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The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY APRIL 24, 1909.

1692

VOLUME XXXI.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1909

THE OLD STORY.

It seems to us that some parents are burdening us with an ever-increasing load of immaturity and ignorance. We refer to their conduct towards their boys. They cast them out into the streets at an early age to fend for a livelihood, to rise or sink, to fail or prosper.

But what chance has a boy, immature, inexperienced, untrained, against the forces of the world. What probability is there of a Catholic, ill-instructed in his religion, standing steadfast against materialism, the myriad influences of street and factory. What hope of success can we have in things temporal against the well-equipped and educated youth of the country. It is true that Canada is a land of opportunity. But it is also true that its prizes are for the men who can win them: and these men go forth to battle with weapons that have been forged and fashioned in the fire and on the anvil of education.

The lad of fourteen who, through the connivance and with the blessing of his worthy parents, steps out of the school-room into the world, wants a "job." What it is bothers him not at all. He may work a lift, or run errands, or sweep an office. So long as he gets a miserable pittance for this frittering away of his time and his rights he is content, and father and mother are duly grateful for his contribution to the household finances.

In the course of time he will drift down to the docks, and stay there. He might have been a competitor for the prizes which Canada has to offer had not his foolish and criminally negligent parents sent him to his doom as mortally as ever despot ordered a victim to the block or scaffold. Our pastors try to hammer into parents an idea of their responsibility. But some of them are immune to knowledge and cling with dogged obstinacy to methods that connote incomprehensible ignorance and produce results as deplorable as they are inexcusable. The clerics expend time and strength to shepherd and to guide these children. They help them over the rough spots and strive to inject into them some ambition and a realization of their dignity as Catholic Canadians. But it is hard work and oftentimes heart-breaking. For it is difficult to do much with boys that have been played upon by bad example, by the street, the trivial "shows" that flourish like noxious weeds in our cities and strip life of all seriousness. The wonder is that the parents who send the boys into slavery take some pains to give an education to the feminine portion of the family. The girls are placed in boarding schools where they are taught the piano and fiddle—very good things in competent hands—and to exco-

cusite wondrous and weird devices with the paint-brush. They are initiated, man's the pity for many of them, in the mysteries of elocution, and on the glad day of graduation Julia trips up to the rustling of fans and the joy of the mother to receive her medal. Happy Julia, who frowns-frowns hither and thither, exhibiting the proofs of her prowess in art. Meanwhile her brother is running around town for a dollar per week. Strange, is it not? But, Carlyle says that man is somewhat like an owl.

MUCK RAKING.

"Muck raking" may be necessary at times albeit malodorous. To unravel the network of schemes in which men and municipalities are sometimes entangled and pour upon them the light of public opinion may well be a duty that cannot be overlooked. But it seems to us that men of well-balanced minds should be engaged in this interesting occupation. For them the good of the common weal shall be as a light to prevent them wandering into the desert-land of personalities. But when the partisan sallies forth we have, as a rule, nought but clamor and an exhibit of dirt raked out of the cess-pool of slander. He labors but for self and party. And when a misguided zeal lures him away from facts into the field of imagination his investigations are but proof of the baseness to which a narrow-minded politician can descend. We have our faults, for we have human nature; but we believe there are men in Canadian public life who wear the white flower of manliness and who are, in their interest for the good of country, motivated by neither personal gain nor advantage. Painting political conditions in dark colors is not a task to test either skill or knowledge. Any babbling about graft and corruption. Any

tourist with an ear for gossip can quote scandal-mongers as authorities. But the average citizen has neither fear for the purity of the ballot nor the integrity of the public official.

STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS.

In reply to a correspondent, we beg to say that in our opinion a strike is no remedy for a labor grievance. Mr. T. V. Powderly, former president of the Knights of Labour, spoke wisely and out of the garnered experience of years when he said that the labor leader who has the interest of his men at heart will fight the strike to the last ditch, for of all the costly, cumbersome, wasteful, cruel methods of settling a difficulty in labor matters the strike and lock-out are the worst. Let the labor unions incorporate. The union has nothing to fear from incorporation; there is nothing the law can reach under incorporation that it cannot reach now.

THE RISING TIDE.

The saloon-man's fibre is sensitive. He affects a supreme contempt for temperance agitators, but somehow or other he contrives to inform us that criticism of his methods grates on his nerves and knocks the harmony out of his sympathetic organism. But is criticism alone responsible for this? We think not. What adds to his discomfort is the knowledge that the business is regarded as malodorous by the majority of citizens. Temperance men are opposed to it, and they, who are neither extremists nor allied with any party, are of the opinion, which they do not conceal, that upon saloon-keeping rests the heavy burden of social and moral disgrace. It calls for neither brain nor brawn. A wasterd may succeed in it. And we think that even the interested persons realize that a business cursed in too many homes, whose finished product is the drunkard, whose trophies are the tears of women and the blight of men, is too pitiable to engross a life. The average man wishes to die tired, and to have some blessed memories with him when he marches over the border. But these are not in the gift of the saloon. The memories born there scorch and torture. Even those whose instincts are dulled, if not brutalized, by daily contact with things that yield nought save sorrow and death.

BELOW PAR.

We are well within the bounds of truth when we say that the liquor business is falling into disrepute. We hasten to say for the benefit of some subscribers that it is not destitute of men who have not parted with respectability. But the average citizen looks askance at a business that demands neither brawn nor brain and is fraught with so many dangers both to himself and neighbors. And the saloon-keeper, we opine, has some qualms of conscience as he counts the pennies of the poor and knows that his name is not in benediction in many households. It is a poor business that is ashamed to boast of its product. It is an easy way to money, but surely it were better to be out at elbows for aye than to pass one's too short time in mixing drinks.

PRaise OF LIBERTY.

We have before us an address on Liberty as it is in the United States. It is very eulogistic, even to the point of calling the Republic the providential country for the Catholic. Much can be allowed for oratorical fervor, though we have more than once thought that our cousins need not use a megaphone when they speak a piece on liberty. In Canada we do things differently. Our liberty is very serviceable, not only for parade, but for the humdrum of every day life. And we do not harp on it. It is visible, so efficient that strangers, even they who live in the providential country, marvel at its works. When they inspect our school system, note the composition of Government, observe our respect for law, and our home, they begin to understand that we also are playing the game of civilization.

A LIVER GONE WRONG.

"There is great unrest in the world." So says a writer who indites a few mournful words about his soul. He is drifting out upon wind-swept waters, under a gray sky, with never a light to guide him and with no hope of reaching a haven. He may possibly mistake an aberration of the liver for mental agitation or he may be of the young who like to weave dream-stuff into fantastic shapes. Sad, indeed, is this gentleman on the raft that drifts. A miller are

they who have to handle his tear-drenched utterances.

BE WISE IN TIME.

"There are no pockets in shrouds." So good people with bank stock be wise in time. The memories of charitable deeds will stand angel-like around your death-bed. Put, then, some of your money in the Lord's bank which is always open and gives sure and plentiful dividends.

SOME SPECIMENS.

Now and then we happen upon some poor specimens of human nature. We know the man who puts his mother in the poor house because, to the intense annoyance of his wife, she does not speak with a convent-bred accent and cannot distinguish between bridge-whist and a merry waltz hat. He is in a class "hors de concours."

We may know the lady who is up to her neck in every cess-pool of slander. She is betimes a well-brained, sordid-hearted, cackling kind of an animal that looks like an angel and talks like satan. We may put her in the bizzard class with apologies to the bizzard.

But how shall we designate the Christian who wants a whole pew for herself even if she has to wave an old man out to the aisle. We know a term that would fit the case, but as it would be blue-pencilled by the editor we leave our readers to think it out for themselves.

PROFESSIONAL CRITICS OF THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

FATHER THURSTON, S. J., EXPOSES VICIOUS METHODS OF AUTHORS WHO WOULD DISCREDIT THE LEADERS OF THE FAITHFUL. Rev. Father Thurston, S. J., in an article which he contributes to the current issue of "The Month," writes: "There is a certain group of historical writers of whom Dr. H. C. Lea and Mr. G. G. Coulton are at present perhaps the best known representatives, who delight in such works as the sense of right and wrong. (I refer more particularly to "From St. Francis to Dante" and his "Friar's Lantern.") From this they, or their imitators, draw the inference that it is only in a married clergy and in the manly self-reliance of Protestant or agnostic principles that any hope can be found of the moral regeneration of society at the present day.

Undoubtedly medieval manners were often night to barbarous, and there were periods when grievous crimes and excesses were rampant amongst every class, among the clergy as well as among the laity. But the argumentation of the writers here spoken of is vitiated by one constant defect. They are determined to fix their eyes upon the evil of the Middle Ages, and they entirely ignore the good. They recount in their most noisome details all the stories of depravity or cruelty which will bear quotation, but they tell us nothing of the purifying influences which were constantly at work side by side with the very worst of these corruptions. The people who gloat over the playmate scandals recorded by a Salimbene are apparently quite ignorant of the healthy moral atmosphere that pervades the not less real and human records preserved to us in the "Magna Vita S. Hugonis," or the Chronicle of Jocelyn of Brakelonde. We hear much in these indolent criticisms manifested by both these writers for their ribaldry.

Dr. Lea is unwearied in his denunciations of the grasping and dissolute friars whose failings the rivalry of the monastic orders and of the secular clergy satirized and exaggerated, but he says not a word of the Franciscan and Dominican heroes who, at a period corresponding to what is supposed to have been the very lowest ebb of ecclesiastical life in Europe, went forth amid indescribable hardships to preach the Gospel in the newly-discovered continents of the West. Let any one who would read their story in the pages of so impartial a chronicler as Sir Arthur Helps' "Spanish Conquest of America." So the same Dr. Lea tells his readers sententiously that at the close of the Middle Ages there was "a complete divorce between religion and morality," and that "a more than Judaic formalism of ceremonies had practically replaced the ethical values of Christianity." (Dr. Lea in the "Cambridge Modern History," Vol. 1, pp. 673, 674.) Can any one who remembers that the Immaculate Conception was produced at precisely this period and it in his heart to be even decently patient with such pompous imbecilities?

