The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 28, 1903.

A SCIENTIFIC DECLARATION.

So far as we can ascertain there is a decided increase hereabouts in the number of total abstainers. Among the various reasons which may account for this we may mention that men are becoming convinced that the use of liquor handicaps them in every department of human activity. It deadens the brain and plays havoc with the health. We have been told all this, and more, by temperance workers. The saloon keeper and his friends have labored, and not without success, to persuade the public that pictures of injuries wrought by drink existed only in the imaginations of those whom they dubbed fanatics; but hard-headed men of science have testified that these pictures were facts.

In 1896 the Belgian Academy of Medicine declared:

"In modern society alcohol is in fact the most to be dreaded of all pathological agents. It saps the foundations of social prosperity, the power to work, the development of intelligence, the moral sense. The alcoholic drinker is the scourge of his family—bad son—bad husband. He begets blemished children and becomes their worst corrupter. We doctors and representatives of the medical profession who see every day in private practice, in the hospitals, the asylums for the insane, the lamentable victms of the great social poison; we who are witnesses of the degeneracy which affects the progeny of alcoholics, cannot but protest against every law that touches alcohol otherwise than for the purpose of fighting it, and raising a barrier against its ravages."

This is the verdict of gentlemen who cannot be accused of being biased. They speak with undisputed authority and knowledge on this subject, whereas the vaporings of the saloon-keeper and the friends of the liquor traffic are conceived of ignorance and prejudice and self-interest.

AN IMPEDIMENT TO SUCCESS.

Business men who have been taught by experience that the best work is done by the total abstainers insist that employees must be strictly temperate. Young men themselves are recognizing more and more that frequentation of saloons means failure. The individual who has work to do cannot afford to impair his powers in road-houses or barrooms. Should he, however, be deluded into believing that "good liquor" is innocuous, and moderate drinking is no bar to advancement, he will, sooner or later, find himself in the ruck. We are confronted day in and day out by the victims of intemperance, but we cannot see so plainly the wrecks caused by moderate drinking. Wrecks is perchance a little too strong—and so let us say men whose powers wane and grow sterile just when they should be in the full tide of maturity and productiveness.

And, moreover, the young man can see for himself that the price paid by those who achieve success is abstention from all that impede development, exhaust vitality and blind them to opportunity. Alertness and concentration—two things necessary to day—are not to be found in the bar-room.

A MENACE TO SOCIETY.

We are glad to notice there is a growing sentiment against the saloon. We know all the distinctions to be made in this matter—that liquor-selling is not of itself a moral evil, etc. But as it exists to-day it is a menace to the well-being of every Canadian home.

Archbishop Ireland says:

"It trades in and battens upon intemperance, and at its door must be laid all the evils which accompany or follow from intemperance—is the personification of the vilest elements in our modern civilization."

It is the most pitiable business—this liquour selling—that a human being can turn his hand to. It demands little or no intelligence. And hence is oftimes happens that they who have failed at everything else, and are bankrupt in energy and ability, open a barroom to prey upon the sons and fathers who can and do earn a livelihood in a manner befitting manhood. It produces nothing save ruin and disgrace. It aims at nothing helpful or noble, and no business on the planet is so execrated and burdened with curses. Little wonder is it some Catholic societies admit that the saloon-keeper in their roll of membership detracts from their influence and efficiency.

We ask our readers to never sign a petition for license and to discountenance the traffic in every way possible. No matter whether the prospective dabbler in rum be what is termed a good fellow or prodigal of promises or donations do not sign his petition. On the contrary as you love your fellows and the Church leave no means untried to prevent him from peddling rum in your district.

Say the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore:

"We admonish these Catholics who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors that they seriously consider how many and how great are the dangers and occasions of sin which surround their avocation however licit in itself this avocation may be. Let them adopt if they can a more decent method of gaining a livelihood. Let them at least labor with all their ability to remove occasions of sin from themselves and from others. They should sell no drink to minors, or to persons who are likely to drink to excess. They should close their saloons on Sundays; at no time should they allow within their saloons blasphemy, cursing, or obscene language. If by their fault or their co-operation, religion is dishonored, or men are led to ruin, they must know that there is in heaven an Avenger who will surely exact from them most severe penalties."

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF MGR. MERY DEL VAL.

The eyes of all Catholic Canadians are turned towards Rome today, when, in the first public Consistory of Our Holy Father, Pius X., the Red Hat will be conferred upon Monsignor Mery dal Val, who almost seven years ago came to Canada on a mission of peace. I met him first in Rome at the old Trinite dei Monti—the convent of the Sacred Heart—whither he went weekly to hear the confessions of English speaking pupils. They told me that he was called the "Angel of the Vatican;" and when there came into the room where I was waiting a tall priest having a pale, intellectual face, lit by a pair of wondrously beautiful eyes, with such a remarkable purity of expression, I knew that it must be he; and wondered not that, as I further heard, the Holy Father loved him and kept him near him always. Those dark eyes and pale face looked so foreign, and yet he spoke to me in the most perfect English, with the charming voice of a cultivated gentleman—then I learned that his mother was half English and that he had been at Oxford.

I met him several times during my two months stay in the Eternal City, and shall ever treasure the memory of those conversations. Owing to his kindness, the day before leaving Rome I had the privilege of being present at the nineteenth anniversary celebration of Pope Leo's Coronation. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was to be offered in the beautiful Sistine Chapel, with which all visitors to Rome are so familiar. I had received instructions from Monsignor to arrive early, which I obeyed fully, and found myself at 9 o'clock, with about one hundred others, in a small section of one side of the chapel—the gentlemen were on one side, in evening dress, and the ladies on the other wearing the orthodox black dress and lace veil. Below the gentlemen in the nave were the ambassadors to the Papal Court, in their brilliant uniforms, and on the other side their wives and daughters—the little girls being all in white. Among this distinguished group, I had the pleasure of seeing the parents of Mgr. Mery del Val, his father being at that time Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican. The Mass did not begin until 11 o'clock, but the tedium of waiting was broken for me by a charming old English lady, who, although a Protestant, was most anxious to see the Holy Father, and had brought with her many rosaries, medals, pictures, etc., from her Catholic friends to be blessed by him. She was old and stout, and became very restless of our cramped standing position, and ever and anon, in her restlessness would drop a set of beads or some medals. Having fewer years and less flesh, I willingly kept picking up until her distress at my repeated labors became so great she inadvertantly dropped them all at once. After another large rescue I held the things, and just then we began to hear the shouts of the throngs in the corridors "Viva il Papa Re." Nearer grew the sounds, and soon the magnificent procession appeared. The Swiss Guards in their quaint uniforms, the Guardia Nobile, the Knights of Jerusalem, the Canons, the Monsignori, the Bishops, the Cardinals all in their gorgeous robes, and after all, borne high above the heads of the people in the sedia gestatoria, in triple crown, glistening with exquisite jewels and glorious robes of white and gold and crimson, blessing all as he passed, came the venerable Pontiff. Catholic and Protestant alike bowed low to receive the blessing of this saintly old man, whose eyes shone with more brilliancy than any of the jewels in his crown, and whose waxen face seemed lighted with holiness from within.

Then followed the Mass—in coram Pontificem—with the exquisite singing of the Papal choir. Standing near the Pope's throne, distinguished even among that distinguished throng, I saw for the last time, before leaving Rome, the beautiful intellectual face of "the Angel of the Vatican" —now His Eminence Cardinal Mery del Val.

G. F. P.

The perfect mother in a Catholic home is like the incarnation of religion for her husband and the visible guardian angel of her children.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Rev. Xavier Sutton in the Missionary.

You asked me to give my ideas on the non-Catholic movement. Is it opportune or not? As we cast a glance backwards over the few years since the first mission to non-Catholics was given we need not be deep in the secrets of the Almighty to exclaim "The finger of God is here." Count if you can the number of priests, both secular and regular, who are engaged in the work or interested in it. Listen to the Bishops and Archbishops from the Atlantic to the Pacific calling upon their priests by letter and word of mouth to have a mission for non-Catholics in their parish. Hear the approving words of the great Pontiff Leo XIII., addressed to his Eminence Cardinal James Gibbons and the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States: "You have wisely taken measures to enlighten the dissidents and to draw them to the truth by appointing learned and worthy members of the clergy to go about from district to district to address them in public in familiar style, in temples and other buildings, and to solve the difficulties that may be advanced—an excellent plan and one which we know has already borne abundant fruit." Who can any longer doubt of its success or fitness? The non-Catholic movement is here to stay. Although as yet an infant, it is destined to grow into a mighty gaint, and the day is not far distant—I hope to see it—when every mission to Catholics will be followed as a grand climax by a mission to non-Catholics. Christ founded His Church for the salvation of every soul; should we Catholics of the United States make His Church a *close corporation* and admit only the select few, or shall we throw open its doors and cry to all "Come; we possess the treasure of truth and we wish to share it with you." Some among us contend that non-Catholics would come to a mission given to Catholics, and that the non-Catholic mission is not necessary. As proof they point to the fact that converts are made on Catholic missions. It is true some non-Catholics will attend a Catholic mission; but such non-Catholics are already leaning towards the Church, they have some knowledge of it or something has drawn their interest and attention to it. But the great mass of non-Catholics will not go to a Catholic church or a Catholic mission. This great multitude of non-Catholics, ignorant of the Church's doctrine or prejudiced against her, or indifferent to religion, will be drawn by curiosity or a desire to learn, to the lectures especially given to non-Catholics. Thus Catholic truth will be imparted to many who otherwise could not be reached. As a result prejudice is broken down, ignorance is enlightened, fear and distrust dispelled; and thus many are started on the way to the Church. "Converts are made on Catholic missions"; yes, but who are they? People who for some reason or other had become interested in the Church, and who are already well disposed towards her teaching. In ten years from now the converts at Catholic missions will be ten-fold what they are at present. When ten are received now a hundred or more will then be received into the Church. Perhaps, as today, we shall then be told that the non-Catholic missions are not needed, that the Catholic missions do the work. But if the progress of faith in each soul could be traced we would find that the first seed had been sown, directly or indirectly, by a non-Catholic mission. There are some good and holy men who say "Wait; let non-Catholics come to us if they want the Church. We are getting along quietly without non-Catholic neighbors; don't disturb things." This conservatism which wishes to be ever safe is, as Archbishop Ireland says, "dry rot." Some who are known as "safe men" are oftentimes "do nothings." They never venture. They are good "brakes" on the wheels of progress. In communities where this conservatism prevails—where the clergy devote their attention entirely to the pew-holders and the devout frequenters of the Sacraments, where the lay people put their religion in the background, and in company with non-Catholics are timid and afraid to defend the teachings of the Church—what do we find? Many Catholics fallen from the Church, converts few, faith cold and indifferent. Let us suppose that a mission to non-Catholics be given in that community—what a transformation in that languid and go easy congregation! Catholics become proud of their faith, the fallen-away are reclaimed, and many not of the fold knock at the door for admittance. What was said of the one who folded his talent in a napkin? Shall it be said of us Catholics? Is it not time to obey the injunction of the Master and go out on the by-ways and compel them to enter? In the great army of the Church the non-Catholic missionary may be compared to the sappers and miners of the military. It is his duty to go forward, break down the breast-works of ignorance, prejudice, and indifference; when this is done in rushes through the breach the Catholic missionary and the parish priest, and the flag of faith is planted in many a soul. Are they justified in saying we captured that soul? Who opened the way? Who made it possible for them to enter? Who broke down the barrier? Review the past. What would the world be today if the Church had produced only routine men. What would we be if Peter and Paul, if Ignatius and Dominic, if Francis Xavier and Paul of the Cross, if Brownson, Father Hecker, Archbishop Hughes, Bishop England, Archbishop Ireland, and Cardinal Gibbons were without initiative? We must be up and doing; we have the truth and it is our duty to proclaim it from pulpit and platform, from house-top and street corner. St. Paul sought the crowd on the steps of the City Hall in Athens; we can gather them in halls and even in our churches. Shall we be dumb before them? From their heart is pouring out the cry: "Give us bread; we hunger for the word of God!"

THE TRUE CHURCH OF GOD.

SOME PLAIN WORDS TO THE NON-CATHOLIC IN A MIXED MARRIAGE.

By Rev. John F. Noll.

What has been said in the article on mixed marriages is said with all respect to you. My purpose was not to offend, but to give to Catholics the plain reasons for God's disapproval of mixed marriages. If you will kindly reflect a moment, you will admit that God cares more for your soul than for your body; and hence in marriage, He is more concerned about the union of your souls that the union of your bodies. You and your partner are working together for the things of this life; God also wants you to work together for the things of Heaven; but can you work together thus when you do not believe alike?

I do not blame you for not having accepted your partner's faith, if you never believed that he or she had the truth; but will you kindly listen to a few facts from which you might ascertain whether either of you has the true faith and who? Most surely you are willing to listen to argument, for every reasonable person is. No one on this earth is so deserving of respect as the man or woman who is sincere, earnest, who wants to know and to do what is right.

What is your belief? Your partner is a Catholic. If you differ from him or her, then both of you cannot be right; one of you surely has not the truth. Do you profess any religion? If not, I am going to ask you a question:

Do you believe in the Divinity of Christ? That is, do you believe that Christ was really God? That the Christ, Whom we revere as God, lived on earth 1,900 years ago can be proved more plainly than any other fact of history, for not only one, but many historians of His own time speak of Him. But was He God? His enemies try to prove that He was not, but the harder their attempt, the more clearly do they convince the people that He was God.

They grant that He was everything short of God; that He was a model of perfection; the holiest Person that ever lived, etc. Take them at their own words now; Would He have been a model of perfection if His whole public life had been spent in deceiving the people? Would He have been the holiest person that ever lived, if He were guilty of blasphemy, the greatest falsehood, etc.? But if He was not God, then He was a deceiver, a blasphemer, a false teacher; for His every act and most of His teachings were directed to impress on the world the belief that He was God. Now His worst enemies have too much respect for Christ to charge Him with deception, blasphemy, falsehood. If He was not such a wicked person then He was what He so emphatically professed to be—God. But His different miracles, and especially His Resurrection, in support of which there could not be stronger evidence asked; His whole teaching, the effects of His teaching, etc., all prove most conclusively that Christ was the "Son of the living God."

But what was God doing on earth in human form? One great purpose was to enlighten the world in matters of tromendous importance. During the 4,000 years previous to His appearance on earth, only one people knew anything about what is of the greatest importance for man to know. People knew nothing certain of their origin, their purpose on earth, nor of their destiny. They paid God no true worship, or rather they worshipped things that were not God at all. Christ taught the world much about God; that God made us for Himself; that our purpose on earth is to honor, love and serve this God according to His requirements; and that as a reward, we should be made eternally happy in Heaven.

In order to have uniformity of belief and worship, Christ instituted a Church which He strictly requires all to become members of as a condition for attaining Heaven.

If Christ was God and requires this, then we are not free to join this Church or not. Heaven belongs to God, and if He wants you in His Church as a condition for attaining Heaven, then you cannot expect Heaven otherwise. Now, if God makes Heaven dependent on membership in His Church, then His demands must be complied with.

Listen to the conversation I would hold with you, if you were already a member of some Church, but not of the Catholic Church.

If you told me that you were a member of a Protestant church, I would naturally ask, Of which one? For there are four or five hundred of them.

If you answered, Of the Methodist Church, I would again ask, Of which branch? For it has seventeen branches.

If you answered, "I am a Lutheran," I would again ask, Do you belong to the Missouri synod? or to the Reformed Lutheran? or to the Evangelical Lutheran? or to one of the other nineteen bodies, and to which?

If you told me that you were an Episcopalian, I would be compelled to ask the same question: Do you belong to the High, or the Low, or the Broad church?

If you replied that you were a Presbyterian, I would again want to know to which of the twelve branches you belong.

As each one of these denominations consists of many branches, one differing from the other, it would be pretty hard to decide whether you are a member of one of the other branches, professed the exact teaching of the founder, whether of Methodism, Episcopalianism, Lutheranism, etc.

After learning what church you are a member of, I would ask: Could you prove to me that that church is the Church which Christ established? for Christ certainly did not establish all of the hundreds of contradictory sects. He founded a Church and wants everybody to belong to it, not to some other. He calls His Church My Church, the Church. If you don't happen to belong to that one, then you belong to somebody else's Church beside God's.

Now, can the one true Church be distinguished from the rest? Here are some incontrovertible facts which will greatly assist us in discovering the true Church of Christ:

Four hundred years ago there was only one Church, and that Church dates back 1,500 years farther—to Christ's time—and that Church is today stronger in membership than all the other 400 or 500 sects together; that Church is spread all over the world, yet not split up into branches, but wonderfully united in belief and practice. That Church happens to be the Catholic Church. Are these not strong points in favor of the Catholic Church being the Church of Christ?

Here are some more undeniable facts: No Protestant denominations is ever 400 years old, whereas Christ's Church must be 1,900 years old. This fact alone excludes all the Protestant sects. Moreover history mentions the names of the men who started the Protestant denominations.

Protestants knowing this, answer us: We are aware that the Catholic Church is the oldest Church; we know too that she was once the true Church, but she fell into gross errors a few centuries ago; therefore to-day she is not the true Church.

Now, my friend, I hope you are sincere, so reflect a moment; you have been imposed upon. If the Catholic Church has no longer the truth, then 499 out of the 500 Protestant sects have not the truth either, for they all differ, and truth is one; the probability then would be that you don't belong to the right Protestant sect, either.

But now, could the true Church fall into error? Remember that Christ, Who was God, established the Catholic Church; history admits this. Would a wise and omnipotent God allow the Church, which He established for all times, to fall into error when He could prevent it? St. Paul asks husbands to love their wives as Christ loved His Church and died for her. But would Christ have entertained keep love for His Church if He permitted her to leave Him, or if He left her?

No, my friend, once the true Church, always the True Church. Christ even promised that this would be so; that He would remain with His Church till the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, the end of time; that He would send to keep her in truth; that hell would not gain a victory over her. St. Paul vouches for the Church's stability in truth when he calls her "the pillar and ground of truth."

I must be more brief; so here are a few points to reflect upon:

In the Apostles' Creed, the oldest of all creeds we read: I believe in the holy Catholic Church.

The 10,000,000 martyrs of the first three centuries died cruel deaths rather than abandon the truths of the Catholic Church.

Do you know of an earnest, well-instructed convert to the Catholic faith, who ever regretted that he became a Catholic?

Did you ever hear of a Catholic becoming a Protestant on his deathbed for safety sake?

Every day Protestants become Catholics on their deathbed for safety sake.

Instead of the Catholic Church, rather the Protestant denominations are changing. Presbyterians have discussed changing their creed for the last two years. Imagine the Baptists dropping baptism, but they have considered that. No Protestant denomination is the same as when founded; the different branches show that. Wesley, for example, did not found seventeen branches of the Methodist church.

Other churches are adopting Catholic practices more and more.

If the Catholic Church is not the true Church, then none is, for all others are based on the Bible, which the Catholic Church gave them, and which she declared inspired. If the Catholic Church had not been God's infallible Church at that time, then no Protestant denomination knows whether the Bible contains God's word at all or not.

By accepting the Bible as inspired they practically admit the Catholic Church's infallibility, that is, they admit that she could not teach error; then she never did; then she is the true Church to-day; then Protestantism has no excuse for its existence; then the so called Reformation was rather a Deformation, if it changed the creed of God's Church.

When Protestants charge the Catholic Church with having invented new doctrines, or with having discarded old ones, how is it that they can never say "When?" New definitions by Councils are not new doctrines.

Objections:

Why are so many Catholics bad if their Church be the Church?

Answer—Because they do not live up to their Church.

Why do so many Catholics leave the Church if to belong to it be such a privilege?

Answer—Because on account of not living in accordance with the requirements of the Church, God allows them to lose their faith as a punishment, and a severe punishment it is.

Why is the Church persecuted even in Catholic countries?

Answer — Because where God has a strong hold on the people, the devils fight hardest. Why, my friend, the very best proof of the Catholic Church being God's Church is that she is persecuted. Christ says so: "They have persecuted Me; they will persecute you, too."

But it is a hard step for many Protestants to become Catholics.

Answer—Undoubtedly, but Heaven is surely worth it. Remember that "the Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence." Be careful, you are looking more for your comfort than to please God.

But one hates to leave the Church he was raised in.

Answer — Now, don't be guided by feeling, but by conscience and reason.

But I don't believe in confession.

Answer—Your partner does; 300,000,000, others do; the priest himself goes to confession. It is not half as hard as you imagine; you will feel a hundred per cent. better after your first confession; you will then believe in it, and like other converts you will want to go often.

I am not explaining Catholic doctrine in this little treatise; but examine the different truths in some Catholic book that does explain them and you will believe them all, if you are in earnest and pray for a little light.

Would that people cared more for the religion that pleases God than for one that pleases themselves! We cannot expect Heaven through the latter kind.

Now, my friend, when I tell you that it is necessary to join the Church of God, I am not making a law; I am simply in all kindness reminding you of a duty that Christ Himself imposes upon all. Read over again this article carefully and earnestly and see if it is not pretty plain that your partner, whether good or bad, has the true faith. The fact that there are bad Catholics will not excuse you from becoming a Catholic as soon as you are convinced that God requires it.

Really, would it not be nicer also if you and your spouse were members of the same Church, rearing the children in strong faith, and working together for the "one thing necessary?" Convince yourself that a moral life alone will not lead to Heaven; we must "live by faith." Even your good works are worth nothing to God, if you refuse to do His will in His greatest demand—join His Church. "Without faith (the true faith, of course,) it is impossible to please God."

Even thou you see clearly the truth of the Catholic religion you must pray for the gift of faith. Faith is a gift of God. Kindly ask for it in a short prayer of your own every day. Say with St. Paul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and be cheered up by these words of Christ: "He who will confess (acknowledge) Me before men, him I shall confess before My Father who is in Heaven."—Kind Words From Your Pastor.

NUNS' PICTURES IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

The proprietors of a compound of cheap whisky and extracts of herbs, made in this city, are again outraging Catholic sentiment by printing that stock portrait of an alleged Sister of Charity above an alleged recommendation of their nostrum. A subscriber of ours in Toledo writes: "Some time ago I noticed in The Catholic Columbian an article exposing the fraudlent testimonial of the P—fakir, using the picture of a Sister of Charity. In the papers to day the enclosed advertisement appears. Of course the object is to catch our people. You will observe that he does not mention the name of the Catholic institution in Detroit, but it is no doubt a fake, as was the one you published some time ago." It certainly is an offense to decency that Catholic Sisterhoods should be dragged from their religious retirement to be paraded before the public, with bogus pictures of nuns in their holy habit, as the guarantors of the efficacy of any patent medicine.—Catholic Columbian, Nov. 21.

The Language of Worship.

Speaking the other day at the laying of the foundation stone of a new Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, M. P., said that sometimes they criticized the Catholic Church very severely, but there was no Church that has made a surer and deeper search into human nature. That Church, the greatest religious organization in the whole world, conducted its worship in a common tongue. The Catholics conducted their worship in the language of worship. Their Church utilized every means for taking people away from everyday interests, and sought to induce them to forget what was outside. The language of commerce and of everyday occupations was thus left outside, and the people were taught the language of worship. This showed a shrewd, deep insight into the human mind. The Welsh preserved their language for the hearth and for worship. English become the language of commerce the language of the street, the language of professions, even for Welshmen, he was afraid, but the Welsh language, when it died, would die at the steps of the altar.

PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY,

AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"It would be more merciful to throw the poor wretches into the Tiber, and so and their miserable existence; but never fear—I will do them no mischief," he said, laughingly, as he noticed the quick shadow that fell over the youth's face. "I spoke in their interests, not my own; for life, my *choragus*, is not worth much even to the most fortunate. Are all well at the villa?"

Answering in the affirmative, Admetus would have passed on had not Fabian tossed him some silver, saying: "For thy poor." With a whispered blessing on the generous pagan donor, he stooped to gather it up, and by the time he had secured the last coin, he was alone, and Fabian was already at the other end of the broad avenue.

When Fabian dismounted, a slave led away his horse; he crossed the portico and went into the Atrium, hoping to find Claudia there, as it was her favorite spot within doors; but all was silent, and only the beautiful lights and golden shadows dancing through the vines over the mosaic floor greeted him. He heard a footstep; it was one of the household slaves who had seen him enter, and come to know his pleasure. "The little lady is in the gardens somewhere," she said, in reply to his question as to the whereabouts of Claudia.

