The Praying of a Child.

Pray, little child, in thy white gown, Beside thy wee bed kneeling down; Pray, Pray for me, for I do know. Thy white words on soft wings will go Unito His heart, and on His breast Light as blown doves that seek for rest, Up the pale twilight path that gleams. Under the spell of starry dreams!

Pray, little child, for me, and say:
"Please, Father, keep him firm to-day
Against the shadow and the care,
For Christ's sake!" Ask it in thy prayer,
For well I know that thy pure word
'Gainst louder tongues will have been hea
When the great moment comes that He
Shall listen through His love for me!

A MASONIC DISPUTE.

Freemasonry being a secret society the uninitiated to write with much assurance about its objects, character and methods. However in spite of its alleged secrecy from time to time certain facts leak out which throw a considerable light on the subject. In English speaking countries Freemasons are for the most part regarded as a harmless set of people, who dress themselves up in quaint costumes, take part in good dinners, and go once a month or so to lodge. They are generally supposed to be interested in philanthropic works in the interests of their own members and of those immediately related to the supposed to the interests of their own members and of those immediately related to the supposed to th of those immediately related to them, of being engaged in any dark plots for the overthrow of kingdoms or for the destruction of religion. One knows that among their numbers there are men of every political party as well as of every religious denomination with the excep tion of the Catholic Church. Minister. are included in their ranks, and thes in many cases such excellent men, that one feels that their masonry must be an exceedingly harmless matter or they have anything to do with it. But while the majority of masons in England are no doubt perfectly harm-less people, there is no doubt that the society, with which in their innocence and in good faith they have become associated, is very much the reverse. The documents which have found their way through one cause and another from the real leaders of masonry into the hands of the authorities of various governments, as well as information which has leaked out through, it may be, the perfidy of disgusted brethren of the craft, show that the Holy See knew quite well what it was about when it condemned the society not only on the continent but in every part of the world. The average English mason is wont to sooff at the information contained in the many books written on the subject and to say that the writers ing. But a reason for this may possibly be that these masons themselves know next to nothing about the real meaning of the fraternity. For it is only to those in the highest degrees that the real secrets are revealed, and the average English mason has only been initiated in the first three degrees, which as masonic writers themselves have said in certain documents to which we have referred give practically no secret at

However whatever may be said for the craft in English speaking countries, which we are willing to admit is, as far as the intention of the majority of its adherents is concerned, harmless. In Italy things are much better known and here to be a mason means to be connected with the avowed enemies of the Church, if not religion generally During the last year several revelations of masonry have been made through various circumstances, with which it is

The trial of the ex-Minister Nasi brought out evidence which was very damaging to the fraternity, and this was followed by a congress of the sup-porters of the craft held in Rome last April, and now a dispute which has arisen among the highest degrees, and which has found its way into the public press, has confirmed, and added to, the former revelations. We may mention too, before going further that there is an official organ of masonry in Italy, which though it is presumably intended only to be circulated among masons, yet as a matter of fact often falls into the hands of the profane, who without hesitation publish extracts from it. The dispute to which we refer and which has found its way into the public

The dispute to which we refer and which we consider is of sufficient inter-est to those who wish to be more en-lightened on the subject of this diabolic means of fighting against the Church to describe at some length, has arisen mainly in connection with the debate on the proposal laid before the Parliament to abolish religious instruction in the

primary schools.

The information we give is taken mainly from one of the Roman papers which though not professedly in any sense a masonic organ, has yet, if we may believe the anonymous writer of a series of little books lately pub-lished on masonry, three brothers the craft on its staff and is generally well informed on the subject.

For the benefit of those who have not order to make things easier for the studied the subject it is necessary to say something about the organization of masonry as a whole. The whole society is divided into national divisions, presided over by a Supreme International Council. Each national communion, as it is called, consists theoretically of thirty-three grades or degrees, each of which has its own lodge, though in fact only a certain number of these de-grees are in existence. Each of these has its tribunal to watch over the conduct of the brethren, and to penalize those who are proved to have ac trary in their masonic undertakings.

The supreme body in each country is known as the Grand Orient, and this is assisted by the council of the thirty third degree, or as it is generally called the council of the 33. This consists of thirty-three executive members, who alone have the power of voting, thirty-three honorary and thirty-three additional members the president of which is Commendatore. Having given this preliminary infor-

mation we can proceed to the present dispute. For a long time, it seems, there have been two parties among the ruling powers of Italian masonry, one the older conservate party, which is also monarchical, the other the younger democratic party which is liberal in the most advanced sense of the word. The late discussion however on religious instruction seems to have brought the division between these two parties to a head. When the bill for the abolition of such instruction was introduced, an amendment was proposed more radical in its effect than the original bill. This amendment according to the democratic support. As a matter of fact, however, certain deputies, who were well known masons voted against it and helped thereby in its being lost. This prowas generally against such steps being taken, and in the council of 33 a small party supported its opinion. This party, though small, seems to have been powerful and in consequence of its opposition the Gran Commendatore resigned, his place being taken for a time by the next n command, who by the way appears to be a Protestant preacher at Florence, who it is said was merely an instrument in the hands of the minority. In con-sequence of the strong feeling in the different lodges throughout the country it was determined to have a congress when the subject of the expulsion of the offending deputies was to be discussed. However this congress it seems did nothing very definite in the matter in consequence of which the dispute con-

Meanwhile the acting head of the supreme council had in a somewhat high handed manner, of his own accord, without reference to the councillors, suspended some twenty nine brethren including eight members of the council itself.

Last week in accordance with their usual custom the council of thirty three met on midsummer day to discuss business and elect a new chief for the coming year. At this meeting the eight suspended members, though present in the palazzo where the head-quarters of Italian masonry is fixed, were not allowed to take part in the proceedings. This raised a great deal of discussion; a number of those present calling on the president to reinstate them and urging that their expulsion said to be the chief power in the minority, objecting, he suspended the meeting and promised to give his answer in the afternoon. However at the afternoon meeting though the members wait ed for him for some hours he did not arrive. Exasperated by this delay the malcontent party strengthened by other members, who had arrived from other parts of the country in the meanwhile, determined to begin proceedings without the acting president and his party. This they did and proceeded first to reinstate the suspended mem-bers, and then to re-elect the president of the former year, who as we have said owing to the opposition of the minority had resigned. It is said that this reelected Gran Sovrano will be able to retain his position, and that the reign of the powerful minority is over. On of the first actions of the new power will, it is expected, be the expulsion from the masonic body of all those de outies who voted against the amendment for abolishing religious instruction, and among these will be included one of the members of the Government, who according to one of the papers is the Hon. Rava, the minister of Public In-

The Giornale d'Italia publishes an interesting interview with a leading mason which throws further light on the position. Being asked the cause of the pretrouble in masonic circles, stated that it was due entirely to a very small section of the society which had succeeded in getting themselves into the supreme council though altogether unfitted for the position, and who thought that they were going to guide the course of masonry according to their own ideas. Masonic constitutions, this mason said, give unlimited power to the council of thirty three, and the to the council of thirty three, and the power of the Gran Sovrano is absolute. It was owing to this that the minority, who by cheating and violence had succeeded in filling the important posts. with their own friends, one of which was that of the acting president, had been able for some time to maintain so powerful a position. This official, the Protestant preacher of Florence, had in Cape of Good Hope.

