

The Catholic Record.

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

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Good Morning.

Good morning, Brother Sunshine;
Good morning, Sister Song;
I beg your humble pardon
if you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were wrong;
My heart is standing open;
Won't you walk right in?
Good morning, Brother Gladness;
Good morning, Sister Smile;
They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while.
I'm homesick here without you;
A weary while it's long,
My heart is standing open;
Won't you walk right in?
Good morning, Brother Kindness;
Good morning, Sister Cheer;
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here;
Some way I keep forgetting
I have to tell and spin;
When you are my companions;
Won't you walk right in?
—J. W. FOLEY in the New York Sun.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON.

AMERICAN PRELATE SPEAKS AT THE
EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS ON THE
COMMON HERITAGE OF CHRISTIANS, AN
IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE.

Last Sunday at the Eucharistic Congress Cardinal Gibbons delivered the sermon at the Pontifical High Mass celebrated by the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, in Westminster Cathedral. Cardinal Gibbons' sermon in part follows:

"I say unto you that many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. viii, 11.)

I esteem it a great honor and privilege that the members of the hierarchy of the United States should unite with their brethren of the British Isles and of the continent of Europe in celebrating among you this love-feast of the Eucharist.

There are other and higher reasons than personal friendship to justify the participation by American Prelates in the ceremonies of to-day. Though we are separated from you by an immense ocean, we are united with you, thank God, in the heritage of a common faith. We, across the Atlantic, claim, as well as you, to be the spiritual children of Gregory, Augustine and Patrick, of Alban and Venerable Bede, of Anselm and Thomas of Canterbury, of Peter and Paul; we have with you "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." Yes, our kinship is stronger and more enduring than that which is created by flesh and blood. When I entered your cathedral this morning, I could say to you all in the name of my countrymen and in the language of the apostles of the Gentiles:

"We are no more strangers and foreigners, but we are fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone. This sentiment inspires me with confidence and makes me feel at home, for I am addressing you as brothers in the faith, and I can speak to you with all the warmth and affection of the same apostle: "My mouth is open to you," fellow Catholics of England, "my heart is enlarged."

Yes, my brethren, the same faith that Peter preached in Rome, and Paul in Athens, the faith that Augustine brought to England and Patrick to Ireland, the faith that Remigius preached in France and that your own Boniface taught in Germany, the same faith that Columbus carried in America, this is the faith that is announced to you and to us from January to December: "Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day and the same forever."

But, we inherit not only the traditions of your Christian faith; we inherit also the traditions of your civil and political freedom. The great charter of liberty, which Cardinal Langton of Canterbury, and the English barons secured from King John, on the plains of Runnymede, is the basis of our constitutional liberties. We share with you in the fruit of your victories.

We have not only a common heritage of civil and political freedom, but we also speak the same language—the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Pope and Dryden, of Tennyson and Newman. The steady growth of the English-speaking Church, during the last three centuries, is truly gratifying and may be considered phenomenal. At the Council of Trent, held in the sixteenth century, there were present only four bishops who spoke our tongue; one came from England and three from Ireland. Scotland was not represented. The American continent had but recently been discovered, and Australasia was a terra incognita. There are now upwards of two hundred bishops ruling dioceses where English-speaking hierarchy is established in England, Ireland and Scotland, the United States and Canada, the East Indies and Australasia. And should another ecumenical council be held during the present century, there is no doubt that every division of our globe would be largely represented by English-speaking prelates professing the ancient faith, and paying spiritual allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome.

We have not only the same language and literature, but we live under practically the same system of government, you are ruled by a constitutional monarchy, we are ruled by a constitutional republic. The head of our nation is a President; the head of your nation is a King, the son and successor of a queen, whose long and prosperous reign will be ever memorable in the

annals of England, and whose domestic virtues commanded the veneration and love of her subjects, and the admiration of the civilized world. Though the forms of government differ in name, they are the same in their practical results. We both enjoy the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty. Our respective governments hold over us the aegis of their protection without interfering with us in the exercises of our sacred functions.

Daniel Webster, one of America's foremost statesmen, thus spoke of the British empire: "She has dotted over the surface of the globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

"I will add one more link to the chain of hallowed associations between the Catholic Church in England and America. The first Bishop of the United States was consecrated in England by an English prelate. John Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, and the patriarch of the American Church, was consecrated in 1790, in the chapel at Lutworth Castle, Dorsetshire, the elegant seat of Thomas Weld. When the proprietor of Lutworth heard of the appointment of Dr. Carroll, he invited him to be his guest. May the Lord show mercy to those, Thomas Weld, for the hospitality thou didst extend to the infant Church of America in the person of her first Bishop.

The Cardinal sketched the growth of Catholicism in England since the close of the eighteenth century. "At that time," he said, "the spiritual administration of the whole island was confined to four vicars Apostolic. They were aided by about one hundred and twenty priests, scattered up and down the country. The entire Catholic population was estimated at seventy thousand."

"Let us now calmly survey the scene after the din and smoke of battle have passed away, when penal laws are happily abolished and when the scales of prejudice have fallen from the eyes of the English people."

"We see to-day a hierarchy composed of an Archbishop with fifteen suffragans, 3,000 priests, ministering to a Catholic population of one million and a half. "Oh, my brethren of England, what a vast field is open to your zeal and activity. May your missionary sons be endowed with the apostolic spirit of St. Augustine, Wilfred and Patrick. May they be as zealous in conquering souls as British statesmen are in acquiring territory. May they extend the kingdom of Christ wherever England can enlarge her temporal dominion; may they erect a house of prayer wherever they build a fort, and may they determine to plant the cross, the symbol of salvation, side by side with the banner of St. George."

"There is another country across the channel, which has set an example of noble zeal to England and America. At the close of the eighteenth century, many of the noblest clergy of France, driven from their native land by the storm of the French revolution, sought refuge in England, where they were graciously received, and hospitably entertained. And it is well known how they endeared themselves to the British people by their refined manners and gentle Christian deportment, as well as by their apostolic zeal and the edifying example of their private lives. For three centuries after the discovery of the American continent, heroic missionaries from Catholic France were laboring and evangelizing and civilizing the aboriginal tribes of North America, traversing the country always at the risk, and often at the sacrifice of their lives. And, as a result of their labor, there are few Indian tribes to-day in the United States or Canada that do not know or venerate the 'black robes.'"

"If those heroic men accomplished so much when they had no boats but frail canoes; no roads but eternal snows and virgin forests and desert wastes; no compass but the naked eye; no guide save faith and hope and God; how much more will your consecrated sons be able to effect by means of railroads and steamships and other appliances of modern civilization? "Yes, we bless you, O men of Jesus; we bless your inventions and discoveries. We hail you as agents of God; we will impress you into the service of religion and we will say to the Royal Prophet: "Sun and moon, bless the Lord; fire and heat, bless the Lord; lightning and clouds, bless the Lord; all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all forever."

"May this spiritual banquet of the Eucharist of which we partake, increase in our hearts a greater love and devotion for Jesus Christ our Saviour, and for His Vicar upon earth; may it draw us all, Bishops, priests and people more closely in the bonds of Christian fellowship and brotherhood; and may this love-feast be an earnest and foretaste of the heavenly banquet at which we shall reunite with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, to be forever "inbricated with the plenty of God's house, and to drink of the torrent of delights."

St. Thomas says that Heaven means true light, complete satiety, everlasting joy, supreme pleasure, and perfect happiness. God is more than the whole created universe. O happy country, of which the Lamb is the Light, let me long for thee! Yes, my soul, look forward and believe!

Tenderness, united to manly fortitude, speaks at all time affectionate language coupled with dignity.

CARDINAL VANNUTELLI'S ADDRESS AT THE CONGRESS.

The following is a translation of the Latin address delivered by the Papal Legate at the Eucharistic Congress:

How much honored I feel by the most noble mission entrusted to me by the Supreme Head of the Church in the letter you have just heard read, it is not at all necessary for me to say. Let me be allowed, however, to declare that, unworthy as I am, I deem it a great privilege to represent the Holy Father in this imposing gathering where I see, grouped around the most illustrious dignitaries of the Church, the cream not only of the Catholics of England, but of other regions also, and to inaugurate, in the august name of Pius X, the XIX. Eucharistic Congress, in this cathedral whose vaulted roofs are full of memories of the great Cardinal who has deserved so well of the English Church, the predecessor of the present most worthy Archbishop of Westminster, in this cathedral whose stones proclaim the names of those generous souls who by their offerings have left for posterity a striking monument of their piety. But most of all I am rejoiced and encouraged by the words of the Pontiff both when he assures us that the Divine assistance shall not be lacking to our labours, and when he declares that all our work in this Congress is no other scope than the glory of God our Saviour: "You will have with you," he says, "in your counsels, with the abundance of His grace, the Divine Author of the Church, whose glory alone is in question."

Who can fail to see, even already, that this Congress is surrounded by happy auguries which presage the efficacy of the Pontiff's words? To begin with what touches us most closely, we find ourselves in a land supremely hospitable, on which for centuries the hand of God has showered His blessings copiously; which deserved to be called by a great Pontiff not so much the Land of the Angels, as the Land of Angels. And if in the lapse of ages painful differences did arise, the times have been changed for the better—they have been changed into a desire for peace, and now for the first time after centuries the doors of free England are thrown open to a Pontifical Cardinal Legate, they are thrown open to many Princes of the Church and Bishops, and to a distinguished band of priests from various nations. Oh, how wonderful are the ways of Divine Providence in leading us here so benignly! Oh, truly splendid sign of the Divine mercy in gathering here together so wonderfully what had been scattered! A blessing this that impels us to return thanks to the Most High! And thou too, O most noble among the nations, receive our thanks for the loyal and respectful reception we have met with from thee. Let our respectful homage ascend to Him who rules thy destinies with wisdom, let our gratitude go out to Him who protects us and to the same social interests! And O, may our presence here contribute, by the help of God, in some degree, to the attainment of that true Christian peace which is the object of thy aspirations!

And what is to be said of that harmony which unites in one heart and one thought all who have come together in this great and solemn gathering which I would venture to describe as cosmopolitan rather than international? The great metropolis of the British Empire, thanks to its relations and to the wide use of its language, has been able more easily to attract to its bosom the representatives of the whole world, and thus we see assembled here from all parts illustrious members of the laity with distinguished ecclesiastics, Princes of the Church, and great prelates whose virtue and learning make them the honor and the glory of their dioceses. But amid all this variety and multitude we are "one heart and one soul." The same faith unites us and the same aim. We are here to honor Jesus Christ, Founder and Invisible Head of the Church, and in Him we honor its visible Head, His vicar on earth, the Successor of Peter, and the one duty we do not separate from the other. It is this common feeling, this faith and devotion which unites us in harmony. A truly wonderful spectacle this which has its root in the spirit of the Lord, and which will certainly be rewarded by the choicest divine blessings.

But what gives most force to this admirable concert is the paternal interest shown by the Supreme Teacher of the Church who has been constituted by Jesus Christ Himself to be the foundation and the centre of our unity. You have just heard how much he has our Congress at heart, and the very presence among you of a Cardinal Legate sent by him affords further proof and confirmation of this. Oh! May it stimulate us to greater zeal for the attainment of our scope which is to honor the great Sacrament of the Eucharist and promote devotion to it! Nor can I omit to speak here of the Holy Father's great pleasure in the fact that this Congress is to be held in London, not only by reason of the salutary results he expects, but because he has thus been enabled to give another public testimony of his respect and esteem for the most noble British nation. Was it not also to give a token of his affection for his beloved children of England that he received, by a solemn act, released them from the regime of missionary countries, to which they had hitherto been subject, and put them in possession of all the rights and privileges enjoyed by dioceses throughout the Catholic world which are capable of living their own life according to Canon Law? May this affection and interest of the Holy Father give us energy for the works of the Congress and the sure hope of good results.

Under such happy auguries, we proclaim it aloud, the International Eucharistic Congress which is to-day opened in London will be second to none of those that have preceded it in its beneficent results. And O! may it bring back again that Eucharistic past, which was the special characteristic and the honor and glory of the Island of Saints, putting an end to all doubts and differences, drawing all eyes to that one star of faith, to that faith which was once the dearest and most precious treasure of the Bishops, Kings and people of England.

For there is nothing else better adapted to strengthen such union than the august sacrament whose nature was so well defined by the holy Bishop of Hippo, the great Doctor St. Augustine, when he called it: "The Sacrament of Piety, the Sign of Unity, the Bond of Charity." From it emanates true piety, because it is the centre of Christian life, of supernatural life: "My flesh is for the life of the world." It unites us with Jesus Christ and makes us partakers in His divine nature itself: "He who eats My flesh abides in Me, and I in him."

Stimulating the divine charity in us, it joins our hearts together, and associates them all with the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Centre of all hearts, as the sun is, according to some physicists, the centre of the firmament, and it unites us in one body, in that wonderful and ineffable body the Church, the beloved Spouse of Jesus Christ: "Being many we are one body in Christ. All this is contained in the words of the Supreme Pontiff where he says: This, then, is the fount whence the spirit of supernatural life is diffused through the whole body of the Church; this is the bond whereby the members of the same body are brought together most closely; this alone is, as it were, the centre of the faith for all of us."