"As I might have known, had I not been stupid," he thought, as he turned to go and seek her. He hastened through the fragrant alleys down towards the old Grotto of Silenus, expecting to find her and Zilla at the fountain, weaving fresh wreaths for the *Penates*. But another spectacle met his astonished eyes: he saw a number of pale faced, scantily clothed little children, some of them leaning over the low rim of the fountain, splashing the water with their hands, while others relled lazily on the violet-sprinkled grass, happy in the sweet odors and the sunlit beauty of all things around them.

Fabian stood bewildered by the sight, and began to think he must be under a spell of some sort. What could this mean? A swarm of beggars at the gate, and here, in the most private part of the gardens, reserved exclusively for the use of the family and their guests, infantile paupers of the rabble class, apparently as much at home as if everything belonged to them! How could he know that these little creatures were the orphans of those who had suffered for Christ, whom Claudia—not understanding all—had taken under her special care, and made her daily companions? Poor, friendless and sick, she knew them to be the "little ones" of Him she loved, and this was sufficient to enlist her sympathies and endear them to her, and make her joyful in her ministrations to them.

Claudia was near the grotto, training up some vines over a trellis that a recent storm had displaced, concealed from observation herself, but able to see all around her through the green network. She heard footsteps, and glancing out, she saw a tall, handsome stranger approaching, who stopped to gaze curiously at the children, and then cast his eyes around as if in search of something else. She was there alone and unprotected, and a tremor of dismay paled her face; but perhaps he would pass on and take no notice. But instead of passing on, Fabian, who knew every spot she loved, came straight towards her as she stood mounted on a moss-grown stump, holding up the fragrant vines. Seeing that discovery was inevitable, she dropped the vines and stood revealed, an image of loveliness against the dark foliage of the background.

"Have I found thee at last, my pretty dryad?" he exclaimed, in his pleasant, laughing way.

A flush overspread her face, and as she looked gravely and steadily at him, a strange, puzzled expression came into her eyes; but she did not move, she only whispered a prayer in her heart for protection.

"Let me assist thee, dear child; give me thy hand. What! shrinking back from me! How have I offended thee, fair little lady?" he asked amazed.

"Thy voice sounds like Fabian's—but—" she began, in a low, tremulous voice.

"I *am* Fabian. What spell has come over thee not to know that it is I!" he exclaimed, astonished.

"I know the voice of Fabian, but his face I never saw. I was blind—"

"*Was* blind!" he cried.

"Yes: I was blind from my birth, and if thou art truly Fabian, forgive me for not knowing thee when my eyes for the first time behold thy face! Thy voice is the voice I know so well."

"I *am* Fabian, I call all the gods to witness, and none other—and am beside myself with joy! What! have the gods been at last propitious and given thee sight? I will build a new temple in their honor! Oh, my beautiful one! it is the most joyous thing I ever heard of. Let me look into thy eyes! How they sparkle! how they drink in the light with a flash like wine! I am in a devout humor with the gods, and will never doubt them again!" exclaimed Fabian, in tones of exalted emotion.

"The gods did not give me sight, Fabian," she answered, gently.

"How then—what great physician healed thee?" he asked.

"Jesus Christ gave sight to my eyes; all at once, as the holy water of baptism was poured on my head, the blindness and darkness fled," she answered, her voice full of sweetness, her eyes radiant with faith.

A shock that chilled his blood passed through Fabian; he turned sick and faint, and dared not trust himself to speak. Pagan philosophy offered no shield to avert a blow like this; its feet were of clay, which crumbled before his eyes, leaving him for the moment bereft of strength. The child's blind eyes had been opened by one of those startling miracles so often wrought by the thaumaturgic skill of the Christian priests, and it was evident that she had fallen under the spell of their delusions. With this conviction there arose instantly and vividly before him the frightful results that were almost certain to follow.

"And thy father, my child?" he at last found voice to ask.

"Oh, Fabian! hast thou not heard? He is a Christian!" she replied, her countenance glowing with happiness.

"I am but just back from the wilds of Umbria," he said, quietly.

This was the last thing that Fabian would have thought of, had any presentiments of evil been haunting his mind. He remembered his long conversation with Nemeisus relating to the ancient and curious predictions of an expected One, Who was expected to appear, revive the glories of the Golden Age, and make mankind like unto the gods, and his scornful incredulity; it was only a few brief days ago, and it seemed incredible that so sudden a transformation could have taken place. Nemesiusa a Christian! Rather would he have heard of his death; rather a thousand times would he have found the beautiful child, standing there in her fearless innocence before him, dead and beyond the reach of all harm.

Fabian felt as if he had been away a hundred years, instead of a fortnight; and had he only known of these dreadful changes in time, he would not have returned to Rome, but hied away to some corner of the earth where it would be impossible for the news of how it all ended to reach him; for well he knew that in times like these men so distinguished as Nemesius could not become a Christian with the least hope of escaping discovery, and death attended by cruelties too barbarous to think of. Nor could it be supposed that his child, whose blindness had made her an object of tender sympathy and commiseration in Rome, should suddenly receive her sight without its presently being known.

Should the impending war with Persia soon break out, then there was a hope; for Nemesius—his apostasy unsuspected—could lead his legion away to do battle under the Eagles for the defence and glory of the Empire, as many Christian soldiers had done in times past, while he would find a safe retreat for the child; but alas! how fatal would be delay!—for her misfortue was too weel known to the Emperor, and all who had ever seen or served her, for such a wonder as that which had occurred to be long concealed.

Fabian's mind was torn by contending emotions—not that he cared for the change io its religious aspect, but because he dreaded the consequences for these two who were so near to his heart. He would not disturb the serene happiness of the beautiful child by question or argument; he would restrain himself until he could see Nemesius, to lay before him the peril in which they both stood, and suggest measures by which they might escape the fate that threatened them.

It had only taken a few moments for these tumultuous thoughts to sweep through Fabian's mind, but they left him shaken to the centre of his being, yet outwardly calm. At last he said, gently:

"And how does the world look to thee, fair child?"

"Oh, Fabian! I have not words to say how beautiful it all appears to me; and when I think of Him Who made it, my heart almost bursts with love and gladness," replied Claudia, while the long, white-blossomed sprays she had again gathered up to weave in the trellis dropped from her hands.

"And I—how do I look to thee, sweet one? tell me, if it will not wound my vanity too much," he said, trying to speak in the old way.

"Thy face is strange to me, Fabian," she answered, while a delicate glow suffused her countenance, "and sad; but thy voice is the same I always loved to hear. By-and-by I shall be used to thy face, and love it, too."

"How is Grillo?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Grillo is very well; and, now that he knows me, follows me, and sometimes lays his head upon my shoulder, and fans me with his long ears," she said, with a little laugh.

"Grillo has the wisdom of a sage: he makes the best of the situation, and neither pines for thistles, or risks his prosperity by unreasonable freaks. Bravo! for the king of the donkeys," said Fabian, laughing; but the words had a covert and bitter significance. "I thought of thee every day, my little cousin, while I was up yonder among the hills, and have brought thee a pet that will rival poor Grillo in thy affections—a gentle, graceful little antelope from Grillo's country, perhaps his cousin; but I see so many strange companions around thee," he said, waving his hand towards the pale-faced children near the fountain, "that I fear he will not find favor with thee. Tell me who they are and whence; for they are so unexpected and out of place that it seems they might have been rained down, like frogs, out of the clouds."

"They are the little ones of the dear Christus; they had none to care for them, Fabian, and were sick and hungry, and I am allowed to keep them at the villa; for they had no homes of their own, and now they are getting strong and merry. Oh! it is a great favor to have them," replied the child, in low; tender accents; "for He loves them, and it makes me glad to serve them for His sake."

"I hope thou wilt love the little antelope, then, for *my* sake; it is a pretty creature, with eyes as soft and bright as thine, and diminutive enough to be carried about in thy arms; and, better still, it doesn't laugh like the blast of a trumpet, as Grillo does," said Fabian, veiling the bitter pain of his heart under an assumption of the old gay manner. He would ask no question that would seem to be a recognition of the astonishing changes that had taken place in his absence, but, as we see, put them aside as childish fancies unworthy of notice, although he gauged the gravity of the situation to its bitter depths.

"Thank thee, dear Fabian, for thy kind thought of me, and I will love the little creature for thy sake; I love Grillo and my doves, but there's room enough for thy pretty stranger," she answered, with a bright glance. "But come, let us go and find Symphronius that he may order thy favorite dainties and wines."

"I cannot accept thy hospitality today, little lady. I will see Symphronius a moment, to leave a message with him, then hasten away to an engagement in Rome; meanwhile remain where thou art to finish the task I interrupted, and be happy with thy frogs," he said, laughingly as he nodded towards the children, and walked swiftly away.

The old steward, oppressed by the heat, had just left his desk and gone to a window for a breath of fresh air. The very first object that met his sight was Fabian, coming with hasty steps towards his office. "It is the beginning of sorrows," thought he, while his heart gave a great thump; and he made the blessed Sign of the Cross upon his breast, commending himself to the protection of God. How could he tell Fabian of the great events that had taken place while he was absent? How find courage to announce that which, he feared, would disrupt the friendship and love of a lifetime? He advanced to welcome him, however, as he entered, with his usual kind, courteous greeting, but, as Symphronius remarked, without the genial smile and jesting words that had heretofore always characterized his salutation. It was a great relief to him, therefore, when he discovered that Fabian's only object was to inquire where he should be most likely to find Nemesius in the city, and when he might be expected at the villa; but the old steward could give him no certain information on either point.

"My master," he said, "has obtained leave of absence from his military duties, and is occupied with his private affairs, which, having been neglected for years, require his attention; but if the illustrious signor will leave a letter I will send it by his messenger, who comes daily with words to our little lady."

"Christianity, secrecy and mystery, always hand in hand," thought Fabian, as he seated himself to write to Nemesius, urging an interview wherever he might appoint; then, having secured the letter in the usual way with twisted threads of silk and a seal, he arose to go. No: he would take no refreshment; he was not feeling well, he told Symphronius, who wished to spread a dainty repast for him, and went away with the heaviest heart he had ever known.

Had not the persecution been raging Fabian's latitudinarian principles in matters of religion would have enabled him to regard the conversion to Christianity of a man of such distinction as Nemesius as an eccentricity which he could have made a jest of; he would only have thought he had lowered his patriarch rank, and possibly damaged his career, by giving up old traditions and the religion established by the State, for new-fangled doctrines and delusions; otherwise, it would not have affected their friendship a single iota, at least so far as he was concerned.

Fabian had no veneration for the gods, but he thought that an established system of belief was conducive to individual and social order and public prosperity. Like the fasces of lictors, which bound together resisted all effort to break them, but disunited could be singly snapped asunder by a child, he saw strength ln unity, and looked upon innovations as disintegrating and destructive; but the persecution he thought worse than the innovations it attacked and sought to exterminate. And now the only friend he loved on earth had chosen this time to commit the supreme folly which could be expiated by the sacrifice of his own life and that of his child. He was nearly distracted under the calm exterior which by a strong effort of his will he compelled himself to wear.

When at last Fabian and Nemesius met at the palace of the former, the soul of each was tried to the very limits of endurance by what passed between them. Knowing Nemesius as we do, it is easy to imagine the courage, firmness and constancy with which he declared his faith, and related the circumstances that led to his conversion, and the warning, pleading arguments he used to persuade Fabian to cast aside his idolatrous errors, and accept the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. It is easy also to imagine Fabian's worldly, plausible, sophistical arguments in reply: his logic, sharpened by satire; his passionate philippies against Christianity, which, all summed up, meant that Nemesius was guilty of the most culpable foolishness in risking honors, fortune, life, and the life of his child, for a creed which the wisest philosophers of the times declared to be false and delusive.

He did not spare Nemesius, but his tears flowed even when his words were the most cutting and severe; for, like a skilful surgeon, he knew that to heal he must first wound. But Nemesius having counted all earthly things as dross and nothingness in comparison with the higher and eternal good for which he had relinquished them, the words of his friend were as "tinkling cymbals," and his arguments like water melting in the sand. It was only Fabian's pain that touched him, for he knew that it was the outcome of his great, unselfish love for him.

The interview had been peculiarly painful to both, for the tie between the two men was closer than that of brotherhood. A glorious and assured recompense awaited the sacrifice of Nemesius; but for Fabian, who looked not beyond earthly limits, there was only despair. The lamp above them gleamed low; and the dawn, now stealing faintly through the open windows, revealed on their pale countenances traces of the crucial pain they had endured—one marked by divine faith, the other lined by the passionate sorrow of defeat.

"At last," said Fabian, breaking silence, "and while there is yet time, take the child and fly to some remote region for safety. My pleasure galley lies at Ostia, and everything can be got in readiness before the sun sets to-day."

"I am a soldier, Fabian, and have always followed the Roman Eagles where they led, without question or thought of the perils to be faced, and now that I am a soldier of Jesus Christ, with His Cross for my standard, shall I do less? No; I will not fly," answered Nemesius.

"And the child—thy lovely Claudia! Why subject her to the same cruel fate so eagerly courted by thee? Oh, Nemesius! unfeeling parent! How canst thou bear the thought of her being killed by wild beasts, or cast into the flames? Gods! the very thought of it maddens me!" exclaimed Fabian, his face ghastly white.

Nemesius folded his hands and bowed his head; for here was the human, vulnerable part through which his nature might be wounded unto death.

He did not speak for some moments: he was silently offering the dread anguish that wrung his soul with generous love to Him through whose Passion and Death redemption had come to mankind.

"A few short pangs, and then eternal life!—I can ask nothing more precious for my little one, should He in Whom we trust will it so," he said at last. "My Fabian, let us not speak of this again."

"My life-long friendship for thee, my love for her, forbids silence. Listen Nemesius: I must speak! Since thou art so set on thy own destruction, confide Claudia to me. I love her as tenderly as if she were my own offspring. I will take her away to a home in one of the pleasant lands I know of, and all that I possess shall be hers; and she shall be guarded as the most precious treasure of my life," urged Fabian.

"Ah, my Fabian, how thou rendest my heart! By consenting to thy generous wish I should risk her eternal salvation. Better she should be safe in heaven than live without faith on earth; for she is of tender age, and with no one to encourage and guide her, tempted and warped through her affections, there would be danger of her losing the inestimable graces that are now hers. These grown weak, faith would gradually expire in her soul. No: I dare not consent," said Nemesius, in a voice that betrayed his emotion.

"Hast thou gone so mad that thou wilt even take no precautions for thy safety? Thou canst not long escape; thy position and fame are too distinguished for that which thou hast done to escape detection," exclaimed Fabian.

"I am in the hands and at the holy will of Him Who created and redeemed me. I have no wish, no hope, no plan that reaches beyond that," he said, in grave tones, which had in them an exultant ring. "Remember, Fabian," he added, after a momentary pause, "that it was from thy lips I first heard the wonderful story of the divine Christus, which sunk deeper than I then knew, and led me to consider, even while I scoffed, the possibilities of its truth. He is indeed the long-expected Messiah of the world old prophecies, the very Son of God—the Saviour who who has in our nature overthrown the adversary of our souls, and won from God that clemency for fallen man which He refused to the revolted angels. Thy passion for curious investigation has led thee unwittingly to a dim knowledge of the truth, wherein thou art privileged above many; this knowledge supplemented by grace—which only awaits the action of thy own will and desire to receive it—will open to thee the inexhaustible treasury of faith and holiness, with all its fullness and perfection of knowledge, whose divine heights, without it, no mortal can ever reach. Be persuaded, then, to throw aside all human motives, all vain philosophy, and seek only the truth as it is in Jesus Christ."

The words of Nemesius were rendered more impressive by a sudden golden glow which at this moment the newly-risen sun flashed through a window, crowning his noble head as with a halo.

"My Achates!" said Fabian, with a wan effort to smile in his old gay, winning way; "I am not prepared either to discuss or accept mysticisms which have brought into my life its first real bitterness. The appearance of the Christus, coincident with the ancient predictions and the phenomenal enthusiasms resulting therefrom, I regard only as singular facts in the world's history—mental disturbances which seem to lie beyond the knowledge of natural laws. The only thing I am entirely sure of at this moment is my friendship for thee, my Nemesius, which no mortal power can shake."

He arose, and threw his arm around the shoulders of Nemesius, while tears dimmed his eyes.

"And yet, my Fabian, thou art willing to let death dissolve a friendship as dear to me as to thyself, by rejecting the only condition which would ensure its eternal continuance," said Nemesius, with deep emotion, as he embraced him. "Now, farewell! I have an assurance that fills me with hope for thee."

And so they parted, Nemesius going away towards the Via Latina, while Fabian flung himself upon his couch to seek repose after the agitations of the night, firmly convinced that he might as well by a wave of his hand expect to remove grim Soracte from its foundations, as to endeavor to shake the constancy of Nemesius in what was evidently to him a vital and eternal principle.

Fabian was convinced that indifference to beliefs and dogmas, as taught by his favorite Pyrrho, was not a safeguard to tranquillity and happiness; far better for him, he now thought, had he adopted the stern philosophy of Zeno, which would have raised him above the passions and emotions of humanity. But vain regrets were only weakness, and there was nothing left him to do but to fight his battle out as best he cold, without taking the world into his secret.

On the following day he prepared to go his customary rounds—to the Forum, the Baths, look in, perhaps, at the Theatre, should anything new be going on, and make a visit or two. Never before had Fabian been so fastidious in the choice of his apparel, the draping of his toga, the splendor of the few jewels he wore, and the quality of the perfume sprinkled in his hair, curling in short, silky rings all over his statuesque head. Dismissing his servant, he made a critical survey of himself in his Egyptian mirror, and was annoyed to discover that he was unusually pale, and that there were dark shadows under his eyes—traces of the passionate emotion he had suffered.

"I will only have to smile the more, and be careful that my smiles do not become grins; then, if comment is made, I shall have to draw on my fever of a *lustrum* ago as the cause," said Fabian, turning away with a short, bitter laugh, which ended in a sigh by the time he stepped into his chariot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FATHER BANNON'S UMBRELLA.

Things might have arranged themselves better if Sabina Murphy's father had been less anxious for his daughter's union with Cornelius O'Donovan; if Cornelius' mother had looked less wistful whenever she saw the young couple together. Sabina's farm joined Corney's. Both farms were much of a size and in the pink of condition. They were unimportant taken separately; joined together none could look for a prettier farm, and people were as fond of the land in the '30's in Ireland as they are to-day.

But the resolute intention of relatives and friends to force the young people together only succeeded in defeating its own ends. Sibbie, as all the world called her, was something of a spoiled child—a beauty, an heiress, her father's darling. She had only to send a glance from under her long black eyelashes at any swain of them all to bring him to her side.

Corney, on the other hand, was, from his own point of view, nothing at all of a match for her. He had the soft, rugged, melancholy looks which often belong to the Celt and are as appealing to the sensitive as the sadness of animals. An artist would have found Corney beautiful. To his own class he made no appeal at all. He was heavy, clumsy, dark, his features shapeless his limbs cast in a great mould that he carried ungracefully. Whereas Sibbie—Sibbie had a Japanese daintiness of aspect, though they knew nothing of Japan in Corrieglen. Her smooth hair was like black satin, her black eyebrows were exquisitely arched over long eyes, she was milk-white of skin and had delicate, disdainful red lips.

No one person in the world suspected that Sibbie had sometimes said to herself, in the seclusion of her own pretty room, "Why is he such an omadhaun?" stamping her foot angrily at the same time; nor if they had, would they have suspected any connection between the speech and Corney O'Donovan.

When Terence Murphy in his last illness spoke of the wish of his heart to Sibbie, she leaned over him and smoothed his pillow tenderly.

"He's a great old omadhaun," she said, "and he will never ask me."

"Is that how it is?" asked Terence, a sudden enlightenment coming into his sunken eyes.

"That's how it is!" answered Sibbie, nodding her head emphatically.

"'Tis surprising, the foolishness of people and things," said Terence. And that night he died in his sleep, so that Sibbie's secret died with him.

The next to go was Peggy O'Donovan, a kind, hard-working woman for whom the neighbors had nothing but good words when she went.

"I wish I could have seen you settled, Corney," she said wistfully.

"Sure, I never had eyes but for the one girl," Corney answered, "and she won't look at me."

"Are you sure, Corney?"

"Sure? It's too sure I am."

"Whethen, she doesn't know what's good. A better son never walked the world, and a good son makes a good husband. 'Tis her loss, Corney."

"Maybe, I know it's mine."

"I've longed this many a day for your children on my knee. I'll never see their faces now."

"I wouldn't want children unless they were hers and mine," he said. "And if she holds out against me to the end, I think 'tis an old bachelor I'll be dying, like my Uncle Peter."

"She bids fair to be an old maid herself, the way she's letting all the boys go by her," said the mother, with a little bitterness.

Corney looked at her in amazement.

"Is it she an old maid," he asked, "that could have any boy in the country, from old James Fogarty, that's worth ten thousand pounds if he's worth a penny, down to Linty Whelan, that hasn't got two pennies to call his own nor the first hair on his chin? Sure why would she be an old maid?"

His eyes kindled in sudden violence, but he curbed himself. He wasn't going to distress the old dying mother with a revelation of the depths of his hopeless love and the fury of jealousy that shook him when he thought of another man winning Sibbie.

But the mother had comfort. Old Father Bannon, of Newtoncross, who had a great and deserved reputation for sanctity which extended as far as Dublin itself, knew her desires and assured her at the last that he believed they would be satisfied. Perhaps he knew something, perhaps he did not. Anyhow, she died easy in her mind about her son's future.

When the two were left alone they seemed more contrary to each other than ever. They bore their griefs in a lonely isolation, Sibbie prouder than ever now that her cheek was pale and her eyes ringed with purple, while Corney walked with a stoop of the shoulders, as though a burden pressed them down, and a face that had more than ever the dumb sadness of an animal's.

Often they were within hail of each other across the dividing hedgerows of the farms. Sibbie had taken to looking after things herself since her father's death. Once on a time they used to be friendly; now no greeting passed between the girl on one side of the hedge, superintending this or that farming operation, and the man on the other side, ploughing with his heavy, old-fashioned plough—an austere, lonely figure against the gray sky of winter going up and down the furrows.

Rumors came presently to Sibbie that Corney was sadly neglected since his mother's death. She could have told the gossips that she knew more about it than they did, for although she never lifted her head to send a glance across the hedgerow that divided her from Corney at his ploughing, nothing escaped her of his increasingly unkempt and untidy air.

When she re-entered her own neat and clean house at the end of the short day and sat to the comfortable meal which Bessie her excellent maid of all work, had set out for her in bright lamplight and firelight, her thoughts would wander to Corney in his neglected house, at the mercy of the thriftless woman who was supposed to serve him. Somehow it took keenness off her appetite and her appreciation of the pleasant things with which she was surrounded.

She missed her old father greatly; indeed, it was the ache of missing him that had driven her to take his place in the fields, instead of leaving things to Nick Brophy, who had been her father's right-hand man in his latter days. She grew sharp with those about her, which was due partly, no doubt, to that gnawing tooth of grief which made a perpetual discomfort in her life. And she was sharpest of all to the suitors who came thicker than ever now that she was alone.

When she had succeeded in getting rid of the most eligible of them, she smiled grimly to herself.

"You're shaping well for an old maid, Sibbie Murphy," she said, and then added: "And upon my word, things being as they are, I don't know but what you're right. You're very comfortable as you are. And they are too sure themselves and too keen after the money except one, and he's nothing but an omadhaun."

Her grief and dissatisfaction had their effect on her looks, as her friends and neighbors weren't slow about telling her. Even Father Bannon, the least observant of men, noticed it.

"You're not looking well, Sibbie," he said, with the kind, anxious, far-off look of one who saw the world and its troubles from a great distance.

"It'll be that I'm getting old, father," said Sibbie, with a flout at herself. "I pulled out a gray hair this morning."

"It seems like yesterday, since I christened you, and it can't be more than twenty-three years ago. Twenty-four, is it? Well, we can't call you old yet, child. I've been visiting that poor neighbor of yours, Corney O'Donovan. His house is in a miserable state, enough to make the kind woman his mother troubled even where is. I gave him good advice."

"To turn out Biddy Flaherty and get a clean, honest girl in her place?"

"To get a wife; he'll never be comfortable till he does."

The kind, old, far-off eyes looked away from Sibbie, over whose face the color had rushed in a flood.

"I hear you re a great contrivance for keeping off the rain," she said, in a confused effort to get away from what was apparently an awkward subject.