carrying out of their policy, suspended practically the whole of the giunta, the executive that is, of the Grand Orient, as well as eight effective members of the council of thirty three. Asked what the policy of this small minority was he replied that it was reactionary, and worse it was that of making masonry the instrument of the present Govern-ment. Another important point was brought out by this interview. The interviewer asked whether in the opinion of the mason, who was being interviewed, the Government had been responsible for the dissension and responsible for the dissension and whether it wished the overthrow of the masonic body. He replied that he thought that the Government had indirectly influenced the party which had succeeded in upsetting the peace of the council. It desired, he said, not the ruin of masonry but it was interested in creating disunion among its members. And the reason, he added, of this was obvious, which was that in the coming election Government had to fear the popular bloc, and that had been created mainly through the action of the masonic

body. The main question he added on

instruction, for this purpose the masons

would form in different constituencies a liberal bloc, and the Catholics and Mod-

erates would form in opposition to this another bloc, and the Government was,

therefore, frightened of falling between

the two. Should the late proceedings not have succeeded in putting an end to

the strife, the whole matter would be re-

ferred to the Supreme International Council of Masonry whose decision would be final. There are a few points brought out in the account of this disturbance which seem to us should be especially emphasized as showing the real nature and power of masonry. First of all it is made quite clear that masons are by the fact of their masonry placed under a species of tyranny, which deprives them of all liberty of public action. It is constantly the boast of masons that their position does not involve any interfer-ence with their politics. But this dis-cussion shows this to be fallacious, the whole trouble has arisen over the political actions of certain masons in Parlia-ment, which called for a general desire for their expulsion from the society. The small party, which for whatever reason resisted this general desire, has been crushed by the majority, a proof in-deed that the general tendency of the body is to control the action of its mem-

The next point is the open avowal of a leading mason that masonry is respon-sible for the present bloc which is the same as saying that it is responsible for the anti-clericalism which has disgraced Italy for the last year or so. Most of us knew this before but such a confession on the part of one so intimately connect ed with the craft is of great value. Masonry is here, then, openly, as far as the majority is concerned, anti-religious and those masons who might private ly wish to be otherwise, and under the bsolute rule of one, who, so long as they remain in the society, can impress upon them his own views. And if this is possible here why should it not be so in other countries? What guarantee has one who is initiated at an English lodge, for instance, that he may not be called upon to vote against his religion: What guarantee have the outside public got that the questions brought up in connection with religion, as for instance that of religious education, are not influenced by masonry? There may have had been contrary to the rules of the society. The president was at first inclined to yield, but the member, who is under the same constitutions, and willing, or unwilling, instruments in the carrying out of the object of masonry—whatever that is. It is significant in this connection to note that the greater number of masons in this country belong to what is known a the Scotch Rite. It is also interesting t notice the mention of the Supreme International Council whose decisions are final --how many countries are unde the jurisdiction of this C the jurisdiction of this Council? Lastly, though we will not comment on it, it is exceedingly significant that a Protestant preacher can be at the same time preaching the Gospel and presiding over the supreme Council of Italian masonry. What connection is there between masonry and Protestanism.

A Distinguished Convert.

Rev. Dr. F. M. Kolbe, editor of the Catholic Magazine for South Africa, celebrated recently the silver jubilee of his priesthood. Dr. Kolbe has had a remarkable career. His father was a mar of great endurance in Protestant mis sionary circles in South Africa. He pub lished a Herero dictionary and several other works of South African importance They still sing his hymns in the Dutch

mission churches.

It was at Paarl that Dr. Kolbe spen his childhood. Thence he was sent to London to the Protestant Missionary School at Blackheath; but he returned to complete his studies at the South African College. Again he was off to London, this time to study for the law and he was entered at the Inner Temple. When he returned again to South Africa he was a Catholic priest and doctor of divinity.

It would be a great task indeed to give anything like a full account of Kolbe's career during the past twenty-five years. He is now one of the most prominent figures in the South African educational movement. He has taken a great part in training teachers in the Catholic schools. He has long been a member of the University Council of the

DREAMS OF HIGH-CHURCHMEN.

R. MCGARVEY SAYS CANON 19 KILLS THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN EPISCO-PAL CHURCH, INDIVIDUAL CONVER-SION THE ONLY HOPE.

Dr. William McGarvey, until recentrector of St. Elizabeth's Episcopal urch, Philadelphia, and now living in tirement at Rehoboth, Del., prepara ory to studying for the Catholic priest-ood, has issued in pamphlet form, with ome additions, his protest against the pen-pulpit canon which was the direct ause of his withdrawal from the Episco-

it is being sought to reconcile Episco-palians to the open pulpit," says Dr. McGarvey, "is the consideration that after the non-Episcopalian ministers have been invited with sufficient frequency into Episcopal pulpits, they will be so flattered, and will become so enored of the ways of the Episcopal Church that they will desire to receive Church that they will desire to receive the laying-on of her hands and to abide in her tents forever. But these ministers are not fools. It is very likely that having secured the concession of the open palpit, they will demand still further concessions from the Episcopal church before they cast in her lot with her. Since she allows them to teach which the elections would be fought would undoubtedly be that of religious Since she allows them to teach from her pulpits without ordination, and o receive the sacrament without submitting to confirmation, may she not in at her altars without their being subected to the laying-on of her hands? naining in the Episcopal church which re rather obsolete, judged from a nodern Protestant standpoint. Ought not to be willing to lay aside all se features if she is really in earnest bout Christian unity ? Bishop Doane esees the possibility of such demands ng made, and adopting the words of on Brent, has hastened to hold out that the Episcopal church is only at the beginning of the work of adapting her-self to the Protestant bodies around her, and that she is prepared to make other and greater concessions for the sake of winning the fellowship of the Protestant church. . . . The Episcopal church has turned away her face om the churches of the Apostolic Suc ssion to the churches of modern Pro-stant thought, and with them she will

walk from henceforth hand in hand.

"To the doctrine and discipline of this open-pulpit canon every clergyman is committed by virtue of his promise of conformity to the doctrine and discipline of the Episcopal church. This is the inconsistent and humiliating position in which every High Churchman who holds the Catholic doctrine of holy orders finds himself at the present moment, and as long as he accepts that position he is committed to its principles. It avails nothing as a refuge to say that the canon is unconstitutional. So was the Arian heresy, so has been every heresy which has arisen up in the Church; they were revelation. But that fact did not excuse the Episcopal enactors of unorthodox formulae from the charge of heresy, nor did it excuse those who remained in com-munion with them from being partakers in their evil deeds. The grave signifi-cance of this canno cannot be hidden. It makes possible the admission of heretics, even Arians, into the pulpits of churches dedicated to the worship of Jesus as God. And that legal possibility has been realized, and deniers of the divinity of our adorable Redeemer have been allowed to teach in Episcopal churches. In such a state of affairs, what is the duty of the High Church clergymen who to his Lord and Master! He has but one course before him as an honest and a believing man. That is, to withdraw from the communion of the bishops, who by their active votes or by their silent acquiescence were responsible for the enactment of the open-pulpit canon."