The whole question is one of degree, and it ought, if we could only obtain them, to be a matter of statistics. In what proportion were evil and good intermingled? Unfortunately, no sort of statistics are really available. Dr. Lea and Mr. Coulton find their delight

in raking together a perfect manure-heap of unsavory facts. Look, they say, at all this filth, and estimate from it the moral turpitude of the age in which these things were possible. But that is just what we cannot do. Though the heap were mountains high, it tells us nothing until we have found some test of comparison. To single out those scandals which from their grossness or atrocity seem the world-a-talking, and that, too, a mediaeval world strangely incontinent of speech, and on the other hand to ignore those numberless lives of quiet observance which from their very routine and dullness left nothing for men to gossip about, is a process futile and absurd. We might just as well call a meeting of a foreigner by the evidence of the ten thousand woolly heads he saw before him that the city in which we live was peopled almost entirely by black men.

The utter worthlessness of this kind of argument has recently been brought home to the present writer by the results of a brief experiment which seems of sufficient interest to claim attention in the pages of the Month. Some time ago, having no other literature to beguile a Sunday journey, I chanced to purchase a paper of a type quite new to me, one of those journals which, it is to be feared, provide a considerable proportion of the working classes with most their only reading on the week-day. Horrors, carefully selected from the police intelligence of the whole kingdom, and ranged under the most startling headlines, meet the eye on every page. Political news is of the most meagre description, but sport and crime run rampant. What particularly caught my attention was the amount of space devoted to the clergy.

There does not seem any reason to suppose that the journal in question, or any of its congeners, are specially anti-religious or animated with any bias against the Established Church of England. The partiality shown for clerical scandals is probably only an example of the operation of the law of contrast. A wasterd man in White-chapel may steal a pair of boots without becoming famous, but should a Duchess be indicted for the same offense, she would certainly fill at least a column and a half in any one of the journals of which I am speaking. The burbling of an ordinary citizen's residence would be too tame an episode for special mention, but the case would be different if the victim were a police magistrate or the governor of a gaol. On the same principle of the incongruousness of the position of a clergyman charged with a moral offense at once his notoriety, and consequently any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the delinquencies of the clergy which are made public in the courts will probably be well posted if he studies for some time the columns of one of these Sunday papers, catering almost exclusively for the tastes of the lower orders.

And now in what follows I trust that I shall not be misunderstood. It is very far from being my intention to throw mud at the clergy of the Established Church or to seek to disparage their deservedly high reputation. On the contrary, the whole point of my argument turns upon the firm conviction which I hold that as a body they represent a very high type of Christian manhood. It would not probably be an exaggeration to say that the class they represent form the backbone of the intellectual culture and sound moral training of our country. It is precisely in those numberless paragon homes where intelligent and virtuous men and women are in a state of specially difficult temptation that a plausible case against them would not be a very difficult thing to present. If any Mr. Coulton or Dr. Lea six centuries hence only devoted sufficient industry to the task, he would probably be able to make out to the satisfaction of a large number of prejudiced people that never since the world began had there been a body of men so thoroughly and insidiously corrupt as the married clergy of the Church of England at the beginning of the twentieth century.

It is in anticipation of an imaginary "History of Clerical Wedlock," to be issued at some remote date by a writer as biased against the Establishment as Dr. Lea is against the Church of Rome, that I published these results of a month's reading of the "News of the World." Let me hasten to say that it seems to me quite probable that it was an exceptional bad month, and that it would be unfair to the English clergy to take it as representing the average. None the less, I have not often observed that when such critics as those I have in mind lean over far to one side, they are at pains to redress the balance or to make allowances for exceptional circumstances; so I will simply state the facts and leave them to speak for themselves.

Having completed the unpleasant record from the "News of the World," Father Thurston proceeds: "These eight cases will all be found recorded, as was previously mentioned, in the issues of the Standard paper during a single month, though some of them no doubt had begun many weeks before, and only reached their final stage in January, 1909."

But even were we to suppose that this list represented all the clerical scandals which found their way into public prints during six months of a whole year, it requires little calculation to see that the author of our imaginary "History of Clerical Wedlock" would need but a slender file of such newspapers to supply him with materials for a work as large in bulk, as nauseous in contents and as misleading in its relation to the real facts of life as anything which has been produced by such writers as Dr. Lea or Mr. G. G. Coulton.

For I come back to this point, which I desire to insist upon in the most emphatic terms I can employ. It would be nonsense to pretend that the married clergy of the Church of England as a body are undermined by secret corruption. Whatever we may think of their controversial positions, and whatever views we may hold of the desirability of celibacy in those who are called by God to be the pastors of souls, I do not for one moment think, and still less wish to insinuate that the moral standing of the Anglican clergy is unworthy of the high repute in which they are everywhere held. But persons are human, like other men, and every now and then scandals will inevitably come to light in a body which numbers so many thousands. I have merely wished to protest against the bias which ignores the need of extending the same or greater indulgence to the Middle Ages, and to expose the false logic which treats the statement of every irresponsible mediaeval chronicler as if it were the verdict of a modern court of justice.

CAN PROTESTANTS BE SAVED?

In the course of a sermon in Westminster Cathedral, the Rev. Father Gavin, S. J., said the words of his text "What can I do more for My vineyard than I have done," might fairly be addressed to the world of the present day, because the Catholic Church was the successor of the Jewish Church, and filled the place which the Jewish race lost by its own iniquity. Outside the Catholic Church there was no salvation. This was a doctrine of the faith, but it did not mean that all non-Catholics were lost, and the Catholic Church had never taught so revolting a doctrine. The meaning of the dogma was that for those who from their own fault deliberately died outside the Catholic Church there was no salvation.

They might well believe that there were many leading holy lives outside the body of the Catholic Church and they would one day see their God face to face in Heaven. To all He gave graces sufficient for salvation. Even the poor savage in the woods for whom the Precious Blood had been spilled, would never be banished from the vision of God for ever. UNLESS HE HAD DELIBERATELY VIOLATED THE LAW, which he knew to bind upon his conscience. Outside the Catholic Church there was taken a great interest in the work of the Church among the Indians and negroes, a combined Catholic church and parochial school for negro Catholics of Cincinnati will be erected. Mrs. Drexel purchased the site and will erect the building which will cost about \$250,000. There are 500 negro Catholics in Cincinnati who will benefit by Mrs. Drexel's munificence.

A Chinaman, inspired by the celebration of the feast of St. Patrick, mounted the stage in the St. Vincent's School Hall, St. Paul, Minn., and urged the extension of the Catholic religion among his countrymen and the erection of churches in St. Paul and Chicago especially for their worship. The Chinaman is Charles Young, a convert of Father Cosgrove, pastor of St. Vincent's Church.

Father Power, pastor of All Saints' Church, New York City, has a congregation, the most Irish, regarding education and customs of any in the United States. A few years ago this sterling son of Erin invited the Irish Christian Brothers from the "Old Sod" to take charge of his school. All Saints' School is the first foundation of Irish culture in America. Irish language and Irish history, Irish music and song are taught in the proper spirit.

An unusual scene was witnessed recently in Sacramento, California, when a Catholic Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. da Silva, of Portugal, was the honored guest of the State Senate. The Bishop was given the seat of honor on the right of the presiding officer, Lieutenant Governor Porter, while on the left sat Right Rev. Msgr. Capel. In the absence of the chaplain, Very Rev. Father Wyman, C. S. P., Msgr. Capel offered the prayer, which was adapted from the famous petition of Bishop Carroll.

An interesting process of beatification has just been inaugurated at Nevers, France, where the Bishop has begun the judicial diocesan inquiry into the sanctity of Bernardette Soubirous. Last year it was just half a century since she had those visions of Our Lady at Lourdes, which have been followed ever since by such an extraordinary and uninterrupted series of graces and prodigies. Bernardette became a nun and died in a convent in Nevers.

Every Protestant congregation in Saratoga Lake, N. Y., has through its minister in charge, offered the use of its place of worship to the congregation of St. Bernard's Catholic Church until such time as a new church may be built to replace the edifice destroyed by fire last week. The Methodists were the first to make the offer and were quickly followed by the Presbyterians and Episcopalians. While deeply grateful for the proffered assistance, the priests of St. Bernard's have arranged to have services in the opera house so long as temporary quarters are necessary.

THE CAGED SONGSTER.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.
Deep in the city's heart,
Pulsing with toil and traffic—
Why should I stop and start?
Something—a song seraphic—
Tones of a silvery sweetness,
Tones like a golden bell,
Rich in their round completeness,
Full on mine ear they fell!

Only a bird's song, only
The song of a skylark lonely,
Far from the meadow and croft,
Caged in a cobbler's loft!

Sing, little lark, oh, sing!
Even though your heart be breaking,
Forth from your bosom fling,
Music of God's own making!
Cruel the hand that sought you
Deep in the meadow's breast,
Cruel the hand that brought you
Here from your peaceful nest!

Yet while your voice remaineth,
Yet while your heart retaineth
Even one dream of spring
Sing, little lark, oh, sing!

Deep in the city's heart,
Pulsing with toil and traffic,
Far from the fields apart
Many a soul seraphic,
Many a poet sad,
Pent in the busy throng,
Sings till the people gladly
Pause to applaud his song.

Ah, 'tis a bird's song only—
That of a skylark lonely,
Far from the meadow and croft,
Caged in a cobbler's loft!

—New York Sun.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

General Matthew C. Butler of Columbus, S. C., who celebrated his 73rd birthday last Monday, was also on that day confirmed as a member of the Catholic Church.

The value of Catholic School property in New York is over \$11,000,000 and the yearly expenditure for the support of the schools is \$744,420. The total number of pupils on the register last year was 79,000.

Through the initiative of the late Peter White of Marquette, Mich., and the liberality of his heirs, there is to be erected on Mackinac Island a monument to Father Marquette, the pioneer Jesuit missionary and explorer of the upper lake country.

