and for us, he had a ready antidote, Every student of French literature must study its classical age, and the classical age of French literature, the seventeenth century, is a Catholic age, the age of Pascal and of Bossuet.

Coming Around.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, is the author of a "platform" which he proposes as a common basis for "modern Christians." In this document the proposes as a common basis for 'modern Christians.' In this document the emphasis is put upon doing instead of believing. In other words, it is a complete reversal of the original Protestant position. In Luther's day it was faith that counted. Now it doesn't make much difference about the belief as long as you do good to your fellow men.
The Catholic Church, of course, has
always insisted upon both faith and
good works.—Sacred Heart Review.



Great is Thy strength, O Holy Ghost! Make firm, O God, the things that Thou hast wrought in me.



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CHATS WITH YOU.

MARCH 23, 1907.

"Can't 'elp Likin' ' In the Black Hills of Sthere lives an humble, ign who has won the love and everyone who knows him. 'elp likin' 'im'' said an Etand when asked why the m people in the town can't him, he answered, "Beca'eart in 'im; he's a man. 'elps the boys when in tnever go to 'im for nothin. Bright, handsome young ates of Eastern colleges, asing their fortune; a great

ing their fortune; a great strong men have been draw different parts of the con gold fever; but none of th public confidence as does gold lever; but hone of the public confidence as does t. He can scarcely write hi knows nothing of the usa society, yet he has so int self in the hearts of those munity that no other meducated or cultured, has chance of being elected to prominence while "Ike"; He has been elected town, and has been sent

natical sentence, jus has a heart in him ; he is

The Art of Approachi approaching people prop proaching a landscape to proaching a landscape to possible effect. We are a animals, and we do not lif fur rubbed the wrong great art to know how people so as to make the impression, and not aro tagonism, or prejudice the at the very outset. One good judge of human n have a great deal of tac approach a person throu

One should cultivate th ing character at first people know at a glance people know at a glance take to get into a strange They walk right in with while others, without th knowledge of human na enter at all, or only wi

create such a good imp stranger as a sunny fa gracious manner. All c all barriers disappear be bar to make a way for doors open for him, and come everywhere as the need an inti enough, and as for co people carry a letter of faces. You cannot he them and trusting ther first time you see them. The Social Side vers

Young men who as amass money often mal take in thinking that time to cultivate their time to cultivate their that society has noth money making. They ing time in society i that it will keep them i The result is there a well to-do men in this scarcely say their sould in a drawing-room of society. They are so They are dumb upon
They taboo what is ca
is a bore to them simp
have never developed ties. They do not li there. It is a stupid They are strong in the rut. They are at hou call on them in their strong, resourceful : they put on a dress su drawing-room they weaklings, not the g

stores. They feel res out of place, just as or ing to be natural befo They are, in a wa cause faculties of an kind from those used are called upon to act used to it; those pa are untrained, not res in the social circle, r in the shade, make the comfortable, indeed, were "nobodies."

Many college men to time to go into soc they must spend th grinding away at the result is, that these great deal of learning away and the great deal of learning the great deal of lear have never cultivate tional powers, or their knowledge is la If you are cold, sel interesting, if your not in shape to give your conversation, course, what does the position? In fact, t more conspicuous wi and your unsocial que S. M. in Success.

What a great thir right" in life. Eve see that the first ste with all except his operarications and make him a liar, bu they surely will in He can see that oth the road to ruin, bu

his own case.

There is a wond
tween bad habits. the same family. no matter how small may seem, you will man who has fo laziness or idleness his engagements; meet his engagemen gize, prevaricate an known a perfectly was always behind You have seen a

"Can't 'elp Likin' 'im."

In the Black Hills of South Dakota there lives an humble, ignorant miner, who has won the love and good will of everyone who knows him. "You can't 'elp likin' 'im' 'said an English mirer, and when asked why the miners and the people in the town can't help liking him, he answered, "Because he has a 'eart in 'im; he's a man. He always 'elps the boys when in trouble. You never go to 'im for nothin.'"

Bright, handsome young men, graduates of Eastern colleges, are there seeking their fortune; a great many able, strong men have been drawn there from different parts of the country by the

ing their fortune; a great many song trong men have been drawn there from different parts of the country by the gold fever; but none of them holds the public confidence as does this poor man. He can scarcely write his name, and knows nothing of the usages of polite society, yet he has so interenched himself in the hearts of those in his community that no other man, however educated or cultured, has the slightest chance of being elected to any office of prominence while "Ike" is around.

He has been elected mayor of his town, and has been sent to the legis lature, although he can not speak a grammatical sentence, just because he has a heart in him; he is a man.

The Art of Approaching People.

The Art of Approaching People. There is just as much of an art in approaching people properly as in ap proaching a landscape to get the best proaching a landscape to get the best possible effect. We are all more or less animals, and we do not like to have the fur rubbed the wrong way. It is a great art to know how to approach people so as to make the best possible impression and not assume that. impression, and not arouse their an tagonism, or prejudice them against us at the very outset. One needs to be a good judge of human nature, and to have a great deal of tact, in order to approach a person through the right

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One should cultivate the art of read-One should cultivate the art of reading character at first sight. Some people know at a glance what road to take to get into a stranger's confidence. They walk right in without hindrance, while others, without this tact, art, or knowledge of human nature, can not enter at all, or only with great difficulty.