"It was sent a present to me from Dublin," Father Bannon answered, brightening. "Indeed, I'm afraid to go out with it, for all the children in the place will be following me and the dogs barking at my heels. You wouldn't believe how it holds the rain off. For all the world like a little roof it is."

"So I heard," said Sibbie, not greatly interested in Father Bannon's acquisition, but pretending to be so, "What at all do they call it?"

"It has a queer name—it's called an umbrella. I have a good many people dropping in to see what it's like. It shuts up very handy, too."

"Indeed?" said Sibbie, politely interested. "I would like to see it, so I would."

"'Tis a long time, Sibbie, child, since you came to see me. Supposing you come over to tea on Sunday? I know tea's a treat to you—it is to all the women."

Sibbie looked eager, finally confessed that tea was her temptation—it was nearly as scarce a thing in the parish of Newtowncross at that date as the umbrella which Father Bannon had just acquired.

She dressed herself in her best to do honor to the occasion. Her best was a scarlet petticoat, a loosely fitting jacket of some flowered stuff, white and scarlet, caught in with a scarlet ribbon at the waist, blue knitted stockings and stout, pretty little shoes. It was a fashion of dress that never went out in Newtowncross, and when she took off her blue hooded cloak and revealed her finery, the old priest took snuff and paid her a compliment.

He was reading his breviary when Sibbie arrived by the window that overlooked the valley of the Daugh river, with rampart of the mountains behind it.

"You're fine enough for a wedding, Sibbie," he said. "Sit down, child, while I make the tea. I'm expecting another visitor. Ah here he is! How are you, Corney?"

He looked away from Sibbie's red cheek and wore a half guilty air. When he looked back again it seemed as though a hedge of briars and thorns had grown up about the girl during the little interval instead of the sweet naturalness of the Sibbie of a few moments ago, this Sibbie sat on the edge of her chair in an uneasy attitude, her mouth was prim; she looked so chilly, so unfriendly that it was no wonder poor Corney in his bottle-green coat with brass buttons, his knee breeches and frilled shirt and gray worsted stockings, felt all of a sudden chilled and depressed. He had taken his best clothes from the chest of drawers, where his mother's hand had last smoothed them out, to do credit to the great occasion of drinking tea with the priest. They had become him remarkably well, too. He had not known Sibbie was to be there. But there she was, looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her — but so cold, so angry almost. Why he had done nothing to bring that look to her face.

Father Bannon's housekeeper came in and drew the curtains, hiding the

mountains and the cold glimmer of the river in its valley under the winter evening sky. She lit the lamps and stirred the fire. The room with its books in dull bindings that had only an odd glimmer of gilding, its few good pictures, the sacred emblems on the mantel shelf, the dog lying on the faded hearth rug, the snowy cloth, with china and silver laid for the tea, were very grand and imposing in the eyes of Corney and Sibbie. They almost forgot their shyness of each other in watching the priest ladle from the old silver caddy a few precious spoonfuls of tea and pour the boiling water upon it. The tea was delicious—most grateful to Sibbie's feminine palate; but it did not unlock her tongue. She had seemed quite willing to chatter when she came in, but the arrival of her fellow guest had frozen the current of her speech. And as for Corney, Corney was as dumb as though he had been born so.

While they sipped their tea from saucers, sitting at arm's length from the table, Father Bannon eyed them with an expression half despairing half waggish. He was obliged to talk for three. A cold curtain of constraint hung over the room. He rallied, he coaxed, he tried all his arts to make the two talk to each other, but in vain.

This afternoon had been very still. As the darkness gathered there was a moan of wind; again a clapping of wind which seemed to rattle the invisible sails before it died away. After tea, in a hospitable endeavor to please his guests, the priest brought out a domino board and instructed them in the rules of the game. It had been his beloved companion since he had been a student at the college of Douai, in France. But while the game passed the time, he was aware that neither of the young couple shared his interest in it.

About 8 o'clock the housekeeper came in.

"'Tis pouring with rain," she said, "and your reverence's weather glass, thet ran up as if it was running a race this morning, is tumbling down all as fast. Glory be to goodness, listen to the wind!"

Father Bannon had been engrossed by the game, and the thick shutters had nearly kept out sound. Sure enough, the wind was crying along the valley with an ominious moan; through the shutters he could hear the streaming of the rain upon the glass.

"We'd best be getting home," said Sibble, standing up.

There was a pattering of hailstones on the window and the wind cried in the chimney.

"Yes," assented the priest. "It's not a long way, and you'll be home before the storm breaks. That reminds me, you never saw the umbaella after all. You shall go home under it. You think you can hold it over Sibbie's head, Corney?"

"Never fear, your reverence!"

"I wouldn't be taking Mr. O'Donovan so far out of his way," said Sibbie, in a mincing voice.

"Sure, 'tis my own way," said Corney, turning red. "Only for that I would'nt be troubling you."

"I'd take no harm with my cloak," said Sibbie.

"And the umbrella," said the priest. "You couldn't hold it over yourself, but Corney'll hold it for you. You'll bring it back safe and sound to me, Corney? Now, Sibbie, are you ready? I'll open it for you when I get you outside the door. 'Tis too big to open in the house."

The umbrella of the late '30's, the first which had found its way into the parish of Newtowncross, was very unlike the slender, elegant umbrella of to-day. This particular example was as large as the canopy of a four-poster bed. It had huge ribs of whalebone and a stick great enough for a giant's walking stick. The wind was blowing a half gale by this time, and it was with great difficulty Corney was able to carry the umbrella.

However, he was a bit of a yachtsman, and very soon he learned the secret of holding the umbrella against the wind, which was now blowing furiously from the southwest.

"If it was to get under," said Corney to his silent companion, "it 'ud, maybe, blow me away to the moon, for, of course, I'd never let go of it—a thing that belongs to the priest."

A little later:

"I think the best thing I could do 'ud be to shut it up. I'm misdoubting that maybe it'll carry me over the edge."

They were at this time on a steep, descending path, on one side of which was a wall of rock, on the other a precipitous fall into the valley below. Sibbie uttered a little shriek and suddenly caught at his arm and clung to it. The wind blew and buffeted them; the umbrella was blown this way and that. If the hurrying moon amid her ragged clouds had had time to shed a ray on Corney's face it would have revealed an expression of amazed and incredulous delight.

"Sure, you wouldn't be telling me to let the priest's umbrella fly away?" he faltered.

"Your life's more than the umbrella," she whispered back.

Corney's face grew roguish in the shadow.

"You'd better not be holding me," he said "or you'll maybe go over along with me. If I was only out of this place I'd be shutting it up as his reverence did.

He staggered before the force of the wind and the umbrella leaned to the precipice. Sibbie caught him with both hands aud held his arm tight to her. He had an idea through her thick cloak he could feel the beating of her heart. However, he still held on to the umbrella. The wind sighed and died away just long enough to allow them to pass the most dangerous part of the path. They came to a point at which it was possible to clamber over the boulders to a bit of a field on top.

"I think we'll be shutting it up here," said Corney, making the most of the lull. He climbed up the bit of path to the field, planted the umbrella like an enormous mushroom in the nearest ridge and was black again to help her over the last bit of the climb.

"Now to shut it up," said he. But that was easier said than done. They pushed and pulled and squeezed and felt for hinges in the ribs, all to no purpose. They remembered too late that Father Bannon had not taught them how to close the umbrella.

"Let us get home before the wind rises," said Sibbie, "I can see the light in the kitchen window where Bessie is waiting up for me. There isn't a house we could get into, but there's great shelter inside the four walls of the garden."

On the instant there was a great flash of lightning, and then, as though it had let loose the wind, the storm broke over them with incredible violence. The umbrella was whirled away from them and went flying over the gray fields. Whether they followed it of their own will or whether they were simply blown before the storm, as everything in its path was that night, Sibbie never knew. She only knew that she was carried off her feet for some distance and then flung with great force to the ground. As she fell some one caught her and averted the worst part of her fall.

"You're not hurt, Sibbie, darling?" said Corney's voice, through the roar of the tempests "Lie still a minute and get your breath. No, don't try to stand up. The wind 'ud throw you down again. Creep, acushla, creep. The old dun in the corner of the field there is safe. If we once get to that the storm won't hurt us."

The dun was a square keep with an open lower story in which the cattle took refuge from wind and rain. It was of iron strength and so old that the antiquaries had grown tired of discussing the purposes for which it was built.

Sibbie always said that she could never have reached the dun if it had not been for Corney. As they wriggled along the ground they were lashed with all sorts of debris the wind carried with it. Every second the storm increased in force. Fortunately they were in an open field with no trees under them, for the trees that night came down in their thousands.

At last she felt herself, beaten, blind and exhausted, dragged within the dun, the mouth of which was fortunately away from the storm.

"You're terrified, darling, and no wonder," said Corney's voice at her ear. "But now we're quite safe. There's a few cattle in here. We needn't turn them out, the creatures."

"No indeed!"

"And here's a a manger full of hay. I'll spread my coat on the hay and you can sit down, or lie down if you like better. Why, is it shivering you are, Sibbie?"

She found herself caught to Corney's breast and held there. She felt kisses upon her hair. The cattle had come closer to them for protection. She felt the warmth of their breath and heard the deep sound of it. They were in a little space of peace and quietness, while the world seemed given over to destruction outside.

"Will it ever be over?" she sighed against his ear.

"Is it the storm? Sure, I don't care. To morrow you'll be freezin' to me again."

Her uplifted arms held him about the neck. He could see her eyes shining in the obscurity. "I always loved you," she said. "Why were you such an omadhaun as never to ask me?"

"Never to ask you, light of my eyes! Sure I thought you wouldn't look at me."

"I never looked at any one else, not in that way."

"Sure, how am I to go to Father Bannon?" he asked, happily. "Isn't his umbrella gone off to the North Pole somewhere?"

"We'll get him another. I don't believe in them contrivances. Sure, if God sends rain, it must be good."

"I'm obliged to the umbrella," said Corney. "Only for it you'd have gone on freezing me."

"And you breakin' my heart."

"If it wasn't for that, I'd have got you home before the storm, though the brunt of it would have fallen on me."

"What'll the neighbors say?" she asked, clinging to him in sudden terror. "It isn't because of that you've asked me, Corney?"

The look and tender caress with which he answered her was all satisfying.

After all, there was great mercy in their night in the dun, for as they came over the fields in the gray morning, when the storm had lulled, they found that the chimney of Sibbie's room was down on the bed where she would have slept. In their passionate thanksgiving the ravages of the storm vexed them but little.

A report came from somewhere about Tory Island of a strange apparation in the sky the night of the storm, like a queer, unchancy sort of boat sailing and a bare mast stuck up out of it.

That was the last ever heard of Father Bannon's umbrella. — The Sketch.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

DECEMBER 2.

A young Spanish gentleman, in the dangerous days of the Reformation, was making a name for himself as a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Paris, and had seemingly no higher aim, when St. Ignatius of Loyola won him to heavenly thoughts. After a brief apostolate amongst his countrymen in Rome, he was sent by St. Ignatius to the Indies, where for twelve years he was to wear himself out bearing the Gospel to Hindostan, to Malacca, and to Japan. Thwarted by the jealousy, covetousness and carelessness of those who should have helped and encouraged him, neither their opposition nor the difficulties of every sort which he encountered could make him slacken his labors for souls. The vast kingdom of China appealed to his charity, and he was resolved to risk his life to force an entry, when God took him to Himself, and on the 2nd of December, 1552, he died—like Moses—in sight of the land of promise.

Success by methods such as a Christian cannot endorse, is the devil's failure.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.

In this, the fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," there is conveyed an important and serious lesson. In uttering the words we make confession in the first place that we have transgressed God's laws. We acknowledge ourselves to be what we are, and we beg of God pardon for our sins, and remission of the punishment we have incurred on account of the same.

These results, however, are not secured by merely petitioning for them. On the contrary they depend upon a most significant condition. It is a condition that is of much consequence because upon it rests God's promise to forgive sin. It is also a condition of grave importance because it implies that forgiveness will be measured to us in proportion as we extend forgiveness to others.

What benefit, therefore, we shall derive from repeating this petition is necessarily dependent upon ourselves. Such being the case, all will readily see the importance of saying the prayer with an humble and contrite heart that God may extend us the pardon for our transgressions which we desire. This is the first requirement. In the second place it is absolutely necessary to obtain such pardon that we ourselves forgive freely and unreservedly those who have injured us. If we fail to do this we have no reason to hope that God will forgive our offences.

These facts admonish us most forcefully of the manner in which we should utter this most important petition. By it we ask God to measure His forgiveness to us by that which we extend to others. Are there not some who harbor hatred, malice and even a desire for revenge while addressing this petition to their heavenly Father? Yet they pray that God would forgive them as they forgive those who have trespassed against them. Think of the consequences if their petition were to be granted. This is not always the result, but certainly such prayer cannot be otherwise than always ineffectual.

It becomes us, therefore, to have our hearts set in the greatest charity when repeating this petition. To be forgiven, we must forgive. In order to find mercy we must be merciful. And if we but be mindful of the many and countless offences God has forgiven us it should not be difficult for us to extend forgiveness to our neighbor. Such we shall do if we are always guided by the spirit of of true charity. Thus forgiving those who trespass against us, we may confidently hope that God will forgive us our trespasses. —Church Progress.

CHURCH CHOIRS

MANY AMENS AND OTHER REPEATED PHRASES CRITICISED.

From time to time, we get intelligence that the Pope is about to reform our church music; that the more operatic style is to be changed to a simpler or Gregorian form, writes Jas. R. Randell in the Catholic Columbian. Some of our people do not go to High Mass, on account of the choir, they say, and some may go because of the choir. I am personally very fond of the grand music of the masters; admirably rendered and even with orchestrial accompaniment, but there might be some reform. For instance, the tedious repetition of the same words could be abridged, especially, as is often the case, that this repetition either intrudes upon solemn parts of the Mass or the priest has to pause until the tenors, the baritones, the basso profundo and the chorus all insist upon having their turn in repeating the musical phrase. I was recently at a celebration where the priest, fasting from midnight, with a very arduous day before him had finished Mass about noon, and waited at the altar steps for the choir to conclude. But on the singers went. Even the Father's patience was exhausted, and he turned his face to the organ-loft pleadingly. But the various voices were inexorable. They determined to intone their several scores, and they did. I do not know how many "Amens" were sung finally, but they were multitudinous, and, I should have supposed, unecessary. No doubt, the choir has its defence, and, when it is a voluntary, unpaid organization, feels righteous or artistic indignation when critized; but, on reflection, the vocal members might admit that a little reform would not do any harm, even if the Holy Father's reported movement does not "materialize."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

DENYING OURSELVES AND RENOUNCING CUPIDITY.

Would it were so with thee, and that thou wert come so far that thou wert no longer a lover of thyself, but didst stand wholly at my beck and at His, whom I have appointed father over thee: then would'st thou exceedingly please Me, and all thy life would pass in joy and peace.

Thou hast yet many things to forsake, and unless thou give them up to me without reserve, thou shalt not attain to that which thou demanded.

I counsel thee to buy of me gold fire-tried, that thou mayest be made rich (Apoc. iii. 18.): that is, heavenly wisdom, which treads under foot all things below.

Set aside the wisdom of the earth, that is, all seeking to please the world and thyself.

I have said that thou shouldst give the things that are high, and of great esteem with men, to purchase those which are esteemed contemptible.

For truly heavenly wisdom seems very mean and contemptible, and is scarce thought of by men; that wisdom, which teaches to think meanly of one's self, and not to seek to become great upon earth; which many praise in words, but from which in their life they are far; yet, this same is that precious pearl which is hidden from many.

QUESTIONS OF HONOR IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

AT HOLY COMMUNION.

Katharine E. Conway.

It should be remembered that the faithful intending to receive Holy Communion should rise and approach the altar, after the *Domine non sum dignus*, when the bell rings three times. Sometimes, especially at the High Mass on Sunday, when there are very few communicants, these appear not to notice or to know the signal, and will not approach the altar till the ablutions.

The motive of this delay seems to be a sort of false modesty, which at other times leads its unfortunate possessor to kneel at the extreme end of the railing, even though she be the only communicant; thus compelling the priest to carry the Blessed Sacrament half the length of the sanctuary to her. When there are few communicants, or only one, they—or she—whatever part of the church they come from, should kneel in the middle of the altar railing, nor compel the priest to take one unnecessary step with the Blessed Sacrament.

One does not linger at the altar railing, especially if there are others waiting to receive Holy Communion.

The returning communicant shows in her modest and reverent bearing, her consciousness of the act she has performed.

Well-instructed Catholics do not crowd, elbow, nor jostle one another, on their way to nor at the Holy Table.

The non-communicants in the pew from which the communicant has approached the altar, move in on her return, letting her take the outside place, never compelling her to climb back over them to the end of the pew.

On her part, as they leave the church before her, she steps into the aisle for a moment while they pass out of the pew; instead of standing up against the seat, and inviting them to walk over her.

The communicant remains in the church for at least a quarter of an hour after the Mass, in thanksgiving; unless, indeed, when she has been among the first to receive at a time like Easter, the Forty Hours, or similar occasion, when there is an immense number of communicants. In such case, as the dispensing of Holy Communion alone may occupy twenty minutes or more, she may leave the church as soon as need be after Mass.

Nothing but an absolute necessity otherwise justifies the communicant in leaving the church the moment the priest has left the altar.

THOUGHTS ON THE HOLY SOULS.

Most sweet, indeed, is the consolation contained in the doctrine of our holy religion which teaches us that true love, founded in God, is not extinguished by death, but gains its realization in and through God; and that by this love, which is the bond of perfection, the Church suffering, the Church triumphant and the Church militant are made one family, one body, united for a diversity of ministrations under one Head, Christ our Lord.

The Church never interrupts her sighs and prayers for the faithful departed, until they have arrived in the port of eternal bliss. After death there is a question not only of consolation for the soul, but also of abbreviation of its punishment. The Church prays, and every prayer of faith, even that of individiduals, has expiatory power. Practiced in the spirit of the Church prayer hastens the expiation and atonement os the deceased.

We can never be sufficiently thankful to God for having called us to a religion whose maternal care, charity and zeal goes beyond the confines of our earthly pilgrimage, and follows us even after our eyes have been closed in death.

Of heaven Holy Scripture says: "There shall not enter into it anything defiled." Pure as gold chastened by fire must the soul be, before it can be admitted to the beatific vision of God.

"Great as the torments of purgatory are, so that they can not in any way be compared with the utmost suffering in this world," writes St. Francis de Sales, "the interior consolations granted there are nevertheless se ineffable that no earthly bliss and enjoyment can equal them."

The soul in purgatory, though suffering grievously, suffers with such resignation and conformity to the will of God that it experiences neither confusion nor terror. It is strong in patience: pain does not deaden its love of God, and therefore does not disturb its peace, which is firmly established in the hope of future glory.

What is "A Good Home?"

"The phrase 'a good home' may have many meanings," says the Catholic Columbian. Some parents imagine that their children have a good home if they get enough to eat, and are fairly well clothed. They think that boys are simply so many mouths. Keep the mouths filled with food, and the boys are all right. If they go wrong then, it is their own fault. This is a very prevalent idea of the meaning of a good home, but it is entirely wrong. There are other things than merely food and clothing, which make up a good home. In fact, a home where food is scarce and clothes are poor may be a far better home than one where these things are abundant and something else is lacking."

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple enough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

The Voice of the Holy Spirit.

God speaks still, as He spoke to our fathers in primitive times, when there were neither directors nor directions. Spiritually then consists in doing the will of God. Each hour brings a duty to be done with fidelity. Attention to this made saints, and makes saints still.

A WOMAN'S FACE

Plainly Indicates The Condition of Her Health

HOW TO OBTAIN BRIGHT EYES, ROSY CHEEKS AND THE ELASTIC STEP OF PERFECT HEALTH.

"A woman's face," said a well known physician, "is a mirror which reflects unfailingly the condition of her health. One can tell at a glance if she is well or not and usually one can tell what the trouble is. It so often happens that instead of bright eyes, rosy cheeks and an elastic step, there are dull eyes, pale, sallow or a greenish complexion, and a languidness of step that bespeaks disease, and perhaps an early death if the right treatment is not resorted to. The whole trouble lies with the blood, and until it is enriched and invigorated there will be no release from suffering and disease. Unquestionably the greatest of all blood-renewers is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Good blood means health, vigor, life and beauty, and the one sure way to make your blood good is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Out of many cases which illustrate the truth of this may be cited that of Miss Amanda Damphousse, Ste. Anne de la Perade, Que., who says: "For more than six months I suffered greatly from weakness, bordering almost on nervous prostration. I suffered from headaches, palpitation of the heart, and pains in all my limbs. I had no energy, no appetite, no color, and my nights were frequently sleepless. At different times I consulted three doctors, but none of them seemed able to cure me. A friend strongly urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I finally followed her advice. With the use of the first box my health began to improve, and five boxes completely restored me. I now have a good appetite, headaches and pains have disappeared, and I never felt better in my life than I do now. If I am ever sick again you may be sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be my only doctor."

If you have any disease like anaemia, indigestion, heart palpitation, neuralgia, rheumatism, or any of the other host of troubles caused by bad blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will surely cure you. Be careful to get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.:

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

Its matter and form are both good: and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

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

Blessing you, and wishing you success,

Believe me, to remain,

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

† D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1903.

THE ENCYCLICAL OF POPE PIUS X.

The first Encyclical of our Holy Father Pope Pius X. which has already appeared in print, and has, no doubt, been read with intense interest by our readers, was looked for anxiously by the Catholic world as it was fully expected that it would outline the policy to be followed by the Pope during the period of his Pontificate.

There was much speculation as to whether Pope Pius X. would adopt towards the nations in general, and France and Italy in particular, the same resolute policy which was followed by Leo XIII. and Pope Pius IX., of maintaining the rights of religion and of the Holy See in the midst of the persistent and determined attacks which have been made upon those rights by the governments of the two nations above named.

The Holy Father does not name either of these nations or their governments in his Encyclical, but he lays down clearly the never-changing principles of right and justice on which he will govern the Church, and these are the same as those upon which his illustrious predecessors acted. From these principles he draws the same inferences which were drawn by these Popes in regard to the necessity of "the liberty and independence of the Church of Christ from all foreign dominion," and he demands that same liberty, stating that in so doing "he is defending, not only the sacred rights of religion, but is also consulting the common weal and the safety of nations; for it continues to be true that piety is useful for all things. When this is strong and flourishing, the people will truly sit in the fulness of peace." (1 Tim. iv. 8: Is. xxxii. 18.)

Pope Pius opens the Encyclical by stating the unwillingness with which he accepted the burden of the Supreme Pontificate, as he deemed himself unworthy to succeed the great Pontiff "who ruled the Church with supreme wisdom for nearly twenty-six years, and showed himself adorned with such sublimity of mind, such lustre of every virtue, as to attract to himself the admiration even of adversaries, and to leave his memory stamped in glorious achievements."

He declares that human society today, more than in any past age, is suffering from a terrible and deep-rooted malady which is developing every day, and eating its inmost being, dragging it to destruction. This malady is apostasy from God.

This is unfortunately too true, and we cannot but regard with the deepest sorrow the fact that the nation of Europe whose traditions have been most closely tied up for centuries with those of the Church is now waging a relentless war upon religion. However, even with this cause for sorrow, there is some consolation in the fact that in other countries in both the old and the new worlds, the Catholic faith has gained in vigor to an unexpected degree which may compensate for the losses she has endured for the time being, but which, as we firmly believe, will be fully repaired in due time.

The Holy Father declares in unmistakable terms that the aim of his Pontificate will be this, and no other: "To renew all things in Christ:" thus:

"The nations have raged, and the peoples have imagined vain things" against their Creator, and "among the majority of men we find extinguished all respect for the Eternal God."

The Holy Father regrets this state of affairs, but he does not for a moment doubt that "in the contest between man and the Most High, the victory will ever be with God." All must learn that "God is the King of all the earth."

By what means is society to be saved under these circumstances? The Holy Father tells that the only means to bring men back to submission to the majesty and empire of God is through Christ, and the only way to reach Christ is through His Church. For this end Christ founded the Church at the price of His Blood, made it the guardian and depository of His doctrine and laws, and bestowed upon it an inexhaustible treasury of graces for the sanctification of mankind.

Christ instituted the priesthood that through their ministry the human race may be brought to follow His teachings and imitate His example. It is for this reason the duty of Bishops to take measures toward forming the clergy to holiness above all things.