American Catholics ought to take an interest in the Congo question. In the Congo region there are 26,000 Catholic negroes and 60,000 catechumens. Two hundred and thirty priests, a large number of Brothers, and one hundred Missionary Sisters are toiling there for the salvation of souls. They have 104 schools, 34 orphanages, 21 hospitals and 20 dispensaries.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Franklin Drexel of Philadelphia, who has taken a great interest in the work of the Church among the Indians and negroes, a combined Catholic church and parochial school for negro Catholics of Cincinnati will be erected. Mrs. Drexel purchased the site and will erect the building which will cost about \$250,000. There are 500 negro Catholics in Cincinnati who will benefit by Mrs. Drexel's munificence.

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What if the world is wicked? Be good yourself, and your good life will have a good influence according as your sphere of life is small or great.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER. CHAPTER XXXIX. SIR JOHN MONTEITH.

Wallace turned abruptly away, and struck into the defiles of the Pentland Hills. Aware that the affection of some of his friends might urge them to dare the peril attendant on his fellowship, he hesitated which path to take. Certainly not towards Huntingtower, to bring destruction on its royal inhabitant, nor to any abode of a spirit of civil warfare. Neither would he pursue the eastern track; for in that direction, as pointing to France, his friends would seek him. He therefore turned his steps towards the ports of Ayr. The road was circuitous, but it would soon take him from the land of his fathers.

He visited the ruins of Ellerslie, and wept for the murdered Marion, till exhausted nature found repose. When he awoke he found Edwin Ruthven, who expressed his determination never more to quit his beloved brother. Wallace explained his design of crossing the hills to Ayrshire, in some part of which he did not doubt finding a vessel for France. Edwin overturned this plan by telling him that the moment the Albanians sailed for England, they sent orders into Ayrshire to watch the movements of Wallace's relations, and to prevent their marching to his assistance. And no sooner was it discovered by the insurgent lords at Roslyn that he had disappeared from the camp, than, supposing he meant to appeal to Philip, they dispatched express all along the western and eastern coasts to intercept him. On hearing that all the avenues from the southern parts were closed, he, Wallace determined to try the north. Some day in the Western Highlands might open its arms to set its benefactor free! "If not by a ship," continued Edwin, "a fisher's boat will launch us from a country no longer worthy of you!"

Their course was then taken along the Cartlake Crag, at a distance from villages and mountain cots. The black plume of a highland bonnet, which Edwin had purchased at one of the cottages, hung over the face of his friend. When they arrived within sight of Bothwell Castle, Wallace stopped. "We must not go thither," said Edwin; "the servants of my cousin Andrew may not be as faithful as their lord!" "I will not try them," returned Wallace; "my presence in Bothwell Chapel shall not pluck danger on the head of my daughter Murray. She wakes in heaven for me, whose body sleeps there; and knowing where to find the jewel, my friend! shall I linger over the casket?"

While he spoke, a chieftain on horseback emerged from the trees, and raising his visor, discovered Sir John Monteith. "Monteith," said Wallace, "I am sorry for this rencontre. If you would be safe from the destiny which pursues me, you must retire immediately and forget that we have met." "Never!" cried Monteith; "I know the ingratitude of an envious country drives the bravest of her champions from our borders; but I also know what belongs to myself—to serve you at all hazards, and in my castle at Newark, on the Firth of Clyde, to demonstrate my sense of the dangers you once incurred for me."

In vain Wallace urged his determination not to bring peril on any of his countrymen, by journeying under a roof, till he were far from Scotland. Monteith declared that a vessel was lying at Newark, in which Wallace might immediately embark; and he implored his friend to allow him to be his guide to its anchorage. Exhausted and affected, Wallace gave his hand to Monteith; the look of gratitude stood in his eye. He leaned affectionately from Monteith to Edwin, from Edwin to Monteith; "Wallace shall yet live in the memory of the virtuous of this land; you, my friends, prove it. I go richly forth, for the hearts of good men are my companions."

Night overtook the travellers at the village of Lumloch, and as a storm came on, Monteith advised his friends to take shelter and rest. "As you object to lodge with man," said he, "you may sleep secure in an old barn which has no ostensible owner. I saw it as I passed this way from Newark; but I rather wish you would forget this chary regard for others, and lodge with me in the neighboring cottage." Wallace was insensible to the pelt of the elements; his unsubdued spirit neither wanted rest for mind nor body; but the loud and lingering step of Edwin penetrated his heart; and notwithstanding that the resolute boy declared he was neither weary nor faint, Wallace saw that he was both, and yielded his consent to be conducted from the storm. "But not," said he, "to the house. We will go into the barn; and there, on the dry earth, my Elwin must gratefully repose." Monteith did not oppose him, and Wallace and Edwin entered.

Monteith had been bribed by Edward's gold to betray Wallace, and he laid his plans accordingly. He entered the barn with a light, and persuaded the two fugitives to give up their arms to him, in order to clear them from the rust which the rain had produced, and he would restore them in the morning. Triumphant in his deceit, this master of hypocrisy left the barn. Aware that Wallace would never allow himself to be taken alive, he had stipulated with De Valence that the delivery of his head should entitle him to a full reward. From Ruthven he to Lumloch, no place had presented itself in which he thought he could plant an ambush to surprise Wallace; but in this village he had stationed a force of savages brought from the Irish island of Rathlin. These Rathlins neither knew of Wallace nor his exploits. Midnight had passed, and stealing out of the cottage, they advanced towards the barn. Monteith raised the latch, and, setting the door open, with his finger on his lip, beckoned his followers. Without venturing to draw a breath, they approached the threshold. Monteith giving the signal, retreated, while his men

threw themselves forward to bind Wallace; but the first, striking his head against a joist, uttered a fierce oath. The noise roused Wallace, who sprung on his feet. Seeing him rise, they rushed on him with imprecations. Battle-axes, swords, and chains, now flashed before the eyes of Wallace. The steel in a hundred places entered his body, while, with part of a broken bench, he defended himself and Edwin. Edwin made a spring, and snatched a dagger from the belt of one of the murderers. The ruffian caught the boy by the throat, and would have deprived him of life, had not Wallace seized the man in his arms, and with a pressure that made his mouth and nostrils burst with blood, released Edwin.

The conflict now became desperate. Edwin's dagger twice defended the breast of his friend. Two of the assassins he stabbed to the heart. "Murder that urchin!" cried Monteith from without. "Hah!" cried Wallace, at the sound of Monteith's voice, then we are betrayed! They pushed forward. Wallace, with a giant's strength, dispersed them as they advanced. Bleeding at every pore, he felt not a smart while he defended Edwin; but a shout was heard from the door; a faint cry was heard at his side. He looked around. Edwin lay on the ground with an arrow in his heart. The beam fell from the hands of Wallace. He threw himself on his knees beside the dying boy, who pressed his hand to his heart, and dropped his head upon his bosom. Wallace moved not, spoke not. His hand was bathed in the blood of his friend, but not a pulse beat beneath it; no breath warmed his face as it hung over the motionless head of Edwin.

The men were more terrified at this unresisting stillness than at the prowess of his arm, and stood gazing in mute wonder; but Monteith went in other ruffians. Two of the strongest stealing behind Wallace, and taking advantage of his face being bent upon that of Edwin, seized his hands. As they gripped them fast, others advanced to fasten the bands, he looked calmly up. "Bring chains," cried one of the men, "he will burst those things." "You may bind me with a hair," said he; "I content no more." The bonds were fastened on his wrists; and then, turning towards the lifeless body of Edwin, he raised it gently in his arms. "My best brother that ever I had!" cried he; "I will carry you to my greatest need! In this was truth, manhood, and nobleness; in this was all man's fidelity, with woman's tenderness. My friend, my brother, oh! would to God I had died for thee! Wallace was carried off, and conveyed in chains to London. Edwin's remains were taken to Dumbarton Castle, the scene of his early prowess.

CHAPTER XL.

Lord Ruthven was musing in fearful anxiety on Wallace's adieu, and the confirmation which Grimsby and Hay had brought of his determined exile, when he was struck with consternation by the flight of his son. A billet which Edwin had left with Scrymgeour told his father that he was gone to seek his friend, and to unite himself for ever with his fortunes. Bothwell, not less eager to preserve Wallace, set off for France, hoping to arrive before his friend. Ruthven, fearful that Wallace and Edwin might fall into the hands of the vengeful wretches now widely dispersed to seize the chief and his adherents, sent out the Lanark veterans, in divers disguises, to pursue the roads it was probable he might take, and guard him safely to the coast. Till Ruthven should receive accounts of their success, he forbore to forward the letter which Wallace had left for Bruce; but on the fourth day Scrymgeour and his party returned with the narrative of Lumloch.

The horror and grief of Ruthven were unutterable; and cautious of inflicting too heavy a blow on the fortune of his wife and Helen, he commanded Grimsby and Hay to withhold, from everybody at Huntingtower, the tidings of his young lord's fate; and then he despatched them with the letter of Wallace to Bruce, and the information of Monteith's treachery.

On Grimsby's arrival at Huntingtower, he was conducted to Bruce. The delirium had only left him that morning, and he had just exchanged his bed for a couch. Lady Helen started from her seat, and Bruce eagerly caught the packets the soldier presented. Isabella inquired if all were well with Wallace; but, ere he could answer, Lady Ruthven ran breathless into the room, holding out an open letter, which Hay had delivered to her. Bruce had just read the line, which announced the captivity of Wallace, and with a cry made an attempt to spring from the couch; but he reeled, and fell back insensible. The heart of Helen guessed some direful explanation; she looked with speechless inquiry upon her aunt and Grimsby. Isabella and Ereldown hastened to Bruce; and Lady Ruthven, too much alarmed to remark the sad countenance of Helen read to her, from Lord Ruthven's letter, the account of Wallace's situation. Helen listened without a word; her heart seemed locked within her. Shortly afterwards, hurrying to her chamber, she dismissed her maids; with the excuse that she was ill, and desired not to be disturbed till morning; then, bolting her door, she habited herself in her page's clothes, and, dropping from her window into the park, ran swiftly towards Dundee. From that port she sailed to London in a Norwegian boat, and contrived by means of her jewels to obtain access to the cell of Wallace in the Tower of London. When the ponderous door grated on its hinges, she looked forward, and beheld the object of her solicitude leaning along a couch; a stone table was before him, at which he seemed writing. He raised his head at the sound.