What fair hopes must be ours, then, when we extol, as we shall do, that most precious gift which Jesus Christ has given His Holy Spouse in the Blessed Eucharist? Let us set to work, therefore, full of confidence in the Divine Bounty. Let our voice be an echo of the faith of our fathers, of those especially, who by their example, by their works, by their labors, and even by their blood have sanctified this chosen land. Do you not already hear that fervid sigh they send forth from their tombs, that to the souls thirst for spiritual life there may be restored the sweet comfort of the Eucharist, and re-established in their beloved country the constant tradition of East and West: that of faith in this great Sacrament? And as we recall the memories of their ancient faith, do you not hear their bones exult with joy and gladness? Who does not know how in the English people, in their universities, their public offices, their magistrature, nothing of importance used ever be undertaken until the different corporations first had gathered around God's altar and publicly invoked the assistance of the Most High to whom the unbloody Sacrifice was offered? And was it not in England that temples dedicated to the God of the Eucharist were built and adorned with truly regal generosity? Was it not in England that even before the celebrated bull of Urban IV, public honors were rendered to the Sacred Host which used to be carried, processionally with great splendour through the streets of its cities? And who but Bishop Lanfranc, the famous conqueror of Berengarius, has left us in writing the rites and regulations observed in these solemn demonstrations? O! may your immortal voices resound again among us, ye Holy Pastors of souls, ye illustrious British Kings, ye strenuous Apostles of those regions, from Augustine to Cuthbert and to Cardinal John Fisher, from Ethelbert to the last Catholic King of the long line! May it be an incentive to their remote posterity, repeating to them the grandeur of the mystery of love contained in the Eucharist, and the wonders of the unbloody sacrifice which ye used either to celebrate or to assist every day with communion even to tears! May that voice be a stimulus to us to gather strength and energy from the Eucharistic table, and proclaim with the holy Doctor Venerable Bede and so many other saints before and after him: "How salutary for all classes of Christians is the daily reception of the Body and Blood of the Lord!"

As for us, be it our grateful task to join together again this chain of tradition, celebrating the precious link of this splendid Congress to those imperishable memories of the past of this great country.

As a pledge of the fruits expected from our work, and a token of the graces which we implore from the Divine Mercy for beloved England and those vast regions of the world under its sway, may the Apostolic Benediction which by the special delegation of the Holy Father and in his august name I have the honor and satisfaction of invoking from God, descend upon you all and upon those who interest themselves in our work.—Rome.

Catholic Brother of Sir Edwin Arnold.

The late George Matthews Arnold, who died last month in his eighty-second year, was a brother of the poet, Sir Edwin Arnold, whose "Light of Asia" made him famous. George Arnold was received into the Catholic Church by Dr. Manning in 1858, and till the day of his death was a zealous worker in every good cause. The esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens is shown by his being elected Mayor of Gravesend eight times. He was solicitor for several large estates in Kent, but found time in the midst of an extensive law practice to make studies in archaeology and erect a museum of Roman antiquities.

MOTHER FILIAUULT.

Mother Filiault, the mother general of the Gray Nuns in Canada, has started from Winnipeg upon a toilsome journey of two thousand miles into the frozen North, to inspect the lonely missions lying along the Mackenzie River. Lacking but one year of the Scriptural three score and ten, the courage and devotion of her willingness are triumphant over the weak and fainting flesh. The journey of this frail old woman almost alone, by dog train and canoe across the uncharted wilderness to the north of Edmonton, appeals to the imagination. Sustained like Hennespin and the Jesuits of old by a fortifying faith in her mission, she faces the rigors and privations of existence in the wild among the silent, smoky Indians. By day she follows the narrow trail through pine barrens, perforated only by the hooves of moose and caribou, and over uplands brown and sere and boulder strewn, and day after day, her little boat goes threading through the lake and river country with no answering hail or meeting ripple from another prow. At night under the cold and brilliant stars of the North, she pillows her white hair upon dead leaves or hemlock, hearing the wind-borne cry of the timber wolf and the nearer noises of small, shy predatory animals among her few poor belongings.

And what is the end and aim of the long and lonely journey, with its starlit vigils, its perils of swollen torrent and swirling rapids and sunken rocks? The tired feet of an old woman in that far country where "the feet of the young men" have rarely trod are bringing to the Gray Nuns at their isolated mission houses, marooned from civilization by the desolate leagues that lie between, not merely the little, old and feeble figure of a woman, clad in "the weeds of a pale votarist," but the inspiring example of her unconquerable soul.

THE PREACHER AND THE FUTURE.

An anonymous writer in Le Gaulois (Paris), strikes an opposite note in a suggestion he makes to the effect that it lies with the present and coming generations of preachers to preserve to the common people the deposit of faith in explaining to their congregations exactly what the conclusions of the scientists amount to, in as far as they pretend to subvert by demonstration the dogmas of the Christian religion.

At the present day, says the writer, quasi-scientists, or publicists who have but a vague notion of the meaning of scientific conclusions, find it to their profit to popularize the technical teachings of the professors of science, in the popular press. It matters little how truly these popularizations represent the exact findings of earnest and thorough-going scientific researches, provided the matter supplied for the common, and often, all-accepting, reader, be such as to engage his interest.

In the majority of cases, such writers are not at all scientifically trained, and it is clear that a just understanding of the conclusions of scientific research is only possible to those who can follow any given thesis or theory from its basis. Far from this being so, the average popular writer has but a vague notion of the real meaning of the verdicts of scientific research.

After perusing in a profane manner a given subject, he forms his own vague conclusions, and presents more often than not, in popular form, his readers, what he thinks to be the truth, not the truth as it is really alleged to be.

In no subject have these quasi-scientific writers failed to grasp the real significance of teachings, so ignominiously in the much-discussed theory of Evolution, the average "popular scientific writer" still maintaining with much solemnity that the "human race is descended from the monkeys"—a theory which was never pronounced by the father of the theory, but is solely the creation of popular ignorance and vivid imaginations.

Catholic writers, says the Gaulois writer, have more than once pointed out that, while the Church has not accepted the conclusions of the Evolutionists, as being on the whole indefinite and incoherent, there could be no reason to object to the assumption that an all-wise Creator, to Whom Time is of no more account than Space, might allow a graduated process in the scheme of the universe, the climax of which should produce the human race, a theory tentatively advanced by the founder of the Order of charity—Rosmini.

The advent of this popular literature has made possible the so-called popular scientist, and he, more than any other, is responsible for the hard materialism which characterizes the tone of thought of the present and rising generations and for the almost ineradicable idea that science must conflict with the notion of a God—a theory which only the most ludicrous ignorance could maintain, in the face of the historical fact that the Church, above all other institutions has ever been the first to welcome the proven and incontrovertible facts of science as being the best and surest proof of the necessary existence of a Supreme Artificer of the Universe.

The greatest luminary that science has produced since the days of Newton, namely, Kelvin, himself assured the world, shortly before his death, that the result of sixty-five years of patient scientific research had led him to one supreme conclusion, namely, that the universe came into being as the result of an intelligent creative act. For all this, the little smatterer in science still glibly talks of pantheism and the all-pervading essence which created at once the infusorian and the elephant and made man a collateral relation of both.

It were well, suggests our writer, that the rising generation of preachers should devote less time to purely speculative philosophy, and go deeper into the truths of really exact science, in order to offset the vapors of the journalistic smatterer. It is, he says, as much an act of justice to the common Catholic mind, as it is to the scientist. If real science, and not quasi-science, were the spokesman for scientific conclusion, it would certainly be found that both it and true religion could be shown to have many more points of contact than ignorant scribblers and prejudiced minds at present allow.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

ARISTOCRATIC NUNS.

The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters, who are nuns, Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite order and Lady Ethelreda is a Sister of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, sister of Lord Denbigh, is another Sister of Charity and spends her days in a convent in Kiu-Kiang which is in China, as its name indicates. Lady Christina Bandina, daughter of our Scotch-Italian peer, Lord Newburgh is a nun in a French convent, and Lady Leopoldine Keppel is a nun of the Sacred Heart, in spite of the fact that she is a sister of a Protestant peer, Lord Albemarle.

Then, Miss Mary and Miss Edith Clifford, sisters of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, are both nuns, as are Miss Cicely Arundell, sister of Lord Arundell, and Miss Leonie Dormer, sister of Lord Dormer. Lord French, who lives in Johannesburg, has two sisters who are nuns; three Misses Petrie, sisters of Lord Petrie are nuns; Lord Herries has no fewer than four sisters who live in convents, and as for Lord Trimbleston, an Irish peer and eighteenth baron, history seems uncertain as to whether four or five of his sisters are nuns, as several of these ladies have not been raised to the rank of baron's daughters. In bygone days there were four sisters of a one-time Lord Camoys who had taken the veil, but most of these ladies are now no more.—Tit-Bits.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Right Rev. Paul Eugene Roy, who has been consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec, Canada, is one of a family of twenty, fifteen of whom are living, and four of whom are priests.

The entire Catholic population of Baltimore will turn out to welcome Cardinal Gibbons home on his return from Europe Oct. 10. In this they will be joined by a large delegation of Washington Catholics, and will be supported by the non-Catholic sentiment of the Cardinal's home city where he is so deeply esteemed by all.

The Catholic population of Holland is about 1,700,000, and of these at least 108,000 are members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family. As an assistant to the directors, the zealous members support a weekly paper, which contains the news of the society and articles calculated to increase the fervor of the members. The circulation is said to be great.

Rev. C. J. Armstrong, a Baptist editor of St. Louis, in a recent article on the status of that city from a church-going standpoint, says that the Catholics of the Missouri metropolis number 350,000, as against 128,985 affiliated with all other churches. This certainly is a splendid showing for the strength of Catholicity in St. Louis.

Charles F. Mathews, of Dallas, Texas, a recent convert to the Catholic Church, a respected resident of Dallas, formerly belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and comes of an old American family. His grandfather was George Mathews, governor of Georgia, a colonel in the Revolutionary war, and a friend of George Washington, the first President of the United States.

The Pope last Sunday received in audience seventy sailors from the American battleships Maine and Alabama, which are at Naples. The Pontiff, who is always interested in seagoing men, expressed pleasure at their smart appearance. Each of the men received from him a medal.

About a year ago a brief newspaper notice chronicled the fact that Prince Carl zu Lowenstein had entered the Dominican monastery of Venlo, on the Dutch frontier. A few weeks ago the newspapers again contained a brief note stating that Brother Raymond, who was Prince zu Lowenstein had been ordained a sub-deacon by Cardinal Fischer of Cologne.

Miss Ida Hitchcock, the accomplished nineteen year old daughter of Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, for ten years principal of the Hitchcock Military Academy of San Rafael, Cal., and an ordained Episcopalian minister, was received into the Church recently at St. Ignatius' Church, San Francisco, Rev. Father Kenner, S. J., officiating. Miss Hitchcock had the full consent of her parents, who, though staunch Episcopalian, wished their daughter to follow the dictates of her conscience.

Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of the diocese of Booria, may continue at the head of the Church in that section in spite of the resignation which was recently forwarded to the Church authorities at Rome. The decision was reached at a meeting of the eleven irremovable priests of the diocese, who were called in conference at the Bishop's residence. These eleven irremovables are the priests who would be called upon to recommend three priests from whom the Pope would select a successor to the Bishop in the event of his resignation being accepted. It was decided to request the Pope not to accept the resignation of Bishop Spalding.

CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer. Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Teller," "The Years Between," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XI. A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

Arthur Gravenor returned to his rooms at the Clarendon with madness in his heart. The insane desire to do Mazie some great injustice preyed upon his mind continually and he fairly exulted over his newly formulated plans to kidnap her little daughter. The debt would then be paid, he argued. But what was to do with the stolen child? The thought gave him no little trouble. Finally he decided to take it back to Kempton with him, and then? He was puzzled, but at this moment he did not give the matter much thought.

Muriel waited long for her brother's footsteps that evening. She could not sleep. Something within seemed to tell her to remain awake. Several times she stole over to Arthur's room and each time she found his bed empty.

Arthur had no sooner entered his room than his sister was again at the door. "At last! at last!" she exclaimed. "I have been worrying all evening about you. Where have you been this long while? The concert is over fully two hours ago."

"Oh, I met an old friend in the garden and we had a long chat renewing old times."

Had Muriel known who the old friend was, she could have accounted more easily for Arthur's silence and his troubled, anxious look.

"Arthur you look so worried and pale," Muriel said much concerned. "Come, tell me what is the matter?"

"Nothing much," he answered wearily, "but I am growing tired of this place and I am anxious to get back to my mill at Kempton. We've been here several weeks and that's long enough, I think."