The Pope declared that the study of every branch of learning is useful to priests, that they may be able to defend the truth, and to refute the calumnies of the enemies of the Faith; but the most important duty of the priesthood is to save souls through the exercise of those ministries which are proper to a priest zealous for the glory of God. Hence the most important studies of the priests are those which cultivate ecclesiastical and literary erudition. Diocesan seminaries should keep these objects in view.

Further, the Holy Father tells us that not priests alone, but all the faithful should concern themselves with the interest of God and of souls, not according to their own views, but under direction and orders of the Bishops whom the Holy Ghost has appointed "to rule the Church of God."

Good Catholic Societies which observe faithfully and zealously the precepts of the Church, frankly and openly make their profession of religion, and exercise all kinds of charitable works independently of self-interest or worldly advantage, are strongly commended and blessed by Pope Pius X. as they have been in the past approved and blessed by his predecessors in the chair of St. Peter. But all such associations should aim firstly and chiefly at the constant maintenance of Christian life among those who belong to them.

The Holy Father exhorts that in their zeal to attract souls to God, Bishops and the clergy should temper zeal with patience and charity, imitating the example of our Lord Who invited all who are tried and burdened under the slavery of sin and error: "Come to Me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

Jesus has shown tenderness and compassion toward all kinds of misery, and the pastors of the Church should deal similiarly with those who are in this sad condition.

This beautiful Encyclical, while it shows the firmness and zeal for the glory of God which our blessed Saviour manifested when God's honor was in question, bears out the character which Pope Pius X. gained for benevolence and charity while he was Patriarch of Venice—a character in which he is also a close imitator of the example of our Blessed Saviour.

THE PAN-AMERICAN ANGLICAN CONVENTION.

The meeting of the Protestant Episcopal and Anglican Bishops of the United States, Canada, the West Indies, and Mexico which was held recently in Pittsburg, Pa., dealt with a number of subjects of general interest, among which were the questions of the remarriage of divorced persons and the attitude to be observed by these churches toward the Catholic Church.

It is admitted that the meeting had no authority to make any decrees binding on the churches whose representatives took part therein, so that we must regard the proceedings rather as a social gathering for the purpose of cultivating mutual friendships, and interchanging opinions with a view toward securing some kind of phantom of united action than as the decisions of a seriously deliberative body.

Bishop Doane of Albany introduced the divorce question, and delivered thereon the principal address in the course of which he laid down the following principles and statements:

1. "The marriage relation is a fundamental principle of all civilized and national life.

2. "The alarming increase of divorce has become a serious threat to morality, decency, and social stability.

3. "The canon law of this (American Anglican) Church of to-day sets a higher standard than is set by the civil law of the states, or by the canon of any religious body, except the Church of England.

4. "Judged either by its effect or by the authority on which it rests, it is not stringent enough.

5. "There is absolute agreement in this Church upon the one fact—namely that divorce, with remarriage can be possibly tolerated only in the one instance of what is called the innocent party in a divorce suit for adultery."

We willingly admit that the Bishop here takes a higher ground than most of the sects in the maintenance of the indissolubility of the marriage tie, and the Council, or Convention, in approving of his stand has shown some desire to restore the sacredness of marriage to the status to which it was raised by Christ Himself, Who said: "Wherefore they are no more two, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Further, the Bishops declare that this is the law of God "based upon the princal revelation of the character (of marriage) as re-enacted by our Lord's own words." They add "that in the alarming prevalence of divorce and of the remarriage of divorced persons, the Bishops assembled here declare their conviction that while the sacraments of the Church should not be denied to the innocent party in a divorce for adultery remarried, the sanction of the Church should not be given to any remarriage after divorce for any cause arising after marriage."

We submit that in this expression of opinion there is a glaring inconsistency. For no cause can the sanction of the Church be given to the remarriage of divorced persons, nevertheless the "innocent party" who has obtained a divorce for adultery and has married again is to be admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper! What is this but a sanction of remarriage in the case in point? Admission to this sacrament is an acknowledgment that the party so admitted is leading a blameless life, inasmuch as the great Apostle of the Gentiles declares that "Whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself; and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of the chalice." (1 Cor. xi, 27 28.)

In fact, the Bishops thus declare that the Catholic position is the correct one, which prohibits any real divorce between parties who have been duly married, and yet they take upon themselves to admit to the sacrament of the Communion those who disobey this law of God: they assume the authority to set aside a law which they admit to be God's own decree!

We have heard much in days gone by from Protestant polemists of ecclesiastical usurpations in the Catholic Church; but we can assert confidently that no instance can be adduced in which either Pope or Council has assumed the right of setting aside the laws of God, as the Pan-American Council has done here. Nor is it any excuse that this council states only its conscientious conviction, without any assumption that it has authority to enforce the same as a law, for it has gone as far as it could go, conscious as it was that it had no legislative authority. We may safely presume that if it had authority, the conviction thus expressed would have been put into the form of a law; and as it is, it may be regarded as an advice to the independent Churches represented to enact canons to put that conviction into effect.

It must strike the most cursory reader how different from the proceedings of the first general Council held at Jerusalem, by the Apostles of Christ, are these resolutions of the Pan-American Anglican Convention. The Apostles made decrees for the whole Church of Christ, and issued them under the clause: "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," and the decrees were obeyed as God's law, even though they were but disciplinary and temporary, and intended to meet the peculiar conditions of the time. But the Pan-American Anglican Convention cannot even command that the laws of God should be observed strictly, and make a kind of apology for speaking of them at all, by informing those to whom their advices are directed that they are doing no more than making a recommendation, or stating their honest convictions.

We would fall short of our duty to the public should we not also point out the absurdity of the statement of the third principles laid down in Bishop Doane's address:

"The canon law of this (Anglican) Church of to-day sets a higher standard than is set by the civil law of the States, or by the canon of any religious body, except the Church of England."

Does the Bishop mean to say that the milk-and water resolution of the Council to the effect that the "innocent" party to a divorce ought not to remarry, but may yet do so without incurring any censure from the Church, is a higher standard of morals than that set by the Catholic Church which regards the remarriage in such a case as absolutely wrong?

In our estimation, and we believe the common sense of our readers will bear us out in our view, the resolutions of the Pan American Anglican Council are a mournful admission of incapacity to deal with what is admitted to be a fundamental question of Christian Society. The Catholic Church alone can deal satisfactory with this question, because she alone possessed an authority which is derived from Christ, whereas Anglicanism has only the authority which a national parliament can give, having been founded upon laws enacted merely by the parliament of England.

We can safely say that not even the Anglican clergy will follow the course implicitly recommended by the Council. They know that their Church is the creature of the civil power, and they will continue to act as they have been doing in the past, re-marrying without scruple all the divorced couples that present themselves if they have obtained their divorces according to the civil law, whether in Canada or the United States. Besides, there is frequently a good fee to be got for not being overscrupulous so far as the strict observance of God's law is concerned.

The following extract from the Canadian Churchman will show what is thought of the Pan-American Anglican Convention, by Canadian Anglicans. The Churchman says:

"We are jealous of anything that will increase American influence here, or that will in any way tend to the Americanization of our Church or country. The Church in Canada can only act through its synods, and we would like to know more of what is aimed at by this Conference before committing ourselves to the wisdom or necessity of its assembling. We have every confidence in our Bishops, but so far the public have not been much enlightened as to what the Conference proposes to accomplish, or what good is anticipated from it. It may promote international amity, but hitherto American amity has only been purchased by the surrender of British interests and the sacrifice of Canadian territory. It occurs to some that friendliness can only be maintained by yielding to unreasonable demands that costs too much, and is not worth having.

As Anglicans themselves are thus outspoken in the expression of their disregard for the conclusions arrived at by this Conference, what we have said regarding the non-obligation of its decisions cannot be considered as being intended to minimize the value of the conclusions arrived at by a body of gentlemen whom we respect personally and individually, but whose ecclesiastical status we cannot conscientiously recognize.

IRRELIGION GONE MAD.

There seems to be no limit within the bounds of reason to the absurdities to which the Government of France under Premier Combes intends to push its manifestations of hatred of God and the Catholic Church.

The determination to close all schools taught by religious orders was one of these absurdities, for it manifested the intention of the government to push its hatred to religion to an extreme which must drive all Christians into the ranks of irreconcible opponents to the Government. But it has done more than this, for even M. Waldeck-Rousseau was driven thereby to oppose the Government on the education question; and as he has a strong following in the Chamber of Deputies and in the country there will be a break-up among the Republican party itself should M. Waldeck-Rousseau's stand on this question make him a permanent Oppositionist.

The order of the Government whereby French officers who practice their religion by going to Mass, are shut out from promotion, has already caused great dissatisiaction, not only among practical Catholics, but even among the more moderate and honorable Republicans who while not being practical religionists, nevertheless do not wish a code of penal laws to be enacted and enforced "for conscience sake" against those who are true Catholics. Such laws must cause a deterioration in the efficiency of the military power of France, which is something which patriotic Frenchmen ought not to endure, especially at the present critical moment when all the nations of Europe felt the necessity of keeping up strong armaments ready for any emergency which the near future may precipitate.

M. Pelletan, the Minister of Marine, shows an infatuation quite equal to that which crazes M. Combes. Surely the ostentatious erection of a statue to Ernest Renan by the Government in the midst of the most intensely Catholic population of France, should have been a sufficient trial of the people's patience, without heaping on new insults to the Bretons. But M. Pelletan appears not to be of this way of thinking.

The Bretons showed their indignation on the occasion of the unveiling of Renan's statue. Renan was indeed a brilliant writer, but the brilliancy of his writings is marred by the fact that he was an Athiest and a defender of Atheism. His chief, and we may say his only claim to distinction was that he wrote a blasphemous Life of Christ, whose aim is to destroy the Christian religion. The Bretons were restrained from destroying the statue and driving away M. Combes himself and his assistants in performing the cermony of unveiling, only by the squadrons of soldiers who guarded the party which so wantonly insulted them.

M. Pelletan is not to be outdone by his master; and he has recently flaunted a new insult before the faces of the Bretons, who are a very large percentage of the sailors of France. He has named one of the new ironclads recently added to the navy "the Ernest Renan," and a second one "Jules Michelet," after another writer who is also an enemy to religion, and an unscrupulous and frequently an indecent writer of history.

It is surely out of place to name battleships after literary men, but it is worse to do this with an implied insult to a large percentage of the men who are expected to win the battles of France. There is an unwisdom in this which can be compared only to the useless burning of a candle at both ends.

Surely these excesses of M. Combes and his ministry must soon bring on a reaction against their rule! "The God's first dement those whom they would destroy."

THE EPISCOPALIAN ATTITUDE TOWARD THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Under another title, we treat of the action of the recent Pan-American Anglican Convention in regard to the divorce question. Another matter dealt with as stated by the Convention is "the attitude of the Episcopal Church toward the Roman Catholic communion."

The resolution passed on this subject is as follows;

"That while no witness can be borne for truth without antagonizing error, whether of excess or defect, this earnest contention for the faith once delivered to the saints should be with unlimited charity to the Roman Catholic clergy and people, rather in the spirit of maintenance, defence, and proof, than of controversy and attack. That the right of this Church to enter countries, where there are churches subject to the Roman obedience, such as the Philiipines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Cuba, Mexico, and Brazil, rests partly on the necessity of ministering to its own people in these countries, and partly on the duty to give the privileges of the Church to Christian people deprived of them unless they submit to unlawful terms of communion. That we shall be more ready and outspoken than we have been in teaching our young people in our congregations as to the important matters on which there is difference between the Roman Church and ourselves, and in guarding them against being misled. That we most earnestly urge that in the case of marriages between members of our own Church and those of the Roman Church, our own members should be warned by no means to promise, as they will be asked to do, that their children shall be brought up in the faith and worship of the Roman Church."

Because of the strides which High Churchism has made both in England and the United States, when it was first announced that the attitude of Episcopalianism toward the Catholic Church would be a subject of consideration at the recent Conference, many supposed that terms of peace on which reunion with the Catholic Church might be effected would be considered by the Convention, and that some proposition of this nature might be offered. We did not expect anything of this kind, for we were fully aware that the Bishops and clergy of the Anglican churches know that they are separated from the Catholic Church by doctrinal differences which can be bridged over only by the admission on the part of those who have separated themselves from the one fold, that they have hitherto wrongfully rejected revealed truths, and added erroneous teachings to the faith once delivered to the Saints. We did not believe that Anglicans were prepared to make such an admission, and we, therefore, could not anticipate that they would make any peace offering toward re establishing unity. This view of the matter has turned out to be correct; for the tendency of the resolution above quoted is rather to increase than to diminish the prospect of reunion. It is a declaration of war, rather than an Irenicon; and any one can see that the chief reason which stood in the way of at least one strong section in the Council offering the olive branch was that innate pride which makes the human heart rebel against the admission that it has been in the wrong. Such a pride is condemned by God in Holy Scripture.

The Bishops say their Church has a right to enter countries "subject to the Roman obedience." They should have said, "their "Churches" with all their varieties of faith; for the Protestant Episcopal Church and the various Anglican organizations are not one Church in any sense of the word. They are governed differently, and are so distinct from each other that, notwithstanding their community of origin they have already begun to disagree in regard to important doctrines.

But is the excuse offered by the Council for the intrusion of Anglicanism into Catholic countries a valid one? Does it justify the starting of new Churches in opposition to the one already existing there?

The excuse is based on two grounds. The first is "the necessity of ministering to our own people;" the second is that the Catholic Church refuses "the privileges of the Church to Christian people . . . unless they submit to unlawful terms of Communion."

Of what value are these pleas? "The necessity of ministering to our own people" implies that instead of one Church for the world, Christ intended that every nation should have its own Church. Nothing is more foreign to the nature of the Church as described in Holy Scripture, in which Jews and Gentiles, Greeks and Romans, bondsmen and free are described as being brethren in Christ taught by the same Apostles.

"For there is no distinction of the Jew and the Greek; for the same is Lord over all, rich to all that call upon Him. (Rom. x. 12.)

"I beseech you, brethren, that there be no schisms (Prot. Bible: divisions) among you; but that you be perfect in the same mind, and in the same judgment." (1 Cor. i, 10.)

The Church is therefore one, and schism is the work of Satan—the enemy who plants tares among the wheat.

The Church is the one continuous body which will continue to the end of time teaching Christ's doctrine, and having an unbroken ministry derived from that Apostolic ministry which Christ Himself instituted. This effectually excludes the right of all modern sects to intrude upon the work of the true successors of the Apostles, who cannot be found elsewhere than in the Catholic Church.

These considerations show the fallacy of the second excuse also which is founded upon the supposition that the Church of Christ has fallen away. This cannot be, as the original Church is described as "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth." It is plain, therefore, that the Church alone can regulate her own proceedings, and that no outside or modern organization has the right to sit in judgment upon her, or to pronounce that the terms of communion on which she insists are unlawful.

The New York Independent highly praises the Convention for having asserted the right of the Anglican and Episcopal Churches to send missionaries to Catholic countries. We are not surprised that this should be the case, for that journal regards Churches as human institutions which every one is free to start on his own responsibility. It is not surprising that so erroneous a principle should lead to an erroneous conclusion.

It is peculiarly out of place for the Episcopal Church to claim the right of intruding itself into Catholic countries, inasmuch as they are as strict on the observance of territorial diocesan limits as is the Catholic Church itself; and besides, they claim (wrongly) that their ecclesiastical jurisdiction is derived from the Apostles through their ordination or consecration by Catholic Bishops. They should, therefore, respect the orders and jurisdiction of the Catholic episcopacy on which their own claim is based.

The Convention advises members of the Episcopal Churches, in case of marriage with Catholics, not to promise that their children shall be brought up as Catholics. We can assure the Bishops that the Catholic Church has no desire to see mixed marriages take place, and if the advice given by the Convention should be a new obstacle to such marriages, that assemblage may produce more good results than might have been expected.

ALWAYS INTOLERANT.

When the Reformation triumphed in Scotland, one of it first fruits was a law prohibiting any priest from celebrating, or any worshipper from hearing Mass, under pain of the confiscation of his goods for the first offense, of exile for the second, and of death for the third. That the Queen of Scotland should be permitted to hear Mass in her own private chapel was publicly denounced as an intolerable evil. "One Mass," exclaimed Knox, "is more fearful to me than if ten-thousand armed enemies were landed in part of the realm."

In France when the government of certain towns was conceded to the Protestants, they immediately employed their power to suppress absolutely any Protestant from attending a marriage or a funeral that was celebrated by a priest, and to put down all mixed marriages, and to prosecute to the full extent of their power those who have abandoned their creed.

In Sweden, all who dissented from any article of the Confession of Augsburg were at once banished. As late as 1690 a synod was held at Amsterdam, consisting partly of Dutch and partly of French and English ministers who were driven to Holland by persecution, and in that synod the doctrine that the magistrate has no right to crush heresy and idolatry by civil power was unanimously pronounced to be "false, scandalous and pernicious."—Leeky's Rationalism in Europe, Vol. 2, pages 49, 50.

PROTESTANT PAPER ON PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

The Catholic Champion (High Church Episcopal) devoted some time ago, several of its columns to the subject of "Prayers for the Dead." It begins thus:

"In the first place there are certain facts which no one disputes.

"(a) The Jews from a remote period—no one knows how far back—prayed for their dead."

[Take the case of the Jews before the time of Christ. The historical evidence that they prayed for the dead is found in the second book of Maccabees, where (12-43) it is stated that Judas made a collection and sent money to Jerusalem for sacrifices to be offered for the sins of the dead. Here the reason for prayers is given. They were for the sins; that is, for the forgiveness of the sins of the dead. And the chapter ends with this statement: "It is therefore a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."]

"(b) The Jews in our Lord's days on earth prayed for their dead.

"(c) The heathen world, led by natural instinct, or else by primeval tradition, prayed for the dead.

"(d) The Christian Church, from the earliest ages, prayed for the dead; and this in so fixed a system that St. Augustine mentions certain persons for whom Requiem Masses may not be offered."

[St. Augustine, in one of his sermons, says that "it is an insult to a martyr to pray in his behalf, for we ought rather to commend ourselves to his prayers." This remark is based on the belief that those who suffer martyrdom immediately enter heaven without passing through the pains of purgatory.]

". . . The Christian Church, therefore, does as the Old Law, pray for the dead. Alms are given; prayers are made: the holy sacrifice of the altar is offered in atonement for sin. Is this something new? No. It is as old as the Church herself. Tertullian, the oldest of the Latin Fathers, some seventeen hundred years ago, advises a widow "to pray for the soul of her departed husband, entreating repose to him and making oblations for him on the anniversary of his death, which, if she neglects, it may be truly said she has divorced her husband.' Origen, writing about the same time, says: "When we depart this life, if we take with us virtues and vices, shall we receive reward for our virtues, and shall those trespasses be forgiven to us which we knowingly committed; or shall we be punished for our faults and not receive the reward of our virtues? He himself answers the question. 'Neither is true,' he says, "because we shall suffer for our sins and receive the reward for our good actions. For if on the foundation of Christ you shall have built not only gold and silver and precious stones, but also wood and hay and stubble, what do you expect when the soul shall be separated from the body? Would you enter into heaven with your wood and hay and stubble to defile the kingdom of God, or on account of these encumbrances, remain without and receive no reward for your gold and silver and precious stones? Neither is this just. It remains then that you be committed to the fire which shall consume the light materials; for our God, to those who can comprehend heavenly things, is called a consuming fire. But this fire consumes not the creature, but what the creature has himself built, wood, hay and stubble. It is manifest that in the first place the fire destroys the wood of our transgressions, and then returns to us the wood of our good works.' St. Gregory Nazianzen, a few years later, says: 'The soul that has gone forth from the body cannot partake of the divinity until the fire of purgatory shall have removed the stain contracted.' In fact, it would be little exaggeration to say that all civilized people, whether Christian, Jewish or Heathen, always have and do at the present day, pray for the dead, with the single noteworthy exception of the children of the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. The foregoing statements are mere matters of fact, which cannot be denied."

RECEPTION TO MGR. FALCONIO.

His Excellency Archbishop D. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, was the recipient on Monday Nov. 16th, of a magnificent reception. The reception tendered by the clergy took place at the Episcopal residence, Albany, N. Y. There were present, besides the distinguished guest, His Lordship Bishop Burke, Vicar-General Swift and nearly all the priests of the diocese of Albany. The Albany Argus says that the Papal Delegate seemed to be much affected by the address of the Vicar-General and the affectionate terms used toward himself and the Pontiff whom he represented. In replying he thanked the priests of the diocese of Albany for their expressions of esteem for him and loyalty to the Holy See. He said that he was delighted with all he had seen and heard during his visit here, and especially well pleased with the vigorous growth of Catholicity in the city and diocese of Albany. He told the assembled priests that he would inform the Pope of their loyalty to the Holy See and of the cordial relations which existed between Bishop and priests in the diocese and of their zeal for the salvation of souls.

The public reception took place in the evening at Union Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The receiving party, which consisted of the guest of honor, Archbishop Falconio, Rt. Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Vicar-General John J. Swift and Mr. Martin Kane, vice-president of the Catholic Union, who, in the absence of the president, Mr. E. J. Hussey, represented the Union, occupied places in the northeast parlor.

The Albany Council of the Knights of Columbus assembled in the large room of the Catholic Union at 9 o'clock and at about 9:30 proceeded in a body to the reception parlor where they were presented to the delegate. The members of the Prince of Naples society, headed by their president, were among the first to be presented to the delegate. The spacious hall was densely crowded.

In company with Bishop Burke Mgr. Falconio visited many public institutions as also St. Vincent's Girls Orphan Asylum, the Convent of Our Lady of Angels, the home of the Franciscans on Central Avenue. After leaving the convent the delegate and the bishop visited and inspected St. Joseph's church.

The following morning Archbishop Falconio visited the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Kenwood, in company with Bishop Burke, and made a short address to the students at that institution. In the afternoon the delegate and Bishop Burke visited the old St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary at Troy, which is now a novitiate of the Salesian Fathers of Dom Bosco, under the direction of Father Coppo, formerly of New York. The Salesian Fathers are nearly all natives of Italy, and many of them are personally known to His Excellency.

THE MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

Buffalo Union and Times.

Question: The answer to my last question seems to exonerate Gregory XIII. from having been an accessory to the massacre of St. Bartholomew's *before the fact*. But it does not solve all my doubts. There is such a thing as approval of a crime *after the deed*. The public celebration of a crime is a public approval of a crime. Now it cannot be denied that the Pope ordered a solemn To Deum and other festivities in Rome to celebrate the massacre of the Huguenots or Calvinists. Therefore, he approved it.

Answer: The Te Deum sung at Rome by Gregory XIII. cannot be tortured into an approval of the lawless massacre.

1. The first unofficial rumor of the massacre reaching Rome was based on the public declaration of Charles IX. before the Parliament of Paris, and his reports to the courts of Christendom, in which he represented the deed as an act of self-defense whereby, on a memorable night, by the destruction of a few seditious men, the king had been delivered of immediate danger of death and the realm from the perpetual terror of civil war.

2. The first official notification laid before Gregory XIII. mere the letters of Charles IX. and of Louis of Bourbon, presented on Sept. 5, 1572. The king in his letter recommended to the Pope his special ambassador de Beauville as deserving the same credence as the king himself. In his oral representation the ambassador naturally laid the chief stress on the conspiracy against the royal house. The letter of Louis de Bourbon stated that Admiral Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots, had gone so far in his iniquity as to conspire against the lives of the king, the queen-mother, the king's brothers and the Catholic leaders. The true report of Salviati, the Papal nuucio of Paris, which contained nothing of a plot against the king was, at the express command of Charles IX., handed over to the Pope after the royal dispatches had been read and commented upon. An argument of mere silence could not counteract at the Papal court the positive and official declarations of the court of Paris.

3. That there was joy at the Roman court over the satety of the royal family and the deliverance of the French Catholics from a cruel persecution, is natural. But it was by no means an unmixed joy. For, on the same day, Sept. 5, Vincenzo Paragalia, the ambassador of the Duke of Savoy, wrote from Rome to his master: "The event was praised, as far as it concerned the interest of the king, of his realm and of religion; but the affair would have been praised far more if the king had accomplished it with a pure hand, as the Duke of Alva has done in Flanders, with the retention of the forms of judicial proceeding." This was the Roman view as early as Sept. 5, 1572. Gregory XIII. especially abhorred the methods adopted by the French court.