"This disposition to turn to the Pro-testant bodies, and to make common cause with them, Dr. McGarvey goes on, "is not confined to the Episcopal church in this country. Throughout the world, wherever Anglicanism is found, the same tendency is manifesting itself. In England, in Canada, in Australia, as well as in the United States, it is toward the churches of the Reformation that the Episcopal church is every where turning her face. At first i seemed that this was the result of the ascendency of a new and foreign principle within Anglicanism; that Broad Churchmen had simply by the force of worldly influence captured the Episcopa church and was committing her to a line of action contrary to her essential life. A careful reading of history, and the consideration of the whole phenomena of the Anglican communion will convince the thoughtful student that this is not so. The Episcopal church it moving towards the other Protestant churches is but instinctively surrender ing herself to the logical current of her own real life. That life has long been pent up behind the dykes of High Church theories. But these theories are giving way one by one before the pressure of an energy impatient to be free. And before very long Anglican-ism will be rushing onward to the end to which its origin predestined it, and from which no power can any longer hold it back.

Dr. McGarvey sketches the hopes tertained by those who have been iden-tified for years with the Catholic movement in the Protestant Episcopal church and shows how these hopes have been disappointed.

nabilitation of the Church of England, but was the breath of the Spirit of God but was the breath of the Spirit of God breathing upon individual Anglicans and carrying them onward, little by little, to the time when they should be ready to be gathered into the kingdom of the Catholic Church.

of the Catholic Church.

"And now that divine breath has brought those who have been yielding themselves to its influence so far that they are standing before the City of God. At the gate of this city stands Peter, living on still in his Successor, to whom the Lord gave the charge, Feed My lambs, Feed My sheep. And in every land many are the souls who, obedient to heavenly calling, are braving the world's scorn and penitently passing into the one fold of the holy Roman Church, and therein are finding the certitude, the peace and the joy which they sought for in vain outside the City of God.

"But great is the distress of others whom God's grace has brought so near the door of the sheep-fold, who are hearing the voice of the Good Shepherd, who are feeling the drawings of His grace. Submission to Rome is not what they had conceived to be the purpose of the Catholic movement. Like the disciples of old, they have had dreams of their own as to what should be the ultimate outcome of the working of God's grace in the Episcopal Church, and those dreams they are loath to give up. The spirit of God is constraining them with spirit of God is constraining them with the hands of love to enter the City, and yet they stand still and will not go in. The thought of giving up their preco wills, of taking the lowest place, of sac them back from obediently submitting to him to whom the Lord has given the to him to whom the Lord has given the keys of His Kingdom. Some of them would fain parley with Peter, and are asking for this or that concession, and that their pride may be respected in this or that particular, so that their heads may not be bowed too low as they pass through the gate of the City. But to all such there come the voice of stern warning, 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter into it."—True Voice.

DEATH OF BISHOP CURTIS.

FORMERLY EPISCOPALIAN MINISTER, RE-CEIVED INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Right Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, formerly oman Catholic Bishop of Wilmington, Del., and for a number of years vicar general of the archdiocese of Baltimore, died in Baltimore last Saturday.

Alfred A. Curtis was born in Somer set county, Maryland, on July 4, 1831. He began his studies for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1854, supporting himself during his the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1854, supporting himself during his course by teaching. In September, 1856 he was presented for deacon's orders, and ordained as such in Cambridge, Md., and then sent to St. John's parish, Worcester, Mass. In March, 1859, he received the full Episcopalian orders at the hands of Bishop Whitting ham of Maryland.

Mr. Curtis went to England in Feb. 1870, and in April of that year he was received into the Church at Birmingham by Bishop, later Cardinal Newman. He returned to Baltimore and entered the seminary of St. Sulpice in September 1871, and there he remained till ordain-1871, and there he remained till ordanied to the priesthood by Archbishop James R. Bayley of Baltimore in December, 1874, and by him taken to the Cathedral as his secretary and assistant in the parish, where he had

labored ever since,
As assistant at the Cathedral and desires to be honest in observing the engagements made by him as conditions of his ministering in the Episcopal ton. On May 2, 1897, he preached his farewell sermon at St. Peter's Church, having resigned on Jan 23, 1896, on account of his failing health. On June 25 ne received appointment as titular Bishop of Echinus. In 1898 he became vicar-general to Cardinal Gibbons in the archdiocese of Baltimore,-Boston

" NEWS IS SIN."

In the editorial with this title in our issue of June 18th we said that the manager of the Associated Press had given this expressive definition of news. Mr. Melville Stone, the general manager of the Associated Press, writes to say that he never said anything of the sor nor anything approaching it, and we take this occasion to correct our statement as referring to him. What we should have said was that a manager of the Associated Press had used the ex pression. We apologize for even seeming to have quoted him, though that was not our intention. The definition is so obviously true that now it is becoming a commonplace, and during the coming a commonpiace, and during the last month or so it has been used in a number of periodicals. Lord North-cliffe, who as Alfred Harmsworth made the fortune for which he received his peerage and accumulated the political nfluence which made him a candidate for it through the trashiest newspaper. that have ever been published, used the expression not long ago with regard to our American newspapers, claiming that they were worse in this respect than even the English newspapers. Anyone who has once heard the definition and realized its supreme aptness is not likely

Since the occasion to refer to it has thus come to us, we cannot help but ask how long will the respectable fathers of families stand for the admission into their households of newspapers whose obviously plain mission it is to diffuse information with regard to various kinds It is clear now, he says, that the of sin? Conditions, instead of getting Catholic movement was not for the re-better, are growing constantly worse

and worse in this respect, and the only hope seems to be that those who re this newspaper decadence shall be roused to a sense of the awful social dangers that are involved. There is entirely too much laxity of feeling in the matter, too much of the ready conclusion that a few people can do no-thing and that we might 'as well as let things go. If the few took a determined stand it would not be long before a solid body of people would be won over to seeing this awful newspaper abuse in the right way. Until the danger is realized there is no hope of improvement—and news will continue to be sin.
—Buffalō Union and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

At both the Republican and Demoeratic conventions, the opening prayer was delivered by a Catholic Bishop. The Right Rev. Bishop Muldoon officiated at Chicago, and the Right Rev. Bishop Keane, of Cheyenne, at Denver.

Giuseppe Alia, who assassinated Father Leo Heinrich, O. F. M., in St. Elizabeth's Church, Denver, on February 25 last, was hanged in the county prison at Canyon City, Colorado, on July 15th.

The Scottish clergy lost a distinguished member last month in the person of the Very Rev. Hugh Chisholm, Canon and Provost of the Cathedral Chapter of Glasgow. Provost Chisholm was born in 1830 at Eskadale, Invernes-

of years Under Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has been raised to the peerage of England. It is eight years since a Catholic of the United Kingdom received a similar honor, and the recipient then also was an Irishman -Lord O'Brien.

Rev. Father Hunt, in charge of the Indian mission at Fort Totten, N. D., has translated and published a prayer book in the Sioux tongue. The printing and binding were done by the Indians of the mission themselves. Four thousands copies have been issued for distribution among the tribe.

Cardinal Gibbons is completing plans for his trip abroad, where, it is said, the reception awaiting him will be the most cordial ever given to an American ecclesiastic. His Eminence left New York, July 18th, on the Koenig Albert for Naples. He will be accom-panied by several distinguished prelates and a number of priests.