"What do you mean, Arthur? Do you mean that you care to stay here no longer? Oh, I am so sorry. You were just beginning to gain. Only to-night you looked the picture of health."

"I must get away. Everything seems to haunt me. These old, mean thoughts are back again killing me by inches, I think I would feel better looking after my work at the mill. Really, Muriel, I often feel as if I were going crazy."

"Oh, brother, do not speak so! It hurts me. You do not know how anxious I am to see you get strong. Come! cheer up, for my sake, do!" She spoke, overcome with emotion, as the tears filled her eyes with mist. "You must try to rise above these gloomy thoughts. Remember, Arthur, there's a God in heaven who will be only too willing to give you strength and peace. Go to Him and He will help you in all your troubles."

"Muriel, I am not worthy of His love, for I have murmured against Him almost daily, when I look upon other bright-eyed lives I feel the darkness of mine. Why should God have denied me so much happiness?"

"It was all for a purpose," Muriel answered comfortingly. "God knows best Arthur. So be patient!"

"I would just as leave be dead, Muriel," Arthur continued despairingly. "As to drag out such a miserable existence. But we must get away from this place and that very soon. By the way, Muriel, I am thinking of taking a little child back to Kempton with me. I may adopt one—a sweet little girl. She will help to bring some brightness into Bleur House. What do you think of the plan?"

Arthur thought it best to refer this to the childless Muriel might regard his sudden appearance with a degree of suspicion.

"I think it would be glorious," exclaimed Muriel. "It would be such company for Aunt Hawkins and myself. And you say the little thing is pretty—the sweet dear?"

"Yes, she is very pretty."

"How old is she?"

"I would imagine about three or four."

"By all means adopt her Arthur. How did you happen to hear of her?"

"I met the woman who has taken care of the child since her parents died, one afternoon. She was very poor and begged of me to take the child."

Just then Muriel's eyes stole to the table. The roses which Arthur had bought at the evening concert had been thrown upon it carelessly.

"Where did you get the pretty roses, dear?" she asked quickly as she rose from her chair. "My! Are they not beautiful? Where did you get them?"

"At the evening concert. A woman sold them to me."

"Was it the Rose-Queen?"

Arthur's face colored slightly.

"Yes, my darling," he answered in a trembling voice.

"They say she is very pretty. I have not yet seen her, but I must before I leave the island."

Arthur was just then hoping that she might never see her face. He would take good care, however, that they would leave the island, just as soon as possible. How could he best steal the child? That was the question now troubling his mind.

haunting picture. He tried to sleep, but it was useless. His thoughts would not let him. They were continually battling for the mastery. Presently they led him back to the concert-garden. Again Mazie rose before him, but now her face had the cold look of death upon it. Her cheeks were cheerless, her eyes sunless. She was dead to him forever—dead! dead! Again that haunting soprano voice echoed through his troubled memory.

"Let us forget the graves which lie between our parting and our meeting, and the tears that rusted out the gold work of our years. The frosts that fell upon our gardens green."

"How can I forget?" he moaned in anguish. "God! teach me to forget if such a thing is possible. I am afraid this will drive me mad."

The city clock struck the hour of midnight—twelve, strong, haunting strokes that sounded to Arthur like a death knell. After a few minutes, sleep came to his eyes and his mind enjoyed a rest for an hour or so.

Presently he raised himself in bed like one startled out of a terrible dream. "I thought I heard some one calling," he said to himself.

Slowly and faintly a voice sounded outside: "Help! help!"

Arthur sprang to the window. What appeared like a bundle of rags was moving about on the hard pavement below. A few minutes later he was beside the writhing form.

"What is the matter good woman?" Arthur asked kindly.

The pinched, wax face looked up at him. "I've pain—great pain, sir. Give me whiskey—whiskey! Ugh! it'll kill me! kill me! oh, the pain—the pain!"

Arthur ran to his room for liquor. "Here's some whiskey," he said a minute later, "drink it!"

Gently lifting the woman's head he placed the small glass to her lips.

Half an hour later the woman was herself again. A policeman had in the meantime arrived. Passing on his rounds he had noticed the two people down on the pavement.

"What has happened?" he asked. "The woman was taken sick. I heard her cries for help in my room upstairs so I rushed to her side. She has had some whiskey and feels better now."

The policeman bent over the little woman and at once recognized her face.

"Ah, it's you, Mad Nance. What's the matter?" he asked. "Another attack of colic, I suppose?"

"Yes sir, 'twas a bad one this time," she replied slowly. "I'll be the death of me yet."

The policeman had seen her in many of these attacks before.

"Shall I get the ambulance for her?" Arthur asked kindly as she rose to her feet.

"Don't bother, she answered. "The pain's over now and I'm just as good as ever. So good-night, gentlemen—and thank you!"

Slowly she stumbled along the smooth pavement on her homeward journey. When she was gone Arthur asked:

"Who is this strange woman?"

"That is Mad Nance. Nance Drowler is her right name. I have often seen her in these attacks."

"But what is she doing out at this late hour?"

"I hardly know, but's for no good purpose. Mad Nance is one of the worst characters we have on the island. She is said to have been the instigator of several crimes, but the hands of the law have never been able to reach her. She is as sly and cunning as a fox and has outwitted many a detective. Every body knows Mad Nance. She is very peculiar. Some even think she is half insane. Hence they've called her Mad Nance. But do you know she has brains enough left yet to fool us all. And she has done it these many years too."

At that moment an idea came to Gravenor's mind. Mad Nance was the sort of person he was looking for. The wretch would in all probability help him to steal that child from the Lescot cottage. An offer of gold would possibly be tempting bait for the old hag. He determined to find out just where the woman lived.

"She looked like a strange woman to me," Gravenor remarked. "There were so many hard lines on her starved, wrinkled face."

"That woman will do anything for money, they say," the policeman continued. "It is rumored she has plenty of it even though she is clad so miserably."

"Has she lived here long?"

"Almost all her life."

"Do you think, sick as she was, she will reach her destination to-night?"

"Yes, she has done so repeatedly. Besides, it is not very far. Her house stands on the outskirts of the city—past Hortley and Lancaster Road. It is the only house at that particular spot."

CHAPTER XII. MAD NANCE.

Arthur lay upon his bed tossing about nervously. The city clock struck the hour of 2, and sleep was still afar off. The sound of the chimes pierced his heart. Like a frightened being he jumped from his bed and strode to the window. All the brightness of moonlight had vanished. Dark, ominous clouds were filling the sky.

"Past Hortley and Lancaster Road," he spoke to himself. "How would it be to visit Mad Nance now under cover of darkness and arrange the plot? No one would see me. The city seems quite dark. The sky is growing blacker and it will take hours before the moon appears. I shall get ready and—"

Just then there were sounds of footsteps in the hall.

"I am sure it is Muriel," he whispered, "coming to see whether I am fast asleep." Hurriedly he jumped into his bed, pulled the coverlet over him, closed his eyes and simulated sleep.

Then the door opened and Muriel glided in noiselessly, a lighted candle in her hand, and approached the bed.

"He is sleeping—thank God! poor boy!"

Slowly and silently she left the room and closed the door behind her.

When she was gone Arthur rose from his bed. His sister's kindly solicitude touched him deeply.

"Poor Muriel, dear child!" he cried. "I am so wicked and you are so good. Oh, you are not for this world." A few tears came to his eyes, but he brushed them away quickly.

A half hour later he was hurrying through the streets in the darkness in the direction of Mad Nance's rendezvous. On his way he passed Piccadilly street. A light at the far corner made it very bright. He halted for a moment. Yes, there stood Mazie's cottage. A light shone in the window. What did it all mean? His heart almost stood still. Something urged him to steal up to the window. He did so cautiously, and raising himself on tip-toe, looked in.

To his surprise, he saw two women engaged in earnest conversation. In a moment he started out of a terrible dream. "I thought I heard some one calling," he said to himself.

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"Has she lived here long?"

"Almost all her life."

"Do you think, sick as she was, she will reach her destination to-night?"

"So you came here for a night's lodging?" she said suspiciously. "It seems strange that such a well-dressed man as you should care to stay over night in such a hole as this. Besides—"

"Never mind, Nance," Arthur interrupted. "You see I know your name—that was only an invention of mine to get into the house. I shall tell you now what brings me here. Remember, I do not come to do you harm. I come to give you a chance of earning some money."

Mad Nance's face brightened and a smile came to her eyes. "Really!" she exclaimed. "I love money. It's my god!" She wrinkled her face for a moment and her bad teeth showed conspicuously. Then she fell into a fit of coughing. Arthur was afraid that it might prostrate her. It seemed to shake every bone of her body.

"I would not wish this cough to the devil," she gasped. "It will flatten me out one of these days. But what's the difference? Then Mad Nance's sufferings will be over. Tell me what brings you here, man!" she cried. "Speak up!" She rose from her chair and walked up and down the room.

"I want you to do something—to steal something for me. I shall pay you well for it."

"Steal something? Steal what?" she asked eagerly, standing still for a moment.

"I want you to steal a child. Now don't get nervous. It can be managed easily. Will you do it?"

"What'll the job bring me?"

"Two hundred dollars!"

"Two hundred dollars!" she cried lustily. "Say that'll pay for our whiskey bills, Mag, old girl, eh?"

"Bet your life, Nance," echoed Mag's voice from an adjoining room. "Mag was her intimate friend, her sister in crime and degradation."

"Where does the child stay?" queried Nance.

"At 78 Piccadilly—Mrs. Lescot's cottage."

"Ah yes, I know the place. Lescot? Lescot? Then it is the Rose-Queen's child."

"Yes, that's the woman."

"Why do you seek to ruin the Rose-Queen? She is so beautiful and harmless."

"That is no concern of yours," Arthur interrupted. "Do you want to earn the money? This question requires your answer, Nance."

"Certainly, I do."

Again the cold, hardened face wrinkled into smiles.

"Well, stranger," she continued, "how shall I go about all this? Remember I am a poor-looking specimen of humanity but I'm not one of the kind that fears the gallows or the prison, sir."

The proffered two hundred was tempting bait for Mad Nance who had neither heart nor conscience. She had nibbled too often at the golden hook of crime to fear capture now.

"Don't think hard of me," she muttered. "Nance Drowler was a decent woman at one time, but Mag Snell and a few other black souls pulled her on to the road of perdition."

"You lie, Nance," shrieked Mag, "you lie! It was whiskey that did it—'hot, burning whiskey.'"

In the meantime Mad Nance, tired of walking, seated herself in her chair and held her head in her hand.

"How am I to manage this?" she asked again, a troubled look in her wild, demoniac eyes.

"Listen! Gravenor answered drawing closer. "To-morrow night the Rose-Queen will not be at home. She is going to spend the night nursing a sick man—the husband of an old friend of hers. A little girl—a deaf-mute and daughter of the sick man—is going to remain over night with the two children until the Rose-Queen returns in the morning. So you see there will be no obstacle, but you had better disguise yourself."

"That will be an easy matter. I have plenty of material here that has helped me to overcome greater difficulties. You said there were two children, the woman repeated slowly. "Which one shall I steal?"

"The little girl. Her bed stands in the corner of the room. You can make no mistake. The deaf-mute will likely be soundly asleep. You can enter the Lescot house through the kitchen window. I noticed it was open but an hour ago when I passed. When the child is in your arms hurry to the bend in the river where the white boathouse stands. I shall be waiting there for you and the child. Now this is all I ask you to do. Will you promise to keep all this a secret? One word from you would cost both of our lives."

"I promise! I promise!" the old wretch whispered faintly.

"I may trust you then," Gravenor said, his lips trembling visibly.

"Trust me, man?" she spoke angrily. "Why, certainly, that's what you are paying me for. My lips will be forever sealed. Depend upon it!"

"I'll be there with the prize," she answered joyfully. "You can depend upon me. Nance Drowler will not be found wanting when the proper time arrives. I swear—I swear it!"

And with these words ringing in his ears Gravenor left that house of sin, his troubled face turned towards the morning which still lingered babe-like in the night's tender, soothing mother-arms.

TO BE CONTINUED. TALE OF THE TRAGEDY OF MASSACRE ISLAND.

INTENSELY INTERESTING HISTORY OF A BLOODY INDIAN OUTRAGE AND THE LONG PERSISTENT SEARCH FOR THE REMAINS OF THE VICTIMS WHICH WAS FINALLY CROWNED WITH SUCCESS A FEW WEEKS AGO.

Winnipeg Free Press.

On Friday, Aug. 14, 1908, the Free Press gave to the world the story of the remarkable and historic discovery made by the Jesuit fathers of St. Boniface college, assisted by Father Bellevue, of the Palace and Judge Prud'homme, on the south side of the north-west angle inlet of the Lake of the Woods. This discovery consisted in the finding, after the lapse of one hundred and seventy-two years, of the mortal remains of Father Aulneau, Jean Baptiste de la Verendrye, and the French Canadian voyageurs, all of whom were brutally murdered by Sioux Indians on June 8, 1736, on an island in the Lake of the Woods. Owing to the sparsely populated condition of the western country no attempts to locate these remains were made for over a century and a half. Little was known of the massacre and it seemed as if the lonely tragedy of the lake would keep its secret for all time. Equally unknown was the site of Fort St. Charles, built by Sieur de la Verendrye in 1732. It was to this fort that Verendrye in 1736 transferred the remains of the massacred party and gave to same a religious burial.