4. It was not Gregory XIII. who was the soul of the Roman festivities, but the French Cardinal Charles of Lorraine, who was then present in Rome. He considered the tragedy as a victory of his house over the rival house of Chatilion, of which Admiral Coligny, the murderer of his brother, was the head.

5. Brantome, in his life of Admiral Coligny, states upon the authority of a thoroughly competent witness that Gregory XIII., upon hearing the particulars of the massacre, broke out into tears. One of the Cardinals present asked him: "Why this grief over the defeat of the enemies of God and of the Holy See? Gregory replied: "I weep over the way the king acted, sinful and forbidded by God as it was."

6. Cuniaga, the Spanish ambassador in Paris, says in a letter of September 22, that the Pope was seized with horror (*se espantavo*) upon hearing the story of the massacre.

7. Gregorio Leti, an apostate and bitter enemy of the Holy See, and, therefore, surely an impartial witness, relates in his life of Sixtus V. that Gregory XIII. was very much displeased because the deed had been carried out with fraud, the violation of pledged promises and a terrible cruelty. Does all this look like an approbation of the crime by Gregory XIII.? He consented to festivities, chiefly demanded and arranged for the salvation of the royal house and the Catholic religion, and for nothing more. When he learned the real facts of the case he condemned the deed with unconcealed horror. This much about the question of fact. But what must we think of the principle laid down by our querist in his letter that public rejoicing over a crime is a public approval of a crime. The proposition requires a distinction, to be true. From a moral point of view it is never allowed to rejoice over a bad action, a crime in itself—and the massacre of the Huguenots was a political crime of the blackest dye. But there are cases in which *the results or consequences* of an evil deed form a just ground for rejoicing. A bold criminal has terrorized a whole district for years with highway robberies and murders. The bullet of an enemy removes him from the scene of action. Are the people not allowed to rejoice over their riddance from a public pest? The question then arises, had the Catholics, especially of France, sufficient ground, were they justified in rejoicing over the removal, as they fondly hoped, of their relentless foes? There is no need of mincing matters. Historical facts, fully accepted by Protestant and Catholic historians of character, must answer the question.

The Huguenots, who formed but the thirtieth part of the French population, had terrorized France the last twelve years. They concluded treaties with foreign princes, fought their battles with the help of German, English, Dutch and Danish allies or mercenaries, surrendered Havre and Dieppe to the English — the country's hereditary foes — and founded a state within the state, independent of any control by the lawful authorities. They had hatched several real conspiracies against the king, and had three times started civil war. In the course of these wars, according to their own statements or boasts, they murdered 4,000 religious, expelled or maltreated 12,000 nuns, destroyed some 50 Cathedrals and 500 churches, and sacked 20,000 more, and tore down 2,000 monasteries with their monuments of art and book treasures. They demolished the tombs of Catholic kings and saints, overthrew the statue of Joan of Arc on the bridge of Orleans, profaned sacred shrines, burned the relics of Jrenaus, St. Hilary and St. Radegundis, and threw the ashes into the air. They murdered priests, after torture only comparable to that of the Chinese boxers, butchered thousands of defenceless men, women and children, burned and sacked hundreds of towns and villages. The sacrilegious atrocities which they committed against what was dearest and nearest to the Catholic heart—the Blessed Sacrament—are beyond description. At Pamier the clergy taking part in the Corpus Christi procession were ruthlessly murdered. In the massacre of Nimes, on St. Michael's day 1567, 250 Catholic were mercilessly butchered one by one and their bodies cast into a deep well. Brique mant wore a necklace composed of the ears of assassinated priests. Francis of Beaumdnt, baron d'Adret, forced his sons literally to bathe in the blood of murdered Catholics, and at Monthrison compelled his Catholic prisoners to leap from the battlements into the upraised pikes of his soldiers. Could any sensible man expect Catholics to be quiet in the face of such outrages? No wonder that Catholics rejoiced when they thought that the removal of their worst enemies would restore to devastated France days of peace and prosperity. Alas! their hopes were destined to be dashed to pieces by five more civil wars. It was not before Henry IV., so long the leader of the Huguenots, made profession of the Catholic faith and was reconciled with the Church, that peace dawned upon France; it was not before Cardinal Richelieu overthrew La Rochelle, the last stronghold of organized Calvinism, that peace was finally secured.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

WASHINGTON.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A United States Senator from the West paid a visit to the Catholic University last week, and as he walked about the grounds and through the various institutions that make up the marvelous cluster of buildings he remarked: "Well, you Catholics must be very sure of the future. You have laid the foundations of one of the most remarkable centres of religious activity in the world.

It is this very impression that is made on any stranger. A discerning observer sees in the gathering of all the eminent religious communities about the central divinity building just the elements that make the greatest progress. There is no very great activity without competition and there is no keenness of thought without friction of minds. The diocesan activities are set over against the religious abilities and the Sulpicians and the Franciscans and the Dominicans and the Paulists and the Holy Cross and the Marists have the best opportunities to sharpen their swords and cross their lances in their intellectual bouts. In the grouping of buildings there are eleven institutions, and they represent with endowments and investments very nearly $50,000 and there is no place in this country and indeed in many other countries, where there is such a concentration of intellectual and spiritual energies.

The present administration seems to be determined to make the University life of practical avail to all the Catholics in the country. The average Catholic is apt to look on the existence of such a religious centre as a thing apart, for which he is not responsible and from which he is to derive no benefit. A policy in which the advantages of the University will be brought home to every Catholic in the country will be affirmed and while the highest standards are sought, yet the benefits of the learning and scholarship will be extended throughout the entire Catholic body.

The appointment of three American priests to the Chairs of Moral Theology, Archaeology and of Church History is a step in this direction.

Another manifestation of this same spirit is the desire expressed to the Knights of Columbus that when they make the presentation of their fund of $50,000 for the establishment of the Chair of Secular History they do it as publicly and as ceremoniously as possible. He suggested that there be a great gathering of the representative Knights from all over the country at the University ideals.

The latest addition to the University cluster—the Apostolic Mission House—for which Father Doyle is gathering the funds, is pre-eminently in accord with this policy. The Missionaries who get their training at this centre are to go right back among the people and bring the Catholic and non-Catholic alike the saving truths of salvation. The observation of the United States Senator that the Church is building more wisely than she knows, is not far astry.

MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

COURTEOUS ON THE BENCH AND IN PRIVATE LIFE, STUDIOUS, WIDELY READ, AND AN ART CRITIC—HOW HE WAS CALLED TO BECOME A JUDGE.

Toronto Star, Oct. 31.

She was a young lady, an impressionable young lady, and when his Lordship Mr. Justice MacMahon took his place on the bench in the western court room of Osgoode Hall, with a quiet dignity that only some of our judges possess she whispered to her clerical escort, who was only half as interested in the Trinity case as she was.

"Doesn't Judge MacMahon seem to have slipped out of an old family portrait, catalogued 'A gentleman of the eighteenth century'?"

The young lady's dilletante penchant for Trinity lawsuits and family portraits didn't affect her feminine judgment.

One is not surprised when told that Judge MacMahon's ancestors held prominent positions in Ireland during the troublous times of the last of the reigning Stuarts, that Colonel Art Oge MacMahon was James II.'s Lord Lieutenant of Monaghan and Hugh McMahon was Lieutenant-Colonel of Gordon O'Neil's Chartemont regiment in the famous Irish Brigade that, in the service of France, became renown throughout Europe and redeemed the day at Fontenoy. The Celt is naturally a gentleman, and probably Mr. Justice MacMahon owes as much to his race as to his family. An Irish gentleman or a Highland gentleman means more than the phrase an English gentleman.

It possibly requires a woman or the keenness of feeling of a fellow-Celt to understand the distinction, but it exists. Beyond the fact that Hugh MacMahon was a Nisi Prius lawyer of repute, this to some extent explains his call to the Superior Court bench by his old time political opponent, Sir John A. Macdonald. A Highlander, dominant as his nature may be, never rules feudally. His dominance is patriarchial, and the story goes that when Hugh MacMahon, tired possibly of the monotony of practice in a Provincial town, with its only occasional opportunities, had left London and was to some extent obscured in the wild rush of Western settlement in the early days of the Winnipeg boom, the old-time Conservative chief asked a Western man:

"How about Hugh MacMahon?"

When the answer came, Sir John ejaculated: "Imagine Hugh MacMahon playing the game of life in a Western land boom! Ridiculous!" and he sat down in his generous petulance and immediately wired:

"Will you accept a Superior Court judgeship?"

And the Province of Ontario has a judge that not only brings to the Canadian bench an atmosphere of the courtliness of other days, but a sound lawyer and a man distinguished by humane common sense. An old-time courtliness and a high sense of dignity are not in consistent with modern conditions. When Mr. Justice MacMahon was conducting the trial of Birchall and the little court room of Woodstock was crowded to suffocation, and the whole English-speaking world was to some extent interested in one of the most sensational murder trials in Canada's history, it was found that there was insufficient accommodation for the army of people that took intense human interest in the progress of the case. Judge MacMahon's permission was obtained, and telephone transmitters were so arranged that the testimony of witnesses, the addresses of counsel, and the charge of the judge of the jury could be heard in near-by rooms. There are very few judges who can retain their dignity and address a jury on a question of life and death with a telephone in close proximity in active operation on his desk, and there are still fewer who would be as considerate.

"No trial at any English assizes," said a representative Canadian journal, "could have been conducted with a more admirable temper than that at Woodstock."

Judge MacMahon was born at Guelph, Ont., March 6, 1836. Critics of our Public school system might possibly find in Judge MacMahon's charm of manner and literary and artistic tastes an example of what the education of the schools can never give but whether it is due to the natural disposition of young MacMahon or the careful tutelage of a scholarly father, the result has been that Judge MacMahon is not only one of the broadest and widest read members of the Canadian bench, but also one of the keenest, if kindliest, of art critics. After a short service as a lad on an engineering survey of the proposed Ottawa Ship Canai and the Chats Rapids, he entered upon the study of the law, and was called to the Ontario bar in 1864. For five years he successfully practised in Brantford, when he removed to London, Ont., and built up the largest practise in Western Ontario. In 1876 he was made a Q. C. by the Ontario Government, and in 1885 by the Dominion. In 1877 he represented the Dominion Government in the arbitration on what was called the Ontario boundary question, and, with D'Alton McCarthy and Christopher Robinson, was council for the Dominion when the matter came before the Privy Council in England. As counsel for the prisoners in what was known as the Biddulph tragedy he had an opportunity of showing his high gifts as a Nisi Prius and criminal lawyer, and secured an acquittal of his clients. A strong Liberal, Judge MacMahon was never a bitter partizan, and unsuccessfully contested London and Kent in his party's interests.

It may be that Judge MacMahon will not be remembered as a judge who derived keen intellectual enjoyment from hair-splitting rulings on points of abstract law. It may be that he will be remembered not so much from the fact that his judgments are seldom set aside, and that lawyers and litigants never cavil and object to their cases being set down to be heard by him. But there is no doubt Hugh MacMahon will long be remembered as the judge of the Superior Court of Ontario with sound common sense and a kindly, gentle heart, "a gentleman all of ye olden tyme."

THE QUESTION BOX

by Father Conway, is a book of some six hundred pages, being the replies given to questions received during missions to non-Catholics. It has a good index—often a neglected part of many otherwise useful publications. All sorts of questions from the days of St. Peter—was he ever in Rome?—down to the fads of the day, like Christian Science, have been asked in these missions, and in this book find an answer. We predict for this work a large circulation and much good. Just such a little book as Catholics might have and hand to their non-Catholic neighbors. It is bound in paper and can be had for 20c. post-paid from the CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont. The sale has already in one month reached 30,000.

FEAST OF ST CECILIA, PATRONESS OF MUSIC,

CELEBRATED AT THE GLOUCESTER STREET CONVENT, OTTAWA.

On Sunday, the feast of St. Cecilia Virgin and Martyr—the name day of Reverend Mother Provincial of la Congregation de Notre Dame—was fittingly observed in the chapel of the Gloucester convent of the Order, Ottawa. At 7 in the morning Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Emery, O. M. I., rector of the University, attended by the chaplain of the convent, who also had celebrated Mass at an earlier hour. At 4 o'clock, afternoon, Rev. Father Antoine, O. M. I., preached and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Pallier, O. M. I. The music on both occasions, vocal and instrumental was of a very high order becoming the feast of the glorious Patroness of music, while the altar and sanctuary were resplendently decorated. congratulations from her hosts of friends both in the city and elsewhere.

OBITUARY.

MRS DANIEL HARRIGAN, KINKORA.

Again we are called upon to announce the death of one of the most respected residents of this place in the person of Mrs. Daniel Harrigan, which sad event occurred at the home of her son, William, on Nov. 4 at the ripe old age of eighty-six. The immediate cause of death was due to a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia and proved fatal after a short illness. Not only her own family, but the whole community which she edified with her gentleness of character were sadly grieved at the announcement of her death which although sudden, was not altogether unexpected. She was, however, well and happily prepared receiving all the rites of the Holy Church from her pastor, Rev. Father O'Neil on the morning previous to her death. She leaves a family of five children; David of Kinkora, William on the homestead, Daniel P. of Milwaukee, Joseph of Washington and Mrs Harkin of Stratford. She was predeceased by her husband and two daughters, Mrs. Roche and Mrs Nagle. The deceased was born in Queen's county, Ireland in 1817 and a few years later came to Albion, where she married Mr. Harrigan and thence to Ellice and settled on the farm where she resided until death. When she came to this settlement about fifty years ago, it was but a dense forest; but by energy and undaunted perseverance, coupled with the firm trust in the kind providence of our Creator, Mr. and Mrs. Harrigan soon found themselves in the enjoyment of a comfortable home. The funeral took place on Friday morning from the residence of her son William, to S. Patrick's church, where solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of her soul by Rev. Father O'Neil, after which the remains were interred in St Patrick's cemetery, four grandsons acting as pall bearers, D. P. Harrigan, J. J. Harrigan, D. J. Harkin, and P. D. Harrigan. During her old age and last illness she was well cared for and received every attention from her son William and Mrs. Harrigan, and the family now mourn the loss of a mother who fulfilled every duty which that sweet name implies but it will be to them a consoling reflection that her earthly career was a continuous preparation for the everlasting glory of Heaven. Many when they hear of her death will waft a prayer heaven ward for mercy on her soul. R. I. P.

HARVEY LEEK ST. THOMAS.

God called to Himself on Wednesday Oct. 18, the only and beloved child of Mrs and Mr. Wm. Leek, St. Thomas. Little Harvey had been very ill with diphtheria, but strong hopes were held out for his recovery until the very last when God in His Heavenly Wisdom called him to Himself at the early age of five years. His death was particularly sad as his father was in Brandon and did not arrive home until his little son was laid in the grave.

Many beautiful floral offerings covered the little white casket and testified to the sympathy felt for Mrs. Leek in her sad bereavement. The funeral took place Friday at 4 p. m. from the residence of his grandmother, Rev Father West conducting the services.

VINCENT MCDONNELL, BARRIE ONT.

Not many days ago the Angel of Death visited our Terrestrial Garden and from it plucked one of earth's choicest flowers and bore it aleft to enjoy forever the Beatific Vision; leaving here a void in the hearts of his bereaved mother and father and saddening the hearts of his fond brothers and sisters.

The favored one was little Vincent McDonnell, suddenly seized with that dread disease appendicitis.

Though Vincent's illness was of short duration, his sufferings were intense; but no murmur ever escaped the little sufferer's lips.

He bore every pain with total patience and resignation rarely found in a child of his years—just twelve.

Vincent possessed a most amiable disposition and was loved alike by class mates and friends. His death occurred on Thursday morning, after the last rites of our Holy Mother Church had been administered.

The funeral took place Saturday morning from the family residence to St. Mary's church. The large numbers in attendance was an evidence of the kindly feeling borne him by his companions.

The pall bearers were C. Oliver, A. Wells, J. McDonald, G. Spearin, G. Overs and E. Chave, all members of his own class. R. I. P.

MRS KIDD SEAFORTH.

We deeply regret this week to be called upon to record the death of Mrs Kidd, wife of Thos. Kidd Esq., Food Inspector, Seaforth. It had been known that Mrs Kidd had been suffering from ill health for some time, but the end came very suddenly and unexpectedly to many. On Monday evening while sitting in a chair talking and laughing with her daughter, suddenly she ceased speaking and her daughter thought she had fallen asleep, but upon looking closer it was discovered Mrs. Kidd had been attacked by paralysis. The priest and doctor were immediately sent for and after receiving the last rites of the Church she passed peacefully away. Her maiden name was Margaret Keenan, she being the second daughter of James Keenan and Margaret Hammill—names which are synonymous of the oldest and most respected families of Adjala and Tecumseh. She was born Oct. 10th, 1842, and died Nov. 16th 1903. She was married to Mr. Kidd about thirty-two years ago and leaves behind her a bereaved husband and a grown up family of sons and daughters.

Before leaving the house for the station prayers for the dead were recited by Rev. Father Corcoran, parish priest, assisted by Rev. Father Northgraves, editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD. On the arrival of the train at Tottenham about 10:30 Thursday night the funeral proceeded to St. James church followed by all her friends from Adjala and Toronto where Father Kilcullen recited the rosary and the body remained in the church over night.

The Requiem High Mass was celebrated next morning at 9 o'clock for the repose of her soul. Her nephew Mr. Joseph Kidd of Athlone presided at the organ and the choir rendered very sweetly one of her favorite hymns "Lead Kindly Light." The interment took place in the family plot in St. James Catholic cemetery. The pall-bearers at Seaforth were: Messrs. John Devereaux sr., F. Holmstead, S. Dickson, S. Lamb, B. B. Gunn and James Canning of Dublin, and at Tottenham D. McKenna, Toronto; Mr. John Kelly, Tottenham; Messrs. W. H. and Thomas Hammill, Beeton, Mr. Robert Keenan, Keenansville, and Mr. M. J. Casserly, Tottenham. Her loss will be widely mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends but especially by her children, to whom she was ever a loving and indulgent parent. Her death was in peace for she trusted not in youth, nor beauty, nor riches, nor loving friends, but moulded her actions by the fear of God.

At her own special request her family offered Masses in place of flowers. The readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD are earnestly requested to say a prayer for the repose of her soul.

May her soul rest in peace!

BEECHER CASEY.

The marriage of Mr. J. J. Beecher of Niagara Falls, N. Y. to Miss Nellie Casey, daughter of Frank Casey, La Salette, was solemnized on Tuesday Nov. 17th at the church of Our Lady of La Salette. The beautiful ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McCabe. The pretty bride wore a dainty costume of white swiss muslin with hat to match, and carried a beautiful pearl rosary and white prayer book. She entered the church leaning on the arm of her father and proceeded to the altar, where they were met by the groom and groomsman Mr. D. Holland of Niagara Falls. Miss Rose McKinone of Brooklyn cousin of the bride was bridesmaid and was gowned in cream mull and wore a black picture hat. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the former home of the bride where an excellent repast was partaken of. Guests were present from St. Thomas, Hamilton, Fingal, Brooklyn, N. Y., Niagara Falls and Tilsonburg. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher left by the 3 o'clock express for New York, they will also visit Rochester, Syracuse and Macedon before returning to Niagara Falls where they will reside. Their many friends, among whom they are very popular, join in wishing them bon voyage through life.

WM. FITZGERALD, YALE, MICH.

"So the multitude goes like the flower and weed,
That withers away to let others succeed,"

That we are constantly living in the presence of death is a truelsm fully delineated in the sudden demise of so many persons during the last few weeks. William Fitzgerald, the subject of this sketch, died at his home, Sunday evening last of old age, after a short illness extending from the Saturday evening previous.

Mr. Fitzgerald was born in Ireland seventy-one years ago. In childhood his parents emigrated to Canada settling on a farm near Stratford. In early youth he met with a severe accident which injured his leg, debarring him from the avocation of farming, to which he was first inclined. After learning the shoe making trade, he went into business for himself and established a good trade. Hearing glowing reports of the possibility of Yale, he moved here some twelve years ago, starting business in the home where he died. As a business venture the store was not a great success, partly on account of the deceased's retiring nature, and partly on account of his over confidence in would-be friends. William Fitzgerald was more of a thinker, than what the world calls a solid business man, more a philosopher than a clear cut cynic.

Deeply religious in life he was the living personification of truth and honesty of purpose, and considered every one else was built to the same standard. It was only those who had a close acquaintance with the man who could appreciate the depth of learning and his kindly disposition. Deceased was always a prompt practical Catholic contributing much to the establishment of the Yale parish, he being the organizer of the first Sunday school launched under Catholic auspices in this village. Deceased was married twice, and leaves a widow, one son, Charles of Stratford, and a daughter Miss May a rising young musician attending the Academy of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. The funeral was held on Wednesday from the Church of the Sacred Heart, Rev. Father Collinnane being the celebrant of the High Mass of Requiem. The Rev. Father during the sermon referred in feeling terms to the grand example of a true Christian life, and exhorted his hearers to greater exertion along the road of sanctity. The Mass was a solemn one, Father Collinnane being assisted by Father Egan and Burke, of Brown City and Palms, respectively.

The sermon was a noble tribute to an exemplary life. After the absolution the solemn procession proceeded to the Catholic cemetery, where amid the lamentation of his loved ones, all that was mortal of William Fitzgerald was laid to rest; there to await the final summons, that knows no awakening. To the sorrow-stricken wife and children we offer our heartfelt sympathy.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Editor: Through the columns of the RECORD we wish to heartily thank our many kind friends for the loving help and sympathy so generously extended during our time of trial. MRS WM. FITZGERALD AND FAMILY.

PETER KEHOE, PEMBROKE

The Gazette last week had a short reference to the death of Mr. Peter Kehoe, sr., of Pembroke, and has since been given the following additional particulars:

"For the past year the subject of this notice had been gradually failing in health, and is was with the deepest regret that the members of his family as well as hosts of friends took note of the gradual inroads which disease was making on the once powerful and healthy frame, but the best skill and most tender nursing were of no avail, as the hand of death seemed to have rested upon him During his last hours he was surrounded by all the members of his family, a comfort and consolation he so much prayed for, and though sad was the parting with his beloved wife and family, he was fully resigned to the will of Him Who doeth all things well, receiving all the consolations of the holy church which is such a source of comfort to the dying Catholic. The deceased was born in the county of Wexford, Ireland, in 1825, and was thus in his seventy eighth year at the time of his death. His parents came to this country and settled in Brockville when Mr. Kehoe was but five years old. He received a good education and taught school until twenty-two years of age. He afterwards learned the trade of a carpenter and was removed to Almonte in 1851, where he married Miss Mary Slattery. There are in Almonte to-day buildings which stand as monuments to his skill and industry, and which display an efficiency of which any workman might well be proud. In 1872 he removed to Pembroke, where he carried on until about four years ago a successful business as contractor and builder. Since that time the business has been managed by his sons. Mr. Kehoe, though a man of retiring disposition, was possessed of an excellent English education, and being a man of good natural ability and a deep reader, he was a man with whom those enjoying refined and intelligent conversation delighted to talk, and his opinions were often sought after. He was a member of the Pembroke town council in 1888-9, and in this capacity, as in all others, he discharged the duties involving upon him with the utmost conscientiousness. In religion Mr. Kehoe was a devout Roman Catholic his true manhood showing out here, perhaps, more fully than in any other way. In politics he was a Liberal of the old school, having imbibed his first political principles from reading the Brockville Recorder, and in politics, as in other public matters, he was well read and fully informed. He is survived by his wife and two daughters—Misses Anna and Mary—and five sons—John E., Richard M., Peter, Wm. D., and Thomas. The funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in Pembroke, took place on Sunday afternoon to the cathedral, where Bishop Lorrain and two assistant priests conducted the funeral service. The Libera was chanted, and as the funeral was leaving the church, the choir sang "Nearer My God to Thee." The pallbearers were Sheriff Moffatt, W. R. White, K. C., A. Johnston, W. Beatty, J. Bromedy, E. Clarke, E. Boland and J. Bourke. *Requiescat in pace!*—Almonte Gazette, Nov. 13.

MR. JAS. O'NEILL, RALEIGH.