There is nothing else which will There is nothing else which will create such a good impression upon a stranger as a sunny face, a cheerful, gracious manner. All doors fly open, all barriers disappear before the sunny soul. He does not need to use a crowbar to make a way for himself. The doors open for him, and he is as welcome everywhere as the sunshine. He does not need an introduction. His does not need an introduction. He face and his manner are introduction enough, and as for confidence, such people carry a letter of credit in their faces. You cannot help believing in them and trusting them implicitly the first time you see them.

The Social Side versus Success.

Young men who are ambitious to amass money often make a great mistake in thinking that it is waste of time to cultivate their social faculties, that society has nothing to do with money making. They think that spending time in society is a hindrance; that it will keep them back.

The result is there are multitudes of well to-do men in this country who can scarcely say their souls are their own in a drawing-room or elsewhere in society. They are simply dummies. They can talk only about their business. They are dumb upon other subjects. The Social Side versus Success.

They are dumb upon other subjects. They taboo what is called society. It is a bore to them simply because they have never developed their social qualities. They do not like the drawing room because they do not look of the drawing room because they do not look of the drawing room because they do not feel at the drawing room because they do not feel at home there. It is a stupid place for them They do not know what to do or to say. They are strong in their little business rut. They are at home there. If you call on them in their offices they are strong, resourceful; but the moment

out of place, just as one feels when try-ing to be natural before the camera. They are, in a way paralyzed, be-cause faculties of an entirely different kind from those used in their business kind from those used in their business are called upon to act, and they are unused to it; those particular faculties are untrained, not ready to respond to the demand upon them. Men with a tithe of their ability far outshine them in the social circle, and they are in the social circle, and they are incorrectly bullfunch that was a fine singer.

tithe of their ability far outshine them in the social circle, put them entirely in the shade, make them feel very uncomfortable, indeed, and as if they were "nobodies."

Many college men think it is a waste of time to go into society. They think they must spend the precious hours grinding away at their books. The result is, that these men often gain a great deal of learning, but, as they have never cultivated their conversational powers or their social side.

have never cultivated their conversational powers, or their social side, their knowledge is largely unavailable. If you are cold, self-centered and uninteresting, if your greatest wealth is not in shape to give to others through your conversation, your social intercourse, what does the world care about the course. In fact, the more you know position? In fact, the more you know and the more money you have, the more conspicuous will your boorishness and your unsocial qualities become.—O. S. M. in Success.

Bad Habits.

What a great thing it is to "start right" in life. Every young man can see that the first steps lead to the last, with all except his own. No, his little prevarications and dodgings will not make him a liar, but he can see that they surely will in John Smith's case. He can see that others are idle and on the road to min but cannot see it in the road to ruin, but cannot see it in

the road to ruin, but cannot see it in his own case.

There is a wonderful relation between bad habits. They all belong to the same family. If you take in one, no matter how small or insignificant it may seem, you will soon have the whole. A man who has formed the habit of laziness or idleness will soon be late at his engagements; a man who does not meet his engagements will dodge, apologize, prevaricate and lie. I have rarely known a perfectly truthful man who was always behind time.

You have seen a ship out in the bay

A brusque, shy, curt manner, a cold indifference, a snappish petulance, a brutal appearance of stolidity, antagorize and wound and rob even really kind actions of half their value.

It is worth while to do a kind thing gracefully and tactfully. There is a certain propriety of demeanor which never makes a mistake, which guards the feeling of a loved one as carefully as a mother cherishes her little delicate child.

In time such tact becomes natural, and one who has it makes others happy

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"Can't 'elp Likin' 'im."

In the Black Hills of South Dakota

The Black Hills of South Dakota

"Can't 'elp Likin' 'im."

The Black Hills of South Dakota

The Black Hills of So

chored. So we often see a young man apparently well equipped, well educated and we wonder that he does not advance toward manhood and character. But, alas! we find that he is anchored to some secret vice, and he can never advance until he cuts loose.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Mary's Act of Revenge

Alice was making something which she would not let Mary see. Whenever the latter came near where she was at work she would wrap up what she was doing to go to some other part of the house. Mary at least noticed that and it aroused her curiosity. She then tried hard to come up on Alice ur-awares, but the elder sister was too wary. Her failure made her angry, and when Alice positively refused to tell her, she became furious

"Keep it to yourself, then, you mean old thing," she shouted.

Alice only laughed at this outburst

Mary went off by herself in a pout.
She determined "to get even" with her sister. The more she thought of it, the more she was tempted to be vindictive. At last a thought came to her—she would let Alice's bird out of its cage! She shrank from the idea. But her own wounded self-love and the whisperings of her evil spirit at last conquered—she consented to do the wicked deed.

Quickly she rushed up to Alice's room, opened the cage door, with a stick forced the canary out, and watch-ed it fly and flutter out of the window,

which happened to be open.

She went to the window and looked out. The bird had alighted on the fence. But, see, there was a big stray cat about to pounce upon it. Mary screamed at the cat, but in vain—with a bound it sprang upon the canary, caught him in its mouth, jumped down outside the fence and disappeared.

Just then Alice's voice called up-

stairs. "Come down, Mary, I have some thing to show you."

Mary was too unnerved to move or

to answer. But when Alice called for her again, she stumbled down the stairs somehow.

"Come into the dining-room, Mary you may see now."
When Mary went into the dining-

room, there, spread out on the table, were two exquisite bobinet scarfs. "I made them for you, Mary," said Alice. "They are for your bureau and chiffonier."

Mary remained silent, too excited, too overwhelmed with emotion, to utter "Why, what's the matter?" inquired

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired Alice, anxiously, "aren't you pleased?"
"O Alice," cried Mary, "don't speak to me, don't be kind to me; I'm a mean, hateful thing."
"Why, what's the matter, Alice?"
"Don't ask me. I'm ashamed to tell you. I'll never forgive myself. O my hasty temper, my quick, hot, ungoverned temper! Will you ever forgive me, Alice?"