At St. Elizabeth's Convent of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, Philadelphia, on Sunday, Mother Edith and Sister Marianna, of the Protestant Episcopal Sisterhood of St. Mary, were re-ceived into the Catholic Church by Archbishop Ryan. Sister Eliza, of the same community, was received by His Grace two weeks ago.

Joel Chandler Harris, author of the journalist of distinction, died on July 3, at his home in Atlanta, Ga., after a month's illness of cirrhosis of the liver. A week before his death he was received into the Catholic Church. The funeral took place from St. Anthony's church, and was attended by a notable gather-ing of friends and admirers of the gentle writer.

gold was presented to Rev. Frederick Bonneville, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Chicopee, Mass., on his return from Europe, he refused to take it. "I cannot accept it," said Father Bon-neville, as he averted his face to conceal his emotions. "With hundreds of my people out of work the sacrifice is too I want only your good will not our money. God bless you all.'

Pope Pius has ordered the customary medal struck on the occasion of the fes-tival of the Apostles, Saints Peter and Paul, recalling the principal event of the year. The medal this year is somewhat remarkable. Pope Pius is represented "Pascendi." A gesture of the other hand indicates a writing hydra crawling over three books styled "The Bible,"
"Tradition" and "Schools," and endeavoring to destroy the encyclical. The allusion evidently is to modernism.

The Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, styled by The Rev. Hugh F. Smyth, sayled by the late Pope Leo XIII. as "the church builder of America" for his activity in the Boston archdiocese in raising new churches, died in that city Sunday night. He was born in Ireland sixty-nine years He was born in Ireland sixty-nine years ago. When twelve years old he came to Boston and after fitting for the priesthood at Niagara Seminary, near Buffalo, he was ordained in Buffalo in 1866. During his pastorate activity in and about Boston, the Rev. Fåther Smyth and about Boston, the Rev. Father Smyth built some twenty churches, schools and convents. When his new parishes be-came well established he invariably made way for another pastor and sought

Prince D. Augustine Iturbide, grandson of the great liberator of Mexico, and heir to the throne, has renounced the world, and joined the Third Order of St. Francis, at the monastery in Brookland, near Washington. He was born in 1863 in Mexico, and, a year later, Maximilian was called to the throne by the Mexican monarchistic party. Shortly before his death, Maximilian declared the young boy, Augustine de Iturbide, to be his heir. After the establishment of the republic, the Iturbides came to Washington. The prince asserts that he has renounced all political ambitions and will never make any attempt to regain his claims in Mexico. He expects to devote his life mainly to writings of a theological character.

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PARATE

The Years Between

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Toiler and Other Poems, Etc.

asked Mrs. Atherton. "Did he not

marry her?"
"The police report," the old detective

answered, "that they have searched carefully all the directories of Paris for the name of Pierre Berthier and failed

to find it. They even visited all the banks, and it ended in a fruitless search. The name of Pierre Berthier had never

appeared on the books of any of the banking institutions of Paris."

yond herself. The news had been too much for her. She threw her hands into

CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Mathers' sojourn in England was nearing its end and the young man's thoughts were turning to Billington. During the years he had been away he

had grown intellectually, and the big had grown intersectually, and the big-brainy surgeons at the hospital pro-phesied a brilliant career for the young surgeon. Another two weeks and then he would have to bid good-bye to all his

dear English friends and leave the noise

coming to the city, the making of new friends; his interesting days at the

hospital and the little confidences the

and the interesting visits to the homes of the great literature, art

all even though his thoughts were turning Billingtonwards. He too felt anxious to take up the fight of life—out there

somewhere, where God would see fit to place him, and his heart urged him to

go. His months at the hospital with the sick and the suffering—ah! they were after all the greenest and pleasantest in

all his life—and, when thoughts of his leave-taking came into his mind, a feel-

It was Christmas Eve-the last Yule

Christmas, would also feel a touch of gladness in their hearts at the most joy-

ous season of the year. All day long

flowers and gifts arrived at the Hous of Suffering, and all day long countles

hands were busy arranging and carrying the bundles to their various destinations.

Out in the corridors there was a cont

ual patter of hurrying feet; it sounde

the bustle and excitement and worker good-naturedly with the Sisters and the

The very spirit of Christmas had stole

into his heart and made him very happy. The hospital had been transformed into

narrow beds. It all made Charles feel

lives, that knew much of life's shado and little of its sunshine.

He and Sister Margaret were putting

the finishing touches on one of the chil-dren's wards. The active, merry occup-

ants of the thirty or forty odd beds kep

the room fairly alive with excitement and laughter. The doctor loved the little ones. Whenever he had a half

ionship, and it always refreshed him.

white-souled child! On its pure sou

fallen from God's finger, and from its

time the little waif won his way into the

frail looking that everybody pitied him,

and in time he turned out to be rather a spoiled child. But he was bright and

his two little blue eyes fairly danced when he smiled, and he generously smiled upon all who passed his little

" Sissi Marg'et !" he called out tear-

fully as the gentle nun disappeared with

"Doctor, you must come and see the crib in the chapel. It's just beautiful!

Dr. Mathers.

compan-

hour to spare he sought their

ufferers in their neat, white beds.

ness to the hearts of the

ing of pain stole into his heart.

Oh, he would miss it

and the sciences.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

By this time Mrs. Atherton was

CHAPTER VIII-CONTINUED.

"No, not yet. He said, however, that before very long the event was to take place. He had just arrived from Paris to attend to some necessary transactions."

"And pray who is the lucky lady?"

A Madamoiselle Colette Berthier, "A Madamoiselle Colette Berthier, daughter of Pierre Berthier, one of the vichest bankers in Paris. Arthur showed the her photograph. Sie is young, but quite ordinary looking. They expected, he said to be married in about a month. But let me return to my story. Arthur came to me for help. He told me he had came to me for help. He told me he had invested the greater part of his money foolishly that brought him no returns whatever. He had placed most of it on real estate, You know Isabelle left him a goodly fortune. When he came to see me he told me that a debt of \$15,000 was staring him in the face. The debt had to be paid at a certain specified time or he would have to go to prison for it. The disgrace of it all would ruin it. The disgrace of it all would ruin him in Paris, and Colette Berthier, he was sure, would be woman enough to re-fuse his hand in marriage. Once married to Colette her vast fortune would fall to his lot and then he would be in a position to pay me back the \$15,000 if I would be good enough to

Did you question him at all about his business matters?"
"Yes. He told me plausible stories, even showed me documents and books full of names and figures. He said that he had purchased a large dry-goods store in Paris, that had always been an elephant on his hands and had never

lend him the sum.'

paid him, and that he needed \$15,000 to pay off his creditors. An intimate friend of mine, he added, had been good enough to lend him an equal amount."
"And of course you lent him the

Yes. Father, I did. That very evening we went to the lawyer's office and

Arthur signed papers to the effect that one month after the would pay back the borrowed money."

" Did he remain in Billington long

after that particular evening?"