On July 16 last an exploration party consisting of Father Dugas, rector of St. Boniface college, Fathers Blain, Paquin, Leclair, Filion, Leveille and Dugre, and lay brothers Gervais and Paquin discovered the site of Fort St. Charles. On Aug. 7, a subsequent party consisting of Fathers Blain, Paquin, Bisson and Bellevue, lay brothers Gervais and Gauthier and Judge Prud'homme, discovered three skulls on the site of Fort St. Charles. On Aug. 8, sixteen more skulls were dug out and one complete skeleton. On Aug. 10, two more skeletons were unearthed. On Aug. 11, a further two skeletons were discovered. The nineteen skulls are beyond the shadow of a doubt those of the murdered voyageurs, while two of the skeletons are certainly those of Father Aulneau and Jean de la Verendrye, the eldest son of the great French explorer.

"I BUILT FORT ST. CHARLES."

To appreciate fully the remarkable discovery made during July and August last by the St. Boniface priests it is necessary to recall a little Canadian history. On June 8, 1731, Pierre Gaultier de Verendrye, Sieur de la Verendrye, left Montreal for western Canada, accompanied by some fifty French-Canadian voyageurs. En route Father Messiaiger, a Jesuit priest, joined the expedition as chaplain and almoner. Wintering himself at Kaminitiquia, Verendrye sent his nephew, Christophe de la Jemmeraye, on to Rainy Lake to establish a post there. Leaving Kaminitiquia on June 8, 1732, Verendrye rejoined his nephew on July 14 of the same year at the post on Rainy Lake whither a large number of Indians had come for purposes of trade. After the customary exchange of presents, Verendrye descended Rainy River and entered the Lake of the Woods with a flotilla of fifty canoes. On the western side of the lake he built a fort to which he gave the name of St. Charles. For nearly two hundred years the only clue to the whereabouts of Fort St. Charles was contained in the simple statement of Verendrye: "I built Fort St. Charles in a bay west of the Lake of the Woods."

This was rather indefinite seeing that the Lake of the Woods contains some thirteen thousand islands and innumerable inlets. It is true that Verendrye left some maps and some records of his explorations. The former, however, were extremely crude and inaccurate, while the latter have only recently become accessible to the Roman Catholic Church. Verendrye wrote in his memoirs that the bodies of the martyrs were found on an island seven leagues from the fort. A French league is 2.42 miles, on this basis the distance between the fort and the island of the massacre greatly puzzled many of the recent exploring parties. It may be mentioned, en passant, that Verendrye's memoirs are preserved in the archives of the French government. Last year the St. Boniface priests received a copy of the most interesting part of them made by Prof. Leau, of the Roman Catholic institute, Paris.

VERENDRYE ON THE RED RIVER.

In the spring of 1733 Verendrye sent back his canoes to the east with the furs received during the winter, giving his men orders, the same time, to return with fresh supplies of merchandise. Father Messiaiger, who had been taken ill, returned with the voyageurs to Montreal. In the meantime Verendrye, accompanied by his eldest son, pushed on as far as Lake Winnipeg, where they established a trading post. Then, ascending the Red River fifteen miles, they established a small trading fort and afterwards returned to Fort St. Charles. During the autumn of 1734 Verendrye sent his eldest son to found a trading post on the Winnipeg river as the Cree were asking for this. The fort was called Fort Maurepas. Having accomplished all that he had set out to achieve Verendrye returned to Montreal in the spring of 1734. Arrived back he tried to put his affairs in order, but instead of having realized the large profits anticipated by the French court he was in debt to the extent of 43,000 livres. In the hope of doing further business with the Indians and of paying his creditors with the profits of same, he succeeded after much trouble in securing the necessary merchandise and on June 21, 1735, he again left for the west.

A DIET OF TAINTED PIKE.

After a voyage of four months Verendrye found himself at Fort St. Charles, accompanied this time by Father Aulneau, a Jesuit missionary. Verendrye wintered at Fort St. Charles, his sons and his nephew trading with the Indian at the different posts which had been established. Father Aulneau was a particularly promising young priest. In the east he had already acquired considerable fame as a linguist and had mastered, amongst other things, several Indian languages. He believed he could easily acquire the Cree tongue, and this he did. During the winter of 1735-6 he even composed a Cree grammar. Late in the spring of 1736 the supplies of the party at Fort St. Charles ran out and, according to Father Aulneau, they were almost reduced to a diet of tainted pike. The Indians brought in little or no game that year, and in fine there was much suffering. At length Verendrye decided to send some of his men to Michilimackinac (now Mackinac Island, Mich.) in order to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. Father Aulneau, whose original intention had been to go farther west, asked Verendrye if he might join the expedition, as he was anxious to see a fellow missionary who was then at the head of the lakes. Verendrye granted the request, but Father Aulneau asked further that Verendrye's son, Jean Baptiste de la Verendrye, who was then twenty-two years of age, should lead the expedition. The second request was made as Father Aulneau was anxious that the expedition should be in good hands and the young Jean Baptiste had already given promise of following in the footsteps of his adventurous father. The latter granted both the requests of the missionary and on June 3, 1736, the party set out for the head of the lakes.

MURDERED BY THE SIOUX.

Fort St. Charles was in the country of the Crees and between them and the Sioux a guerrilla warfare had been proceeding for some time back. As far as possible the French voyageurs had striven to remain neutral and above all they had taken care not to show themselves as partisans of the Crees. It must be assumed, however, that the Sioux suspected the French of having aided to a greater or less extent with the Crees and one of the last words of the elder Verendrye to his son was an admonition to avoid the Sioux. But as fate would have it they fell in with a party of these cruel and treacherous Indians almost immediately after starting and on June 6, 1736, on an island in the Lake of the Woods, the expedition, consisting of Father Aulneau, Jean Baptiste de la Verendrye and nineteen French Canadian voyageurs, were murdered to the last man. No echo of the terrible tragedy reached the ears of the elder Verendrye until June 20, 1736, when a party of voyageurs returning to Fort St. Charles from Michilimackinac announced that at the latter place notice had been heard of the party in charge of the young Verendrye.

Verendrye immediately fitted out a canoe to search for the scene of the tragedy, placing Sergeant Le Gros in charge of the expedition. At first the search was fruitless, but on the way back to the fort some of the bodies were found on an island, which was believed to have been the site of the massacre, and was named Massacre Island. All the bodies found had been beheaded. Father Aulneau's body was found resting upon one knee. There was an arrow in his side and a gaping wound in his breast. His left hand rested on the ground and the other was raised aloft. The body of the younger Verendrye was stretched on the ground, face downwards. His back was hacked with a knife and there was a deep wound in his loins. The headless trunk was docketed out with garters and bracelets and porcupine quill. Many of the heads were found pierced with arrows and in addition most of them had been scalped. The Sioux had placed the bodies upon beaver skins in the form of a circle.

It was necessary to bury the remains at once and they were all interred in a single hole. After burying the remains Sergeant Le Gros returned to the fort and brought the news of the massacre to those that had remained there. The Cree Indians were greatly exercised at the terrible news and they immediately proposed to avenge the Sioux treachery. Verendrye, however, had received strict orders from Beauharnois, governor of New France, to avoid all hostilities with the Indians. He, therefore, remained quietly at Fort St. Charles until Sept. 17 of the same year. He then sent six voyageurs to Massacre Island and had the remains of his son, Father Aulneau and the murdered voyageurs removed from their first resting place to Fort St. Charles. There they were re-buried on Sept. 18, 1736 beneath the chapel with solemn rites.

THE VENDEE LETTERS.

Fort St. Charles was abandoned in 1750, a few years before the last warfare between France and England. As the years rolled on all physical traces of it, or at any rate superficial ones, vanished completely and when interest in the massacre and its amenities was re-awakened, nothing whatever of the site of the tragedy or of the fort could be identified. It is true that on some old maps one of the islands on the American side was marked "Massacre Island," but a mark of interrogation was placed after these words. In 1889, however, a great discovery was made and one which has aided materially in the recent discovery. Two French Jesuit priests were preaching in a village of the Vendee and during their stay there some letters were handed to them by a descendant of Father Aulneau's family to whom they had been bequeathed by Father Aulneau himself. Other letters were also given to the priests written by Canadian missionaries and relating the facts of the massacre. With one of these letters had been sent a skull cap which had been worn by Father Aulneau at the time of the massacre and had been subsequently brought back from the Sioux. All these letters are now in the archives of St. Mary's college, Montreal, under the care of Father Jones. In 1893 Father Jones published a short life of Father Aulneau which contained an English translation of the letters above-mentioned.

BEGINNING OF THE SEARCH.
 In the summer of 1890 the Jesuit priests of St. Boniface college were spending their holidays, as was their wont, at Keewatin and their interest in the massacre of 1736 having been stirred up by the news of the Vendee letters, they chartered Capt. Short's boat, the "Catherine S," for an exploration of the region of the massacre. Father Blain took part in this expedition and he also been a member of every subsequent one. His labors in the work of finding the remains have been tireless. The priests asked Capt. Lavardiere, who was in command of the boat, to take them to Massacre Island. Lavardiere, however, stopped seven or eight miles before reaching what had been commonly regarded as Massacre Island, and pointing to a small island he said: "There is Massacre Island." The priests at once asked Lavardiere how he knew that it was Massacre Island. He replied that among the Indians of the district there existed a universal tradition that upon the island he had indicated a massacre had taken place. In consequence of the same island was never visited by the Indians. Although there were some 13,000 islands in the lake this particular one was well known to the Indians and they looked upon it as carrying a curse. The priests landed, made a cross of trees at the summit of the island and wrote upon it: "Pere Aulneau, S. J., massacre par les Sioux, 1736."

ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN'S EXPEDITION.
 Nothing further took place until 1902, when Archbishop Langevin organized a pilgrimage to Massacre Island, comprising besides His Grace, Fathers Blain, Thibault, Gendreau and Cahill, Judge Prud'homme and T. St. Pierre. They took along with them a native Indian chief named Powassin, who lived at the bottom of the north-west angle inlet. They asked Powassin about the tradition of Massacre Island and the chief confirmed the statement of Capt. Lavardiere that the Indians regarded the island with awe and believed that a curse rested upon it. They then asked Powassin if he remembered hearing, when a child, of any French settlement in the district. Powassin replied that he remembered seeing the remains of an old chimney on the northern shore of the north-west angle inlet. This statement puzzled the priests greatly for there appeared to be nothing at all on the stretch indicated. However digging operations were begun and after much labor Father Blain did actually find some cinders and then the remains of an old chimney, one and a half feet below the surface of the ground.

Whilst the fathers were at work on this spot they had an opportunity to interview the chief of the reserve, Andagimigowini (in Indian The Man Who Goes Quickly Upon the Water) and they asked him his opinion of the chimney. The chief stated emphatically that the chimney was built by the French and not by either the Hudson's Bay company or the North-west company. Asked if he himself remembered any remains of French settlements in those parts the chief replied that he remembered having seen a chimney on the spot where the fathers had dug around the cinders and the chimney base and also two other chimneys a quarter of a mile further west, also three chimneys on the other side of the inlet, i. e., on the south side of same, at the bottom of a small bay full of firs and poplar trees. The testimony of Chief Andagimigowini was taken down by Judge Prud'homme and as has been seen, it assisted materially in the ultimate discovery of the remains. Before the expedition returned some of its members took a canoe and explored the southern side of the inlet, but the only places found where a landing was possible were rocky and unsuitable for a fort. The explorers were therefore discouraged and came to the hasty conclusion that Fort St. Charles could not be on the south side of the inlet. Assuming this, they planted a cross near the chimney that had been found on the north side of the inlet and inscribed thereon, "Fort St. Charles, built 1732, found 1902."

On the return journey to St. Boniface the members of the expedition founded a society and named it: "The Historical Society of St. Boniface." Archbishop Langevin was unanimously elected president and Judge Prud'homme secretary.

FAILURE OF EXPEDITION OF 1905.
 In 1905 another excursion was organized to the Massacre Island district for the purpose of continuing the work begun in 1902. It was felt that if the spot where the base of a chimney had been found was really the site of Fort St. Charles it would be possible to dig out the skulls of the nine murdered voyageurs and the skeletons of Father Aulneau and the younger Vendrye. After working for four or five days the expedition returned without finding any traces of further remains. A channel was built, however, and in this place His Grace said Mass.