Alice ?' "Forgive you for what?"

But thereupon Mary became hysterical, Yes, she fell into paroxysms of crying and nothing could step her or comfort her. She became so violent that the doctor had to be sent for.

that the doctor had to be sent for.

The physician gave her a sedative potion that quieted her nerves and put her to sleep.

But she had to keep to her bed for three days and the sight of the bird-cage or any mention of the vanished canary sent her into a spasm of weeping and meaning.

ing and moaning.

Alice searched everywhere for her lost pet, but no trace of it was ever found.

strong, resourceful; but the moment they put on a dress suit and go into a drawing-room they are mere sticks, weaklings, not the giants they were yesterday in their offices or factories or stores. They feel restricted, shackled, out of place, just as one feels when trying to be natural before the camera.

They are, in a way paralyzed, between the camera little money, and in every possible way to accumulate funds, by her own effort, at the cost of labor and self-

lovely bullfinch that was a fine singer for \$5.00 and a brand new cage for \$3.00

She carried them home herself at an sne carried them nome never as a bour when she knew that Alice would not be at home, and placed them in the latter's room, together with this note: "To Alice: An act of repentance, a sign of sorrow, a token of love, and a plea for forgiveness. Please accept the offering, but don't say a word to me about it. Affectionately, "MARY."

When Alice came home and saw the new bird and read the message, she understood. She sought her sister. Without a word, she put her arms about her and kissed her. No better way of expressing pardon for a wrong could have been used. The gift was accepted as an act of reparation, and the past, so far as it could be, was blotted out.

But Mary had been taught a lesson to curb her temper, to regulate her curiosity, and to be slow to seek re-venge for fancied slights.—Aunt Agnes in Oatholic Union and Times.

Tact of Gentleness.

Of all the gifts to be prayed for, next to grace at heart, tact and gen-tleness in manner are the most desire-

A brusque, shy, curt manner, a cold indifference, a snappish petulance, a brutal appearance of stolidity, antagorize and wound and rob even really kind actions of half their value.

It is worth while to do a bind this.

kind actions of half their value.

It is worth while to do a kind thing gracefully and tactfully. There is a certain propriety of demeanor which never makes a mistake, which guards the feeling of a loved one as carefully as a mother cherishes her little delicate child.

without trying to do so. - Church Prc-

Childhood.

There are some scenes in our child life that remain in the memory all during life, and that in later years seem to stand forth most prominently. Among those scenes is the one which we call evening prayer. The day for the child is over, all the little pleasures, the little fears and the pains that seemed to sharp are over the sunshine seemed to sharp are over, the sunshine of the day has gone, and with the com-ing of night comes bedtime and the ing of night comes bedtime and the evening prayer. Somehow, the prayer of the child is not quite like the prayers of later years. The child's prayer is real; God for it is a good and loving and very real Father, and the prayer that goes forth to Him is the prayer of His own child, to its Father. The evening prayer is beautiful, and beautiful will be the child into whose hearts its words find an everlasting resting place. — The True Voice.

THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIA-

When, on the twenty fifth of March, When, on the twenty fifth of March, the archangel Gabriel appeared to the Blessed Virgin Mary in Nazareth, and told her that she had been chosen to be the mother of the Messias, the most wonderful message was then received by her that any human ear had ever heard. Yet her answer was this lowly and obedient one: "Behold the hand maid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy word."

maid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy word."

In this respect Mary is the model for us all. Not to all of us comes so great a message, but it is indeed true that to all of us there comes some cell from on high; there is some path which Al mighty God asks us to follow; some lifelong vocation, that would be to us our special work for Jesus; something to draw us, and perhaps many other souls around us, nearer to Him.

We do not now intend, however, to refer to our ordinary duties, the keep

refer to our ordinary duties, the keep ing of the Ten Commandments and the usual rules and regulations of the Church. We refer to-day to what is known among Catholics as the call to a religious vocation, of whatever kind it religious vocation, of whatever kind it may be—to the priesthood, to the convent, or to a life of self-sacrifice and consecration "in the world but not of the world." These calls, or vocations, are of constant occurrence among Cath olics; they are serious realities. It is olics; they are serious features. It is right that proper attention, at proper times, should be given to them; and what time is more proper than on that eventful day when Mary meekly answered: "Behold the handmaid of

A religious vocation is one of the greatest blessings that Christian par-ents can wish for their children; and to the old Irish race it was a priceless boon, a mere than royal dignity, to have in their families a priest or a nun. On the other hand, such a vocation is

on the other hans, such a vocation is not anything to be strenuously insisted upon. No young life should be rudely and harshly forced into a channel against which it revolts, or for which it

against which it revolts, or for which it feels no personal desire.

But the danger, in our present day, does not lie in this latter direction. The charm of the world, the pride of life, human ambitions, money successes, are all too prevalent about us, not to endanger those delicate and finer instincts that quickly perceive how a life consecrated to God alone is a divinely levely and lovable life, a paradise on lovely and lovable life, a paradise on earth, a joy beyond anything the world ling has to give. So we would to day remind parents and children alike that there is always the possibility of an angel's voice speaking the Master's message to certain privileged souls; and that every soul should strive to prepare itself, as a loyal soldier of the King, and as a true child of God, to answer—should the call come one day to the attentive ear: "Behold the ser-vant of the Lord; be it done unto me ccording to Thy word."-Sacred Heart

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Sunday next will be Palm Sunday,

emblems of victory.