"No. He remained only two days. He said that he had so little time on hand or he would have remained longer, and added that Colette was waiting for him in Paris to be married immediately on his return. He promised me that they would return to Billington on their wedding tour in a few weeks. Three months have now passed, the note lies unpaid in the lawyers's hands, and not a line has come from Arthur Neville to explain matters. I have heard nothing even of his marriage to Colette Berthier."

The poor woman's heart seemed filled with strange misgivings. Father Sal-vini pitied her in her distress. He tried to console her with excuses that his own to console her with excuses that his own manly sympathy conjured up—but alas! Mrs. Atherton had seen another light creep over the strange horizon. For days Arthur Neville's name had hung on her lips. She could not sleep. In vain she prayed and asked that God might along her over hor to the conference of the conferenc close her eyes, but there, before her on the very wall, she could read Arthur Neville's name in bright, glaring letters. Go where she might he stood before her, the fine, oily nephew whom she had loved deeply for her sister's sake. The recent fire had burned a large hole into her purse, and now, if this \$15,000 was also gone—terrible thought—she would be crippled financially. Then her thoughts would steal over to that hospital in London and she would see Dr. Charles flitting about on his errands of mercy amongst the pale sufferers, and her heart would almost break. Not that she loved money, but the thought of having been reduced so suddenly in financial circumstances to the verge of poverty fairly appaled her.

Mrs. Atherton and Father Salvini had

Mrs. Atherton and Father Salvini had a flower-garden. Even the sickest ow reached the old marble gate in front patients could not help smiling in their

Why did you not tell me your as he had never felt before. For the publes before, Mrs. Artherton?" the present he forgot his own little worries troubles before, Mrs. Artherton?" the present he forgot his own little worries gentle Italian asked kindly. "It is and troubles and worked and laughed really too bad you should have carried and chatted briskly. He was glad to be all this burden yourself."

really too bad you should have carried all this burden yourself."

"It is kind of you to speak so, Father, but until two weeks ago I had hopes that Arthur would turn up with his bride and bring the money with him. Then Mr. Jones, my lawyer, called on me and urged me to wait no longer, but put Parisian detectives on his track and arrest him. He was poor Isabelle's child, Father, and right along I had trusted in my darling sister in heaven to help clear nd I could never picture her only child a scoundrel and a swindler. But I finally consented to have the police of Paris make a thorough search of the city and ther cable their findings to the detectives here. Only an hour ago Mr. Jones telephoned that a cablegram had come from Paris and asked me to call at his office this morning. I was expected to drop in at St. Jerome's on the way down to tell you all. But now that you have first part of the story, I wish you would come along with me to Mr. Jones' office and hear the closing chapters. I am prepared now to face the

The poor woman in black trembled visibly and Father Salvini pitied her. In a few minutes the two sat in Mr. Jones' office.

Any new developments, Mr. Jones ?"

Mrs. Atherton questioned eagerly.
"Yes—" and the lawyer's voice halted -" but I am afraid they hold out little encouragement." Then he continued in measured speech: "This morning Chief Miles received a cablegram from Chief Lafleur of the Paris force stating that an extensive search of the whole city had failed to bring to light anything cor-cerning Arthur Neville."

"Could they not find out anything at his dry-goods store?" questioned Father Salvini quickly.
"They cable that there is no such

store in all Paris," replied Miles, " and no business man by such a name."

What about Colette Berthier, the daughter of the wealthy French banker?"

shrill cry.
"Just a minute, doctor. I must
"And the l

"Just a minute, doctor. I must see what the child wants." And the kind nun re-entered the child's ward. "Sissi Marg'et!" Take me wiv' oo." A minute later Sister Margaret joined

Charles with Patsy in her arms.
"Patsy is a bad boy," teasingly uttered Charles.
"Not bad boy—No!" answered the

youngster.

"Not bad boy—No?" answered the youngster.

"Ah, yes. Patsy's a bad boy, cries like a baby," the doctor continued as he squeezed the little one's red cheeks with his fingers.

"Sissi Marg'et!" spoke up the little one as he gazed into her face. "Megood boy? Isn't me, Sissi Marg'et?"

"Sometimes, Patsy," the nun answered, kissing him tenderly.

"Charles gave vent to a laugh which the child did not like.

"Go way!" the youngster cried as he motioned the doctor aside, angrily. Then he buried his face in the nun's snowy guimpe and mumbled: "Me not like dat man. Me only likes Sissi Marg'et, don't me, Sissi?"

By this time they had come to the the air and shrieked in all her grief:
"I am ruined!—ruined! and all
through Isabelle's child!" The distracted woman wept like a child. It was a touching scene and much pity was felt for her in the hearts of the three men who stood witnesses to proceedings, so pathetic and heart-rend-

By this time they had come to the chapel door and Sister Margaret put Patsy on his feet. Some days later word came to Detec tive Miles that Arthur Neville had sailed for India instead of France. And

from that day to this no one has ever heard of him. The search was kept up a number of years and finally abandoned. into church. The child opened his eyes wildly. He had never heard the word "church" in all his life. He did not know what it meant.

"Patsy, I want you to be good in those I want to good in a number of years and finally abandoned. The \$15,000 was gone forever and Mrs. Atherton, poor, little, suffering woman, bore her leaden cross willingly and tried to shut out from her mind forever all memory of the treachery and deceit of Isabelle's only child. there. I want you to come in and see the dear little Jesus in his crib—in his

The boy's eyes opened widely. Some what puzzled his look stole up to the doctor's face and then back again to the nun's. He did not seem to understand.
"Come, Patsy, let's go in now and
see little Jesus in the crib." The nun

" Now, Patsy, I'm going to take you

stooped to take his tiny hand in her and lead him in. But he shook himsel away from her and exclaimed with all the innocence of a child: "No! I won't doe in. I'm dust as beeg boy as 'e is and dust as old, if 'e vants do see me he can come out here." And Patsy stamped his foot as if he really mean

and all the strange, wild, exciting life of old London behind him. Even now it all seemed like a dream to him—his The speech was two much for the nur and the doctor and both laughed heartily. It was rather disrespectful, but the child did not know any better. After all he was only a five-year-old—fresh leaders of medicine and surgery shared with him; the glorious sight-seeing

an ne was only a live-year-old—fresh from the slums.

With some coaxing Patsy at last en-tered with Sister Margaret and the two made their way up the narrow aisle to the candle-lit manger in the corner. He had never seen anything like this in all his life. His eyes rested long on the little infant so beautiful and life-like, and then they stole to the miniature sheep, oxen, and shepherds on the hill

The child looked over the little brass mages standing around with deep in

"Oh. Sissi Marg'et!" he exclaimed as he clapped his hands. "Hasn't 'e got many toys do play wiv." Will 'oo bring tide that Mathers was to spend in the me in again so I can play wiv' 'im?' is a nice boy, Sissi, an' I like 'im much.

hospital. The corridors, private rooms and wards were festooned gaily with wreaths of holly and mistletoe. The The nun tried her best to silence hi nurses had been busy all day decorating so that the patients, who were unfortunate enough to be in the hospital over quite a number kneeling around ab-sorbed in prayer, and she did not wish Patsy to disturb them. However they had heard his childish remarks and smiles came unbidden to the faces of all.

When some minutes later Charles returned to his room a number of bundles lay on his table. His friends, at least some of them, had been kind enough to

remember him.