The first glance of his countenance struck to the heart of Helen; recognition, anguish, shame, all rushed on her at once. She was in his presence; but how might he turn from the consolation he had not sought! The intemperate passion of her stepmother now glared before her; his contempt of the counsellor's advances appeared ready to ex-

tended to her rash daughter-in-law; and, with a cry which seemed to breathe out her life, Helen would have fled; but her limbs bent under her, and she fell senseless into the dungeon. Wallace started. He thought his senses must deceive him; and yet the shriek was Lady Helen's! He approached the prostrate youth, and took off his plumed hat; he parted the locks which fell over the face, and recognized the features of her who alone had ever shared his meditations with face and hands! He touched her cheek, it was ashy cold. "Helen!" exclaimed he; "Helen, awake! Speak to thy friend!"

Still she was motionless. "Dead!" cried he with emotion. "Gone so soon; gone to meet Marion that her Wallace comes. Blessed angel," cried he, clasping her to his breast, with an energy of which he was not aware, "take me, take me with thee to the pillow on which she reposed the dormant life of Helen. With a torturing sigh she unsealed her eyes, and found herself in the arms of Wallace.

Believing that she had for ever destroyed herself in his opinion, she exclaimed, "Father of heaven! how came I here? I am lost, and innocently; but who can read the heart?" She lay on his breast with her eyes closed almost unconscious of the pillow on which she lay. "Lady Helen," returned he, "was it other than Wallace you sought in these dungeons? I dared to think that the Parent we both adore had sent you thither to be His harbinger of consolation!" Recalled to self-possession by these words, Helen turned her head on his bosom, and in a burst of tears hardly articulated, "And will you not abhor me for this act of madness? But I was not myself. And yet, where should I live, but in the foot of my benefactor? The soul of Wallace was subdued by this language, and the manner of its utterance; and tears of sympathy stole from his eyes as he bent his cheek on her head. 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ons who had been indebted to the Scots for their knowledge of the true religion, found an opportunity of contributing in their turn a something to the happiness of their benefactors." We have confined ourselves to one point, for the reason that when Dr. Mackie wishes to turn the early Irish Church into a Presbyterian Kirk we question his seriousness. Many a time the wish is father to the thought. That is not, however, a proper way to treat history. Historically, doctrinally and by discipline the Irish Church was always Roman—a glory in sanctity, learning and constant devotion to the Mother Church. Roman ever; Presbyterian never.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM IN TORONTO.

The guardians of Presbyterianism in Toronto are shrewd in their generation. Their love of orthodoxy is somewhat leavened by worldly views of gain and position. They are not sorry to see their young men occupy professor's chairs, although these utter from time to time views which shock covenanting ears. They stand, though with their knees trembling, by the old Westminster Confession of Faith. Some of the younger members, fully imbued with their own studies should not be hidden, have been too outspoken in their higher criticism of the Bible. A corrective had to be administered. By some fortuitous coincidence a Methodist minister, Mr. Jackson, was giving vent to more radical views at the same time. Mr. S. H. Blake, the lay theologian of the Anglicans of Toronto, had made an attack upon the University of Toronto upon the same subject. Most, if not all, the members of the faculty in this department were of the favored nation. Another strange coincidence came about. A distinguished Scotch Biblical scholar, the Rev. Dr. Orr, of Glasgow, had been long invited to visit Toronto. Whether by accident or arrangement this gentleman's arrival did not take place till lately, when the storm about the Rev. Mr. Jackson had blown off and Mr. Blake's pamphlet had gone the round. The curtain dropped amid the confusion of the actors, and rose again with a soliloquy from a stalwart conservative Scotch scholar. He is a fine type of man—physically and intellectually. His address upon the study of Scripture, earnest and learned, was a timely antidote to the poison which had been without question or analysis administered to students and preached to common folk. If criticism is to be offered to this address, it is that it has the weakness of all its kind. It does not come out and stand by the infallible book. It cannot, for it is no surer of its divine authorship and its unerring character than a private judge could establish a title to property. The Glasgow Professor may be logical when he discards the view that the Bible is the infallible guide. But if he wishes to save Christianity he cannot throw the Book to scholars and scientists, and bid them judge upon its divine authorship and supernatural character. It is the incurable weakness of private judgment—one opinion against another, one opinion as good as another. In some respects Dr. Orr made against the higher critics. In others and upon more general principles he brings out into bolder relief the need of a living infallible teacher. When, and we take only this example, when he tells us that "the infallible Book and the belief in it are older than the Church," he simply turns things upside down. A moment's consideration should have reminded him that the Church was before the gospels, as a commission is before its record. It could not be otherwise. When no real authority resides in an institution to decide doubts or administer its trusts, questions can be left merely to others to receive or reject according as the opinions strike them. Truth in this case is debased to opinion and changes with the shifting sands of human thought. Prof. Orr, if we may judge by The Globe, did not carry conviction, or make peace between the different forces battling around the Bible. He did not make his own meaning quite plain. "What," asks the Globe, "does Dr. Orr mean when he says that the early chapters of Genesis teach neither history nor science, but are an impressionist picture?" What the Globe complains of in this gentleman—in that he is not definite, explicit, outspoken—is nothing but what critics might say of others. When truth is to be measured by different standards or by relative units it will soon lose its essential character of being universal, heavenly and unchangeable. It is a sore and sorry sight to watch the confusion amongst the Biblical scholars in the Protestant sects—advancing theories, condemning tradition, careful of novelties, heedless of the divine authorship, ignoring the supernatural, denying the miraculous, yielding all to rationalism, and destroying what their fathers stole from the Catholic Church—God's Bible. They are buying and selling in the

temple, and they are fast turning it into a den of thieves.

PRESBYTERIAN LENT.

The Presbyterian, under date of March 25th, speaking upon Lent, seriously says: "In the Presbyterian Church there is no calendar to name, and excepting the Easter Day services there is little attention paid to Lent." It takes a Scotchman a long time to get on to a joke. So we presume Lent must have come and gone before he is aware that it is time to do penance. Easter bells are ringing their joyous notes before any of the forty Lenten penitential days have impressed themselves upon Sandy's theological mind. Why the Presbyterian Church should glory because it has no calendar to name displays a further want of knowledge which is deplorable. The calendar was destroyed when the great Act of Sacrifice was done away with and the "Communion of Saints" expurgated from the Creed. Under pretence of exalting our Saviour Calvin and the rest of those heresiarchs tore away the calendar of the Saints and the sacred seasons and mysteries. There was to be no object lesson in holy ceremony or blessed rite. Spirit was to replace sense, and cold hymn singing the voice of God's eternal High Priest. The Presbyterian Church has no calendar. Certainly not. It does not believe in a calendar; its days are all the same, no mysteries to celebrate, no memories of saints to commemorate or intercession to invoke. How rich to count Easter Day as a portion of Lent! We are not unjust in supposing that Easter Day in the Presbyterian Church scarcely differs from Michaelmas Day or any other day. Easter services, with the exception of a concert pitch in the organ loft and the choir ranks, leaves the Presbyterian Church unaffected. The little attention it gives to Lent marks also its appreciation of Easter. As it did not prepare for the feast by observing the fast and doing penance, neither can it enter into the spirit of the solemnity of solemnities. Our contemporary takes consolation in the etymology of the word: "The term itself has no religious significance, Lenten tide being but the ancient Saxon name for March, which we recognize under a Latin face, meaning the lengthening simply of the spring days." That is rich; philology is a great study. What about the Latin face of Quadragesima, the liturgical term for Lent? The Presbyterian recognizes the need of Lent, then turning round ridicules its verbal signification and religious origin. Our contemporary may possess his national deliberation in catching up to a joke or entering upon Lent; he is too profound in his learning and too canny in his reasoning to appreciate the difference between fast and feast, Lent and Easter.

A METHODIST LECTURER ON IRELAND.

We see by some posters that a Rev. John Coburn is advertised as a popular and humorous lecturer. It might be that these compliments are advertising privileges—intended to catch the multitude. Popular the gentlemen might be in certain quarters about the 12th of July. He can hardly lay claim to that true popularity which is the lasting reward of merit. How the humour comes in we are unable to judge. We may as well candidly acknowledge that we read the report of only one of his "popular and humorous" lectures. It was enough for us. It was an address upon Ireland at Toronto, in which he bewailed the sorrows of Erin. Her grievances were three—the first and chief being the intolerable yoke of the clergy. There can be doubt that Mr. Coburn knew what would please an Irish Protestant society. Thus popularity was secured. Perhaps the humor comes in at this point. How any intelligent man could seriously complain of religion as one of Ireland's troubles springs from his own malignant heart and jaundiced eye. Whatever trials have driven the Irish to excess or into exile, the one consolation they have always had, has been the truth of their Church and the fidelity of their priests. Proselytism never thrived amongst them. They let the might of cruelty and injustice take what their disorganized defence could not prevent. They held to their faith at all costs. As a consequence, virtue always flourished amongst them. Divorces are unknown. There may be Roman darkness, there may not be gospel privileges amongst this great race. Purity and faith have adorned them through their sad history. They drink less than the people of England and Scotland. The pretended grievance is the consolation and strength of the Irish people. Vain is it for any "popular and humorous" lecturer to try and separate the priest and the people of Ireland. They have been too closely associated in stress and in calm to be torn asunder by the sneer or sarcasm of the Rev. Mr. Coburn. The Soggarth Aroon is the idol of the flock. They receive, and deservedly so,

the loyal devotion of those whose spiritual interests they protect and to whose temporal welfare they are never indifferent. Whatever restraint political agitation in Ireland has displayed is most largely due to the clergy.

REV. FATHER PHALEN.