But to which portion of that great throng do we belong? Is the palm we bear an emblem of victory? These are questions which it behooves us to put to ourselves at this particular time. For were there not some in that vast gathering who followed our Lord

Here, then, is the lesson. Here the

Again, are the palms which the Church blesses and places in our hands on this day emblems of victory for us? A victory over our appetites, through the observance of the regulations of Lent; a victory over sin and satan; a victory over our passions; a victory over the vices of the world and its ways of wickedness. This is the lesson of Palm Sunday. Great joy, indeed, will there be in that soul where conscience approves, and great sorrow where it condemns. Whichsoever we wish, that may be ours.

Conversion by Example.

Sir Henry Bellingham, who some time ago inaugurated at Castlebelling-ham, County Louth, the system of setting up the wayside cross in Ireland, has been a convert for nearly forty years. He has given the following account of his conversion: "The per sonal example and simple faith of the Irish poor were the first things that impressed me. I compared it favorably with the class of Protestants in Ireland amongst whom I mixed, and who doctrines consisted more in hatred of Rome than in any definite belief.



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commemorative of our Lord's trium phant entrance into Jerusalem, as was foretold many hundreds of years before by the prophet Zacharias. A trium-phal entrance it was, indeed, as we learn from the Gospel of St. Matthew. So vividly is the picture presented that we find no difficulty in becoming one of the great multitude; in mingling our Hosannas with theirs and in feeling the breezes from the waving palms,

language they used first irritated and then disgusted me, and predisposed me



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Testified to by Rev. L. Streich.

DELRI, ONT.

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JOHN GEANT.

PALM SUNDAY: ITS LESSON.

for selfish purposes? Where were they during the bitter hours of His Passion? Is it not likely some were among those who preferred the release of Barabbas to that of Jesus?

Here, then, is the lesson. Here the important question which conscience calls us to answer. Namely, to which portion of the multitude do we belong, that which is following Jesus honestly and faithfully and profiting by the doctrines which He preached, or that which is later heard calling out, "Crucify Him?"

Again, are the palms which the

Heartbreaking Expression.

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My daughter enjoyed very good health until
about two years ago, when she showed symptom
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to make inquiries. At Oxford I was still further impressed by the conversion of many of my acquaintances, especially of the late Father Clarke, S. J., then a Protestant minister and

Fellow of St. John's college. I always considered that my conversion was largely owing to him." 0005 The Kyriale

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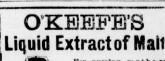
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SAN WANNA IN WANNA IN WANNA INWANA WANNA WAS

43-NOTE.-The above is the largest Mail-Order Spectacle House in the world, and absolutely reliable.-63

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE.

continued from page five.

overhead the Apis bull, belonging to the arms of the Borg'ss. But my thoughts are with the Obscure Wills at work in the darkness; what is Monsig nor Kennedy saying now? In a moment he comes and whispers: "His Eminence will see you, but he can give you only a few moments."

We go into the Third Room, which is that of the Saints—on the wall St. Anthony waves away with oternal disdain the women with cloven feet. A Roman Cardinal walks to and fro, waiting—it is the Cardinal San Miniatello; that other Cardinal too, I recognize—the imperial face, the ample gesture, belong to Rampolla and no other. Comes a third Cardinal—it is Giacobiai. And we wait, in front of a closed Comes a third Cardinal—it is Giacob fai. And we wait, in front of a closed door. At last a gentleman-in-waiting opens the door—he is a pompous figure of a man, with sword and cocked hat. And then I see the tall figure of the Cardinal Merry del Val, the red silk falling about him. When I have been presented he shakes hands and says: "Come in; I am glad to see you." The door closes behind us. Then I see that we are quite alone. There is a crimson canape opposite the great fire place, and to the right of it is a wide fauteuil; it is there we sit. His Eminplace, and to the right of it is a wide
fauteuil; it is there we sit. His Eminence waited for me to speak, and that
—when one has only three minutes of
alloted time—is not easy. I told him
of certain things that I had seen and
known in France, and explained why it well the truth should be written in was well the truth should be written in a great magazine at home. He listened in silence until I referred to a speech that Briand, the Minister of Public Worship (!), made when he introduced Worship (!), made when he introduced the last anti-religious bill; in the Chamber of Deputies; and I quoted the words of that little brawling Jacobin: "Il faut en finir avec l'idec chre tieme!" [We must make an end of the Christian idea!]

The tall figure, draped in shimmering silk, had been quite motionless until then; the thin, handsome face had been like a Roman mask in its immobility.

then; the thin, handsome face had been like a Roman mask in its immobility, and the wonderful eyes, large and brown, had seemed of stone; but when I quoted those words the real man appeared—it was very wonderful. It was as though a flame—without vacillation, steady as a sword—burned up in him. There was flame in the great eyes—flame even in the long white hand with which he threw back the folds of red allk. What he said was:

which he threw back the total of realilk. What he said was:

"You see, then! It is not a war against the Church—it is war against Christianity itself—it is war against Christ! That is a plain declaration of the Government of France. Without the Government of France. Without any concealment it announces that its purpose is to make an end of the Christian idea. It is more than a solemn profession of irreligion—it is a deciaration of war upon Christ."

"That is the plain truth, your Eminence. No one who knows French polities can irrown it?"