HOPE REVIVED IN 1907.
 In 1907, in the month of August, Archbishop Langevin organized another exploration party to the Lake of the Woods and led the expedition in person. Father Bellevue and Judge Prud'homme, who had taken part in former expeditions, were again members of the party. They went again to the spot where a chimney base had been unearthed in 1902 and a cross erected. Their intention was to try and discover the wooden posts with which, according to Vendrye's memoirs, Fort St. Charles had been surrounded. Vendrye wrote that the posts were 15 feet high and they encircled the fort. In spite of a good deal of arduous toil no traces of posts were revealed and the members of the expedition were obliged to come to the conclusion that they were not on the site of the fort, for at a depth of 2 feet they came to solid rock wherever they dug. They were naturally very much disappointed. The old chief, Andagimigowini was a daily visitor and appeared to take great interest in the digging. On the day the expedition was leaving Andagimigowini told the members that he had something further to say to them. He then took them about a quarter of a mile west of where they had been digging and told them that there they would find another chimney. Digging was at once commenced and a second was actually found.

It was also noticed that all around the ground was very deep. Nothing further, however, was done that year, but the members of the expedition firmly believed this second chimney represented the site of Fort St. Charles and they felt confident that the following year would bring with it a complete discovery. Rogers Goulet was a member of the expedition of 1907.

SUCCESS AT LAST.
 The complete success of the expedition of 1908 is now a portion of Canadian history. Mention should, however, be made of the valuable help rendered by Judge Prud'homme, secretary of the Historical Society of St. Boniface. During the winter of 1907-8 his honor made inquiries at both Ottawa and Paris with regard to records bearing on the erection of Fort St. Charles. Through Professor Lead, of the Catholic Institute, Paris, some very valuable documents were obtained, amongst them a map of the Lake of the Woods, made by Vendrye. It was, indeed, very rough and inaccurate, but on it Fort St. Charles was marked as being on the south side of the north-west angle inlet. Another map, made by a Frenchman in 1737, was obtained from Ottawa and here again Fort St. Charles was marked on the southern side of the inlet. The remarkable way in which the fathers were ultimately led to excavate on the south side through an accident to Father Paquin, has already been related in the Free Press.

STRIKING LOURDES MIRACLES.
 "NOT A CURE, BUT A RESURRECTION," SAID DR. BOISSAIRE.

The most recent cure recorded at Lourdes, can, writes the Paris correspondent of the Irish Catholic, only be described as one of the most remarkable of which the famous shrine of the Immaculate had been the scene, and as signaling in a most marked way its golden jubilee. The subject of the cure was one Ernestine Guilloiteau, of St. Denis en Gâtine, Diocese of Poitiers. The poor sufferer was not known at Lourdes, having acted for five years as infirmarian to the sick visitors to the shrine. The malady that reduced her almost to the condition of a corpse was tuberculous peritonitis, which finally infected her whole frame. Despite medical care, her condition became such that she lost almost two-thirds of her weight, and was reduced absolutely to skin and bone—a just-breathing skeleton. Still under twenty-four years of age, she found her case pronounced hopeless by seven doctors, and so she resigned herself to the generous sacrifice of her life. But a voice within called her to put her trust in Mary Immaculate, and to betake herself to her shrine. Her relatives and friends urged the absolute impossibility of one in her condition being transported thither. The more their objections grew, the stronger was heard by her the inward appeal. Her condition was so desperate that, to aid her to die without too much suffering, twelve centigrams of morphine were administered to her daily.

At last she carried her point, and accompanied by her mother, arrived on August 24 at the grotto, and according to an eye-witness, never did a more perfect spectre appear on the banks of the Gane. When the procession of the 27th arrived on the esplanade she could not hear what was going on about her. The night was passed at the Hospital of the Seven Dolours, where a mirror was placed before her, so that she might see if she still breathed. On the 28th the medical authorities forbade her being brought to the grotto on account of her moribund state, but she refused to receive Holy Communion in the hospital, demanding that the administration of the Most Holy Sacrament to her should take place in the grotto. At 9 o'clock when the ciborium for Eucharistic Communion was being borne by the Bishop of Bayonne from the grotto to the Basilica of the Rosary, she heard the well-known voice within her bidding her "Arise!" And suddenly the living skeleton came forth from its winding sheet. She sat up, and then followed after the God Who had thus called her back to life. The greatest miracle of the golden jubilee was indescribable.

The succeeding scene is indescribable. Returning, accompanied by a marvelously hungry, she was given soup, which she partook of with appetite. Then she consumed three eggs; next a little champagne. The digestive organs had resumed their functional activities, and there was no abdominal pain whatever; but there still remained, as it were, the marks of Death's claws imprinted on her visage. After the procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening, when the skeleton of Ernestine appeared at the Bureau of Evidence, where the doctors and five French, Belgian and Italian Bishops waited her, Dr. Boissaire, usually so reserved, was not afraid to sum up in these words the situation: "My lords, it is not a cure I present to you—it is a resurrection."

ANOTHER MINISTER CONVERT.

REV. H. A. YOST, FORMERLY AN EPISCOPALIAN, RECEIVED AT THE EPIPHANY.

Rev. Henry Allen Yost, who was at one time minister in charge of St. Timothy's Protestant Episcopal Church, Roxborough, was on Tuesday received into the one true fold. The ceremony took place in the Church of the Epiphany. Rev. Alvah W. Doran, who, before his conversion had been a curate at St. Clement's Episcopal Church, officiated. Mr. Yost was accompanied by his cousin, Mrs. Cora A. Heine, and her nine-year-old daughter, Maude, both of whom were also received into the Church.

Mr. Yost declared that his step had been taken after much study and prayer. The "open pulpit canon," adopted at the last biennial Episcopal Convention in Richmond, was not responsible for his action. It merely served to strengthen his conviction that the Catholic Church alone is the true Church of Christ.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

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GREAT MASS AND THE MASS.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's statement, in the latest Dublin Review, concerning the late Richard Holt Hutton, for many years editor of the Spectator, that: "He might be seen at Mass, Sunday by Sunday, at Twickenham, during the last decade of his life; but he never could believe the Church to be more than a communion, with special spiritual gifts indeed, but advancing claims which were in the light of modern thought and criticism, untenable," reminds us of how a still greater Englishman of letters discovered to his surprise that he had known nothing of the Mass. On October 28, 1838, it would seem, Macaulay was present at Mass for the first time, for on that day he wrote in his Journal that he had visited a church in Lyons: "The Mass was nearly over. I stayed to the end, wondering that so many reasonable beings should come together to see a man bow, drink, bow again, wipe a cup, wrap up a napkin, spread his arms, and genuflect with hands; and to hear a low muttering, which they could not understand, interrupted by the occasional jingling of a bell." And this was the omniscient Edinburgh reviewer, who had read the Fathers of the Church during his stay in India, and who could discuss Transubstantiation and conclude that it was "not possible to believe in it, since Sir Thomas More did so." A few days later he was in Florence, and under date of November 7, he writes in his Journal: "While walking about the town, I picked up a little Mass-book, and read for the first time in my life—strange, and almost disgraceful that it should be so—the service of Mass from beginning to end. I intend to frequent the Romish worship till I come thoroughly to understand this ceremonial." Two days later, he writes: "Went to Dante's 'bel San Giovanni' and heard Mass there. Then to another church and heard another Mass. I begin to follow the service as well as the body of the hearers; which is not saying much."

Elsewhere in the same diary he speaks of "snatching a Mass," but we have no evidence that this occasional attendance made any lasting impression upon him. He was not a spiritual-minded man, much less than Augustine Birrell, who nevertheless does not seem to be any nearer the light to-day than when he wrote a dozen years ago: "Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one Divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man."

It is doubtful whether any poor sinful child of Adam (not being a paid agent of the Protestant Alliance) ever witnessed, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveller, the Communion Service according to the Roman Catholic ritual without emotion. It is the Mass, the matter; it is the Mass that makes the difference, so subtle is it, yet so perceptible, between a Catholic country and a Protestant one, between Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer.

IN ENGLAND.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS AND THE REFORMATION.

Extracts from a paper read before the Eucharistic Congress by the Right Rev. Mgr. J. Canon Moyes.

The Catholic Sacrificium was inseparably bound up with Catholic Sacerdotium, and the English "Reformation" pursued its enemy, the Sacrament, from the Missal into its source in the Pontifical, which gave to the Church a sacrificing priesthood. Hence Cranmer promptly followed up the introduction of a new Prayer Book by that of a new Ordinal. While maintaining the distinction of the three Orders of Bishops, priests and deacons, in the sense of which he and his fellow revisers believed them to come down from the apostles, he removed from the ordination services all that expressed or implied the conveyance of sacerdotal powers, or the idea that those who were ordained were in any sense sacrificing priests empowered to offer a sacrifice upon the altar. In the ordination service of the Catholic Church there are no less than sixteen different parts in which the sacerdotium or sacerdotal character is clearly expressed in the new ordinal. Thus taking the ordinal with its natural accompaniment, the Communion service, corresponding to the missal and pontifical which they replaced, there are forty distinct cases of deliberate suppression of anything which would indicate a sacrifice of the Mass or of a sacerdotal priesthood empowered to offer it.

It has been sometimes pleaded in these latter days that this suppression was directed not so much against the sacrificial idea as against theological exaggerations or abuses connected with it, and that the main object of these liturgical changes was the simplification of the services and their translation into the vernacular. To that it is enough to observe that if the authors of the prayer-book and ordinal believed in the sacrifice of the Mass and the sacrificing priesthood, nothing in the world would have been easier for them than to have said so. There was absolutely nothing to prevent their shortening and simplifying and translating the ancient services and still expressing the sacrificial and sacerdotal idea. A single sentence in each book would have sufficed for the purpose. Moreover, had the "Reformers" been striking at mere abuses or exaggerations, it is a matter of common sense that in that case they

would have been all the more careful to safeguard the true use, and the sacrificial doctrine, as marked off from the abuse, and the necessity for such safeguarding would have been all the more imperative as they saw that the whole sacrificial idea was being utterly denied and denounced in France and Germany and by the reforming party in England. More than three hundred and fifty years have rolled by. The blood of our martyrs has borne its fruit, and the loyalty and prayers, and the suffering of our faithful people under God's good providence have won their reward. The natural sense of goodness and fair play, of justice and liberty inherent in the English people, has gradually righted itself. The penal laws have passed away like a nightmare, and have become a memory of shame to those who made them. Under the British flag wherever it waves throughout the world, is found a freedom for the Catholic Church and for the Mass, which is second to none in Christendom. Throughout this realm of England there is hardly a town of any importance where the Catholic altar has not been raised, and where the Mass is not being offered. Under the shadow of Tyburn itself, on the very spot where our martyrs mounted the ladder that reached to heaven, the Mass is not only said, but the Most Blessed Sacrament is adored perpetually.

We have lived to see a Legate from the See of Peter enter in state within our Cathedral and sing the High Mass upon its solid stone altar, surrounded by the episcopate of England and so many of our fellow Catholics from abroad who have come to share in our joy, and by multitudes of the clergy and faithful of this land, hardly less numerous, and certainly not less loyal than any of those who gathered around the Papal Legates in the days of old, when they sang the Mass at the high altar in the Cathedral of Canterbury. Little marvel if on such a day we know and feel that we have reached an annus mirabilis in the history, and a glorious landmark in the progress of the Church of England. We read in it the growing fulfillment of the well-known words of sacred prophecy: "In that day, I will raise up the Tabernacle of David that is fallen; and I will build up the breaches in the walls thereof, and repair what was fallen, and I will rebuild it as in the days of old." (Amos, ix., 11).

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FATHER RYAN'S ACCOUNT OF HOW IT CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

Father Abram Ryan, who wrote that undying poem, "The Conquered Banner," was an intense sympathizer with the South during the Civil War. He was also a chaplain in the Confederate army. The following is the story told by Father Ryan himself to a friend of how the "Conquered Banner" was written: "When written I did not think the 'Conquered Banner' a great poem, but a poor woman who had not much education, but whose heart was filled with love for the South, thought so, and if it had not been for her this poem would have been swept out of the house and burned up, and I should never have had this true story to tell. "I was in Knoxville when the news came that General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Court House. It was night, and I was sitting in my room in a house where many of the regiment of which I was chaplain were quartered when an old comrade came in and said to me: 'All is lost; General Lee has surrendered.' I looked at him. I knew how true, I simply said: 'Leave me,' and he went out of the room. I bowed my head upon the table and wept long and bitterly. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. I could not control them. That banner was conquered; its folds must be furled but its story had to be told. "We were very poor in the days of the war. I looked around for a piece of paper to give expression to the thoughts that tried out within me. All that I could find was a piece of brown wrapping paper that lay on the table about an old pair of shoes that a friend had sent me. I seized this piece of paper and wrote the 'Conquered Banner.' Then I went to bed, leaving the lines there upon the table. The next morning our regiment was ordered away and

Scotland and the Jesuits. Father Macluskay, S. J., referring to St. Joseph's, Glasgow, to the people who said that Scotland was honey-combed with Jesuits, as "three men of abysmal ignorance, to whom even a mere passing mention from a pulpit is a supreme honour," added, parenthetically, that of the four-and-a-half millions of people in Scotland there were about thirty Jesuits. He could wish that Scotland were honey-combed with Jesuits; if there were only 3,000 Jesuits in the country, or even 300, Scotland would ere long be a gain Catholic as it was in the old days.