The Antigonish Casket of the 8th inst. contains the sad news of the death of its editor, the Rev. David Vincent Phalen. Our first word is one of deep sympathy. It is a heavy blow to any cause in which he was interested to lose Father Phalen. To his diocese, and far beyond, his death will be justly mourned. To the Casket the loss is severest of all. Catholic journalism loses one of its ablest and most refined writers. The Church of Canada loses one of its saintly, gifted priests whose talents and energies were, amidst his own hard sufferings, devoted earnestly and generously to the explanation of its doctrine and the defence of its truth. For nine years in failing health his facile pen had been in active use in the Casket. During the last few years others would have rested weary and worn with the pressure of disease. Not so the devoted Father Phalen. Week after week his many friends and admirers reaped the benefit of his learning, his taste, his devotion. He was but young, having been born on Nov. 23, 1866, at North Sydney, Nova Scotia. He was educated at the University of Ottawa, where he displayed that talent for writing which he afterwards employed so generously for the edification of his co-religionists. After the completion of his studies he was ordained priest for his native diocese of Antigonish by Bishop Cameron in the year 1892. He served on only one mission, that of Canso. In 1899 he was appointed to the chair of English literature in St. Francis Xavier's college, Antigonish. The following year Father Phalen was chosen to be editor of The Casket, to whose interests the rest of his life was to be devoted. He was the man for the place; and time amply justified the choice. Too soon—yet we say it in resignation—too soon has it closed. Hardly a year passed when he had to seek health in travel. This did not prevent him from carrying on the work of editing the Casket which he dearly loved, and from which he desisted only when he could not hold the pen. To the last he declared that it gave him an interest in life and kept his mind from preying upon itself. He was a man of deep spirituality, strong in faith, clear in judgment, firm and gentle in decision, keenly alive to all the interests of the Church and the grave questions which agitate the world to-day. He is gone from amongst the thin ranks of Catholic editors. We deeply mourn his loss. In the kindest remembrance of our friend and in heartfelt gratitude for his memory we extend our sympathy to the Casket and also to the Bishop and clergy of the diocese of Antigonish. May his soul rest in peace!

JESUIT MISSION.

On Sunday last, in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, was commenced a two week's mission by the Jesuit Fathers Ryan and Donaher. As is customary, one week was set apart for the women, and another for the men. The instructions delivered by the missionaries were sincere, heart-searching and eloquent. The words went home to every soul congregated in the splendid cathedral. Judging by the numbers which attended the different services, and by the many which were to be found about the confessionals at the proper time, there can be no doubt that the result will be most gratifying to the distinguished members of the great Company of Jesus, to the Rector of the Cathedral, Rev. J. T. Aylward, and to the other priests of the Cathedral staff. The good work accomplished at this mission will remain for long a benediction to the Catholics of London.

A NEW BOOK ON LABRADOR.

A great deal of interest is now centered in the Great Northern Peninsula, of which little so far is authentically known. Our knowledge of the Northland has been derived from "lonely tales" and occasional items from the pens of occasional visitors to the coast, whose knowledge, at best, must be largely second-hand. We now beg to announce the appearance of an exhaustive work on this interesting subject, entitled: "Where the Fishers go: The Story of Labrador," by Rev. P. W. Browne, a Newfoundland cleric, who is regarded as the first authority on the subject. Father Browne spent several years doing missionary work on the coast; and there is no phase of the subject with which he is not familiar. His name is a guarantee for literary work of the highest class; and readers of the Record are not unfamiliar with the products of his pen. The volume is a splendid specimen of the bookmakers' art, and it is profusely illustrated with one hundred and sixty half-tones. It is published by the Cochrane Publishing

Company, of New York, and T. C. Allen & Co., of Halifax, N.S., and will be obtainable within a week or two at all booksellers, and direct from the Record, at what seems a decidedly small price for such a splendid work—\$1.75 net.

IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON severe punishment is dealt out to the owner of any drinking saloon who permits a woman to enter its portals, or sell or give her any intoxicating liquor. This is very good as far as it goes. On the principle that the corruption of the best turns to the worst it may be commended. But there is a host of other people, apart from the suffragettes, who will ask why should a man be permitted to make a beast of himself and a woman be punished for drinking a glass of beer? We have never yet seen a good reason advanced for the existence of the saloon. That it has done infinite harm no one will deny. If any one were to give himself the task of proving that it has done any good he would find himself loaded with a contract of immense proportions.

A FEW WEEKS ago Rev. A. P. Doyle, Paulist, called at the White House, Washington, and introduced twenty-five young priests to President Roosevelt. The object of the visit was to personally thank the President for the just manner in which he had treated the Catholics during his administration. Catholicism, Father Doyle said, has never asked for any special favors under the constitution. They merely wished to be treated as other American citizens. This visit was most appropriate for it may be said that President Roosevelt was no friend of the band of bigots who sailed under the banners of the A. P. A. and Orangemen.

IN PITTSBURGH, PENN., we are glad to be told, the divorce business is dull. In the last month there has been 60 per cent less applications. We may thus take it that the "affinities" are not so much in evidence in Pittsburgh as formerly. A press report tells us that some amusing incidents took place recently in the court in that city. One woman asked for a divorce because her husband insists on praying at 4 o'clock in the morning. Another woman complains that her husband plays the mouth organ while she has to chop wood. Not long ago in Michigan a woman sought divorce because her husband had squeezed a hot potatoe in her hand.

THE MOVING PICTURE SHOWS in the United States are receiving scathing criticisms from some of our contemporaries. When they first sought patronage from the amusement loving public, they gave scenes of actual life and were decent and interesting. Now, however, we have many of them of the sensational kind, showing murders, robberies, lynchings, etc., and sometimes vulgar and suggestive representations. Up to the present, we have not heard any complaint of those exhibitions in Canada, but perhaps by and by we will have the same experience as our American neighbors. They should be carefully watched, and as soon as they descend to the vulgar, patronage should cease. But will it cease? We fear there are too many who like that kind of thing.

THE LAMP, a Protestant Episcopal organ, occasionally handles without gloves, those who anti-Catholic proclivities prompt them to cast stones at the Vatican. A Jesuit priest, Rev. Father Hilgers, wrote a critical review of the censorship of the Church of Rome. This work was reviewed by Mr. Geo. H. Putnam, and this is what the Lamp has to say about his effort:

A cursory glance through this breezy brochure leaves one in possession of two distinct impressions: (1) that the Rev. Father Hilgers, S. J., knows far more about the Roman Index than does Mr. George Haven Putnam; and (2) that the blunders, mistakes and errors which the learned Jesuit brings to light in his censorship of "The Censorship" are numerous and flagrant enough to make Mr. Putnam feel that he had wrecked his reputation as a "Literary Doctor" on the rock of the Roman Index.

IN THE STATE OF KANSAS, the lawmakers, we are told, are face to face with a perplexing problem. It is called the affinity business, but a more fitting term would be "back to barbarism." The affinity man falls in love with the wife of another, and the wife sometimes returns the love. It works the other way too. The affinity woman takes a fancy for the husband of another woman, and the other woman falls a victim to the affinity microbe, and they all become runaways from their lawful partners. Senator Travis has introduced a bill, making it a felony for a married woman to run away with a man, or vice versa. This law making to cure the disease is all very well, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. There is not much difference between the divorced people and the affinity cult. "Affinity" has much to do with taking people into the divorce court.

IN SOME PARTS of the American Union the authorities are handling the tipping craze without gloves. It is a badge of servility which comes to us from over the ocean. In Spokane, Wash., the person who receives as well as he who gives a tip will be judged guilty of misdemeanor. It is made to apply with special force to the employees and employers in a public house or public service corporation. Few people stop to think that while the tip goes directly into the pocket of the employee it finds its way eventually into the coffers of the wealthy employer, because the employee receives but a mere pittance of wage in consideration of the money extracted from the guest in the hotel or the traveller on a railway car. Some time ago a gentleman was asked by the proprietor of a high-class hotel in Florida to write in a book provided for that purpose the impression his visit had left upon his mind. This is what he wrote: "I came here for rest and change. My host got the change and the waiter got the rest." Something will shortly have to be done in Canada, to put a stop to this vicious practice. It is a species of black mail.

WE ARE GLAD to notice that our Toronto contemporary, the Globe, is making war upon prurient fiction and indecent pictures. Pulpit and press will have to raise a mighty commotion about this matter ere the authorities take action. We have seen in many of our book-stores shockingly indecent pictures and works of fiction which should not be permitted in the country, yet the authorities observe a masterly inaction. They are waiting for some one to make a complaint. Have we a circumspection office in connection with the Department of Justice in Toronto? It is the business of that department to employ detectives to find out things, instead of waiting for the man on the street to make a complaint. This is a very important matter and sooner or later the authorities will have to employ men to keep watch and guard over the literature offered for sale. It might also be necessary to keep an eye on the bookshelves of the public libraries.

THE EDITOR of the Antigonish Casket states that "he has often noticed the hardening influence of liquor-selling on men not otherwise below the average in kindness of heart." He knows whereof he speaks. His reputation in this end of the country is that of a hard-working, pious and noble priest, his every energy employed in the promotion of temperance amongst his flock. "The saloon-keeper," continues the editor, "may at least say 'the man who buys my liquor knows what he is getting, and he knows its effects.' That poor excuse cannot be offered by the confectioner, who professes to be selling, not merely to men, but also, and more frequently, to women and children, a harmless chocolate drop, which actually contains a half teaspoonful of brandy. Such a form of liquor-selling as this can scarcely be described by any other word than diabolical. The firm which manufactures these chocolates has made a great reputation for itself, and has built up an immense business. It should now be boycotted by right thinking people all over the country. That is the argument which will appeal to it, as no other argument will." How comes it, though, that this same manufacturer is not arrested, tried, convicted and put in prison, the same as other malefactors. It is because he moves in good society and is generous in his benefactions.

OFFENTIMES we have wondered why the laity do not take more interest in the instruction of children in matters pertaining to their faith. The habit is to leave it to the priests and nuns. It could not, of course, be in better hands. But how often does it happen that priests and nuns are overburdened with this as well as other important duties. But there are many parishes in which there are no nuns and the hard-working priest has well nigh spent himself in the effort to fulfil all his obligations, while the laity merely go to Mass, then wend their way home and give little thought to relieving the priest of some of his burdens. To such people we commend the careful reading of the following extract from the Sacred Heart Review.