"But the press of the world does not say it. The Paris correspondents hear these things said in the Chamber of Deputies. They are not ignorant of the Government's frankly declared purpose to eradicate Christianity from France. Daily they witness the bad faith of the Government—its acts of plunder and sacrilege—and they can-not be for one moment deceived by the hypocritical preferes of tolerance." hypocritical pretense of tolerance."
"They are not deceived," I said,

that they are not proprietors of the journals in which they write. And so long as the brunt of this battle in France is borne by the Catholic Church, the great newspapers and the news-agencies—which are mostly non-Chris-tian—are rather pleased than other-

His Eminence, for he is English born, spoke of the London Times, and of its persistent and subtle misrepresentation And it is a plain matter. In all the English-speaking world the battle in France has been subtly misrepresented, The press has been an orchestra ruled by the baton waved by the non Chrisof the international financiers No one of the slightest intelligence in international affairs doubts this fact international affairs doubts this fact—but few, would dare to say it. There is not much courage these days. But courage is a quality that Merry del Val has never lacked. And the picture he drew of this great battle for religious liberty and the faith of Christ was bold and apostolic. I seemed to see the legions marching out against God—grimy little Jacobins, the Voices and the Appetites, while in the background other little men unbent themselves and stood up (they had been groning and stool up (they had been groping for gold in the gutters of the world—in the very tumors of humanity) and the very tumors of humanity) and cheered on the grimy mercenaries; over them floated sordid banners on which I read: "A bas le Christ!"—a true picture that. "A bas le Christ!"—that is the open cry of Briand, "Minster of Public Worship," of Jaures of Clemenceau, of Viviani, of all the dwarf Robespierres in whose hands (ostensibly) are the destinies of unkappy France. And of these things the Cardinal spoke very quietly, but the Cardinal spoke very quietly, but with hidden fire; now and then he ges-ticulated with his long white hand, upon which was the great episcopal emerald—it is the gem of humanity and

III.

THE GENDARME AT THE ALTAR. "The English speaking world is Christian, after all, Your Eminence; its apathy is due to ignorance. That hidden orchestral leader of the press has created the impression that the Pope is assailing the French civil law."

"You have but to look at the feat." You have but to look at the facts.

"You have but to look at the facts.
The Concordat was broken—most distorded. This in itself was a violation of the usages of civilized nations.
Moreover, it the Concordat was to be broken, if the petty pensions paid to the clergy were to be revoked, justice desmanded that the Church property, which the State held in trust as a guarantee of these payments, should be given back. Now, what was done? The State confiscated the entire property of the church—the houses built for God by the piety of ages, the episopal manses, the very funds that had

been laid up for the support of superannuated priests, the sacred vessels and the holy relies of the fath. One thing the State offered—it permitted the churches to be leased by what it called associations cultuelles. These associations might be formed by any Frenchmen who made a declaration before the local authorities."

"I know a parish where the plumber, who is a socialistic politician and a Jawish antiquary, made that declaration," I said.

"Exactly such a thing could occur

tion," I said.

"Exactly such a thing could occur in any parish. These associations cultuelles receive from the Government a one-year lease of the Church buildings; they are held responsible for public worship—and their orthodoxy, their Christianity even, is vouched for, not by the Bishop of the diocese, but by a council of state named and appointed by the Government of France—by that Minister of Public Worship who has declared: 'We must make an end of Christianity!' I shall not insult your intelligence by I shall not insult your intelligence by asking you if this is religious liberty! These churches must be leased from the Government; once a year the lessee must report himself to the police, like a ticket of leave man; but that is not all. The association cultuelle is responsible for the public worship; beside the priest at the altar stands the gendarme. At any moment this delegate of those who are trained to make a read of Chair. who are trying to make an end of Christianity may rise and stop the service—send the priest from the altar and take his place. Have you read this law (Article V, 25° and 36°) which prohibits the giving of religious instruction to children between the ages of six and thirteen, who are inscribed in the Public schools or destined to enter such schools?

"Religious liberty !"

"All our property—historic churches ancient colleges, seminaries, manses, houses for the sick and the poor, houses of prayer — we let them take it all. We demanded only the right to worship God in freedom.

"It has been said that we put ourselves in opposition to the law of the land by refusing to form the associations cultuelles. This again is misrepresentation; the law gave us the right to form these associations — we refused to take advantage of it. By way of answer the Government applied a penalty, which has long been excluded from French law, that of confiscation. Very well; they have taken our property; but we have not yielded up the principle of religious liberty. You have read the Pope's encyclical: Gravissimo officii munere, in which it is stated that the associations cultuelles offered by the "It has been said that we put ourassociations cultuelles offered by the new law cannot be instituted without new law cannot be instituted without violence to the sacred principles and rites that are the basis of the life of the Church. Upon that we stand. The French Government issued a statement that it knew to be false when it announced that the French Episcopate would have accepted the law; it was unanimous in rejecting it.

"Again, the French Governmental press avers that in Germany the Pope

Again, the Frence Governmental press avers that in Germany the Pope accepted the associations cultuelles which in France he has refused. This is another distortion of the truth. The German Church Councils are merely

German Church Councils are merely administrators of Church property."

"As the church wardens are in England," I suggested.