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I thought no more of the lines written in such sorrow and desolation of spirit on that fateful night. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to see them appear above my name in a Louisville paper. The poor woman who kept the house in Knoxville had gone, as she afterward told me, into the room to throw the pieces of paper into the fire, when she saw that there was something written upon it. She said that she sat down and cried, and copying the lines she sent them to a newspaper in Louisville. And that was how the "Conquered Banner" got into print."



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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability.

NATIONALISM IN CHURCH.

There is not in a young country much danger of nationalism directly affecting the Church. The spirit which fostered Gallicanism in France or later in Germany made war upon Catholicism as an open enemy of the State is hardly known upon this side of the Atlantic.

and again proposing one or other idea which indicates an undesirable friction. The same difficulty is found between all mixed races. Considering that vocations are not plentiful, that these problems have an economical side, that divisions really weaken the whole body, we for these and many other reasons regret misunderstandings which, arising from differences of language and temperament, gather intensity and terminate at times with uncharitable and un-Catholic results.

AN ENQUIRY.

An enquirer puts a question to us which may throw us upon one of the horns of a dilemma. He asks: "How comes it that so many Catholic priests are opposed to liquor traffic and so many in favor of it? Is it not a moral issue? Would not local option be beneficial to the public—in fact the common good? If it is for the common good why do not all Catholic priests favor it?"

quite so severely as the local option advocates. There are other faults more dangerous to our generation than even intemperance. There is irreligion. Whilst the number of intemperate people in a parish is very small, the number of careless persons is continually on the increase.

THE PAPACY.

An esteemed correspondent writes us: "On discussing religious matters with non-Catholics I am often told that the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope was not recognized outside of Rome, by any of the Christian churches throughout the world, until some time about the ninth or the tenth century; in other words, that there was no Pope during those first centuries of the Christian era, that he was simply Bishop of Rome. Another matter which they deny is that the Greek Church was ever in communion with the See of Rome."

despotic, since it is a divine commission to be exercised in support of truth and piety. St. Peter exercised this power in the first Council of Jerusalem. "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," was the decree which Tertullian describes as the exercise of Peter's binding and loosing. But what is the testimony of the Fathers? St. Cyprian in the third century is an important witness from the attitude of opposition which he assumed to Pope St. Stephen on the subject of baptism administered by heretics.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

More by accident than intention we find ourselves giving prominence to this fund of Christian Science. Fad it is, since it does not take in the whole life and purpose of man. It plays upon one string—runs to excess in one direction and avoids the material with erroneous zeal.

above every creature however perfect—never outside His creation however vast it may be—within it, yet perfectly distinct from it; beneath it, supporting it; above it ruling it, most intimate with every being, separated from them by an infinite distance. All is not spiritual, all is not corporeal. The spirituality of God is not the spirituality of creatures. Christian Science is trying to defy man. It expects that deified man will be without body and without pain. It would do well to reconstruct its philosophy. The relations between God and man arising from nature are in this unsystematic system misunderstood and most irreverently mistated.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE.

The 30th of Sept. was a notable day in the annals of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, diocese of Hamilton, when the substantial new edition was formally dedicated. We publish in another column a report of the proceedings. The work of the good Fathers of the Congregation of the Resurrection, from a small beginning to the present day, would make an interesting chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in Ontario. With limited means they undertook a herculean task, but with remarkable perseverance, with a rare industry, with enterprise of the highest order, guided by prudence, they have, step by step, carried on, in their splendid educational institution, Berlin College, a system of training Catholic youth the excellence of which is known far beyond the confines of the Dominion of Canada.

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

John Heniker Heaton, M. P., the father of penny postage, is highly pleased at the establishment of that rate between Great Britain and the United States, and asserts that Ireland will benefit greatly in the matter of small money orders. He also writes that the sum of \$7,500,000 was sent from the United States to Ireland last year, and he looks for an increase in the future.

THE OVER-ENTERPRISING AGENT OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

One day last week found the news market rather dull and set his wits to work, in the seclusion of his little den, to bring out something brand new from Rome. He stated that Cardinal Merry del Val is about to resign his position at the Vatican because he is not in touch with some of the English-speaking Bishops. As proof of the man's utter ignorance of Church affairs we may only state that he makes reference to the controversy over the proposed appointment of a Rochester prelate to the Archbishopric of San Francisco. A disregard of truth on the part of a few untrained and reckless pressmen is lowering the reputation of many newspapers of our day. The press agencies should be re-organized.

TO A NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWER AT QUEENSTOWN.

Cardinal Gibbons said he felt that there would be no objection in the United States, such as had been in London, to the carrying of the Sacred Host through the streets. "Catholics," he continued, "would not be afraid to hold a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in New York or any other of the large cities of the Republic." His Eminence is quite right in his estimate of the situation. There is, however, both in the United States and Canada, a latent spirit of narrowness and intolerance which is fast dying out. Organized opposition to the Catholic Church

is in large part confined to those who are noted for leading un-Christian lives and who scarcely ever attend a church of any description. It is a pity that there are men of the cloth to be found who at stated periods pander to the prejudices of ignorant people. But such unfortunately is the case. They do not seem to realize that even amongst many of their fellow-ministers they thereby lose cast. They care not for this, however, if they can only gain the applause of the unthinking crowd who still hug the prejudices of their ancestors.

SENSATIONAL WEDDINGS.

Some of them for advertising purposes, are an abomination which should be tabooed amongst every community of Christian people. Shame upon the man who calls himself a minister of the Gospel and yet would lend himself to such an outrage upon a sacred Christian rite. Father Fox, Vicar-General of the diocese of Trenton, some time since preached a scathing sermon in condemnation of a public marriage ceremony which had been arranged as a drawing card at a local summer park. He declared that the promoters of such sacrilege did not deserve success, and hoped it would not be necessary to remind any Catholic of his duty. He forbade all of his people to visit the place. It was such a lack of regard for the sanctity of the marriage, said he, that had given America a record of 1,300,000 divorces in twenty years. We may be thankful that we seldom have an occurrence of this kind in Canada. It is a species of modernism which should be abhorred by all Christians worthy the name.

A DESPATCH FROM ROME.

The 28th, states that the International Sporting Congress, which was organized as a feature of the celebration of the Pope's jubilee, is the most important that has ever been held in Rome. Over two thousand picked athletes of the National Gymnastic Union are participating in the contests. Twenty thousand spectators attended the games on the day named. A flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Pope, and the spectators all knelt. Pius mounted the throne, surrounded by Cardinals and prelates. The crowd cheered enthusiastically. Then the Pope, smiling at the people, blessed the athletes as they marched past, giving a salute and a display of physical exercises. The Pope blessed the kneeling athletes, who cheered him lustily. He was deeply moved and repeatedly bowed his thanks before returning to his apartments.

AN AMERICAN PAPER TELLS US THAT A PERSON OF WIDE EXPERIENCE DECLARES THAT FEW CATHOLIC MARRIAGES TURN OUT UNHAPPILY.

and that in cases where trouble comes the cause oftentimes is through drink or other failings. We may add that this is observable in cases where a newly married couple are not in close touch with the Church. Another reason for unhappiness is the unreasonable indulgence in what is called "society functions." Too many of the people of both sexes seem to think that life is not worth living if they are not almost continually in the whirl of social gaiety. This should be guarded against. It is liable to become a "raze and the important features of life work are sadly neglected, in the trail of which comes ruin, remorse and depravity.

THE MAN WHO IS IN THE HABIT OF RETAILING DELICATE JOKES WAS RECENTLY GIVEN A WELL-DESERVED REBUKE BY MR. BRYAN.

Democratic candidate for the presidency. As soon as he had finished his coarse tale Mr. Bryan turned his back upon him with a remark which cut him to the quick. Apologies were made by the gentlemen present and it was explained that the offender was a stranger. "Never mind me," said Mr. Bryan, his eyes softening, "the man's ill-judged remark did me no harm, but—" pointing to a lad of fifteen years, who was watching the scene and waiting for a handshake—"it was not just the sort of speech for the laddie to hear." It would be well if in all social gatherings the man with the dirty story were given a wide berth.

HAS IT EVER ENTERED INTO THE MINDS OF CATHOLIC FAMILIES WHO HAVE GONE TO LIVE IN SPARSELY SETTLED DISTRICTS OF THE COUNTRY, WHERE VISITS OF THE PRIESTS ARE NECESSARILY FEW AND FAR BETWEEN, THE GREAT IMPORTANCE OF PROCURING SOUND CATHOLIC READING FOR THEIR FAMILIES.

A good Catholic paper and a small library of the best Catholic works will be found a treasure the value of which it were difficult to estimate. We cannot too strongly recommend Catholics going to the great west of Canada to make due provision for the preservation of the faith in their children. The priest is ever on the alert, but he cannot do impossibilities. Fathers and mothers, see that your children are provided, with sound reading matter. Keep out of your homes the cheap literary rubbish that undermines the faith.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

TRUE FORGIVENESS.

"The multitude seeing it feared and glorified God who had given such power to men." (St. Matt. 13.)

In the holy Gospel which has just been read we have a foreshadowing of that gift to man of the power to forgive sins which, after our Lord's resurrection, He expressly and clearly conveyed when He said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

Some of the scribes, when they heard our Lord say to the man sick of the palsy, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee," had said within themselves, "He blasphemeth," and, as we read in St. Mark's Gospel, they proceeded to give the reason: "Why can he forgive sins but God only?" Our Lord, recognizing, we may say, that this was a real difficulty, proceeded to remove it by teaching them that while it is necessarily true that God alone can forgive sin, yet that He had given to our Lord, as man, the power to impart the forgiveness which comes from himself alone.

But even this is not all. It is not merely that He has chosen some men to be His ministers, and given to them these supernatural powers, and this greater than angelic honor. It is not too much to say that He has made the salvation of each one of us to depend upon the way in which we treat our fellow-men. In other words, He has made our fellow-men the arbiters and deciders of our eternal destiny, and of our fellow-men those who are the poorest and most lowly and humble.

And how is this? Listen to the words of St. John: "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar"; and notice the reason which he gives: "For he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?" If, then, we wish to be saved, it is absolutely necessary that we should love our brother. In the words of St. John: "This commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God love also his brother." This love is not to be an idle and merely sentimental love, but one which while existing in the heart manifests itself in deeds and actions. To quote St. John again: "He that hath the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?" And then to show the kind of love which is necessary, he adds: "My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

But of what I have said I can bring in proof the words of a greater than St. John—the words of our Lord Himself. Of the last great day, on which we shall all have to render an account of our deeds and to receive either everlasting reward or everlasting punishment, He Himself has given us a clear description. You remember, I am sure, this description, and you remember also what it was that distinguished the goats from the sheep—those on the left hand from those on the right. "Depart, ye cursed, for I was hungry and you gave Me not to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me not to drink; I was a stranger and you took Me not in; naked and you covered Me not; sick and in prison, and you did not visit Me," and this neglect which determined their eternal destiny consisted in not assisting Christ's poor on earth. "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it not to Me." Is it, then, too much to say that God has made our fellow-men the arbiters and deciders of our eternal lot?

Let us not, then, vainly imagine that religion consists exclusively in going to Church and in receiving the Sacraments. If we cherish hatred and revenge, if we are harsh and dishonest; if, in short, we do not really love our fellow-men, all our church-going and Sacrament-receiving will be fruitless and even injurious to our souls.

FATHER DEMPSEY'S HOTEL.

There is a priest in St. Louis—Rev. Timothy Dempsey his name is written, but more often is he referred to as Father Tim—who has done something which is worthy of study. Father Tim rented an abandoned public school building and set it up as a hotel—not a fashionable hotel, but one for homeless men. Father Tim objects to the word "hobo." He calls the men who come to him his "guests." He gives them a clean bed, a reading room, a writing room, a warm fire, a bath, etc., for the great sum of 10 cents. He gives them a meal for as low as seven cents. He does not force them to sing a hymn before they begin to eat, but he does encourage them to be clean, sober and industrious. If they are Catholics, he expects them to go to Mass on Sunday, and to say their prayers when they know themselves they ought to say them. Strange to say, Father Tim does not run this home as a charity. It was a charity when it started. Today it is a self-supporting institution, and we strongly suspect, from the way Father Tim smiles when he talks about the financial end, that he has a little money laid aside to buy the building when the time comes.

Father Tim has been a benefactor to homeless men. He has given them a place to go where the surroundings are good and the men know it. Personally the priest himself is the ideal man to run such an institution. He is a big man, and when he says there are no fights around the place, and that no one "jumps his board bill" of ten cents, we can believe it. If Father Tim is on the ground, the institution will never need a "bouncer," for nobody will need to be "bounced." His sunny face is an invitation to good behavior. His big arm and strong body show that there is something else to back up the smile. It would take a good man to pick a quarrel with the head of "Father Dempsey's Hotel."