On the twelfth of last month Mr. James O'Neill, one of the most highly esteemed citizens of western Ontario, passed to his eternal reward. The deceased was a native of Ireland, having been born at Carlo in 1815. Coming to Canada in 1827, he settled at Port Stanley, where he subsequently married Mary Blythe, daughter of Bridget Burke and James Blythe. Their union was blessed with eleven children seven of whom are still living Mrs. Thos. Stanett, Mrs Walter Spence both of Ridgetown; Mrs. Jerry O'Brien, Chatham, Adelia, James, John and Maurice of Raleigh. In 1849 the deceased removed to Raleigh, where he engaged in farming until about twenty-five years ago, when he retired from active labor.

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 18th ult., from the homestead, Ninth Concession, Raleigh, to St. Joseph's church, Chatham; where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Herman, O. F. M., assisted by Rev. Father James, O. F. M. P. P., and Rev. Father Robert, O. F. M. The casket was surrounded with lights and flowers, and among the offerings from the numerous friends of the deceased was a spiritual bouquet of twenty holy Masses, the gift of his devoted grandchildren.

After Mass, Rev. Father James preached a short sermon in which he spoke of the steadfast faith of the deceased all through life, and his beautiful and edifying resignation in the last awful hour, for which he was well prepared, strengthened and consoled by the last sacraments.

The casket was borne by Wm. O'Brien, Jas. Brady, Maurice Doyle, Laurence Howard, Patrick Barrons, and Jas. Doyle.

May his soul rest in peace!

Last week the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of its organization. Never before in its history was the attendance so large as during the present year, and an enrollment of nearly three hundred students is expected for the Winter Term, which begins on January 4th.

Sacred Heart Review.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCLXXVI.

It must not be imagined that because the French Catholics were so profoundly devoted to the monarchy, and because this, from the time of Clovis himself, and still more deeply from the time of Charles the Great, had been indissolubly united both with religion and with nationality, therefore the Catholics imagined themselves slavishly bound to obey the mere arbitrary will of the monarch. On the contrary, whenever the States General had met, they had claimed, and more or less carried out, a limitation of the royal authority.

Moreover, the teaching of Suarez, renewed by Ranieri and Palmieri, and other divines, that in a monarchy the King, although of Divine right, is this by virtue of being the Chief Mandatary of the nation, had been expressly approved as sound doctrine by Paul V., and at the very time of the Revolution by Pius VI. as it has since been approved by Pius IX. President Eliot's strange misstatements can not overturn the historical facts.

We are to remember besides that on the eve of the Revolution nobody, not even Robespierre, was a Republican. It was assumed on all hands that the monarchy was to continue, once more definitely subordinated to the sense of the nation, and that even nobility was to continue, although stripped of its oppressive privileges. The legislation of 1789 was monarchical, but thoroughly constitutional; that of 1793 was Jacobinical, at once anarchical and despotic. The Catholics, with the whole nation, heartily embraced the former, and utterly abhorred and rejected the latter. I wish I could say as much for the Protestants and the Jansenists, but both of these influences were more or less seduced by the opportunity of revenging old persecutions to throw themselves into the current of the Reign of Terror.

There is no better authority in these matters than M. Taine. Not only are his researches exceedingly thorough and careful, but, as a pronounced unbeliever, he can hardly be accused of Catholic partisanship. Indeed, so unfriendly was he, for himself, to the Catholic Church, that, unbeliever as he was, he inscribed his name on the roll of a Protestant congregation, and was buried with Protestant rites.

Now Taine informs us that the great influence by which the principles of 1789 were thoroughly settled in the minds of the French people was the Catholic priesthood. The Bishops were largely indifferent or hostile, but the parish clergy were at once enthusiastically monarchical and enthusiastically constitutional. We remember that it used to be said: "Give us Spanish bishops and French priests, and you have a perfect clergy." (Father Hyacinthe, in a letter to me, singles out the French and the Irish priesthood as peculiarly worthy.)

Jacobinical influences, however, intruded themselves even before the Reign of Terror, in the Civil Constitution of the clergy. The attempts made to show that this was only an assertion of the legitimate control of the State, leaving doctrine wholly untouched are exceedingly lame. By a mere act of civil legislation it broke up and reconstituted the dioceses and metropolitan provinces which had existed for ages, and completely ruptured, leaving nothing of them but a ceremonial acknowledgment, the relations with Rome, without which French Catholics could not conceive the Catholic Church as working at all. This new order would have been as abhorrent to the Gallican Bossuet as to the Ultramontane Fenelon. No wonder then that the clergy as a body adhered to the admonitions of Pius VI., and rejected the Civil Constitution, for which, as M. Taine shows, they were persecuted with a malignancy that outdid even the usual fiendishness of the Reign of Terror.

Nevertheless, while this persecution greatly purified and deepened the piety of the French priesthood, already eminent, it does not seem to have detached them from their fidelity to the principles of 1789. How should it, seeing that the Jacobins of 1793 were thoroughly hostile to the true constitutionalism of 1789?

No doubt the excesses of the First Republic (for Taine shows that the Directory was hardly less Jacobinical than Robespierre himself, merely substituting deportation for the guillotine) drove a certain proportion of the priesthood into absolutistic zealotry. This fraction of the clergy helped Charles X. to his overthrow. The body of the priesthood, however, does not seem to have been infected with monarchical fanaticism, for it received with placidity the dethronement of the elder line and the elevation of the younger line of the blood royal, an event before wholly unknown during the eight hundred and fifty years since Hugh Capet was chosen King. Here was a practical exemplification of the Catholic teaching impressed by Las Cases on Philip II. that a nation has a right to displace a misgoverning elder line in favor of a more hopeful younger branch of the reigning family.

We see then that although Catholic France had always been, not by any necessity of doctrine, but by the force of various historical facts, deeply devoted to the monarchy, in its various feudal limitations, in its gradually growing authority, and during the Bourbon autocracy, it received with thorough enthusiasm the constitutional kingship of 1789, and was not ill-pleased to have this even more pointedly established in 1830 under the House of Orleans, even though the change involved an abandonment of the white flag, and of the immemorial consecration at Rheims.

It should seem, therefore, that there was no such excess of monarchical zeal, either in the Catholic laity of France, or among the clergy, as must needs have stood in the way of recognizing that perhaps the time had come for a reverent laying aside of the monarchy itself, and the acceptance of an elective Republic.

However, the First Republic had so thoroughly identified itself with an anarchical and persecuting Jacobinism, that it is no wonder if Catholic France could not easily overcome her misgivings that a renewal of the Republic meant a renewal of the old hatred of religion and of true constitutionalism. And indeed, although the Republic for a while wore a milder face, it seems now to have reverted almost incurably into the old malignancy. The Protestantizing *Temps* itself declares that the present government of France is once again pure Jacobinism, merely substituting for the guillotine the more refined, but not less intolerable persecution of the present methods, which make the mention of the name of God equivalent to an exclusion from office, and watch to see that even a country postman or constable shall not visit a sister or niece that happens to be in a convent, and make the celebration of the Easter Communion equivalent to a permanent sentence of *incivisme*. From such a ferocity of hatred the guillotine itself does not seem far remote.

Leo XIII., however, viewing matters with the detached impartiality of a foreigner placed on the supreme eminence of mankind, did well to remind the French Catholics that they had no right to treat Royalism, any more than Republicanism, as being in itself any inalienable part of the Catholic religion. He did well to remind them that secret plottings against the established order were ill-becoming to Christians. He reminded them also that thirty years of uninterrupted republicanism went far to induce the persuasion that France had finally chosen this polity, and that if it were so they ought not to allow historical sentiment, however worthy, to interfere with the settled will of the nation. He reminded them also that as monarchy could be detached from religion, so democracy was not inseparably conjoined with irreligion. He exhorted them therefore frankly to rally to the established order, leaving the names of Bourbon and Bonaparte behind them as things of the past.

This was counsel, not properly command, but it was counsel as of one "who had obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful." Accordingly it broke up previous Royalist plottings, and rallied to the support of the Republic a number of eminent Catholics. Had these been received as cordially as they approached, by this time probably Catholic France would have been heartily and permanently Republican. However, Catholic help was precisely what the reigning Jacobins did not want. M. Combes speaks angrily of those congregations that inclined to royalism, but much more angrily of those which have taught their pupils republicanism. What he and his want primarily is not democracy, but publicly established Atheism.

I may still have some desultory remarks to make on this matter.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

SPREAD OF TEMPERANCE.

The observer of social conditions must have noticed that we are now experiencing a change for the better in the matter of intoxicating liquors. To read the statistics on the annual manufacture and consumption of intoxicants it might be difficult to believe this statement. Nevertheless it is a fact confirmed by only casual observation.

Measured by this test there can be no mistake that temperance is spreading. And just here we might add a word of advice to the young men of our day which will stand them well if heeded. It is this: If you wish to have a beneficial earning power, be temperate. If you have hopes of success in the business world, be temperate. In a word, if you wish permanent employment, be temperate.

But our young men may answer that they do not believe in such talk and many would be speaking truthfully. Well, that is begging the question. The fact remains if they desire to reach any of the results enumerated, they must be temperate. They may not believe in temperance societies and may not join them. That is a matter of opinion and pleasure.

A sterner necessity is before them than the requirements of pledges. It is the greed of commercialism. The world in its mad rush for money has discovered that the intemperate youth or man is a hindrance to its ambitions. Therefore, it is casting him aside to satisfy its insane craving for wealth. And because of this fact temperance is spreading.

Money is a cold and cruel master. It is pushing and crowding and trampling humanity under its heels. It has made companionship with temperance for its own selfish and often degrading purposes. It is the purchaser of employment and dictates the conditions. Chief among these at the present time is strict sobriety. Therefore it is that if our young men would succeed in the world they must be temperate. Digest existing conditions and these conclusions will be confirmed.—Church Progress.

WOMAN'S TRUE IDEAL.

What, then, is the true ideal for woman? It is indeed wealth—but wealth of virtue; it is beauty, but beauty of soul; it is intellect, but intellect that points out clearly woman's grand mission in the world, and the manner of fulfilling it.

What do we love in woman? Certainly not the mind filled to overflowing with the silly romantic notions of the day, and surely not the heart that can give room to aught that is not worthy of enthronement in the heart of an angel. We love modesty, gentleness, charity; we love devotion, piety and truth. She is placed on a pedestal as a creature link between God and man, and when she descends, it is only to become a link between man and eternal ruin.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent.

LOOKING TO THE END.

"And he spoke to them a similitude. See the fig-tree and all the trees: when they now shoot forth their fruit you know that summer is nigh."

That seems a strange similitude for our Lord to make use of, does it not, my brethren? Yet what could more forcibly teach the lesson He would have us learn? Every one, even the simplest child, when he sees the trees beginning to put forth their leaves, knows that summer is nigh. So our Lord wished us to see that the signs preceding the end of the world are equally clear. And not only is this true of that great last day when all things shall be changed and the voice of the angel shall be heard calling all men to judgment: it is equally true of the day when the world shall end for us, when we shall be forced to leave the world. There are signs all around us telling that we are fast hurrying to the appointed lot of all men. Yet too often we live as if that day were still far off, as if we had yet many years to live; and when the day at last comes, how many does it not find unprepared?

What could be a clearer sign to us of the approach of death than this day, this first Sunday of Advent? For what is it? It is the beginning of a new year. It is the day on which the Church begins over again her round of penance and prayer and joy. A year of our lives has gone from us, and how have we spent it? What have we done? How do we stand now in God's sight? Are we better than we were a year ago? Has it not been to us a year of warning? Look back and see how many of your friends and neighbors have fallen in the battle of life during this past year; and how unexpected, perhaps, was it to many of them! How many afflictions have come to you! They were all signs, and the one lesson they should have taught you was that the time of life was short and was rapidly drawing to a close. Did you ever stop to think of that? Did you ever ask yourselves why it was your friend or neighbor was taken away and you were spared? Ah! it was that you might hear again the words of warning spoken to us by our Lord Himself. "Take heed to yourselves," He says, "lest perhaps your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting drunkenness and the cares of life, and that day come upon you suddenly." These words are not new to you. You have often heard them before, but what effect have they produced? Have you given up those sins of drunkenness and gluttony? Have you rid yourselves of those excessive and sinful cares of life? Or did you delude yourselves? Did you go forth from the church and say: "Oh! I am young yet; I see no signs of death in me; there will be time enough to think of those things when I get older!" Thou fool! Have you not heard the words of the Gospel addressed to the man who thought he had a long time for enjoyment? And even while his heart was filled with such things the awful voice of God was heard saying: "Thou fool, this night all these things shall be taken from thee, and thy soul cast into hell." My brethren, ask yourselves now, what would be your fate if the voice were suddenly to call you. Do not some of you shudder when you think of it? And what is it then, as reasonable beings, that we ought to do? Is it to go on in that awful state? Ah! my brethren, God has permitted us to hear these words of warning perhaps for the last time, and sad indeed will it be for us if we do not heed them. And now is the time to prepare; now, at the very beginning of this new year, is the time to cast off the works of darkness, to free ourselves from the sins by which we have been so long enslaved, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

THE QUEENS OF HOME.

ABOUT WOMAN'S SPHERE—ITEMS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Woman, "in her hours of ease," has frequent moments of envy for the larger opportunities which come to man. His life is so much freer, so much broader, and appeals to her in a particular manner when her own horizon seems to be somewhat circumscribed.

But woman's activity need not be confined to the home. In a country like this woman's field is not bounded by matrimony. They should be so educated that if needful they may be enabled to earn an honorable livelihood for themselves, dependant solely on their own brains and their fingers. The results of university examinations show most strikingly that in intellectual competition there is perfect equality between the sexes. It is her mission to cherish also the quality of compassion in the human heart and by her trained skill and intuitive tact to make the ministrations of the community to the poor and ignorant a blessing and a joy.

But in all her undertakings the mainspring of her deeds and words must be the fear of God, the love and reverance of Him, an earnest, deep, and enobling sense of piety. There is one thing which the new girlhood must never give up—true and genuine womanliness. She must shun as rigorously as ever before unworthy companionship, unwholesome words and degrading environments. On her lips must be the law of kindness. They must never be disgraced by malicious slander or even idle gossip.

"Children—all children—even those who are apparently the most perverse, crave love and sympathy," says the Michigan Catholic. "The harsh word and the blow are too often used where kindness would accomplish blessed results."

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THE HOME LIBRARY.

There is a fact intimately affecting the intellectual life of the present generation which migot be called a universal passion for reading. It holds sway over all classes and ages, the rich, the poor, the old, the young. Take for instance the daily newspaper circulation of the country. It runs up into the millions. Add to this the weeklies, the bi weeklies, the monthlies and the quarterlies, and you may form some rough estimate of the amount of transient reading matter turned out by the press. This estimate does not at alll include the vast number of books published daily. The almost hourly edition of the dailies in our large cities, the files of people in every street car buried in their papers, the public and private libraries often crowded with readers, all testify strongly to this same fact, all are an index of this same passion. But it is with this as with all other passions: there are dangers in satisfying it—dangers to morality, dangers to the development of the truly beautiful nature.

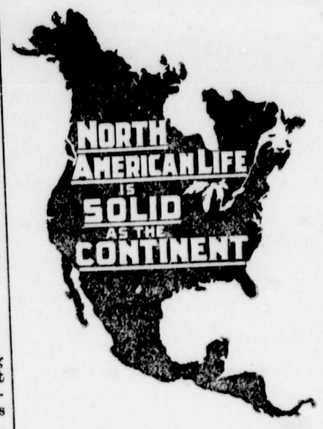
Some of these dangers are planned by wicked men, others result from the natural incompetency of many writers who set themselves up as the teachers of men. In these cases the press becomes sometimes deliberately, more frequently unintentionally, the teacher of error and vice. And the seeds of intellectual and moral ruin are often sown in the heart by ideal association with characters whose principles of conduct and whose lives are most vicious, and with whom these very readers would loathe to associate in real life. Now, how are the dangers to be avoided? Not by annihilating this passion. That were to retard man in his progress onward and upward. Besides, this is practically impossible. It has too strong a hold on the minds of the people. Nor would it be well so to do if it were possible. We must satisfy it, but with healthy nourishment. We must even cultivate its growth, but along the lines of truth, goodness and beauty. And this we think can be done in no better way than by fostering home reading, reading as a very part of the family life, reading by parents, reading by children, so that it becomes a habit to all. Nor is it as difficult as some people would imagine to supply this family reading, to form little by little the home library. A small investment now and then in a good book, a subscription for some useful and entertaining periodical, all are matter for satisfying this lawful passion: all serve to build up in time a small it may be, but none the less choice home library.

Let us mention a few of the books that should be found in every home. First of all, of course, the Family Bible, and this not merely for an ornament. A few of least of the lives of the saints, or works upon Christian faith and morals. These should be there, and they should be read. But they cannot, they ought not form the bulk of home books. There should be books of lighter texture, and to people ordinarily more palatable; a Catholic paper and one or two Catholic magazines. Besides these, almost every family could afford a few works of standard authors on general literature, history, poetry and fiction. A splendid thing for young and old alike is an edition of some encyclopedia. It serves as a general source of knowledge; a storehouse of thought and information.

"All very well to talk," some one will say, "but where's the money for all this?" Let us figure up the cost of such a home library. The Catholic weekly, 5 cents a week; the magazine 20 or 25 cents a month; 50 cents a month spent for some book on piety or general subjects of literature, poetry, history or fiction would not be missed; while $10 or $12 paid even in instalments will secure an edition of a good encyclopedia. All it needs is the will to do it. Go to any of our stores and you can get books very cheap. For 25 or 50 cents you can get the best works of the best authors; and a few books every month will swell the library and bring to the family and each individual of it a permanent gain. This money, and too frequently a greater amount, is often foolishly spent on objects unworthy of the attention of serious persons.—Buffalo Union and Times.

Cheerfulness of Disposition.

Have you ever said, "I wish I had a more cheerful disposition?" How much do you wish it? Enough to dispose yourself so as to be into the way of getting it? Your words are idle and sinful unless you will to have instead of wishing to have it. You are not responible for the disposition you were born with, but you are responsible for the one you have to-day. And you have no business to bewail your "bad disposition" while doing nothing to improve it. Everything you carelessly or seriously propose to do affects what you are disposed to do. You are disposed to look on the dark side, borrow trouble and say discouraging things. Suppose you earnestly purpose for one week to look for pleasant things, and speak of them, and never speak of what you dread or do not like. You will be more cheerfully and hopefully disposed at the end of the week, and you know it. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." It is your duty—your business in life—to work up out of your evil environments, whatever they may chance to be.



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About Favors Received.

If all the favors received through the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart were all recorded it would take columns to announce them. There are some hypercritical Catholics who carp at the publication of these favors. There were some of the same kind who found fault with our Lord and His miracles while He was on earth. They are most wondrous wise, at least in their own estimation. If they cannot approve, they should at least, keep silence.

For if we do not receive favors, big and little, from the Sacred Heart, whom do we receive them from? As our Holy Mother has approved of this devotion let those who object hold their peace. And let all those who are in sorrow and trouble of any kind ask the prayers of the millions of members of the League to assist them in obtaining the favors they ask.

WHEN BABY CRIES.

When a baby cries almost continually it is a certain sign that there is something the matter with its stomach or bowels, and the mother should at once give it a dose of Baby's Own Tablets, which sweeten the sour little stomach, promote digestion and gently relax the bowels. Mrs. Fred McIntosh, Wabigoon, Ont., who has had experience, writes: "When my little boy was two months old he began to cry and kept it up almost continually day and night for several weeks. I gave him medicine, but it did not seem to ease him a bit. I had not at this time used Baby's Own Tablets, but the poor little fellow was suffering so much that I sent for a box. He obtained ease almost from the first dose, and in a few days was quite well. Since then he has grown splendidly, and is a bright, laughing, good-natured baby. I hold the Tablets in the highest regard and cheerfully recommend them to all mothers.

This is the verdict of all mothers who have used the Tablets. They are good for children of all ages and always cure all their minor ailments. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These comes from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your own hands on it, but it will strike wrong. You can tear the rosebud open before its time, but you mar the beauty of the rose. So we may spoil many a gift or blessing which God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He is weaving our lives into patterns of beauty and strength. He has a perfect plan for each. Don't pull at the threads of life. Don't hurry the Almighty's plan. We must live by prayer in our ignorance of life. God's love is the motive of all delay—to give us unexpected and surprising blessings.

The Desert of Every Life.

There are few lives that do not sooner or later come to their desert. Perhaps death has touched the home and the gray days, aching with loneliness, stretch before one endlessly. Perhaps brave ambitions have had to be laid aside, and one's whole thought given to a narrow round of distasteful work; perhaps, with powers crying out for expression, the rocky desert walls close in on every side, and one is bidden wait—wait, and yet longer, wait.

Whatever they may be, this thing is sure—God's deserts are His teachers and full of His voice; no waste is pathless for His feet. Beyond Elijah's desert lay his greatest work and the Friend that went with him to his journey's end. Beyond our desert lies something that God is waiting to give us. What it is we know not yet—but God knows!

Brilliancy Versus Mediocrity.

"An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness."

How the slow, plodding boy, who has to toil so hard for every step he takes in advance, envies his clever schoolmate who can do things with ease and celerity! How he wishes that he could dash off a bright letter, or say clever things, or master his problems with as little difficulty as does this much admired youth! He is constantly comparing himself with him, and always of course, to his own disadvantage. He does not stop to think that this wonderfully clever boy is not to be depended upon, that he is not loyal or true, and that he is selfish to the core; he only longs for the showy qualities which he possess. He is dissatisfied with himself, but plods doggedly on in spite of his difficulties. The slow boy leaves school. The years go by, and, as he approaches middle life, he finds, much to his amazement, that he has far outdistanced the brilliant companion of his boyhood. The law of compensation is at work in every life. The Creator has willed it so. In the long run, mediocre ability, backed by conscientiousness in making the most of it, loyalty to truth, unselfishness, and faithfulness to little things will always win—Success.

A Hard Lesson but a Needed One.

"The hardest lesson that many an aspiring young man can learn is to begin with his shoulder to the wheel," says the Pittsburg Catholic. "He sees the inequalities in life. Why can not he at a bound find affluence and ease? Socialism whispers in his ear that he is the victim of injustice, that inequalities ought to be adjusted by force. But good common sense, if he has it, should tell him that even allowing for the oppression and injustice that undoubtedly exist in the business world to day, still business could not go on if everybody was a socialist. Superior mental attainments, he will easily learn, will put one man ahead of another, and opportunities will also come to some which do not come to others. He will see that the true man must take the world as he finds it, and simply resolve to do the best that his hands shall find to do, and not be ashamed or discontented over the outcome, however, small that outcome may be. It is a positive injury to a young man to persuade himself that the world is in a conspiracy against him. He should entertain no delusion to the effect that success is a mere matter of chance. What should be impressed and urged on the young man of the family, going out into the battle of life, the struggle for bread, is that he should take the world as he finds it, relying on himself, not expecting favors and really not desiring them. He should take pride in his own ability to pry open the entrance to success, not depending upon accident or luck.

Manly Qualifications

Many years ago, when Maine was a part of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man and one of the best lawyers of his time. In those days Whitman owned a farm, and did much work upon his land; and it so happened that when the time came for him to set out for Boston, his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice, fashionable suit made when I reach Boston," he said. Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was graduate of Harvard University and that at this tavern he was at home.

As he entered the parlor of the house he found that several ladies and gentlemen were there assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them, "Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun." Whitman stared hard at the company and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, you are from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of his face. The ladies tittered.

"And what do you think of our city?"

"It's a pooty thick settled place, anyhow. It's got a sweeping sight of houses in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should reckon so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wall, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin.'"

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them."

"Ya-as, I beaus 'em home — ter meetin' and singin' schewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thankee. Don't keer if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git cout. I eats toast. Never heard of sich a thing as drinkin' it. But I kin give ye a sentiment."

"The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly, and in tones ornate and dignified, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing earth can afford, and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistook me for my dress for a country booby; while I, for the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken when Caleb Strong, the governor of Massachusetts, entered and inquired for Mr. Whitman.

"Ah, here I am, governor. Glad to see you." Then, turning to the dumbfounded company:

"I wish you a very good evening."

And leaving them, they felt about as small and cheap as it is possible for full-grown people to feel.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

That he was intensely proud of his soldiers another oft-told anecdote will serve to illustrate."

When the Czar Alexander I. met the Emperor Napoleon at Erfurth they walked arm-and-arm together one beautiful morning up and down one of the avenues of the park. They and their armies had been at war with each other more than once, but now they were upon terms as friendly as the relations of the France and Russia of to-day.