"Yes, they manage the Church property; but they are not the organizers and directors of Church worship, as the French associations would be. And it is upon this point that we cannot yield. We cannot permit that those who are avowedly trying to make an end of Christianity should control our worship of Christ. This is more than a violation of the rights of individual liberty; it is a denial of man's right to worship it is a denial of man's right to worship

And this indeed is the point in the law of December 16, 1906, and in the later law, passed in the last days of the year, a point that has not been made clear in the press of the English speak-ing world. Glance merely at; the famous paragraphs ordaining that the churches shall be kept open, "accord-ing to the days, hours, and convenience of the tax payers of each commune and under the control of the mayor or responsible local authority." I churches, so controlled, are "kept open," not only for the use of Catholics who built them, but "for all religious or philosophical gatherings." If certain little Robespierres wish to worship the goddess Reason, they have merely to mention the days and hours that suit their convenience. The mayor and the gendarme will see to it that their girl in tinsel is installed in the holy place. Israelities, Buddhists, philosophical anarchists, worshippers of the Golden Calf, devil worshippers of the Parisian cult, may gather in the churches, suiting their "convenience" of day and hour. And to the Catholics the Goy. hour. And to the Catholies the Government says: "You see, we do not drive you out of your churches! They are open. Go and worship if you want to worship. The mayor will admit you; the worship. The mayor will admit you; the gendarme will 'organize and direct' your worship.' As a matter of fact one has but to read the law to recognize how subtly it fulfils its purpose—that purpose which Briand declared was to make an end of Christianity.

It was of these things that his Eminence spoke as we sat in the great your

ence spoke as we sat in the great room, in front of Sansovino's chimneypiece, and under the allegorical figures of the Arts and Sciences and the Cardinal Virtues—symbolism not wholly without meaning to day. And I asked what the Church would do in these hours of battle. Once more, with slow emphasis, the Cardinal declared that the Church would not relinquish the fight for re-ligious liberty in the world and for the preservation of the faith of Christ in

him from the country, by the hands of its police. Such an expulsion is unprecedented in our days. Even when diplomatic relations are broken, civilized nations respect the residences and eapecially the archives of foreign embassies. It is true that our nuncic had left Paris, but how could I magine that our archives would be plundered? Who could have expected that? The French press and notably the Government have represented me with asking the Spanish ambassador at Paris to try to protect the archives. What else the spanish ambassador at Paris to try to protect the archives. What else should I have done? Such action has often been taken; it is thoroughly in accord with diplomatic usages. I tele-graphed him as soon as I heard of the

otherage. Otheratesty he could do
nothing; anyway it was too late."

It was another man who spoke now;
and I began to understand why he is
called the Great Cardinal.

"The archives were seized—the
papers accumulated in the nuniciatures
of Monsignor Clari and Monsignor
Lorenzelli, and, in addition, the
cipher, with which the French
Government can now read all the telegrams exchanged between the nuncio
and the Holy See and, as well, the
correspondence of all the civil powers
—and all of them have a right to demand that their diplomatic secrets
should be preserved. I have protested
to the powers against this violation of
an incontestable right of the Pope—the
right of corresponding directly or
through others with the Catholics of
the entire world, be they Bishops or the entire world, be they Bishops or the humblest of the faithful."

His Eminence had spoken of a paper that he wished to give. He went toward the Fifth Room, which is in the old Borgia tower. As he came to the few steps leading up to it, he turned and said: "Perhaps you would like to see this room."

Of old it was known as the Room the Creed ; to-day it is the Cardinal's study—a great writing-table, many books, a typewriter, a telephone; it is essentially modern save for those ancient frescos and the deep windows of men : the Romans know him only as the great Secretary of State—that state constituted by two hundred and afty millions of the faithful. They see nity millions of the fathful. They see him when he drives abroad in his Old-World coach, drawn by black stallions. Those who know the man will tell you what a good game of golf he plays, how he can send a rifle bullet through a ten-

he can send a rifle bullet through a ten-cent piece at twenty yards.

These are things worth knowing about a really great man. And Merry del Val is, moreover, an accomplished man. He speaks all languages. His English is perfect; he is a finished scholar, an extremely fine diplomatiet, a rare indee of man. I he way met weet scholar, an extremely fine diplomatist, a rare judge of men. I have met most of the strong men of the world and judged them as one may; but I have never been face to face with a man of such essential power. This is the impression you take away: calm power. These is no imperial hysteria; there is nothing strenuous and ill-balanced. You goel yourself in the presence of what nothing strenuous and ill-balanced. You feel yourself in the presence of what the scientists call "intraatomic energy"—something beautiful and still and irresistibly strong. And this is interesting and important, because to Cardinal Merry del Val is committed the conduct of the battle now being wared in Europe for Cod and the the conduct of the battle now being waged in Europe for God and the Ideal. Of all the men in high place he is the youngest. He was born in London, of distinguished Spanish-Irish parentage, in 1865. Before he was thirty-nine years of age he was a Cardinal; a year later he was made Cardinal Secretary of State. In his hands was placed the greatest administrative trust that any man holds upon earth. Plus X., as the Romans are fond of saying, is a holy Pope; it is upon his secretary of state that the burden of the visible Church has been laid. And he has entered upon a great battle for

he has entered upon a great battle for liberty, perhaps the most important battle fought in France since the days of Clovis.

It should be borne in mind that France is the only anti-religious nation in the world. No other has set itself the task of blowing out the light in Heaven and getting rid of Christianity;

and France is in her decadence—with dwindling population, with criminality averaging more than twice that of Italy or Germany, with nearly ten thousand suicides a year—the figures are nine thousand seven hundred and three—and with a literature in which Infamy squats by the side of Blasphemy and Human Degradation.