Why cannot we have a Father Tim in every large city? It is a practical way to extend the influence of the Church.

LONDON'S ANTI-CATHOLIC MOB.

Disgraceful as was the recent anti-Catholic manifestation in London, it was a very mild occurrence compared with riots against Catholic which have occurred in the metropolis of England in days gone by. We take it that the jostling and jeering of the Catholic procession, by the rowdy Protestants of London the other day, was only the last gleam of that flame of bigotry which once burned so fiercely in the hearts of the Protestants of England. In 1780, instigated and led by Lord George Gordon and other bigots, a terrible "No Popery" riot took place in London, a very vivid description of which is given by Dickens in his novel, "Barnaby Rudge." This mob proceeded to pillage, burn and pull down the chapels and houses of the Roman Catholics, for nearly six days. As is usual in movements of great popular disorder, the riot soon ran its original purpose, and many houses and institutions were attacked which had no connection whatsoever with the Catholic Church. The Bank of England was attempted, and the jails opened. On one day thirty-six fires were blazing. At length by the aid of the associations of the citizens, the regular troops, and the militia of several counties, the riot was quelled. The loss of life was 210 killed, 248 wounded, and the loss of property amounted to almost a million dollars.

Again when the hierarchy was restored in England in 1850 the "No Popery" manifestations were many; mobs collected outside Catholic churches and broke their windows, and contemporary journals gave news of incidents such as the following: "The Pope was burnt in effigy on Peckham Common. A van drawn by four horses drew up, fronting a house on the green, from which emerged some dozen men, armed with various weapons, each leading a man attired in the surplice of a Romish clergyman, the latter being tumbled into the vehicle amid shouts of several thousand persons. The next brought out were two athletic fellows, one attired as a Cardinal and the other as his chaplain; a few yards in advance stood an Herculean fellow bearing a burlesque effigy of the Pope and having in his hand what purported to be the late memorable Bull. The procession proceeded toward Camberwell, followed by at least ten thousand persons. It was hailed in its progress through the various streets with the loudest acclamations, and cries of 'No Popery,' 'Hurrah for the Queen,' and 'No foreign priesthood.'" "Recent anti-Catholic affair—bad as it was—was only a resuscitation of the old-time bigotry. In spite of it all, the cause of Catholicity in England goes steadily forward.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE HERESY OF MODERNISM.

For more than a century, declares E. Van Roey, writing in La Revue Generale (Brussels), Modernism has been developing itself progressively, in the heterodox world, under the name of "Liberal Protestantism." During all this time, Rome and nothing to say against the pantheistic tenets of the new thinkers, since they were not of her fold. But the new thinkers ultimately succeeded in imposing their fanciful doctrines upon a section of the true fold, and then in the memorable Encyclical Pascendi, the Pope spoke with all the energy of which the Church is capable.

Modernism (as the Freeman's Journal has more than once pointed out), is not at the present moment, says Van Roey, confined to any particular religion. Besides the Catholic religion, it has considerably affected the Jewish, the Lutheran and the Anglican forms of belief. All have been affected, not through any conscious form of religious thought which has operated upon the mind, but rather through the unconscious effect which modern science is making upon men's way of looking at things.

Modernism, and we say it without fear of contradiction, is the child, says M. Van Roey, of Protestant Theology. It is the product of philosophic subjectivism which postulates the placing of all authority solely in the intelligent being, and puts aside all idea of the law being laid down for one.

A study of the "Liberal Protestantism" of the nineteenth century will clearly show the source from which "Catholic" Modernists have derived their heterodox views. Kant, above all others, carried Protestant subjectivism to its highest point. Individualism, in deciding as to belief, and dogmas, their validity or the contrary, is the key-note of his teachings. If man is not independent in the forming of his religious views, then the word freedom has no meaning practically, says Kant.

Divine Will that have been thrown throughout the ages on the screen of history. Kant, then, it is clear, is the philosopher of Protestantism. Hegel, in a large measure, followed the same ideas, showing that nothing existed outside the Spirit.

Here is something of the theories, first postulated by the two afore-mentioned philosophers, now accepted by the Modernists of all creeds: Religion is the intimate contact with God. It comes not from dogma, or Bible, or tradition, but is in the heart of man from his very beginning. Faith in Christ is independent of anything He ever taught.

Thus, says Van Roey, it is clear that man may make God just what he wishes. His conception supplies the criterion; and he may regulate his conscience according to the manner in which he conceives God to be—all-wise and infinitely perfect. Here, truly, the way is open for the idea of Pragmatism—or action practically untrammelled by conscience—and there is little difference between the teaching of Mr. Tyndal and that of Nietzsche, when the results are reduced to their most simple expressions.

This philosophy Nietzsche learned from the teaching of Goethe—in Faust, for example—and Goethe in his turn was wholly affected by the individualistic militarism of the Napoleonic period, and, above all, by its greatest exponent, Napoleon, the incarnation of action without conscience.

CHARACTER OF CONVERTS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

MANY WERE COUNTED AMONG THE BRIGHTEST AND MOST RESPECTED OF OUR PROTESTANT BROTHERS.

"There has been going the rounds of our Anglican Church papers," says the Lamp (Protestant Episcopal), "an article of the Rev. Richmond H. Gesner, originally printed in the Gospel Messenger, which quotes from the English Church Review, the Pulpit of the Cross (ten years deceased) and other sources, periodical and individual, to show that all the conversions, whether clerical or lay, are not from the Episcopal Church to Rome, but that the Episcopal Church does a thriving business in making recruits to her ranks of deserters and stragglers from the Roman army."

"In measuring the relative loss or gain to the two communions we should take into consideration quality much more than quantity. When has Rome lost to us a Newman, a Manning or a Faber, or to come nearer home, a Bishop Ives, a James Keat Stone, a Wadhams or a Walworth? But if mere numbers are to count, what are the four or five Roman clergymen (Italians) received by Bishop Potter, (R. I. P.) in a single year out of a total for the United States of 15,065 Roman Catholic priests (Catholic Directory, 1908)?"

"Instead of employing such philanthropic methods of consolation for a single year to Rome we might better be employed in mending our fences, taking heed of the warning which Newman uttered after the publication of Tract 90, 'If this state of things goes on, I mournfully prophesy not one or two, but many secessions to the Church of Rome.'"

Apocryphal the "quality" of the converts to Catholicity, the following observations in Extension for September are most interesting: "The recent death in England of George Matthews Arnold, the brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of 'The Light of Asia,' calls attention once more to the character of converts to the Catholic Church. It is a favorite bit of backbiting on the part of those who are outside the Church that she has her influence only over the mediocre and an attraction mainly for the ignorant. The roll of converts, however, in this country and in England tells quite a different story. Those who come to us are among the brightest and most intelligent and above all are among the most serious and most respected of our Protestant brethren. Of the score of Protestant clergymen who have come to us during the past year nearly every one was distinguished among his fellows, looked up to by all those who knew him, respected even by those who were mere acquaintances, and generally considered to be one of the chosen among men. This has been the rule among converts to the Church. Mr. George Arnold, whom we mentioned a moment ago, was a distinguished antiquarian who, in the intervals of his leisure from his vocation as a lawyer, found time to make a magnificent collection of the Roman antiquities of Britain. He was so much respected by his fellow-townsmen that he had been elected no less than eight times the Mayor of Gravesend, England."

Socialism.

Question.—"Was the Father McGrady, who wrote and talked on Socialism, a Catholic priest in good standing? Did he die in the Church?" Answer.—Father Thomas McGrady was suspended from the priesthood for his socialistic views. It was reported in the papers that before his death he called for a priest and made his submission to the Church. Eugene V. Debs maintains that he made no change in his views anterior to his death; but what took place between him and his confessor is known to one living person alone, and his lips are sealed in silence. We know, however, that if he received the sacraments, he must have retracted that for which he was suspended.—Catholic Universe.

"Not long since the editor of the Tablet, in reviewing 'Who's Who Among Catholics in England?' recently edited by the distinguished editor of Punch, Sir Francis Burnand, himself a convert, pointed out how many of the converts to Catholicity in the last generation are from among the best families in England, in the sense of the families who have had opportunities for culture and education for many generations. Among literary folk the converts to Catholicity are especially noticeable. The more intellectual they are the more sure they are to join the Catholic Church." John

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Oliver Hobbes was a convert and Charles Kingsley's daughter is a Catholic. All the near relatives of Scott are Catholics. Most of the near relatives of his great admirer in the last generation, Stevenson, whose defense of Father Damien surely deserved this blessing, have entered the Church. Members of the family of Dickens and Thackeray are among the converts. Many of the old nobility have come into the Church and are constantly coming. Only the other day the marquis of Queensbury, distinguished for his services in the Boer war, became a convert. Many members of his house had come over before him. He is one of the most prominent among the Scotch nobility at the present time.

There are two classes of people for whom the Roman Catholic Church has attraction—the poor and the suffering who need consolation, and the educated leisure class who have learned the emptiness of what so many strive for in life. If there were no death in the world, and if there were no need of any religion, there would be no need of any church. So long as people are healthy and successful in their striving there does not seem to be much need for religion. In fact its precepts only hamper them in what they are apt to think falsely of as success in life. When there is suffering, however, then men feel the need of religion. Montalembert said long ago: "Christianity alone has from the beginning promised to console man in the sorrows incidental to life by purifying the inclinations of his heart, and she alone has kept her promise." This is why, with the passing of Protestantism, confessed even by the clergymen of the Protestant Church, so many who are free and competent to appreciate the Church's claims or feel the need of her consolations, are turning to Catholicity.

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Family of Twelve Converted. An exceptional incident occurred a few days ago in the monastery church at Melleray, Iowa, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, farmers, and their ten children were baptized and became Catholics, the parents and five of the children receiving First Holy Communion together at the hands of the venerable pastor of the parish, Father David, who gave the family instructions in the faith they had accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson belonged to no church. They lived in a neighborhood which had a strictly Catholic atmosphere, and they drew closer to the faith day by day. Finally they made up their minds to join the church and interviewed Father David. The aged priest was only too happy to assist them in their quest for knowledge and their conversion soon followed. SEND \$1.00. Receive 3 cloth remnants, suitable for boys' knee pants up to 12 years. Above age and we will cut out extra free. Add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOIT & CO., 9 Coote Block, London Canada.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

The Biggest Day in the World's History

Some one says, "Upon the brink of mighty things we stand." Never before in the world's history have we stood upon the brink of such mighty things as we do to-day.

How we have been emancipated from drudgery by steam, by electricity; by the discoveries in chemistry, in physics!

How we have been emancipated from the shackles of slavery, from the fetters of ignorance, from the chains of superstition, from the yoke of error.

The Current that sets Toward the Dollar.

It is not a fact that, with a few grand exceptions outside of our business Napoleons, America with all its vast possibilities and resources, its wonderfully stimulating conditions, and all its brag and bluster, has produced very few master men.

There is no other country which gives such encouragement to young men, which gives such a powerful stimulus to ambition, such a liberty of choice and such freedom of pursuit of the ideal, as America.

This current that sets toward the dollar with such terrific force, sweeps in the majority of our youth, and often silences the call of art, of music, of literature, of scholarship, the call of the pulpit, the call of useful service, the call of the school and the college.

In spite of teaching and preaching the contrary to our children, the whole atmosphere of their training is so strongly saturated with the dollar that it tends to cover up their aspirations for higher things.

Their pastor, their teacher, the books that are put into their hands, tell them of the beauties of man-making, woman-making, life-making, but the actual examples about them are nearly all set toward the dollar.

Brought up in such an atmosphere, is it strange that the children should catch the contagion?

How few youths start out in life with the determination that they will first be real human beings, and second, business men! It is usually the reverse.

The youth finds everybody struggling and straining for the almighty dollar, and he can not be blamed for doing himself what he sees older examples all about him doing.

He may have an idea struggling within him that making a life instead of a living ought to be man's first great aim; but somehow, before he realizes it, he is putting the greater emphasis upon the dollar.

Changing life into dollars and pleasure seems to be the dominant note in the lives of a large percentage of Americans. Whatever else comes to them is merely incidental, and as a rule, was not deliberately planned.

With most people the struggle is not for character, is not for usefulness, not for the building up of a magnificent manhood, a well-rounded, symmetrical, complete character, but the making of a world a little better place to live in, but to get more money. This is the great life burden, and there is nothing too sacred to grind into dollars.

We coin our ability, our energies, our health, our friendships, our homes, our families—everything into the dollar. All the finest sentiments and graces are crushed out in the scramble.

The Man Who is always "Just Going to."

He was just going to pay a note when it went to protest. He was just going to help a neighbor when he died. He was just going to send some flowers to a sick friend when it proved too late.

He was just going to reduce his debt when his creditors "shut down" on him. He was just going to stop drinking and dissipating, when his health became wrecked.

He was just going to provide proper protection for his wife and family when his fortune was swept away. He was just going to introduce a better system into his business when it went to smash.

in them with gratitude and moderation, withdrawing from them sometimes in order to punish yourself, without waiting till you are forced to do so by necessity.