A cold wind was blowing without, rate like a falling of rain upon a thatched roof. Even Dr. Mathers caught a touch of all tling through the bony trees. The room felt chilly. Charles stirred the fire in the grate and heaped on an extra supply of coal. Then, in the gathering twi-light he sat for some time, his thoughts nurses to help bring feelings of happidrift on various ways.

Now that he was all alone with him

self the old feelings stole back and he pictured all the Christmasses of those years in Stanford. But a few minutes before he had said a long prayer in the chapel for his darling mother, whose smile always brought Christmas to his heart. He pictured her again so sweet and motherly, and memory called up the many pictures that love had hung on the walls of the past.

As he continued to gaze into the burning coals another face appeared to rise from them. It was Mrs. Atherton's, Only last night he had dreamed a ter rible dream about the good woman There was the face again, and the tried to brush it from his brain, but he could not. It still shone before him out it was no longer the bright, happy cheerful face he had always known ow it was a shrunken, tear-stained, sad

"Do you know, Sister," he said thoughtfully, as he fastened the last holly wreath on the wall. "I think a A shudder of fear crept over the do His thoughts nearly unnerved him child is the sweetest, loveliest thing on For three months a cloud of mystery had hung over him. He had worried And he was right. An innocent, great deal and his face was beginning to show it. Three months ago he had r ever lingers the benediction that has ceived his last letter Atherton. It was not a very cheerful lips—two roses blown apart—many a bird-like, cheery message taken wings message. The dear soul had written him of the Arthur Neville affair and told him all. He wrote her a consoling and flies into the empty cages of our hearts to give us a glimpse of that soft-hearted, gentle, brooding peace and letter and followed it with a regula weekly missives, but to this day he had appiness we all ardently long for.

When the two left the children's ward not received an answer to any of them. He was now beginning to have strange misgivings. Where could the woman all the little patients seemed happy save one. He was the little five-year-old who had seen his third day out of bed after a misgivings. Where could the woman have gone? If she was in Billington still, then, surely, his letters had reached her. As a last resort he had written her. As a last resort he had written Father Salvini about the matter, but, up to the present, no word had come from him. This was the last straw of hope to very critical operation. The child had been picked up in the slums, taken to the hospital and operated upon. In a short hearts of everyone. He was so thin and

which the poor boy clung.

The room had now grown quite dark, but Charles still sat gazing into the leaping flames. It did not seem to be a bright Christmas Eve for him after all. There was a gnawing at his heart—the ause of all his strange discomfort.

there was a rap at the door and Sister Margaret entered. "Ah, the room's dark," she exclaimed

Are you in, doctor?" "Yes, Sister. Just a minute until I

charles smell for a moment as he hurried through the letters.

"Pray, Sister be seated a minute! I just feel lonely to-night and long to have somebody to talk to." Again his eyes followed the writing on the envelopes. "Ah, yes! here is one from poor Thady. I would know his writing amongst a thousand letters and have is amongst a thousand letters—and here is one from Father Salvini. Just the one I have been looking for."

He tore the letter open hurriedly and read the contents eagenly. The next moment a heavy sigh escaped his lips and he grew deadly pale and sank into a chair. For a few minutes he did not

speak.
"You remember, Sister, of my speaking to you the other day of Mrs. Ather-ton's apparent neglect in answering my letters," he at last began. Sister Mar-garet practically knew all his affairs. She was the only one in the whole hospital to whom the young doctor had ever confided.

"Well, Sister, my good friend, Father but I, sister, my good friend, Facher but—I am afraid it contains very bad news for me. I shall read it to you—
'My Dear Charles—Your letter reached me a few moments ago. I know you are anxious about Mrs. Atherton and I shall not

about Mrs. Atherton and I shall not keep you in suspense any longer. Owing to her great losses the poor woman's mind became affected to a certain de-gree and I had her removed to a home in charge of the Sisters. She still had a little money of her own, but she was eventually forced to close the doors of her mansion on Grosvenor street since she had become so reduced financially. It all preyed upon her so strongly that in a very short time she became a changed woman. Her mind wandered at times, but she was perfectly harmless. One day she went out driving with one of the nuns, and, while the latter was in shopping she alighted from the buggy and disappeared with the crowd in the streets. And from that day to this no one has ever seen or heard of the poor woman. Exhaustive searches have been aade, but in vain. Some imagine that she left the city by rail: others claim she s still within the majority seem to think she has been the victim of foul play. I know you will feel badly when you read this, yet no more than I. But you are to be with us soo than 1. But you are to be with us soon again and then I will tell you all. 'In closing let me wish you all the joys of this festive season! Believe me,

Sincerely your friend,

ANTONIO SALVINI. "Now what do you think of all this Sister? Poor Mrs. Atherton! She was such a good woman. To think that such a misfortune should have come to

"You must not complain. A God in heaven permitted it all and for the

"But I shall never see her face— "You do not know, doctor. Strange meetings have happened before."

"Yes, but nobody seems to know any-thing about her, and perhaps even now, God knows, she may be lying dead— somewhere, and I, thousands of miles away! Ah Sister, I shall never meet Mrs. Atherton in this life again. I feel

Overcome with grief Charles tore the letter into shreds and threw the little pieces into the flames.

"Trust in divine Providence!" th good Sister spoke in parting. " No one

good sister spoke in parting. "No one knows, but that your path may yet lead to the same common cross-roads." And quietly she left the room.

For some time longer Charles sat alone with the quiet night and stared into the bright coals. When the last piece of the ill-fated letter had crumbled to askes a sigh operand his live and led to ashes a sigh escaped his lips and he whispered sadly: "Poor Mrs. Ather-ton! I wonder where she is?"

CHAPTER X. THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

spicable Arthur Neville. One uncle was all that was left to her, and he lived in far-away Japan. One friend, how-ever, still clung to her at Beresvale, and thither she went the day she made good her escape from the nun's carri-

Billington was no longer the same to her now that she had become so reduced in circumstances. Many of the friends, who once sipped tea with her at brilli-ant social functions, now passed her by with the coldness of strangers. It was a stinging blow and it went to the poor woman's heart with double force. be sure she found sunshine itself i Father Salvini's counsel. When poverty almost stared her in the face it was he who had her removed to the Sister's Home. The nuns were all good to her and she was grateful for their many kindnesses, but she could not make her self feel contented. Of course worry had helped to bring on the diseased co dition of her mind. She would strange freaks at times, and would often break into spells of weeping that almost broke her heart. But they would only last for a little time and then she would be herself again. Her appearance also changing. She was getting thin-ner, paler and older looking.

It was after one of these depressing attacks that she remarked to Sister Patricia as the two walked down the well-kept garden-path: "Do you know. Sister, life does not hold forth to me the joys it did only a year ago. Since these heavy losses have come upon me I feel so strange at times. And then, what have I to live for?"

"Ah, my dear, you have much to live for. Just think of your preparation for that other, larger, higher life, and then you have Charles Mathers, the dear boy, to live for. You have always been a second mother to him, and in a few months he will be here in Billington again with you, to pay the debt he owes

"No, Sister, Charles shall not meet Poctor, you must come and see the crib in the chapel. It's just beautiful!'
Sister Margaret remarked as they passed into the hall. "Ah! there goes little Patsy—he's crying." The nurses had

"See, doctor, I have a whole armful of Patsy—he's crying." The nurses had it. The hospital was well remembered was well remembered by and I love him, but I must go away.