"If teaching secular branches of knowledge is noble, how much more noble is the teaching of the truths of religion? The young man or young woman who has a class in Sunday-school, even if it be only a prayer class, is engaged in a work which God loves and blesses. The persons who are put in charge of a class of children to open their minds to a knowledge of God, and to instruct them in the truths of our holy religion, are the recipients of a great favor and a great privilege. They are placed in a position of great responsibility, and upon them depends, in no small degree, the attitude which their young charges will take toward religion. If they are careless and flip-pant, or severe and unkind, their bad example may result in ways little dreamed of."

THE CONF...

STATEMENT THE FACT HIM FROM CATHOLIC GRATITUDE

Rev. Robert cent visit Catholic V round room House on "vert."

Father B eally receiv Journal, said was one of could choos ence which sympathy say, an au never in h such kindn in the last In speaki vert, he wa ual things God's grac of in anothe attempt f positions lies in Eng the reason and show t possible. In Ireland was in Eng of one th it was of n England which wer

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Second Sunday after Easter.

SUFFERING FALSE ACCUSATIONS. He delivered Himself to him that judged Him unjustly. (Epistle of the day.)

I suppose, my dear brethren, that there is no grievance to which we are subjected more common, and certainly there are few more distressing, than that of being judged unfairly by others. As Catholics we are all specially liable to this; we all know how Protestants, even those who profess to be quite friendly to us personally, and who sometimes will say a good word or two for our religion, still calmly assume, as a matter of course, that we believe and practise many things which we and all intelligent and honest men detest and abhor. They say, for instance, that we worship images; that we pay money not only to have our sins forgiven, but even for permission in advance to commit new ones; that we believe the Pope to be Almighty God; that we maintain that the end justifies the means; and so on to any extent. It was only a few days ago that it was unblushingly stated in an assembly of one of their sects that the Catholic Church was more guilty in the matter of permitting divorce than other denominations. There seems hardly to be a falsehood about us so gross or so absurd that some of them will not be found to believe and asser: it.

And we of the clergy are more exposed to these slanders than any one else. They say, they take for granted that we are hypocrites and deceivers; that under a cloak of sanctity we practise all kinds of vice; that we do not believe a word of what we teach; that our only object in our profession is to exercise power or to make money; these things and many others pass current in the world about us, so we are looked upon by many as detestable wretches not fit to live. In us especially are our Lord's words fulfilled: "You shall be hated by all men for My Name's sake." But it is not only our outsiders, or in matters where religion is concerned, that we have to put up with false charges and unjust suspicions. In our own private character and actions we find our neighbors and acquaintances judging and even speaking unfairly about us. Priests suffer in this way, sometimes from their own parishioners; the laity perhaps from the priest, and often certainly from each other. How frequently we hear people complain of slander or belying from those whom they supposed to be their friends; one would think that it was not the exception, but the rule.

Now all this is certainly very hard to bear. And yet as we go through life we cannot expect to be free from it; and we must try to find a way of bearing it as well as we can. What is the best way?

One way, and a very good way, of putting up with this trouble is to make allowances for the unavoidable prejudice, ignorance, and imperfection of those who say about us what we know to be false, who do to us what we know to be unjust. They may not, they do not, know this as well as we do. "Father, forgive them," said our Lord on the cross, "for they know not what they do." We think others are slandering or injuring us through malice; ten to one they think they are in the right. Probably we ourselves should act just the same way in their place.

Make allowances, then; give our neighbors more credit for good intentions; that is one way to put up with this suffering which we cannot altogether avoid or put a stop to. But a better and perhaps an easier way is the one recommended by St. Peter in today's Epistle. "Dearly beloved," he says, "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps. Who did no sin, neither was guilt found in His mouth. Who, when He was reviled, did not revile; when He suffered He threatened not, but delivered Himself to him that judged Him unjustly." He, the holy, the innocent one, was more wickedly and unjustly accused and judged than any of us sinners have been, or ever can be; shall we not then, bear, if need be, the same treatment for His sake? To be spoken evil of falsely is to be like Him; it is the mark, the badge of the Christian. This is the example He has left us that we should follow His steps; shall we refuse to profit by it?

A CATHOLIC SACRAMENT FROM A PRESBYTERIAN VIEWPOINT.

"Romanism and marriage is a theme discussed by the Cincinnati Herald and Presbyterian. The writer's troubled dreams remind us of the oath of apostasy, of which O'Connell declared, "One part of it I know to be false; the other is not true."

It would be consoling to feel that the author was simply mistaken, but when he shuts his eyes to the sacred scriptures, about whose light he brags, and ignores facts that look at him, then we believe that we are within our right when we say that he simply relishes false statements and is not in good faith. Heresy is the creature of a moment, it has neither perpetuity nor stability, and so a startling declaration ever suits its mercurial character. Correction or retraction never come for if either were evidenced, it would be the equivalent of an end to Protestantism and the beginning of conversion. Imaginary premises, from which illogically are deduced wide, rash, and false conclusions, are the general composition of assaults upon the faith of Christ. Before us, we have a most ignorant and arrogant tirade, given with all the usurpation of infallibility. Let us go to the nuton!

The Herald and Presbyterian declares, "the truths of the Christian religion as affecting marriage and divorce are not taught by the Catholic Church." Sure not; and yet, is it not said somewhere in Holy Writ, with which the Presbyterian is, of course, conversant, "Do men gather thine of thistles?" It looks strange that such blessed matrimonial results would be gleaned from such cursed things as Catholic principles and morals. Would the Presbyterian show a

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collateral case to prove its wanton contention?

Here is a sample of misrepresentation of our practices: "The Catholic Church teaches there is to be no divorce at all. This is contrary to the teaching of the New Testament;" and "it is inconceivable that a pure and good person must be bound for life to one who by his own villainous and impure and unfaithfulness has disregarded and dissolved the marriage covenant." Our fine philosopher opens "distinguish frequently," and, while carrying in his right hand a Bible, and his very necessary adjunct, a dictionary, in his left, (There is Mr. Presbyterian, a "separation" allowed by the Catholic Church in extreme cases between the married, which to all intents and purposes is a divorce from a union that proved to be a heartbreak; but this does not convey a permit to another marriage. Men cannot under the divine pact once entered. "The forbidding of marriage to the great army of priests and nuns" causes the Presbyterian to give sighs, substantially the weight of the poet's lines,

"O solitude! where are the charms That sagas have seen in thy face?"

Marriage was not forbidden to the priests and nuns prior to entrance to their new state. They forbid it to themselves, and since Protestantism is ever screaming "liberty!" why should these ladies and gentlemen be curtailed in their life's choice? Then he says, "Multitudes have broken their vows." Ah, you must have read this in some book, and have conveniently forgotten the name of its maker! "Multitude" is an elastic term; it may be relative and it can be absolute. Environment has much to do with its significance; for a multitude in a village would be only a few in a city. Strange that there should be such an utter absence of statistics in the case of broken vows, and such evidence regarding marriage outrages; and funny indeed, that our friend would attempt to cloud one certain issue with tears for an unknown quantity!

Poor Presbyterian! Protestantism never did believe in sacrifice, but was ever a preacher of indulgence, although the emblem of redemption is the Cross of Christ, and where Christ is found, there, too, is His cross. That men and women have fallen from the hard and lonely lot which our brother beams should not be considered too intensely, for our contemporary should rather rejoice than grieve, as he impugns the father of Protestantism when he gives a jeremiad over broken vows. If there were not smashed oaths and cracked vows, Protestantism itself, and Presbyterianism, perforce, would not be, nor would the editor of the Cincinnati Herald and Presbyterian have any chance to collect his tears and lament musically over apostacies from the ranks of religious.

And now for a "crowning grace" of this Christian, tender-hearted as a Jew at his wailing wall! Hear this, and see how easy it is for one who denies God's truth to distort human records: "Let the Roman Catholic Church amend its practices in countries where it has sway, where marriage is almost forbidden among the poor on account of the extortionate charges by the priests, and where illegitimacy reaches its highest mark." Let us take an example of the poorest Catholic land on earth—a land that has been robbed and impoverished, not by her own priests, but by alien Protestantism—Ireland. Is marriage forbidden there among the poor because of the excessive offerings demanded by the clergy, and has illegitimacy there reached its highest point? Who does not know of the purity of Irish womanhood, a purity untarnished by enforced poverty, a purity unsmiled by the lustful assaults of a pampered and powerful landlordism, a purity that is as brilliant as the waters of the Shannon on a May day, and has for its exemplar nothing less than the character of the mother of God herself? Is it possible that the editor of the Presbyterian has not read the oft-given English government reports that show Irish illegitimacy the minimum of every land under the sun, with the sole exception of Protestantism's stronghold in the north—Belfast?

Our pious friend calls the sacrament of marriage a "fiction." St. Paul to the contrary, who declares solemnly that it is "a great sacrament." This indifference to matrimony's sacred character accounts for the want of blessedness in the fountain source of heresy's children, and explains why so many marriages are "begotten in sin and die in shame."

Of the extortion practiced by the priests, we would ask, Who are these tyrannical priests? Are they not to the "manor born"—of the same flesh and blood of those whom Protestantism declares they rob? Are they not the beloved guides of a race who have them for their glories? Have not the people forced to give tithes until lately stung into heresy they abandoned, ever gladly

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Without the sacrament of marriage society is pagan; with it, men may dwell in an earthly home that can be the very vestibule of heaven for which we hope. If there be one thing that should show the diabolical character of Protestantism, it is the prevalence of divorce; and if there be one other that should prove the heavenly force in Catholicism it is the everlasting avowal of the perpetuity of the marriage bond. —Catholic Union and Times.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S DREAM.

HOW HE ENTERED PARADISE AS "LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE."—THE GOOD AND JUST DIVES.