At the foot of a flight of steps leading from a terrace stood an old French grenadiers on guard. The two powerful Emperors, who in the parlance of the day "divided the world between them," approached the grenadier. The old soldier saluted, keeping his stern face utterly expressionless, in accordance with military usage. However there was one "expression" that he could not repress, and that was in the shape of an immense sabre scar, extending from his forehead down his cheek, showing a fighting record.

Napoleon paused, smiling proudly as he looked at this tale-telling scar upon the face of the soldier. The grenadier apparently paid no attention to the fact that he was honored by the observance of two Emperors. He was "on guard" rigidly, and he never moved a muscle, but kept his eyes fixed on the distance.

"Ah, my brother," said Napoleon to the Czar, "what do you think of soldiers who carry into new battles such wounds as that?" nodding toward the scarred and impassive visage.

"And you, my brother," answered Alexander, smiling also, "what do you think of soldiers who can give such wounds?"

It was a very apt reply, since the fresh scar had undoubtedly been obtained in a late battle with the Russians.

Suddenly a voice seemed to come from the air. It said:

"They are all dead—these fellows!"

It was the immovable grenadier, who, without stirring his position or even so much as winkling an eyelid, had vindicated his record as a fighter of Russians.

The Czar bowed to Napoleon.

"Here, as everywhere else, the victory is yours," he said, courteously.

"And here, as everywhere else, it is my soldiers who give it to me," said the Emperor of the French.

Then the two powerful ones walked off and the scarred grenadier remained as rigid as ever.

This old soldier, with his laconic way of telling what had happened those who had wounded him, seems to have been a nineteenth century D'Artagnan. But it was such men who won Napoleon's battles, and well their beloved Emperor appreciated them.

There are many stories told of Napoleon and his Legion of Honor. Shortly after the establishment of the order the Emperor gave instructions that the names of all soldiers who had previously distinguished themselves in the wars of the republic should be submitted for the new decoration, although many of them had returned to civil life. M. de Narbonne, who had long been living in exile with other noble emigres of the period, had recently resumed his residence in Paris. On the day of the distribution of crosses among the former soldiers of Bonaparte, M. de Narbonne learned that his valet, who had served in Egypt, was one of those who had received the decoration, and sending for the man informed him with great gravity that it would be unseemly for a Knight of the Legion of Honor to wait behind his chair at table. "Therefore," continued his master, "I have decided, Louis, to request the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day, and to-morrow you shall go and take possession of an appointment as gamekeeper on one of my estates. Your new functions will not, I trust, be incompatible with the honor which has been conferred upon you!"

After the distribution of the crosses at Paris, the Emperor proceeded for a similar purpose to Boulogne, where a portion of the army was then encamped in a semi-circle facing the open channel. It was here that Napoleon first appeared upon an improvised throne, surrounded by his marshals and hailed by the troops with the utmost enthusiasm. The British fleet, cruising in the offing, observing that some unusual ceremony was going forward on shore, commenced a brisk cannonade, to which the French batteries responded, but without much damage being done on either side. At the termination of the ceremody the Emperor, followed by his marshals and a numerous staff, rode away towards the town of Boulogne. As he was passing in the rear of one of the batteries he turned to General Marmont, who, like Napoleon himself, had been originally in the artillery, and said jocularly: "Let us see, Marmont, if we remember our old trade well enough to send a cannon ball into that English brig, which seems disposed to amuse itself at our expense and has the audacity to come within range." Hereupon the Emperor dismounted, took the post of the corporal in charge of one of the pieces, leveled the mortar himself and applied the match. The missile passed through one of the brig's sails and fell into the sea beyond. Marmont then tried his hand, but with no better effect, and the plucky captain of the brig, finding his ship an object of special interest on shore, blazed away at a a tremendous rate. "Now then, corporal," said the Emperor, "it is your turn." The artilleryman, taking careful aim, fired the gun, and the projectile, hissing through the air, was seen to carry a portion of the daring Englishman's bow-sprit. "Bravo, corporal!" exclaimed the Emperor; "you are a much better marksman than either of us!" And taking the cross from his own coat he attached it to the breast of the delighted soldier amid the acclamations of the army.

Napoleon was seldom abrupt or haughty with an old soldier, as has been said. He was also lenient with extreme youth, excepting when it displayed its immaturity in excessive impertinence. His niece Charlotte, whom he intended to honor by eventually making her Crown Princess of Spain as the wife of Ferdinand, received every kindness in the Imperial household. In spite of all this the girl, who appears to have been of an envious nature, wrote several letters to her stepmother, criticizing and maligning her highly.placed relatives. These impudent and silly letters were placed in the hands of Napoleon by the person entrusted with their transmission. After dinner one day when the entire family had assembled for conversation, the Emperor proceeded to read the missives aloud to the consternation of the culprit, who had made malicious allusions to every one present. Napoleon laughed heartily at her discomfiture as well as at the angry surprise of those who had been the objects of her unwarranted attack, but he was not the kind of a man to let such gross ingratitude go unpunished. After his laugh was over he made a polite little speech to Mademoiselle Charlotte, informing her that on the morrow a suitable escort would be provided to take her to Italy, "that our sister country may not be deprived of the sparkles of such a witty young lady." So Charlotte Bonaparte lost a throne and was sent home in disgrace.

A more pleasing instance relates to a young page in attendance upon the Emperor during an Austrian campaign. Gudin, such was his name, was the son of a distinguished officer, and his duties were rather of a military than a personal nature. Once, however, the groom being absent, Gudin, seeing the Emperor getting on horseback, sprang forward to assist him. Like the man who can't swim and who jumps in to save a swimmer was Gudin at that moment. Knowing nothing of the duties of an equerry, his eagerness only interfered with him and he made such a clumsy attempt that he threw his master painfully into the saddle. Napoleon, angered and smarting, turned upon the page, calling him "dolt, awkward clown" and other like names. He then galloped off, followed by Gudin as escort. After reaching his destination and fulfilling his purpose, which was to examine the ground from the eminence, the Emperor looked around and his penetrating eyes took in the picture of the young page in utter melancholy at the thought of having offended his beloved ruler and in humiliation from the imperial rebuke. Napoleon beckoned to the young man, and when Gudin approached the great man said gently:

"I am much obliged to you for your politeness, but when you wish to assist a man into the saddle you should set about it differently."

And the Emperor gave the page minute instructions on the subject, concluding with:

"Go now, my friend, and remember that," with a little affectionate stroke on the cheek.

It is needless to speak of the young man's gratitude. In a later campaign he proved his zeal.

All day the battle had raged fast and furious. It was 3 o'clock. Napoleon stood on a commanding knoll with his field glass poised frequently. Again and again he looked in one direction and let some expression of impatience escape his lips. He was looking for the courier. Three he had already sent to bear and return despatches. He saw the enemy's unbroken line as often as he looked in the same direction.

"Three," he muttered; "three brave fellows cut to pieces, perhaps, and still—no despatches."

Even as he murmured he lifted his glass again. What was that? A figure on horseback breaking through and from that blue cloud of antagonists. Now it became pursuer and pursued. Half a dozen cavalrymen pressed after the solitary horseman. A shot rang out. The man swayed in his saddle and stiffened again as he galloped forward. His pursuers drew back as the danger of "shot range" approached. Nearer and nearer came the rider. The Emperor recognized him and laying down his glass waited.

In a few minutes the horse stopped before him.

The rider was coatless and hatless and his light curls overshadowed a face of extraordinary pallor. On one side of the fine cambric shirt was a growing crimson stain.

"My faithful Gudin!" cried Napoleon, extending his hand. With an effort the young man drew a packet from his breast.

"The—despatches—sire," he muttered feebly, and then he fell forward.

He had fulfilled his mission. Gudin was dead.

There was a magnetism in Napoleon's presence that induced men to brave death cheerfully for his glory. How many thousands gasped their last message to earth in these words: *Vive l' Empereur!*" How many died years after the great warrior had been laid to rest in his rocky island tomb, and, dying still remembered to enunciate the old rallying cry: *Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!*"

At the time of Napoleon's second funeral, when thirty years after death his remains were taken from St. Helena and borne in the gorgeous purple barge up the Seine, there were hundreds of veteran soldiers all along the banks. And these battle-scarred old men mourned anew when they saw the coffin of their chief. Thackeray, who witnessed the second funeral, tells us that their tears were like the tears of women, and another eye-witness says: "The old soldiers were convulsed with grief. I thought one fine, powerful fellow would faint, so great was his emotion. What was in this man that even his memory can sway people thus?"

A pure hard Soap.

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IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM

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A MUSICAL EDUCATOR.—No instrument or invention of modern times has ever approached the Berliner Gramophone in the faithful reproduction of vocal and instrumental music. It stands without a peer—furnishes entertainment for young and old and cultivates a refined and intelligent taste for music.

IN EVERY HOME.—No matter how far removed from cities and musical centres, no member of the family need be ignorant of the masterpieces of the musical world, old or new. New records are constantly being added to the great catalogue of selections which includes everything worth hearing in music or song.

AT MERELY NOMINAL COST.—It would cost a fortune, and not even in a lifetime could one hear, in the original, all the selections which famous artists, bands and orchestras have made solely for the Berliner Gramophone, yet you can hear them all on the Gramophone in your own home at any time for a trifling cost, and hear them rendered with a degree of perfection and fidelity impossible of attainment by the average performer.

HOW TO GET ONE. EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Fill out the Coupon and send it to us with one dollar, and we will ship the Gramophone to you. Enclose two dollars extra if you want spun brass horn. Send your order for extra records at the same time and save extra expressage. Almost any vocal or instrumental music you wish can be had—or we'll send complete list of records.

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The Gramaphone arrived in perfect order. All are surprised and pleased with it. You will doubtless receive many orders from this part of the country.

Rev. B. Kiernan, Quyon, Que.

Your records are ahead of ony I ever heard.

Rev. D. Matte, Hospice St. Joseph, Que.

The Gramophone I bought of you a few months ago is giving entire satisfaction and is admired and praised by all who have heard it.

Rev. J. Vaillaincourt, Levis, Que.

The Gramophone is still giving satisfaction. It is difficult for a talking machine to reproduce a song or music more distinctly than mine.

Rev. Pere A. Carion, Kamloops, B. C.

Permit me to tell you that I am perfectly satisfied with the Gramophone I bought of you. It is a source of endless amusement to the children of our school as well. I do not think anything more perfect could be invented.

Rev. Geo. Bonsfield, Pembroke, Ont.

The records are still in good condition although they have been used hundreds of times.

These are only a few of the thousands of testimonials on our file from the clergy, lawyers, doctors, farmers, merchants, etc. Write or call for catalogue at your nearest agent, or to the inventor and manufacturer.

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2315 St. Catherine Street,
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1310 3

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Enclosed find one dollar in payment on the Standard Berliner Gramaphone, type A, complete, with 16-inch japanned concert horn and 3 records. It satisfactory after five days' trial, I agree to pay eight monthly payments of two dollars each. If not satisfactory, I will return the Gramaphone and this order is null and void. C. R.

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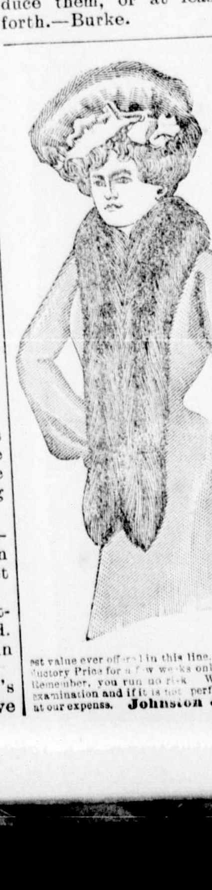
Dublin can and does boast of many superlatives. It has the widest street and the largest public park in Europe; the first horse show in the world; but certainly the chiefest of all its claims is that advanced on behalf of its women. It is really no exaggeration to say that in no city in the world will you see so many beautiful women as you do in the Irish capital.

There is something, too, about the Irish type of beauty that cannot be actually described. There is an expression, an air of something akin to sadness, almost, in every real Irish face; something interesting, that holds the attention more than mere skin-deep beauty. "I have been in most capitals of Europe," says a traveler in Ireland, "but never did I see so many really beautiful women as I saw in Dublin during the King's visit. And they were not visitors. There was no mistaking the wonderful gray eyes of 'Dark Rosaline.'"

As to great and commanding talents they are the gift of Providence in some way unknown to us. They rise where they are least expected. They fail when everything seems disposed to produce them, or at least to call them forth.—Burke.



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Send us your name and address and nearest Express Office and we will send you this latest style elegant Fur Scarf by Express. When you receive it, if you don't say that it is the most elegant Scarf you have ever seen, and that you have saved double its cost in buying from us, return it at our expense. This handsome Fur Scarf retails at from $5.00 to $8.00 it is 57 inches long and 6 inches wide made of specially selected Pearl Russian Hare, (fur et both sides) ornamented with a handsome neck chain to fasten it with. Under ordinary conditions it will give 10 years of satisfactory wear. This long Cluster Scarf is one of the season's most popular styles. Nothing similar to it has ever been sold at anything like our price. It is undoubtedly the great est value ever offered in this line. $2.98 is our Special Introductory Price for a few weeks only, so do not delay in ordering. Remember, you run no risk. We send the Scarf for your free examination and if it is not perfectly satisfactory, you return it at our expense. Johnston & Co., Dept 518 Toronto

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PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Orders in Council, the Red and White PINE TIMBER in the following townships berths and areas, namely:

IN THE DISTRICT OF NIPISSING—the Townships of HUTTON, CREELMAN, PARKIN, AYLMER, MACKELCAN, McCARTHY, MERRICK, MULOCK (part of) FRENCH (part of) STEWART, LOCKHART (part of) GARROW (part of), OSBORNE (part of), HAMMELL and PHELPS (part of).

IN THE DISTRICT OF ALGOMA—Berths Nos. 195 and 201, the Townships of KITCHENER and ROBERTS and Block "W" near Onaping Lake.

IN THE RAINY RIVER DISTRICT—Berths G19, G21, C23, G29 and G38, and the following Berths with the right to cut and remove the pine, spruce, tamarack, cedar and poplar:—G4, G6, G17, G18, G24, G25, G26, G27, G28, G33, G35, G36, G37, G39, G40, G41, G42, G43, Berths Nos. S1, S2, S3, and S4 will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Parliament Buildings in the City of Toronto on Wednesday, the NINTH day of DECEMBER, 1903 at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon.

Sheets containing terms and conditions of Sale and information as to Areas and Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth will be furnished on application, either personal or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, or the Crown Timber Agencies at OTTAWA, SAULT STE MARIE, PORT ARTHUR, RAT PORTAGE and FORT FRANCES.

E. J. DAVIS,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS
TORONTO, July 29, 1903.

N.B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for. 1295-18

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OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.
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ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

FATHER O'ROURKE'S FAREWELL.

When Archbishop Gauthier announced at Lanark some weeks ago that he was about to promote Rev. Father O'Rourke to Westport it was a bolt from the blue for his people. No one had even so much as thought of a change. Time was gently gliding down the stream with them—as we sometimes glide through a quiet dream. The Archbishop's proclamation was therefore a rude awakening; an interruption; a realization that their beloved pastor, richer and riper because of his experience with them, must go to broader spaces and greater activities. The intervening weeks were spent by the parishioners here in devising how best to give expression to their love. On Sunday evening the consummation was reached. At Benediction in St. Mary's, which was packed, a large number from other folds in town. Messrs. Cornell and Nagle advanced to the altar, and, amid the hush of all, the former read the following address while the latter presented the purse:

Very Dear and Rev. Father O'Rourke—At this moment we experience as never before so keenly the sad truth that "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." For indeed our sorrow at your approaching departure is accentuated and intensified by the memory of our interruptedly happy relations with you during the past fifteen years.

A glance back over those years, dear Rev. Father, only confirms what we have always remarked, that the dominant note of your pastorate has been your zeal—zeal for God's greater honor and glory, zeal for God's Holy Church, zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the flock entrusted to your care. The fruits of that triple zeal have been both manifold and manifest.

You came to us when the material affairs of this parish were on the ebb. Yet you improved and embellished the Church property here in Carleton Place, erected in Lanark Village one of the handsomest little churches in the Archdiocese, and still leave the parish practically free from debt.

You found us a young parish all but unconscious of your dignity, our strength, or our rights. From you we learned to realize our wondrous dignity as members of the one true Catholic Church. From you we learned to be self reliant, to recognize our strength, despite the smallness of our numbers, in matters religious, political and municipal that affected our Church or our Faith. From you we learned the needed and invaluable lesson of standing firm upon our undoubted rights.

You came to us when our souls were hungering and thirsting for a deeper knowledge of the Word of God. With an eloquence that springs only from a heart that leans on God, you taught us the beauties of Divine Faith, the strength and consolation of Divine Hope, the joy of Divine Love. You engraved upon our hearts and souls the fundamental truth that the "Grace of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." You made us understand that that life of grace is a participation in the domestic life, so to speak of God Himself in the eternal life of the Most Holy Trinity—a participation so marvelous that even the humblest soul in possession of grace becomes the abode of the Father, the dwelling of the Son, the home of the Holy Ghost, the temple of the Trinity, becomes consequently beautiful with the beauty of God Himself. But not content with teaching, you went out amongst us scattering broadcast with sacramental hand that beautiful resplendent holy life of God.

Thus there were no limits to your zeal. No comforts, no pleasures, no society, could seduce it, no obstacles—neither violence of storms, nor inclemency of weather, nor difficulty of roads—overcome it. Our defects, our weaknesses, our ignorance, our humility, our poverty, only gave it the greater scope. For fifteen consecutive years you placed yourself absolutely and unreservedly at our beck and call, and in very truth, like another St. Paul, made yourself "all to all, to win all to Christ."

We know, dear Rev. Father, that your humility shrinks from such public encomiums on deeds performed solely for God and for God's greater glory.

"Yet can you ask that by God's eye alone
The glorious record of your life be read?
Ah, no, let us your deeds on every side make known,
To thus a brighter lustre on religion shed."

We know, further, your humility will generously seek a sheltering screen. We wish to anticipate you and to brush aside that screen. You will tell us, as your humility has so often prompted you before to tell us, that all the good accomplished during your incumbency has been but the growth and fructification of the good seed sown by your saintly predecessor. You will disclaim all personal title to the glories we have enumerated and place all to the credit of the late lamented Father O'Donoghue. Ah, full well we recognize that to us he was a God-sent man, that the choice of him for our first parish priest was a choice dictated by the Holy Ghost Himself. Most would have failed where he succeeded. Few of those who might have succeeded would have achieved the signal success that he achieved. He drew us irresistibly after him by his winning ways and sunny smile, by a nobility and energy of character second unto none. He was indeed one of whom Nature and Grace might truthfully proclaim to all the world: "This was a man after man's own heart and a priest after the heart of our Divine Saviour Himself. But, Father, the voice of obedience called him from us and he left us orphans at a critical moment—just at the formative period of our life as a parish. We needed sorely then a hand to lead us on with a gentle touch that could, when need there was, change to a grasp at once firm and commanding. Such a hand was yours. And so, dear Father, with all due respect and reverence to your humility, we are constrained to voice the universal sentiment that Carleton Place has indeed been doubly blest—blest in her second pastor as in her first.

Since, then, Father, the remembrance of happier things puts a crown to sorrow, can you, around whom for us so many memories cling, you with whom we have been so truly happy, you who have been so near and so dear to us, you who have been our counsellor, our guide, our support, you who have shared so unselfishly in our joys our trials and our tribulations, can you wonder that at the prospect of your loss our hearts are heavy with sorrow, that our eyes are suffused with the tears of sorrow, that our souls sing a song of sorrow that no human words can tell? Yet even in the extremity of our sorrow we recognize the voice of authority which calls you away as the voice of God and, bowing submissively at its sound, we pray in resignation the prayer you have by word and example taught us so well to say, "God's will, not ours, be done." But before we let you go we desire to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the great zeal you have displayed amongst us, for the great things that zeal has accomplished amongst us, for all your patience with us and all your kindness towards us. As a substantial token of our gratitude, we beg you to accept this accompanying purse.

We desire, furthermore, to assure you that together with good Father O'Donoghue you will remain always enshrined in our hearts and that those hearts will be frequently raised in prayer that God may bless you and all your undertakings. In return we beg your priestly blessing and an assurance that occasionally you will remember in your prayers those who now in sorrow sign themselves for the last time.

YOUR DEVOTED AND GRATEFUL PARISHIONERS OF ST. MARY'S PARISH, CARLETON PLACE.

When Mr. Cornell finished, President John Welsh advanced and read an address from the C. M. B. A. Father O'Rourke made an eloquent and a feeling reply, of which the following is a summary:

I am deeply touched, my dear beloved brethren, by the address you have just presented to me. It is a beautiful address indeed and I thank you in all sincerity for it. But there is in it one fault which I cannot help signalling—it is all too flattering to me. In the ideal priest you picture there I cannot without presumption recognize myself, if I were vain enough to think myself perfect I should exalt myself in pride. But in sober truth, in the presence of God and of my conscience, in the knowledge of my many deficiencies, I am forced to acknowledge that I fall below that noble ideal. All I can say for myself is that I have endeavored to do my plain duty. To say that I have accomplished it in every detail, in all its perfections, is to claim indeed too much. Brethren, on this last occasion I shall have of addressing you, I wish to thank you for the spirit of union that has always characterized you—union among yourselves, union with me, your pastor. That great quality born of Faith and Charity it is which has obtained for you many additional blessings from Almighty God, commanded the respect and admiration of your non Catholic fellow-citizens, won my own deepest love for you. I thank you further for the great love, reverence and honor you have so lavishly dowered upon me. I thank you for your generous response to all my appeals for the spiritual advancement of this parish. I thank you for all your unbroken kindness to me, for all your active support and unremitting assistance to me. I thank you in particular for this, that in all the past fifteen years I have always felt the united strength of this parish in support of any and every step I have taken as your pastor. That consideration I will carry away with me as a permanent souvenir of joy and consolation.

Finally let me assure you, brethren, that my promotion is none of my seeking, as it was indeed my dearest wish to remain amongst you, for I have given to Carleton Place the best years of my life. I came here a young man: I leave here a comparatively old man. In the meantime I have come to look on Carleton Place as my home and to cling to you as to my people. Indeed this is perhaps the saddest feature of my present position that my heart has gone out to the people of Carleton Place so I am convinced it can never go out again to any other. Hence it has always been my earnest desire and hope and prayer that I might be left here unto the end, that I might lay down my life here amongst you, whom I still love to call my people. But this time our beloved Archbishop has laid his will upon me as a command and I have nothing to do but to obey, however hard may be the sacrifice of my own dearest wishes and fondest hopes. God's will, not mine, be done. In this hour of my sorrow and dejection of spirit I cling to that promise you have made me—the promise of your frequent prayers. Pray for me now, brethren, and in the days to come that God may give me the graces necessary for me to discharge faithfully and successfully the duties of my calling. In return I shall remember you daily in my own humble prayers and particularly in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In a few moments, when for the last time as your pastor I shall raise our Divine Saviour over you in Benediction, I shall pray Him with my whole heart and mind to bless us all—both you and me, my brethren—with such a blessing as will go down to the future to secure for us one and all the greatest of blessings—final perseverance—so that one day we may meet again in the Kingdom of God's glory, where there shall be neither tears nor sorrow nor parting any more. Good bye.

The tender and touching words of the priest were listened to with rapt attention. Many were moved to tears.

After Benediction, the altar boys presented an address read by Dominic Faughnan and a silver shaving mug. The Sunday School presented a travelling suit. The ladies presented an address read by Miss Carmel Galvin. To each Father O'Rourke replied very earnestly and lovingly. Each new token seemed to open a new freshet of emotional gratitude.

The purse above, we may add, contained $300 in gold. In the morning the Church at Ferguson's Falls had presented Father O'Rourke with an address and a purse of $100 in gold. The day in all to him was one in which the hour glass ran golden sands.