"Iss, Sister. Just a minute until I me here in Billington, believe me, when he returns. I want to be far away when mail for you. The postman just brought that time comes. He has been a good it. The hospital was well remembered boy and I love him, but I must go away."

Charles will be able to look out for him-self when he begins the battle of life, and incidentally help you along as well. But, then, you know you are welcome to a home with us here for the remaining days of your life. "Sister, I will only be an incumbrance

to him and to you all. The struggle will be difficult enough for him without will be difficult enough for him without having to take care of me. You know I have a little money to do me for a while, and then I can work. I will be glad to commence life all over again for a crust of bread, providing God does not deny me the health and strength."

"Mrs. Atherton. I don't like to hear you talk in this strain. I know you are not going to leave us. What would Dr. Mathers say to find you gone from Billington?"

ington?"
Mrs. Atherton looked up at the tall

"Dr. Mathers, did you say?" she whispered. "Poor boy!" She caught her white linen apron in her hands and lifted it to her face and wept like a child. The little rain of tears was soon

"Never mind Charles!" she began.
"Some day, when he is nicely settled,
I'll write him, but for a time he must
not know where I am."

"You are not going away, Mrs. Atherton? Surely not. How I should miss
you."

you."
"No, not at present, good Sister," she

answered as her thin hand stole into the nun's. For a few moments both walked on in silence. All through life Sister Patricia and

All through life Sister Patricia and Mrs. Atherton had been close intimate friends. They had been companions even at school in their early days.

The peaceful, chapel chimes beat out upon the evening air. In the skies above the pink-tinted clouds were fast

disappearing. A strong breeze stole through the bushes like a fleet hound, and there was a strange whispering of he dying, autumn leaves. "There! The chimes are ringing and

I must be off to Vespers. Let me hope you will be in better spirits to-morrow, Mrs. Atherton."

The shy nun was leaving, but the voman's voice called her back.

"Sister Patricia"

"Promise me that you will never men tion the talk we have had to a soul! I ears. I am sure he would never lister to my story. He would stand in the path I have mapped out for myself and hold me back." story. He would stand in the

"I promise! Then you have fully decided to leave us at some time in the

near future ?"
"I have, Sister."

"And pray, where are you going?"
"That I cannnot answer at present When I have reached my destination you shall receive a line from me, but remembe that you keep my whereabouts a secret.

"I promise to keep secret all you have told me, but I will pray hard that you will not leave Billington. Really. Mrs. Atherton, I do not like to see you

That evening, as Sister Patricia knel in the chapel, she mused within herself:
"I wonder if I do wrong by keeping
Mrs. Atherton's secret?" A pleasant Mrs. Atherton's secret?" A pleasant voice however spoke to her doubting conscience: "By no means, my child.' Some weeks later Sister Patricia was

stricken down with a severe illness, and her soul's journey across the misty horizon was but an entrance into the Heave of which she had so often dreamed. The gentle nun therefore was not detined long to keep the distressed woman'

secret, and thus in the community no one suspected the plans of Mrs. Atherton. She was only awaiting a good opportunity to carry them into effect. It came the day she drove down town with the nun who made the daily purchases for the institution. There was great celebration on in the convent.

A number of the novices were to take the veil. The Bishop and some clergy and a number of invited guests were ex-Mrs. Atherton was practically alone in the world. She had had an only pected, and with all the bustle and ex citement Mrs. Atherton thought she would not be missed until evening. Then it would be too late to search for

her.
The day broke beautiful and clear.
Mrs. Atherton rose very early and looked out across the sun-lit landscape. The nuns were already stirring like bus bees. As the poor woman looked out of her window a feeling of homesickness stole into her heart. Billington, she mused, was after all a beautiful spot in her memory. She thought of the fifty years that had passed over her head; and now, in this last hour of parting, she was loath to go and leave so many things behind in the dear old city which she had loved so deeply. Her early years blossomed again-fresh and flowery the sun and star-shine. She walked with her husband and child through asphodelian meadows. Then her travelled back to Stanford and Mrs Mathers—poor Minnie—and to Charles and, as she closed the window to shut out the picture she had painted on the morning skies forever from her eyes, the tears fell heavily.

Sister Philomene, who made all the purchases in the city for the institution, met her in the hall a few minutes later. "Mrs. Atherton," she exclaimed, "you do not look well this morning. eyes seem heavy. Have you not slept well?"

Not very well, Sister." "I think a drive this morning would do you a world of good. Would you like to come down town with me?

The invitation suited Mrs. Atherton' plans as she wanted to reach town as early as possible in order to catch the 9:30 train for Beresvale. "But you will miss the ceremony," the

nun added.
"Oh, never mind it. I have beer witness to many such."

Some minutes later the two wen speeding down the streets. Mrs. Atherton was dressed in a deep black dress and, contrary to her usual custom, also

named the five-year-old Patsy for this Christmas. The poor fellow was short.

"Sissi Marg'et!" again came the shrill cry.

"But, Mrs. Atherton, I am sure letters and parcels.

"But, Mrs. Atherton, I am sure Charles will be able to look out for him-chis."

"I seldom wear a veil, Sister, it is confirmation or other mere seen you wear a black veil before, and it seems strange that you should wear one on such a beautiful morning as this."

"I seldom wear a veil, Sister, it is confirmation or other mere seen you wear a veil, Sister, it is confirmation or other mere seen you wear a veil, Sister, it is confirmation or other mere seen you wear a veil, Sister, it is confirmation or other mere seen you wear a veil, Sister, it is confirmation or other mere seen you wear a veil seen you wear one on such a beautiful morning as this."

true, but somehow or other my eyes looked badly and I did not want anyone to catch a glimpse of them. To be hon-est with you Sister, this morning, when you asked me whether I had not slept you asked me whether I had not slept well because my eyes looked heavy, it was not the loss of sleep that gave them such an appearance. I had a little cry-ing spell just before."

"A rain of tears on such a sunny,

cheerful day? Well! well! the two are almost incompatible. Really, Mrs. Atherton, I don't like the look of that black cloth over your face."
"Never mind, Sister, we all do very

funny things at times. Don't we?

funny things at times. Don't we ?"
And she laughed gently.

The wearing of the veil was by no means "a funny thing." In Mrs. Atherton's mind it was a pre-arranged affair. She herself hated it, but she wore it not to hide her tear-stained face, but for an altogether different motive.

When Sister Philomene entered the

When Sister Finionent entered the large dry-good's store, after having tied the horse securely, the deeply-veiled woman suddenly rose from her seat in the carriage, stepped to the pavement and was soon lost in the growds of people

on the street.

On her way to the depot she met many people whom she knew, but they did not recognize her. The black veil covered her face and she was satisfied. As she hurried on she seemed to hear shrill cries of "Come back! Come back!" But her heart urged her on in feverish

excitement.