But even in the masculine and adult nations humanity to day is ill at ease. In America, in every degree of lating

In America, in every degree of lati-tude, scores of little religions are springing up and dying; ghostly visit-ants haunt the darkened rooms where tables rap and turn; one and all, these are mere indications of the battle that must be waged the world over—on the one side the Voices and the Appetites, on the other God and the Ideal. And two hundred and fifty millions are marching out with the Christian Knight with whom you and I have had word. Surely then he is a man to study and, if possible, to know. His last word was: "No, the Pope could not accept the associations cultuelles without fail-

ing in his duties as Supreme Chief of the Church and denying the funda-mental principles of the Church itself." mental principles of the Church itself."
He accompanied me to the door at
which he had received me. And we
shook hands and parted. The Cardinals
had gone; only the little secretary,
silent and pale, still wrote in a leather
book; and in the other room Monsignor Kennedy waited. He came to
me in a kind of amazement.

"It is nearly 2 o'clock," he said. His Eminence had given me not only three minutes; he had given me one hour and a half.—Everybody's Maga-

convince the men who have the ear of the public that the Catholic Church in France is standing for her rights."— Sacred Heart Review.

We have never yet said a good word for the Catholic saloon keeper. It is our personal opinion that he is living in the proximate occasion of sin so long as he is in the business. But when we read the recommendation that he should close his saloon on Good Friday, we must say that we have never yet known him so lost to all sense of decency as to keep open on that day.—Antigonish Casket.



WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. SEPAR-ate school, No. 3 and 4, Anderdon, Duties to commence after Easter holidays. Apply stating salary to A. J. Mailloux. Sec. Treas., Amherstburg. 1482 2.

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TORONTO, - CANADA 7

Catholic Order of Foresters

Ald. Chas. S. O. Boudreault, Chief Ranger of St. Jean Baptiste Court, Ottawa, and Benjamin J. Asselin, Recording Secretary of St. Bazil's Court, Brantford, have been appointed Organizers for the Ontario Jurisdiction, and are at work at present, in the interest of Catholic Forestry. If Recording Secretaries in the Province think they deserve the attention of a Provincial Court Organizer, their wishes will be considered, when application is made to the Provincial Secretary or to the Pro-vincial Chief Ranger.

V. WEBB, DR. B. G. CONNOLLY, Prov. Sec., OTTAWA. RENFREW, ONT.

C. M. B. A.-Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clook, at their hall, in Albion Blook, Richmond Street, M. J. McGrath, President; P. F.Boyle, Secretary.

WORK AS WELL AS PRAYER.

"Work goes well with prayer," says the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. "Without work there is no true prayer. Prayer is a quickening of the spirit, which manifests itself in external effort. Aspiration, fervor, resolution, all igrow out of prayer, and when sincere and earnest, all develop into action. Prayer for the Sovereign Pontiff is imperative, but it is just as imperative to work for him. How? By taking the pains to learn what he wishes for the Church in France or in any other part of the world; by learning enough about it to be able to explain it intelligently to the non-Catholic, and to some few Catholics also, who are wondering why the Pope is specially concerned in the situation in France, and how the very existence of the Church is threatened in that country. Unfortunately, this is not stated correctly in our newspapers. Some of them have tried to give the type view correctly in our newspapers. Some of them have tried to give the true view them have tried to give the true view of the question so far as they could; but as a rule they have misrepresented the action jof the Church and the attitude of the Pope and the French Bishops. Apparently a change has come over them lately, and they begin to perceive that there are two sides to the question. What has caused the change? The sentiment manifested in the great mass meetings throughout the the great mass meetings throughout the country; the circulation of Catholic newspapers and periodicals giving carefully prepared accounts of the so-called separation and the manner of applying it; and finally, personal effort on the part of influential Catholics to

Saloon Keepers.

HERINGER—Suddenly in Mildmay, Ont. on Wednesday. March 6, 1907, Mr. George Her inger, Post Master, aged fifty six years and three months. May his soul rest in peace!



TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER (male or female) fully qualified to teach and speak French and English, for R. C. S. S. 3B. Malden, and Colworth. For the term beginning at once or 1st of May, 1997. Applicants will please state salary and experience. Address, Daniel A. Oullette, Sec. Treas. Vereker, Ont.

SINGLE. MALE TEACHER WANTED FOR Qu'Appelle Industrial School. Sask., good position. Apply Rev. J. Hirgouard. Lebret.

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VOUNG LADY (OATHOLIC) L. L. C. M. and P. A. M. and R. C. M. and Prof. I. S. M., desires post in Convent school as resident teacher of singing. A memory, etc. Highest professional references and otherwise. Would dispense with sale; board and residence were given in reburn for services as beacher during mornings. Address "D." CATHOLIC RECORD office, Losdon, Oan.

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THE SUN LIFE OF CANADA

A Record of Great Success Last Year === Assurances in Force Crossed the Hundred Million Dollar Mark-Current Profits Paid Policyholders Keeping Pace with the Company's Growth-The Insurance Investigation by the Royal Commission.

At the annual meeting of the Sun Life of Canada, held at Montreal on February 26th, the report of the Directors was a magnificent one, showing that the Company's operations during the past year Handsome Current have been exceptionally successful. The Dividends to Policyholders

o the number of 16.546, for \$22,901,570.65. The policies actually issued and paid for numbered 12.933, and covered \$17,410,-54.37, the balance being declined or uncompleted. The total assurances in force t the close of the year now amount to \$102,566,398.10 under 78,625 policies. he passing of the hundred million ine marks another milestone in the Com

Income Rapidly Increasing.

The income continues rapidly to increase, and has now reached \$6,212,615.02 The assets show the same characteristic and are now \$24,292,692 65, the addition for the twelve months being very of the even three millions of dellars. the past five years the assets have mor than doubled, and during the past te years they have almost quadrupled.