Perhaps we should not complete our report of these felicitous proceedings without some reference to the great regard non Catholic citizens entertain for the able and eloquent priest. He came to us a young man, as he says, but the wisdom of age was upon him. Citizens quickly learned to appreciate his good humor his great charity, his dominant passion, his brotherly kindness among all men, his zeal for his Church, his eminent scholarship and his thorough command of current topics. It was a great privilege, a rare treat, to have a chat with Father O'Rourke, though he himself was doubtless quite unaware of his gifts in this respect. As a parish priest he had indomitable energy. His days, his nights, his hours, seemed to be not his, but the property of others. Storms nor heats, nor personal cares, availed to argue him from the paths of pastoral duty. He did his work with pleasure and patience—the patience which is the incubator of power, the ingredients of genius—doing it all with no other inspiration than his native graces and impulses. Humility and strength were combined in him to a remarkable degree. Nothing but success could attend the labors of one so highly equipped, and if the beautiful new church at Lanark be the material monument of his work, there are edifices of his construction in the human heart which time cannot corrode, much less crumble. Father O'Rourke leaves on Thursday for his new home; and if his eyes could but behold he would doubtless see this whole community suffused with sorrow at his departure, yet overflowing with the opulent vocabulary of good wishes.—Central Canadian, Carleton Place, Nov. 19.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

The committee of the parishes of St. Joseph's, Markdale, and St. John's Glenelg, waited on Rev. Father Hauck at his residence on Wednesday of last week and presented him with the following address, accompanied by a purse:

To the Rev. Father Hauck:

Rev. and dear Father,—It is with much sorrow that we received the unexpected announcement of your removal from our community, as the departure of a beloved pastor from his flock, who had spent eight years of the best part of his life in their service, must cause a sincere feeling of sadness and regret among them. We all know how zealous and earnest you have been in looking after our spiritual and temporal welfare. We are aware of the hardships which you had to endure; and the good work that you have done among us shows that you have abilities well suited to your holy calling. Since you have come amongst us you have worked ably and with unceasing energy for each and every one of your flock, and all the affairs of those parishes have prospered under your wise direction. By your many great qualities of mind and heart you have won the respect of the people of all denominations, and by your tact and courtesy have fostered a spirit of good will between our neighbors and ourselves that has done much good in our community. We must give credit to your your zeal and energy for the erection of the fine presbytery in this parish, which you are about to leave, and other improvements at St. John's church, Glenelg. We feel most grateful to you for the interest you have always taken in the instruction of the children and the eloquent manner in which you have expounded the principles of our holy religion. Although you are going to leave us, your kind and good principles will never be forgotten, and whilst we regret your departure we are pleased to know that you are going to a good parish, where we hope you will have less hardships and more prosperity. We all wish you the greatest success and happiness and hope that the people of your new parish will appreciate your goodness of heart and earnest work in their behalf. May God aid you in your new field of labor, and may you have grace, health and strength to perform your duties!

Please accept this gift as a slight token of our appreciation of your services, that we will earnestly pray that you will hear those words from the lips of our blessed Lord, "Well done, thy good and faithful servant; as thou has been faithful over few things I will now place thee over many, enter thou into the joys of the Lord."

Signed on behalf of the congregations of St. John's church, Glenelg, and St. Joseph's, Markdale and Durham: Mr. Wm. Keating, Mr. J. S. Black, Mr. Patrick Fogarty, Mr. R Black, Mr. Thos. McAsey, Mr. A. McDonnell, Mr. Archie McMillan, Mr. Michael Quillian, Mr. Jas. McCarthy, Mr. Dugald McCormick, Mr. Michael McGrath, Mr. James Kelly.—Markdale Standard, Nov. 19.

A SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR.

Edmonton Alberta, N. W. T.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November the 3rd, 4th and 5th, a Bazaar was held in aid of St. Joachim's Church building fund, which was an unqualified success from every point of view. The following is the list of officers: Honorary President, Rev. Father Jan, O. M. I.; President, Mrs. John Kelly; Treasurer, Mrs Berube; Secretary, Mrs. Beck; Board of Management, Mesdames Prince, Lechambre, Gallagher, Leclerc, MacNamara, Misses Pagerie and Duplessis. The various departments were managed by the following ladies: Fancy work table, Mrs. Beck assisted by Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Pace and Mrs. Prince; Lottery table, Mrs. Berube and Mrs Gallagher; Fish pond, Misses Mary Gallagher, and Annette Lachambre; candy table, Mrs. Lachambre; toy table, Mrs. Ketchen; ice cream, Mrs. Leclerc; plain sewing table Mrs. Reid and Mrs. McNamara; dining room, Mrs. Bowin, Mrs. Bilodeau, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Johnstone, and the Misses McAlister, Sarah McAlister, Mary McAlister, Pigeon Al-Heot, Bayheu and Maud Bayheu. Although the display of fancy work was very large and handsome, every article was disposed of, and the same remark holds good for the other departments, as absolutely nothing was left at the close of the bazaar. The three contests aroused much interest and became very exciting at the last moment. One between Mr. Percy Blois and Mrs. Auguste Lessard, for a gold watch chain, was won by Mr. Blois. Another for a ring between two little girls, Miss Katie Koch and Miss Mary Fitzgerald was won by the latter. Perhaps the most interest and amusement centred in the Old Timers contest for a pipe presented by the Rev. Father Leduc, himself an old timer of thirty-seven years standing in the North-West. This contest was won by M. John Kelly. Every evening the hall in which the bazaar was held was crowded and as a musical programme was rendered, the people were entertained and amused. This department was under the direction of Messrs. C. Hall, J. G. Fairbanks and E. J. Hart. On Tuesday evening the Harmonies St. Jean Baptiste gave an excellent band concert. The programme on Wednesday evening consisted of songs by Miss Marie Dubuc (Winnipeg) Mr. Hall and Master Fairbanks; violin and piano duett by Messrs. Hart and Finney and piano solos by Miss Mary Gallagher and Mr. L. Dubuc. On Thursday evening songs were rendered by Madame Wilfrid Gariepy and Mr. Howard Stutchburg, accompanied by Mr. Vernon Barford, also by Mr. Provost, accompanied by Mr. A. Prince. Two comic songs by Mr. W. Clark created a good deal of amusement also a humourous recitation by Mr. Fred Lamoureux. Miss Gariepy, Messrs. Dubuc, Finney and Hart gave instrumental selection, and the programme closed with a couple of French choruses. A number of valuable articles were raffled during the three days of the Bazaar, which was the most successful ever held in Edmonton, the sum of $1 868.65 being realized after all expenses were paid.

C. M. B. A.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence to remove by death the beloved father of our esteemed Bro. Jos. Larkin of Branch No. 371,

Resolved, that we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased. That we deeply and sincerely feel the great loss sustained by our afflicted brother, and that we avail ourselves of this occasion to respectfully extend to him our sympathy.

Resolved, that this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be inscribed in the minutes, and that the Secretary to transmit a copy of the same to our afflicted brother, to the CATHOLIC RECORD and to the Canadian.

R. FORRISTAL, Sec.

Kinkora, Nov. 18, 1903.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 175, Kinkora, held Nov. 16, 1903, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death Mrs. Daniel Haragan, mother of our most worthy and highly respected Bro. William Haragan, also grand mother of our worthy Bro. Daniel P. Haragan.

Resolved, that we, the members of Branch No. 175, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by Bros. William and Daniel P. Haragan and family, and extend to them our most sincere sympathy and condolence in their sad affliction; also

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting, and sent to Bro. William and Daniel P. Haragan and also published in the official organ.

JAMES MCDONNELL, Pres.
FRANCIS JORDAN, Sec.

Kinkora, Nov. 18, 1903.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 175, C. M. B. A. Kinkora, held Nov. 16, 1903, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death Mr. John Murray of Kinkora, uncle of our most worthy and highly respected Bro. Timothy and Michael Murray,

Resolved, that we, the members of Branch No. 175, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by Bro. Murray and family and extend to them our most sincere sympathy and condolence in their sad affliction; also

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting, and sent to Brothers Timothy and Michael Murray and also published in the official organ and CATHOLIC RECORD.

JAS. MCDOWELL, President.
FRANCIS JORDAN, Secretary.

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

On Monday, Nov. 9th, Mr. Watters, M. A., delivered a very interesting lecture on Charlotte Bronte. Mr. Watters introduced his subject by a few remarks on chivalry. There are the unknown heroes of every day life as well as those whom the world has honored. It very often requires more nobility of character to be heroic in the trials of every day life than to brace oneself for one supreme effort. As we listened to the story of Charlotte Bronte's noble self sacrifice, her devotion to her father, her sisters and brother and her bitter sorrow and disappointment over that brother's sinful life and early death, we easily recognized a true heroine. That Charlotte Bronte, in the midst of such intense suffering could write "Jane Eyre," "Shirley" and "Vilette" proves that she possessed a literary genius that must find an outlet. Critics class her writings with those of Jane Austin, and Geo. Eliot. These three, Jane Austin, Charlotte Bronte and Geo. Eliot, are considered the foremost English women novelists.

The regular meeting was held on Nov. 17th. In the North American Review there is an interesting paper on the Macedonia question, written by Mahammed Barska Callah a native of Turkey now living in England. Reference was made to the present negotiations between the United States and the Panama Republic. The resignation of Mr. Wm. O'Brien in Ireland was noted.

Two books were reviewed. Canon Farrar's "Seekers after Truth" is a much appreciated gift from Mr. Shannon, an honorary member. "La Femme de Demain" is, unfortunately not found in English. It makes an earnest plea for the higher education for women.

Tennyson's "Idyl" "Geraint" and "Enid" was studied. "Enid" is Tennyson's ideal daughter and wife. Members were advised to read, before the next literary evening, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," so as to compare his heroines with Tennyson's. According to Tennyson, self-knowledge, self-reverence and self control make for true nobility of character.

A paper on chivalry by Rev. Lucian Johnston was read in part. It deals with the history of chivalry in France, Germany and Ireland. Father Johnston may be considered an authority on this subject, as he has given it careful study. Father Johnston admires Tennyson, but he prefers the sterner chivalry portrayed by earlier writers.

Each meeting is closed by the reading of some choice bits of poetry. Those read on Tuesday were, Keat's "Ode to a Nightingale," Father John Tabbs, "White Jessamine" and "Indian Summer" and from Father Lucian Johnston's unpublished collection "The Golden Red," An Adagio," "My Science," and "A Day in June."

At the next meeting Mr. McGillvray will read a paper on Shakespeare.

B. DOWDALL.

Carroll Dare, by Mary T. Waggaman, an interesting story for young people, has lately been published by Benziger Bros. Prettily illustrated. Price $1.25.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON.

London, Nov. 26.—Grain, per cental—Wheat, per cental, $1 30; oats 85 to 87c.; corn, 90 to 1 00; barley, 85 to 90; peas, $1.00 to $1.50; rye, 90 to 95c.; buckwheat 90c to $1 10.

Meat—Pork, per cwt., $6.75 to $7 10; pork, by the lb. 8 to 9c.; beef, by the quarter $4.00 to $6.00; veal, $6.00 to $7; lamb, per pound, 6 to 10c; mutton, $6 to $7.

Poultry—Spring chickens, per pair, 60 to $1; live chickens, per pair, 55 to 70; spring ducks, per pair, 75c to $1.25; turkeys, dressed, per lb. 11 to 12½c.; turkeys, live per lb. 10 to 10½; geese, per lb 7½ to 8.

Farm Produce.—Hay, $7.50 to $9.00; straw per ton, $5.00.

Live Stock — Live hogs, $4 75 to $4.90; pigs, pair, $4.00 to $6.00, fat cattle, $3.75 to $4 10; stags per cwt, $2.00 to $2 12½; sows, $3 50 to $3 75.

Dairy produce, Eggs, per dozen, wholesale, 20 to 22c; eggs, per dozen, retail, 23 to 25c; butter, best roll, 20 to 21c; butter best crock, 18 to 20c; butter, creamery, 22 to 24; honey, strained 9c; honey, in comb 10 to 12½c.

TORONTO.

Toronto Nov. 28.—Fall wheat, Manitoba wheat and American corn are slightly firmer. Other lines are unchanged. Wheat—Manitoba No. 1 hard is nominal at 89½c. lake ports; other grades are ½c to 1½c higher; No. 1 northern is quoted at 86c and No. 2 northern at 83½c and No. 3 northern at 79½c on track, lake ports November shipment from Fort William; milling in transit price for each grade is 6c more. Corn—There is nothing doing in Canadian; it is nominally lower at 42c cars west; American is ½c higher; No. 2 yellow is quoted at 54c; No. 3 yellow at 53½c and No. 3 mixed at 53c in car lots on the track here. Oats quoted at 39½c east; 30c middle freights, and 29c high freights; No. 2 are held at 1c less. Barley—Market is dull: No. 2 is quoted at 43c middle freights; No. 3 extra at 41c, middle freights, and No. 3 at 41c east, and 40c middle. Rye—Market firm at 50c to 51c east or middle, for No. 2 Peas—Dull; quotations are unchanged at 62c east, and 61c middle freights; for No 2. Buckwheat—Quiet and steady; No. 2 is quoted at 40c to 41c middle freights. Flour—Sellers ask $3 10 for cars of 90 per cent. patents, in buyers' bags, f. o. b. main lines west, but buyers offer only $3.05; there is little or no business at the moment; Manitoba flour is unchanged at $4 55 for first patents, $4.25 for second patents, and $4 15 for strong bakers', bags included, on the track, Toronto. Millfeed—Ontario grades are unchanged; shorts are quoted at $17 and bran at $13 50 in bulk cars west; Manitoba millfeed is steady at $20 for shorts and $18 for bran, in car lots, bags included, on the track, Toronto. Oatmeal is steady at $3 50 for bags and $3 70 for barrels, in car lots, on the track here, and 25c more for broken lots.

Live Stock Markets.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Nov. 28—Export Cattle—There is a continued demand for good stock, but there was none offering to-day. Prices all round are steady and quotations for the best are nominal. Extra choice are quoted at $4 40 to $4 50, choice at $4 10 to $4 34, others at $3 75 to $4, and cows at $3 50 to $4.

Butcher Cattle—Trade was good and everything offering was sold. There were not many really good cattle on the market, and the demand for these is keen. Prices all round are unchanged. Picked lots are quoted at $4 10 to $4 30 choice at $3.75 to $4, fair to good, at $3.30 to $3 70, rough to common at $2 to $3, and cows at $1 75 to $3 35

Stockers and Feeders—Trade was quiet on account of the light run. Quotations for stockers are unchanged at $1 75 to $3 25, and feeders are steady at $2 to $4.

Milch Cows — Few were offering and the quality of the stock was not generally good. Prices ranged from $30 to $50 each.

Calves—The few offerings were sold at prices steady with those of yesterday. Quotations are 4 to 5½c per lb. and $2 to $10 each.

Sheep and Lambs—The run was fair and all were sold. Prices are steady at $2 50 to $3 35 per cwt for exporters, $2 to $3 for butchers, and $3.75 to $4 10 for lambs.

Hogs—The market continues easy. Prices declined 10c per cwt to-day, and dealers say a further decline may be looked for next week. Selects are quoted at $5 per cwt. and lights and fats at $4.75.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo Nov. 28 — Cattle — Steady; prime steers, $5 10 to $5 25; shipping, $4 50 to $5; butchers' steers, $3 60 to $4.60; heifers, $3 to $4.25; cows, $2.25 to $3.50; bulls $2.50 to $4; stockers and feeders, $2.50 to $3.75. Veals—Receipts, 315 head; 25c lower; $5 50 to $8.50. Hogs—Receipts, 13,600 head; fairly active; 15c to 25c lower; heavy, $4.70 to $4 75; a few at $4.85; mixed $4.65 to $4.70; Yorkers, $4 60 to $4 70; pigs, $4 75 to $4 85; roughs, $4 to $4 25; stags, $3 25 to $3.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts 13,000 head; active; sheep, steady; lambs 10c lower; lambs $4 50 to $5.65; yearlings, $4 25 to $4 50; wethers, $4.10 to $4 25; ewes, $3 35 to $3 50; sheep, mixed, $1 50 to $3.75.

MONTREAL.

Montreal, Nov. 28. — Manitoba wheat was strong to day in sympathy with old markets, and prices were quoted ½c, higher than yesterday noon. Oats firm under a good local demand. No. 1 northern wheat is quoted at 70½c; No. 2 northern, 76c, and No. 3 at 72c, store Fort William. We quote as follows:—No 2 white oats, store, 35½c. to 36c; No. 3 oats, store, 34½c to 35c; No 2 oats, low freights west, for export 29½c; No. 2 peas, 62c.; rye, 52c; No. 2 barley, 42c

Flour—Trade is firmer; choice Manitoba strong wheat patents, $4 60 strong bakers $4 30: winter wheat $4.15 to $4.50; straight rollers, $3 90 to $4; extras, $3.50 to $3 65; straight rollers in bags $1 90, to $1.95; and extras, in bags, $1.65 to $1 75.

Feed—Manitoba bran, in bags, $18; shorts, $20, per ton; Ontario bran in bulk, $16.50 to $17; shorts $18 50 to $19 50, mouille, $24 to $28 per ton as to quality.

Father Kehoe's good Work.

Rev. D. F. Kehoe, of Kenilworth, on a recent Sunday gave a lecture on Temperance, and asked those who were willing to take a solemn obligation to abstain from intoxicating liquors till January 2nd, 1904, to come forward. With the exception of eight men the male portion of the congregation came forward and pledged themselves as the Rev Father outlined. Father Kehoe is a well known worker in the ranks of Temperance, and is doing excellent work, well worthy of imitation by all pastors having the welfare of their spiritual charge uppermost. On the same day he told his congregation that he gave Inspector Macdonald the information which resulted in the conviction of an hotel-keeper of Kenilworth, recently, for breach of the License Act.—Durham Review, Nov. 12.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1904.

25 Cents.

We are now prepared to supply this interesting Annual to our readers.

The frontispiece is a beautiful half tone cut of His Holiness Pius X.

The following are the contents:

Sketch of Our Holy Father's life.

View of St. Peter's and St. Peter's Palace.

Sketch of the life of Leo XIII., (beautifully illustrated).

The Constancy of Michael Connors, a story by Marion Ames Taggart.

Full page half-tone illustration of "In the Sheep Cote."

The commemoration of the Louisiana Purchase—illustrated.

Time's Revenges—a story by Rose Halley Clarke.

Illustration: "When all the World is young."

The Venerable Mademoiselle Le Gras (illustrated.)

A Friend, by Frances Maitland.

Illustrations: "A Little Picnic;" "Just up that Road, Sir!"

Wireless Telegraphy.

A Little Journey into Youghal and the story of Our Lady of Grace (illustrated) by Grace Keon.

Full page illustration of The Christ-Child and St. John.

The Last Lesson.

The Most Wonderful of Parks—illustrations.

The Sculptor adapted by Mary Richards Gray (illustration.)

Changes in the American Hierarchy: with 15 photos.

The Professor's Embassy (illustration).

The Indian Missions (illustrated) by Eugene Uhlrich.

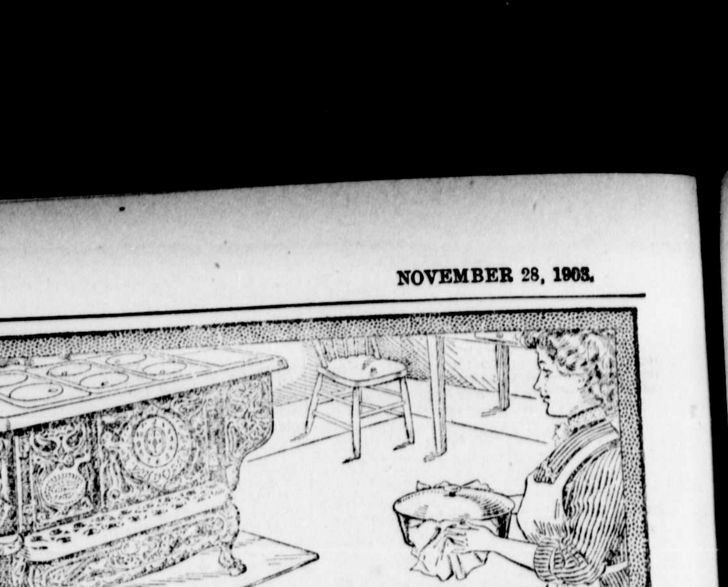
In the Lonely House, a story (illustrated) by Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

Full page illustration: When the Toil of the Day is Ended.

The Last Ride of Gray Wolf by David Selden (illustrated).

Some Notable Events of the Year 1902-1903—At Home.

For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD Office, Cash to accompany order).



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OVEN THERMOMETER. NO "BAD LUCK" BAKING DAYS.
Twenty degrees difference in the temperature of an oven is sufficient to make "Good Luck" or "Bad Luck" in baking many kinds of food.
The heat in the oven of a range not fitted with a thermometer, or worse, fitted with a poor instrument, will easily vary twenty degrees—result is unpalatable, burned or half-baked food, a cross cook and a disappointed family at meal time.
Thermometer fitted in oven door of "Pandora" range has been a proven success for fifteen years, and every instrument is carefully adjusted, and tested by heat, before sending out—the first, best and only thermometer which is of any real value to those who do baking.
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CARPETS — Special designs made for church use in Wilton, Brussels, Velvet, Tapestry and all wool ingrains.
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BARGAIN SALE
Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE
We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper an immense bargain in choice Ribbons. They are all from one to three yards in length, and some 3 inches wide. Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, all shades and widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says: "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Bargain I ever got." Price, per box, only 35c., or 3 boxes for 90c., postpaid. Millinery Supply Co., Box C., Toronto.

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FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them. K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION, No. 9 Vigo, for 1904. Holding a second-class certificate. Apply, stating salary, experience, etc., to Hugh Lavery, Sec.-Treas., Russelton, Ont. 1308-3

MALE OR FEMALE HOLDING SECOND or third class certificate of qualification for R C. Separate School in Section No. 7. Glenelg Tp. Applicants will please state salary, qualifications and experience. A teacher able and willing to lead a choir preferred. Address J. S Black, Sec Treas., Pomona, Ont. 1307-tf

WANTED, TEACHER IN SCHOOL SECTION No. 8, Adjala. Holding second class certificate. Duties to begin January, 1904. Applicants state salary expected and send testimonials. Applications received up to Dec. 12, 1903. Address James Hanrahan, Connor, Ont. 1308 3.

AN EXPERIENCED FEMALE TEACHER for second department, Boys' Separate School, Alexandria, Ont., to take charge 1904. Give references, state salary and apply not later than Nov. 28th to A. G. F. Macdonald, Sec. Treas., Alexandria P. O., Glengarry Co., Ont. 1309-2

FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, OSCEOLA, Ont. School in village. Its arrangements the best. Board not above $7 a month—probably six. Useless to apply for more than $260. Apply to Rev. F. M. Devine, Osceola, Ont. 1309 2

FOR THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT OF C. S. school, Kingsbridge, for 1904. Holding a second class certificate. Apply, stating salary expected, to John E. Sullivan, Kingsbridge, Ont. 1310 2

MALE OR FEMALE FOR R. C SEPARate School sec. No. 7, township of Dover, Co. of Kent. Holding first or second class certificate and qualified to teach French and English. State salary expected. Address A. T. Ouellette, Dover South, Ont. 1309-tf

FOR S. S. NO. 2, MEDONTE, FOR YEAR 1904. State salary, experience, certificate with testimonials. Address, John P. Fitzgerald, Sec. School Board, Mount St. Louis, Ont. 1309-5.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 3 ADmaston for 1904. Apply, stating salary, qualification and experience to Jeremiah Lynch, Sec. Treas., McDougall, P. O., Renfrew Co. 1309-2

MALE OR FEMALE, HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificate, for School Section No 1, McGillivray. Duties to begin 1st Jan. 1904. School is conveniently situated two miles from Centralia Station. Church opposite. School brick, heated by a furnace. Average attendance about twenty. Address, stating salary, Michael Cronyn, Centralia, P. O., Ont. 1309 2

ABLE IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH TO take charge of a Catholic school after New Years. 1904. Salary $300 at least. Cheap board. Rev. J. C. St. Amant, Sec. Treas., Pine Wood, Ont. 1310-tf

A MALE PRINCIPAL FOR ST. MARY'S Catholic Separate School, Kingston. Must have first or second class professional certificate, and be highly recommended. Duties to commence 1st January, 1904. Apply, enclosing references, and state salary asked, to J. J. Behan, Sec. Treas., Kingston, Ont. 1310-2

FOR SCHOOL SECTION, NO. 4, ROLPH, A Teacher holding a second class certificate. Duties to begin Jan. 1st, 1904. Apply, stating salary expected and experience, to Anthony Caroll, Sec., Rapides Des Joachim, P. O., P. Q. 1310 2

MALE OR FEMALE, HOLDING SECOND class certificate, for S. S. No. 14, Big Point, Ont. Duties to commence January 4th, 1904. One able to speak French preferred. Apply, stating salary and testimonials to Napoleon Brown, jr., Big Point, Ont. 1310-2

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