Speaking on an evening a fortnight ago in the East End, London, Father Bernard Vaughan told of a strange dream he had the previous night. He said he thought that after he had been in Purgatory a short while he received a visit from his guardian angel, who brought him the good news that the cleansing fires had done their work, and that now he might follow him, and pass out of the King's prison. Now there was nothing to keep him from the Golden Gate. Light-hearted and brimful of joy and expectation, he flew rather than walked up the steep incline till he found himself standing before the great Gate of Paradise. He rang the great silver bell, which was answered by blessed Peter himself.

The key-bearer looked at him in the face, saying "I am very sorry, friend, but we cannot let you in to-day." "And why pray, I asked, "not to-day?" "Well," replied the saint, "we are expecting a millionaire from London to-day, so I must emphasize the occasion by letting no one else in on the same day."

"What," I exclaimed, "you do not mean to say you carry on up here as they do below, and make money a test, and give millionaires the first place?" "No, no, my son," replied St. Peter. "I am not making much of the millionaire on account of his wealth, but because we so rarely see one up here. The Dives coming here to-day is one who not only left money to the poor after his death, but even in his lifetime gave a living wage to all in his employment."

Presently I saw coming towards me a poor brother man, whom I recognized as one who had been in the employ of the

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. "How Can I Improve my Business To-day?"

A marked characteristic of the progressive man is that he is always improving something somewhere.

The trouble with most men is that they think they must improve their business as a whole, in some mysterious way.

Start out every morning with the determination to improve upon the day before.

Besides, this habit of eternally improving things, of jacking them up a little higher, making everything a little better, is contagious.

If you can spur people about you to do their best voluntarily, you will have a powerful ally in your work.

Put this motto up in your office and look at it every morning: "Where can I improve my business to-day?"

I know a man who adopted this motto early in life, and it has been a perpetual inspiration to him.

The Delusion of Bargains. Many a merchant has been ruined by buying a much larger bill of goods than he wanted in order to get the larger discount offered on the larger order.

Thousands of people keep themselves poor buying "bargains" at auctions. In many homes we find all sorts of things away in boxes, that were bought because they were cheap, and that have never been put to any real use.

Business Manners. Why is it many of the cashiers, bookkeepers, bank tellers, corporation clerks, and people who serve the public through glass windows or across counters, are so pert and unobliging? Why is it necessary to make a customer feel that he is a nuisance?

Public officials, clerks, and attendants in our public buildings and municipal offices are proverbially curt, short, and snappy.

How quickly you notice the atmosphere of a business house—a great department store, for example. There is as much difference between the feeling you have in walking through two great establishments as there is between two great heads of these houses.

The man who thinks he is going to make a fortune without considering the man at the other end of the bargain is very short-sighted.

Merchants sometimes lose some of their best customers because of the insolence of a clerk. It is useless to say

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh.

Great business houses find that it is impossible to carry on extensive trade without the practice of courtesy; and they vie with one another in securing the kindest, the most affable, and most obliging employees possible in all departments.

To-day our large business houses make a great point of accommodating customers, of obliging them and catering to their comfort in every possible way.

I know a man who has built up a big business largely because he is always trying to accommodate his customers, to save them expense, or to assist them in buying things which he does not carry.

There is a premium everywhere to-day upon courtesy and good manners. They are taken into consideration in hiring employees just as much as general ability.

A. T. Stewart owed a great deal of his success to his unvarying principle of employing fine appearing, polite clerks. He knew that the difference between snappish, independent, crabbed indifferent clerks and well-mannered, gentlemanly ones, might make all the difference to him between failure and success.

This principle has had a remarkable illustration on two parallel railroad lines in the West. On one of them there was a spirit of snobbishness, insolence, which manifested itself in a total lack of desire on the part of its employees to accommodate the public.

Cleanliness and Attractiveness Pay. Every employer who has tried it, finds that cleanliness and attractiveness and comfort in the surroundings of his employees pay. Unhappy, discontented employees can never do good work; and the mind can not be satisfied in an unhealthful, unattractive, uncomfortable environment.

My Christian maidens, would it not be very ignoble, would it not be extremely ungrateful, if you were not kind and loyal towards your parents? If you would not conscientiously fulfil your various duties towards them? When we visit the sick, who are lying in exhaustion and misery upon their bed of suffering, and offer them a little refreshment, they are deeply affected and thank us for our kindness with tears in their eyes; when we ourselves are shown a little favor, or a slight service is rendered to us; find at once say: "I thank you kindly," or "May God bless you."

You can not possibly have a better Cocoa than EPPS'S. A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical.

THE PROPRIETOR KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT THIS; THAT IT WAS NOT HIS FAULT. THE FACT REMAINS THAT PEOPLE PREFER TO GO WHERE THEY ARE TREATED COURTEOUSLY, KINDLY, AND WITH CONSIDERATION.

For the most part, God does not act immediately upon His creatures, but rather mediately; that is through the instrumentality of other creatures.

When Pharaoh, king of Egypt appointed Joseph, the patriarch to be his vice-regent over the kingdom, he gave him his own ring, put a chain of gold about his neck, invested him with a robe of fine linen and placed him in his second chariot, commanding the herald to proclaim abroad that all should bend their knees to him, and honor him as the one who held the highest dignity in the land.

Puncture-proof TIRES on this \$550 Motor Carriage



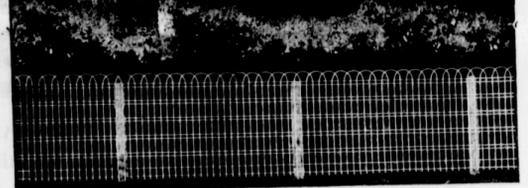
Tudhope-McIntyre Model H M is built on the lines of a buggy. High wheels, with solid rubber tires—no punctures, and trouble-proof.

Dealers who can handle a reasonable number of these cars, write us at once for terms and territory.

For the most part, God does not act immediately upon His creatures, but rather mediately; that is through the instrumentality of other creatures.

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make rapid progress in a life of virtue. God Himself, Who never can be guilty of an untruth, and Who keeps His every word, has made this solemn promise.

good shall be repaid to thee for the sin of the mother; and in justice thou shalt be built up, and in the day of affliction thou shalt be remembered, and thy sins shall melt away as the ice in the fair, warm weather." (Eccles. iii. 14-18.)

So your Christian life and mine when faithfully lived is made the best preparation for the hours of trouble which may be before us.

Professional.

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THRILLING ELOQUENCE.

STRIKINGLY IMPRESSIVE SERMON BY FATHER PADE, FEARLESS FRENCH DOMINICAN, AT NOTRE DAME CHURCH, MONTREAL.

"I would not be your brother—I would not be a Frenchman—if my heart did not vibrate at the very mention of the word liberty," declared Rev. Father Pade, the eloquent young Dominican from France, preaching at Notre Dame Church, last Sunday morning before a vast congregation.

"I may speak of bondage around me becoming more rampant as we went away from Christ. I feel in my heart that, notwithstanding so much persecution, we will remain free. And mortal's anvil has not forged the chains that will enslave our liberty, since nothing can separate us from the charity of Christ; and I thrill with joy that we will recapture our country—like the persecuted of today—like the heralds of liberty, while those who now speak of liberty are occupied making chains to enslave their brothers."

By and by in the breathless stillness, the sweet voice was strengthened and rang like the first clarion at dawn on the day of battle, far off and clear, heart-stirring and true. And with the rising tone came also the stronger word, and at last the spirit that moves more than word or voice. "We will render to Caesar what belongs to Caesar; but we are the proud and stubborn servants of God and to our persecutors we say: 'You will not have our liberty; for you cannot have our soul; not having our soul you cannot have our conscience because it remains inseparably attached to Christ!'"

FOURTEEN THOUSAND HEARD.

The sermon was on liberty and firmness and generosity of conscience in the cause of liberty. To say it moved that vast throng of fourteen thousand would be putting it mildly. When he threw defiance at his persecutors in France, people whose view of the preacher was hidden by the vast throngs in the aisles jumped to their feet as if a new Bernard of Clairvaux was preaching another crusade. It was a mighty effort on a mighty subject. There was a thrill through the congregation from the very beginning. I could not see one person leaning back on his seat during the last half hour. Every one was bent forward hanging on the lips of the preacher. One might have heard people breathe and no more. In the aisles, listening with all the eagerness and attention of the lowliest, were Dominicans and Franciscans, Redemptorists and Jesuits, Brothers of Mary and Christian Brothers, and on each of the diocesan priests to fill an ordinary church.

It would be impossible for me to give any sufficient account of the sermon, but I may set down some of the leading thoughts which I noted. The young friar-preacher began by relating the touching story of the noble Roman matron whose son was called to the court by the emperor. She desired to carry her boy away from the court and the pagan gods. Being a devout Christian she had instilled into his young mind and heart her own profound love for Christianity. Before leaving her son she led him to a retired spot in her home where she had hidden her most precious treasure—a vase containing the blood of her martyred husband—who died for the faith some years previous. On this blood, which is the source of our life, she cried, swear to me, my son, to be true to your God and to the memory of your father. The young man hesitated not. He swore as desired and a few days later he was martyred in his turn and his heroic mother refreshed with her boy's blood the blood of his sire. We Catholics were one day led by the Church, our mother, to the foot of the cross and on the blood of Christ, our brother and our father, we swore that we would be faithful to our faith, cost what it may, to our last breath. To keep our oaths is a solemn duty for us, it is a question of honor, and since on it depends our eternal salvation, it is a duty of the utmost importance. Forced to live in a world of perversity, tossed about by temptations, solicited by our passions, we must nevertheless stick to our oath of allegiance and fidelity to Christ; we must keep a lily heart and a soul always blossoming with the virtues of the divine Master. It is a superhuman task we have undertaken by this oath. That our will may never weaken it is absolutely necessary that its guide, our conscience, be united with the conscience of Christ, its light, its strength and its life. No income to the idols of the earth; no concessions; no wavering conscience; a Catholic by caprice and by intervals; otherwise the crown of our honor will fade and die. We will be Catholics with the firmness of the martyrs, or we will be neither Christians nor men.