Growth in Strength and Profit Earning.

But while the growth in size indicated by the preceding items is very gratifying, the growth in strength and profit-earning power has been even more marked. The surplus earned during the year was \$921, 721.34, of which \$208,658.97 was distrivited in cash to policyholders entitled to participate that year; \$207,763.51 was set aside to place the reserves on all policies issued since 1902 on a three per cent basis; and \$489,548.86 was added to the undivided surplus. The surplus over all liabilities and capital stock is row \$2,225,247.45, and capital stock is row \$2,225,247.45 which indicates the strength of the Company's position and the amplitude of the provision for those policies whose time for participation has not yet arrived.

Liabilities Calculated Stringent Basis

unusual stringent basis

Although the increase in the surplus on hand has been great and promises well for future distribution of profit, the dividends actually being paid to our policyholders have kept pace. The steady growth in the profit earnings permitted the Company increase the scale of distribution for t increase the scale of distribution for the year 1905 beyond that for 1904; and the scale for 1906 in its turn beyond that for 1905. We are pleased to say that the scale which has been adopted for the current which has been adopted for the current year 1907 is again beyond that for 1906. The large earnings have therefore not merely benefited the policyholders by adding to the strength of the Company and by increasing the provision for future profits, but also by permitting the distribution to them of remarkably handsome current dividends. current dividends.

The Insurance During Investigation,

Tne most noteworthy feature of the past year in Canadian insurance circles has been the investigation of our life bom-panies by a Royal Commission. The panies by a Royal Commission. The public are already so thoroughly informed in regard to this matter that any detailed reference here is unnecessary. Speaking of our own Company, while the Commissions of sion unquestionably gave the officers an immense amount of additional labor, the immense amount of additional labor, the results of the enquiry have been very beneficial. The great strength of the Company, its profitable investments, the large dividends paid by it to its policyhoiders, the ample provision for profits on moders, the ample provision for profits on policies not yet participating, and, if we may be pardoned for saying so, the honesty and cleanness in all its business methods, have been brought into the light

A Most Striking Fact.

Possibly the most striking fact brought out was that the Company is really out was that the Company is really much stronger than it has ever claimed to be, having a contingent fund outside its pub-lished list of assets, composed largely of The liabilities have been calculated on the Hm. table with three and one-half per cent, interest for all policies issued prior to December 31st, 1902, and three per cent, for those issued since. It should also be noted that the Hm. mortality table in itself calls for heavier reserves than the American

The Company's Growth.

l'ear			Income	Net Assets exclusive of Uncalled Capital	Life Assurance
872 876	 	 	\$ 48,210 93 102,822 14		1,064,350 00 2,414,063 32
881	 	 	182,500 38 373,500 31	538,523 75	5,010.156 81
891	 	 	920.174 57 1.886.258 00	2,885,571 44	9,413.358 07 19,436,961 84
901	 	 	3.095,666 07 6,212,615 02	11 773.032 07	38.196,890 92 62.400,931 00 102,566,398 10

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Business in Force 66,000 000 60
Assets 62,000 10
HON JOHN DRYDEN, GRO. GILLIER,
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Supt. JOHN KILLER. Inspectors

VOLUME XXIX

The Catholic B LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR.

OUT OF DATE. An article in a recent is Christian Guardian warrants ing that the individuals w evangelizing the French Can o far as tactics go, deplora date. As object lessons of methods of controversy they ome useful purpose. The a gay take pleasure in clerical brandishing weapons that I

relegated to the museum,

average man this display is a less as it is ridiculous. The article in question is and woof of assertion, and is and dogmatic as to startle have a hundred and more sec ly destructive and hopeless cilable, and all based on swaiting their approbation. points out what his judgmer as the teachings of Christ that other Protestants may to eye with him. The P believes, for instance, the should be given to infants: believes that it should no the Dowie type use the Bi tress their theories, and finds in it the justification tian Science. Which is belief? They certainly do the same thing. "On wh religion," asks Beza, "are th which have declared war Pope agreed ?" Examine a ginning to end: you will

A VERY OLD ASSUM

one thing affirmed by the on

other does not directly cry

as impiety. No wonder tha

logian, Delbrück, says that

testant Church taking Seri as doctrinal bases is built o

The writer assumes tha vidual is the only judge truth, and then, curiously deavors to foist his views Why waste his time to tell should believe, if we als right of private interpretat try to stand between us and make plans and spend mone elization when we must so onreelves in matters of belitrue to-day as when it was the dictum of the histori Reformation did not know all the rights of human the very moment it was these rights for itself it w them towards others. Or hand, it was unable to e rights of authority in the

A PRINCIPLE OF DEST The principle of private

tion is as destructive of f

of truth. The man who

himself the judge of reveale opinions—in other words, o authority, but to the in e is pleased to put on the Lord. He may be mista opinions. And yet faith without infallibility in t authority of the Church. ciple does away with tru justifies contradictory b the open door to doubt as and we need no greater pro the divisions on the sc which are in the world. of denouncing the Ch maintaining that its do Bible-are divinely inspi the non-Catholic world a of infidelity. The spect reading into the Bible the caprices, and making it wildest theories, made Ca that he did not think it educated, honest men co less much longer to belie cal Christianity.

A FACT.

It is a historical fact th existed before the New I written. Christ sent dov spirit of Truth to abide w and foretold that the would never prevail age true Church, then, was when the advocates of pretation appeared, or if it was not, Christ failed ord. Hence He was no New Testament is but th apostor who made pro reak them. Of what sypothesis is the New hose who rail against