Bear constantly in mind that we have two great vices to beat down and destroy—pride and sensuality; and two great virtues to acquire—penance and humility.

Lift your heart to God from time to time, and think upon the sorrowful passion of our Lord, in order to neutralize by the contemplation of His mangled and bleeding body the involuntary impression made upon you by objects you are condemned to see.

Choose some poor person, and relieve him regularly according to your means, and look upon him as Jesus Christ Himself; visit him, talk to him, and if you have the courage, kiss his clothes or his feet sometimes.

Fasten yourself in spirit to His cross, and hand yourself over to His executioner. To dwell upon the thought of chastisement and to undergo it mentally is a suffering in itself. The martyrs had offered themselves as victims a hundred times in their hearts before they were sacrificed in actual deed.

Think, too, how many of the down-trodden and of the poor scarcely get anything to eat save a little bad bread moistened with their tears and even with their blood.

Try to be good, amiable and simple in your bearing towards every one, and do not think that Christian life is crossed-grained or melancholy. St. Paul continually tells the faithful to rejoice. The true Christian is full of inward joy even in the midst of sufferings; he bears his cross good-humoredly; ill-treatment and disgrace do not affect his spirits; he offers up his body to whatever kicks and cuffs Providence may see fit to send him without losing his peace of mind: imprisonment, hunger, thirst, rags, fire, the scourge, the sword, death—in all these he finds matter for rejoicing. He loves and is loved—what more does he need?—Lacordaire.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BOYS WHO ARE MEN. "Boys are good for nothing."

Just a moment, my dear young friends. Have these words caught your eye? Then come here for a moment and I will tell you something. That is what I wished them to do—that only. Do you not see the quotation marks? That first line is not mine at all, but if it has won your attention I am well pleased, for I want to have a little chat with you.

You may get a pencil and cross out the first line if you like. I have known hundreds of boys and would be glad to know every one who will read these lines. I am only writing them because to talk with boys has ever been a real pleasure to me.

This time you will have to pardon me, if I would rather talk to you than with you, for, from force of circumstances, I shall have to do most of the talking. But, if any boy wants to ask any questions, or has difficulties, he may write me a letter, which I shall be glad to get and answer. He will find my address below.

Before going any farther, however, let me put a little question. Are you, my beloved young reader, in earnest? Do you want to make something of yourself—to be somebody? If you are in earnest, and care about these things, there is my hand on it—we shall get on together. But for the other kind of boy—nobody has any time to waste with him.

Do you know what I once heard a man say? "That boys may be good enough as very little fellows, but that after twelve years of age they are a useless lot! I did not agree with him at all, for a very good reason: I was then myself a boy just beyond twelve. And most certainly, in all the dealings I have had with boys, I have not come to agree with that man since. I would as soon as put my name to the untruth we crossed out in the beginning of these lines.

So far, indeed, am I from chiming in with these unkind and pessimistic views of boyhood, in general, that I will say, without fear of causing pride to any boy in particular, that a good, earnest, manly Catholic boy seems to me the noblest object in God's visible creation! This sounds startling, but it means that if the majority of the boys, who will read these lines, are but true to their everyday opportunities, nothing, that any of us have ever known in this world, could be more worthy of enthusiastic admiration than they. Try to understand my reason for this; read it twice; such boys combine the exercise of the noble virtue of Fortitude which belongs to admirable manhood, with that freshness, beauty, and innocence of soul which the older men generally no longer possess.

Here, some one of my young friends stops me. "What is fortitude?" Surely you remember from your catechism. Fortitude means being strong, and is a gift of the Holy Ghost by means of which our souls are made strong—"strengthened" in the way of God. It is a gift, but we must do our part, and exercise this virtue; otherwise it lies useless in us, like a muscle never used. It is not there, but one would never be able to judge so. You know—

"Oh—this is a sermon." Is it? I knew that it would be, that some boys would begin to yawn and refuse to talk with me longer. But I know the earnest ones will go on. They are the only ones I want to go on. This is not a sermon, boys, but an un-planned—I fear, disorderly—talk. Read on to the end and you will see. I am anxious to make it a heart to heart talk with all boys who feel a longing to be manly and noble. If you don't feel that way you are not my kind, and we'll say good-bye, right here.

This "being strong" then, this strength of spirit which I mentioned, will show itself mainly in a certain manly independence, in doing our duty. If we know we are in the right, and ought to do a thing, we will go on and do it, even if the whole world is opposed or is laughing at us.

Dear boys! Let us learn once for all that this, and this only is to be a man.

Learn to say no. A good-hearted young fellow is invited by his friends to have a drink at the bar. He has resolved, for his mother's sake (he loves his mother) and for his own soul's sake, never to touch a drop of spirituous liquor; and when he made that resolution, in the sight of God and his angel, as a man meant it. So now he says, "No, thanks, I don't care to drink."

"Come on," they laugh. "I didn't think you were a milkop," sneers one.

"He isn't big enough, yet, boys; he has to grow up," remarks another. He is urged further; but he hears his answer: "Fellows, I have said no; and when I say no I mean no, and it will never mean anything else from me."

There is a little pardonable heat in his answer; he goes his way then, with a heart clear before God, and seeks friends more worthy of a "child of the light."

Boys, I'd like to know that chap. Wouldn't it do one good to meet him just once? Of course, for the example I have chosen can be substituted many by another action, that we may be tempted to, by others against our principles.

Very few boys would like their chums to say of them (when these "friends" think they are not near) "That fellow? Why he's a contemptible coward! I know he's afraid of me. I held up my finger at him and he'll do anything I say. He has no spirit of independence, no more backbone than a clam. I'll bet you I can get him to do just what I please."

We are all disgusted with such a character, and rightly so. He has no real friends. His apparent ones would walk on him the moment they could gain advantage by it. Yet how many young fellows are of just this stamp—though I trust that none of my readers are. Boys of that class are entirely wanting in the strong, manly independence and fearlessness, on which an American is supposed to pride himself.

They are slaves of what is called "Human Respect," a base weakness, which robs them of that nobility, that Christian manhood, which it should be their aim never to abdicate or to dishonor.

Yes—of course. Every boy wants to be known as manly; yet there is not one in ten, who thinks himself manly that is so. To put on "mannish" airs in smoking, swagger, and unguarded talk, is so far from being manly, that it is even beneath contempt. Tell me which you think the real man; the boy who faithfully fulfils his duty of studying, for example, or the one who idles his time away, and, in a superior manner, calls the studious one "a little fool?"

Which is the braver—which performs the harder action? I know, and you know too.

It is, without doubt, a sad sight to see so many boys, even those with good homes and kind parents, boys, who might be brave, generous fellows, true as tested gold, deceiving themselves, and making of themselves, in this way, mere snobs to the disgust of all who see them—to the deep sorrow of those who love them.

Let a boy stand still for just one second by the clock, and ask himself, "Am I going to make of myself a mere excuse for a human being?" Many boys are doing so to-day, ruining their lives. "I will be somebody!"

"I have but one life. I am going to live it aright. I am going to make a beautiful thing of it."

Beloved Catholic boys! Does each of you want a test, a living test, as to whether you are a man in the real sense of the word, worth something in this world—worth the care of parents or guardians—worth the regard of friends? Here is the test; listen: Do other boys, when they notice you coming, immediately leave off low or unbecoming talk?

A hard test isn't it. But if that is the case, then you are a man, and as a Catholic I am proud of you; and know, that above all, your Savior is proud of you, and counts you on the staff He has chosen for His bravest.

Do not try to squirm away from this conclusion. Any other view of real manliness is a fraud and a counterfeit, and in your heart of hearts you know that this is true. Always—let me pray you as your friend—act according to that "heart of hearts," which is nothing other than the faithful conscience God has given you.

Be honest with yourself. Strive to be always "at your best," and let your "best" be something strongly noble.

Think of these things, boys. It is now time for us to leave off for a season. I have other things to say to you next month; but now you are tired, so farewell until then. In the meantime may God bless your earnest efforts to be men, true and noble and strong.—Manomnin in the Christian Family.

BY THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

There are no better Catholics in the wide world than the Highlanders of Bonny Scotland; and their descendants in America, we are glad to know, are worthy of them. The Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., who during the autumn of 1907 conducted a series of missions to the Gaelic inhabitants, was enthusiastic in his praise of their lively faith and fervent piety. The pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs relates an interesting story which he heard from some of the pioneers among these Scotch Canadians:

"A company of a dozen men took a boat from the Pictou and crossed the Gulf of Antigonish into Cape Breton. They were busy at work clearing the ground to make a home for themselves and their wives and children, left behind at Pictou, when all of a sudden they noticed a flotilla of Indian boats making straight for them. The Indians landed and came up to the Highlanders with menacing looks, while their chief demanded, in broken English, by whose authority they were cutting down those trees. The reply was that they were doing so on the authority of the King. The chief replied that he was the only King in those parts, and as they had not sought his leave they should all suffer death for this offense. He then gave orders that his men, who were over a hundred strong, should approach and

carry out his sentence. The Highlanders were meanwhile making acts of contrition in preparation for death. One of their number openly began his act of contrition with a big Sign of the Cross, when all of a sudden the tomahawk fell from the grasp of the chief, who exclaimed to his men: "Stop, we brothers, we children of the Great Father!" He took each of the Highlanders by the hand and gave them the necessary permission. Then his followers drew near, and the Highlanders had to shake hands with each of them.

The Indians themselves (Miamees), several reservations of whom exist in Nova Scotia and around Cape Breton, are likewise faithful Catholics. All attempts to proselytize them have been without avail.—Ave Maria.

STAGE IMMORALITY.

London and New York, to say nothing of a number of less important cities, and to pass over Paris altogether, have latterly been seriously confronted with the problem of stage immorality. A certain level dance which certainly would not have been tolerated ten years ago in England was this year witnessed publicly by tens of thousands as a matter of course; and as late as a year ago it was forbidden on the stage of New York, but this year it has not only been allowed to return there, but it has given rise to a host of still lower imitations in the minor music-halls which continue day after day with hardly a word of protest from any section of the public.

But things have turned out very differently in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. In both of these cities the impresarios of the two principal theatres recently announced that among the repertory of the present season would figure the opera containing the dance which has been permitted in London and New York. The ladies of both towns first protested in the newspapers, and then held meetings at which they decided to boycott the theatres in question, unless the impresarios withdrew the objectionable performance—and to such purpose that their efforts have been entirely successful. Here is surely a field where the example of the Catholic ladies of South America might be followed with profit in Europe and North America.—Rome.

Nourishment

not food merely. Ordinary food sooner or later throws the system of the brain worker out of gear, but he must have nutriment to make good the energy expended in his work. BOVRIL is rich in the phosphates contained in beef and it will quickly repair the waste occasioned by hard mental work. Take a cup of BOVRIL at eleven o'clock and occasionally replace an ordinary meal by a cup of "Bovril sandwiches."



Our American Nuns.

There 121 different Catholic sisterhoods in the United States and 21 independent convents. The various Franciscan orders, 24 in all, count 6,600 sisters; four Notre Dame orders count 5,700 sisters, and six Sisters of Charity orders count 5,000 sisters. Thus these 34 orders alone, with 17,300 members, outnumber all the secular and regular clergy. Accurate statistics of all the American sisterhoods are not available, but counting novices and postulants, 45,000 would seem to be a reasonably correct estimate. Education and charity form the life work of most of this great and noble army of women. If we allow one teacher to every fifty pupils in our parochial schools, it will require 24,000 teachers to take care of the 1,200,000 parish school pupils. Fully 20,000 of these teachers are sisters.

French Pilgrims Greet Pope.

The Pope on Monday received eight hundred French pilgrims, who presented greetings on the jubilee. His Holiness made a long speech, dealing with the present situation of the Church in France, saying in part: "I hope the day will never come for France in which, her churches being destroyed,

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the faithful shall be obliged to take refuge in other countries. In these days, while the holy sacrament is exalted in Protestant England, and while the holy wafer is honored throughout the streets of London, in France is trampled on by brutal force, serving those who declared war on God to the detriment of France." The Pope ended by recommending union to the French Catholics and clergy.—Catholic Union and Times.

Striking tributes to Cardinal Newman are always welcome. Lord Coleridge, the Protestant Lord Chief Justice of England, utters these remarkable words: "Raffaello is said to have thanked God that he had lived in the days of Michael Angelo. There are scores of men, I know, there are hundreds and thousands, I believe, who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman."

Advertisement for Curzon's suits, featuring an illustration of two men in suits, a globe, and the text 'CURZON'S SUITS TO MEASURE ALL OVER THE GLOBE'. It includes details about the quality of the suits and contact information for Curzon Bros. in London and Winnipeg.

SPECIAL NOTICE As our Mr. J. H. GREENE is now touring the West and is not expected back to Winnipeg before November 15th, customers desiring early delivery of their fall clothing would be wise in mailing us direct. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money on all mail orders.