SOURCE OF LIBERTY IS GOD.

It is in the name of human liberty that we hear firmness of conscience being condemned by our enemies. On the contrary, it is in the name of human liberty that will prove the necessity of each one of us for our conscience to be firm to the law of Christ, as the Catholic Church teaches us that law.

After showing that the source of liberty is God and not human laws nor human society, the preacher said: "Oh, Lord, having arrived at the epoch of life, when I should be responsible for my acts and choose my route as the martyr finds the heavens by his guiding star, it is then in heaven only that I will find my sure guide. At the beginning of my career, already enticed by all kinds of fancies that have seduced and ruined so many others; eyes filled with visions, at times troubled, at times sublime and enchanting; and by youth troubled by its longings, cravings, generosities—our neighbors about it. You can use it and your money back if not satisfied, etc. at all times. R. CHASE'S CINTRETT'S

our liberty. Even today a new Moses in the person of the Holy Father presents us two tables of the law. On one table we may read that man is not to follow his pleasures, feelings, nor the caprices of the mob nor the will of its brothers. He should obey his conscience in which God has placed His truth. On the other table is written, since this truth laid down by God in our conscience was covered, as with rust by sin, God was obliged to send His Son to be our light and our guide, and behold the formal affirmation of Christ: 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.' You are with me as co-heirs to heaven, put your feet in my footprints and work to reproduce within you the image of the Son of God, and of the Son of Man, so as to render Him the homage of a prompt and filial submission. The honor of human liberty comes from its divine Author. Liberty does not stir us except on the divine command; liberty fights but for the colors of God; liberty bends the knee only before God; liberty breaks only in God's hands and then it will be even our triumph. We do not make liberty our god, but we consider it a means to reach our God. There is no change in God. When He speaks it is for eternity. He suffers no contradiction; He is all-powerful. At his voice all nature bends. Man should not discuss the words of God but he should strive to understand them." Then came the words in the opening paragraph of this letter which thrilled the audience.

HE SHOWED US BY FOLLOWING THIS DIVINE LAW OF LIBERTY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAD EXALTED PURITY AS FAR AS VIRGINITY; THROUGH HER TEACHING JUSTICE EXTENDED TO CHARITY, STRENGTH BLOSSOMED INTO SWEETNESS AND HEROISM.

I fear I have been rash in attempting these few sentences of a discourse full of life and beauty. I have given you the cold words, but those who heard these words, vivified by the magnetic power of the young orator, will never forget their effect. We thought we had listened to a twenty-five minutes' sermon. We had, in fact, sat enraptured for an hour and a half, the preacher playing as he would upon our heart strings, but always to such heavenly music. He closed with this fine thought: "The women in the world who toil and suffer, those mothers of families who toil and suffer, those martyrs of countless freights whose struggles are as fierce, whose anguish as keen and whose martyrdom as great as those of the Church and its missionaries, for it is in union with Him of Calvary and from Him they get their strength and patience."

"There are some who ever sit under the shadow of the mount of desolation, wearing thorn crowns of endless sorrow or pain; who can neither look backward without seeing a mound of buried joys, nor forward without encountering an avalanche of crushing, wearisome duties and urgent demands upon limited time, and wasted strength who carry a cross up a Golgotha as rugged and ruthless, as pitiless and as merciless as the Golgotha of Jerusalem, and who suffer all for Him who was pierced for our sakes. This is the heroism that perked the martyrs of old. They lay their cross side by side with His cross and from Him they obtain strength that is heroic."—Correspondence Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

EASTER-TIDE AT LORETTO ABBEY.

Although every Sunday is a day of rejoicing for the resurrection of the Redeemer, yet Easter is the annual and all-inclusive day. It is the Sunday of Sundays which proclaims the resurrection of Christ from the dead with the sounding joy and sympathy of the whole Christian world. It is the day illustrious above all others; the day that brought to life and light the effulgence of the great spirit world beyond.

Life and death together fought. Each to strange enemies was brought. Life died, but soon revived again. And even death by it was slain.

Those who had the privilege of visiting the beautiful Abbey Chapel on that glorious feast must have had their faith enlivened and their senses of the artistic fully satisfied when viewing the sanctuary and high altar. Everywhere were natural flowers, beautiful ferns and palms giving a pleasing and suggestive expression to the feelings of joy and happiness which there filled the admiring beholders. All formed a suitable combination of the most beautiful in nature and art, whereon the Prisoner of Love must have looked with satisfaction and pleasure, especially when raised in benediction over the devoutly bent heads of the adoring congregation by the Highest Ecclesiastical Dignitary in Canada, His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti.

About 5 p. m. His Grace Archbishop McEvay, accompanied by the Papal Delegate and their secretaries, Mgr. Sinett, D. D., Reverend J. T. Kidd, D. D. and Rev. Father Leonard drove to the Abbey and were welcomed by the Rev. Mother and her community with the well known cordiality of Loretto. His Excellency in full robes of office, bearing a staff and crozier, preceded by the papal secretary, made an imposing entrance as he passed through the ornate corridors and aisle to the spacious sanctuary, the joyous strains of the march of welcome being played meantime with fine effect. After Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, while leaving the brilliantly illuminated chapel, the consecrated hand of the Delegate Apostolic still continued to bestow blessings on the devout assembly, whose pious wish for him was that:—"In blessing those around, thou hast thyself been blessed."

The pupils who had remained during vacation were then presented to His Excellency, who is well-known to enter-

SHREDDED WHEAT. A Food for the Invalid and the Athlete—On the Training Table of every University. To serve—simply heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.

tain a true paternal love for the little ones of Christ. They engaged in familiar and pleasant conversation and the informal reception was brought to a happy close by the young ladies kneeling to receive a special blessing from this worthy representative of Christ's Vicar on earth.

The Noviceship was next visited, and the goodly assembly of postulants in their unworldly garb, the white-veiled novices, in their graceful religious habits, proved to be devoted to the Holy Hand for the instruction of youth, trusting for their reward on the unfailing promise recorded in Holy Writ, "They who instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." The petition that must have come from the heart of their revered guest could have found suitable expression in these beautiful words: "This house is Thine O Lord God! this house is Thine! Let there not be in it any stone which Thy Hand has not placed therein, and those whom Thou hast called preserve in Thy Name and sanctify them in truth."

The time having arrived for His Excellency to address the Italian congregation of the city in their loved mother tongue, the inmates of the Abbey bade adieu to their gracious visitors with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret.

The following afternoon two other distinguished clergymen; Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D. D., of London, England, nephew of the late eminent Cardinal Vaughan of Westminster Abbey, and Rev. Father Mountain of Buffalo, visited this well-known institution. They were pleased to return the following morning to celebrate Holy Mass in the Abbey Chapel.

Thus were represented men of different climes and customs but all one in devotion to the great cause of religion and Christian education. Surely the indubitable conviction must impress even the casual observer that the Church of God, that great treasure-house of Christ on earth still gathers as her zealous laborers, the best, most self-sacrificing and noblest of the children of men, proving that there is a kingdom where God is King; and the King is Father—Our Father in heaven.

FOUND DEAD IN BED

Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg, N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling as well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her. Was it murder? Yes and no. No, because he died from so-called natural causes—yes, because for months he'd known that he had heart disease, and that sudden death might come from the least over-exertion, or by sleeping on his left side, and this last proved too

STAMMERERS. The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering, it treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request. The ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT., CAN.

And yet this bright, intelligent young man, with everything to live for, would listen to reason—either to his doctor or to the earnest pleadings of his wife to do something. "It don't amount to anything," he'd say, "only a little palpitation. It's my stomach, I think. It will go away of itself." But lady, cost his life! Was not this self-murder?

This case is only one; sixty thousand people die yearly of Heart Disease! Six in every ten have it. Many don't know it, they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female organs, etc., and get no better; and a good many who do know think it can't be cured. Now Heart Disease is just as curable as any other disease; we have proved this fully by curing over a hundred and thirty thousand cases! Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured! In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and in such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment cures is because it sets the stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening, controlling and curing the heart. We can cure YOU! no matter how bad off, and to prove it we will send you by mail, postpaid, without any condition, without any restrictions, and without any cost, a regular full-size treatment of Dr. Fuller's Heart and Nerve Cure, and his illustrated book with which you will know your own case as well as any doctor. Both are free.

Understand this is not a "sample" or "trial," but a regular full size treatment. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind, nothing but a fair, square chance for you to fully test this grand treatment for yourself, in your own home on the symptoms, Nervousness, Twitching, or Nightmare, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the heart, Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nose-bleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder-blade, your heart and nerves are surely wrong! Don't wait, but send now for the full free treatment and get well. Address The Heart Cure Co., 617 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine. 1589-4

To Home Seekers. One of the very best sections of the country in the North-West is Red Deer, Alberta. Those who are seeking homes in that end of the Dominion could not do better than write Rev. Father H. Voinin, O. M. L., Box 341, Red Deer, Alberta. 1010-4

P. C. BROWNE & Co. THE HALY ROOD CRAFTS MEN. We are Specialists in CHURCH DECORATION and our work has been commended by the highest dignitaries of the Church. FIGURE SUBJECTS, SANCTUARY PANELS, ETC. Designs and Estimates for all classes of work cheerfully submitted. References and list of completed work. 85 McDONELL AVE., TORONTO.

St. Mary's Church, Lindsay. This fine church has been, since the New Year, in the hands of the well-known ecclesiastical decorators, The Thornton-Smith Company, 11 King Street W., Toronto, and to judge from the effect of the work beautiful church interiors in the country. Acting on the excellent maxim, that "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," Archdeacon Casey has spared neither time nor expense in the decoration of his church and when the work is finished, it bids fair to amply justify the confidence and commendation which has been the reputation of an already well-known firm.

DIED. KING.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Jos. S. King, son of Mr. Luke King, agent Catholic Record, who died on Sunday, 17th inst. May his soul rest in peace!

KILIAN.—At Milltown, N. B. Mrs. Timothy Kilian, May her soul rest in peace.

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