She was now turning the last corner, but a few yards to the depot. To the woman's utter amazement she saw Father Salvini on the opposite side of the street. He only threw a passing glance at her and walked on. At the moment she felt like tearing the veil from her face and hurrying over to his side and telling him had been a good friend to her through many years, but she guessed what he would question her now, and she did not care to have him speak. It would have killed her to have stayed in Billington another month. She knew that Charles was expected home at any

time and she did not want to be there when he arrived.

Mrs. Atherton stood still for a moment ooking at the figure of Father Salvini disappearing down the street. The poor voman paused at the very cross-tot knowing which road to take.

The train whistled shrilly near by. In another minute it would be pulling out for Beresvale, and Mrs. Atherton hurried to the depot and boarded her car just as the train was moving out.

Beresvale was reached in good time and Mrs. Atherton's visit to the cottage of her friend on the hill, that overlooked the peaceful, little rural town, was to be in the nature of a surprise. Like herin the nature of a surprise. Like her-self, her old friend, Ellen Allan, had become reduced in circumstances to a de-gree much like her own. Only recently sort of sympathy had stolen in between the two and drawn them closer. Then came a letter from Miss Allan begging Mrs. Atherton to come and spend the winter with her, now that she was all alone. The letter came at a time when Mrs. Athertoh was planning a change and consequently her thoughts at once stole to Beresvale. This is why she took the early train that particular morning. When Mrs. Atherton reached the little that shed act terms he reached the little thatched cottage she expected to see Ellen running out to meet her. But no one came that solitary autumn afternoon to take her by the hand. With strange nisgivings she knocked at the weatherbeaten door, but a sighing breeze, rattling through the deserted trees, alone

made answer. Again she knocked, but still no Ellen. Then she opened the door widely and entered the house. From a room nearby came a sickly, hin voice: "Come in! I can't leave my bed to day. If it's the baker or grocer or-Why! it's you, Mae Ather-

It was a happy meeting. They had not seen each other for years.
"When did you come, Mae?"
"Just a few minutes ago."

"Oh, I am so sorry I am sick. This morning a sharp pain pierced my left side and I have lain here helpless all day. But 'twill be better by morning I Ellen had a spell of coughing just then

which almost prostrated her. "I think you had better have a doctor, Ellen. I shall go out at once for one."
Some minutes later Mrs. Atherton dis-

appeared down the avenue of spruce trees in search of the nearest doctor. Ellen was found to be very ill, and the loctor stated that he entertained slight hopes of her recovery. So Mrs. Atherton, as best she could, tried to make the woman comfortable. Two weeks later a funeral cortege passed down the lonely road bearing Ellen to her last

esting place. One evening when life hung merely by thread, Ellen called Mrs. Atherton to per side and whispered feebly: "Mae, you've been so good to me, and all I have in this world I leave to you. This little cottage shall be your own when I am gone. Make a nice home of it, Mae! You deserved a better one wherein to spend your last days, but it is warm and cosy and you will have at least one spot

ou can call your own. Thus the home of Ellen Allan became home of Mrs. Atherton, and here the latter lived for a number of years in sweet seclusion, her sorrows and crosses her very own.

CHAPTER XI. AN EARLY CALLER.

It was a winter morning, late in Janu-The long silent stretches of God's ary. The long silent stretches of the white out-of-doors looked silvery in the sunlight. There was a hint of modesty on the heart of on everything around, yet the heart of numanity throbbed on, steeped in sin and

It was rather early for a caller to disturb Father Salvini's morning hour. was just assorting the morning mail when a rap at his door drew his attention from the papers and letters in front of him. and, contrary to her usual custom, also a rap at his door detters in front of him wore a thick, black veil.

Sister Philomene could not understand the necessity of a thick veil on door and thinking it was only a student door and thinking it was only a student and recognitive properties. on some trivial errand, exclaimed in a soft musical voice:-

Edge to

The door opened and the caller en-tered. It is no other than Dr. Mathers just arrived from England. Father Salvini, without even turning his head, looked over the letters and muttered thoughtlessly: "Just a min-ute until I have assorted the letters and

then I will listen to your tale of woe."

A few minutes later the priest rose from his chair and, turning, was com-pletely taken by surprise when he beheld Charles Mathers before him.

"Good heavens, Charles! How/are you? Welcome home! I'm so glad to

see you."

Father Salvini clapped him on the shoulder and sized him up from foot to head. Charles had improved wonder-fully in looks and had gained in avoirdupois, and was withal really a handsome - erect, manly and distinguished

It did Father Salvini's heart good to look upon the young surgeon.
"When did you arrive, Charles?" he

asked, inquisitively. And am I really the first person you

in Billington ?"
The first, Father." "Now are you sure Charles that some one else—some fashionable young lady— was not at the depot to meet you?" the

priest asked laughingly. .
"No, Father. I came here unknown "Well! well! then I see that you have not yet given your heart away. Surgery

and love do not mix well, my boy—eh?" laughed the jolly priest, good-naturedly. "How did you like England, Charles?" "Very well, Father. But I am glad to get home again. Have you heard any more of Mrs. Atherton?" He had come

expecting to find her in Billington. Where is she?" he asked again. "Charles, I do not know. No one has heard of her since the day she escaped from the nun's carriage. At first we thought she had been the victim of foul play, but a package found in her room the day after added a new chapter to the story. You see, the day she left was a busy one at the convent and little atter tion was given the nun's story of Mrs Atherton's strange leave-taking. The Superior thought that she probably met a friend down town and had gone to her

home for the day, but, when the night closed in and her bed was still empty, the hearts of the nuns sank."
"Was she ever known to have stayed out at night before?" Charles asked

No. It was this that aroused the Sister's suspicions. The next morning however, one of them came across a letter in her room addressed to the Superior. It contained \$100 in bills, accompanied by the following note:

"' May God reward you all for your goodness to me! I am leaving Billington to-day—perhaps forever. Please accept the enclosed for the poor and the orphans, and never cease praying

MAE ATHERTON.' " The young doctor's hopes sank gradually. He had expected to return to Billington and help provide for the woman who had been a second mother to him. But now his plans were all dashed

"And is there no one here," he asked, "who saw her leave or to whom she en-trusted her secret?"

No one Charles. For some weeks we searched for her and could not dis-cover the slightest clue to the strange mystery. I think probably she's gone off somewhere to spend the remainder of her days in quiet. Billington never did seem the same to her after those terrible reverses. Did you hear of them, Charles?"

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"Yes, Father. Mrs. Atherton wrote and told me all, and—yet her letters were so cheerful."

"She always put the best side out. From external appearances no one would ever have thought that woman a sufferer, but God knew the leaden weight of her cross. Did she write you

again after the Neville affair?"

"No, that was the last letter I regrew uneasy and wrote you. Your let-

grew uneasy and where ter came Christmas Eve.
"Christmas Eve? Ah! that was "Christmas Eve? Ah! that was had

"Yes, Father, it was a lonely Christmas—probably the loneliest in all my life. I had never dreamt of receiving such news from you. Hence you can we shall never see her face again. She was so good and kind, and it almost breaks my heart to think she's gone. Perhaps even now she is wanting for

something."
"Never mind, Charles. You will have to make the best of it now. By the way, about a month ago I was the means of bringing you bad news, but I think I have something good to tell you now. Where do you intend practicing?"

"I don't know, Father, but I would like to start up in Billington."

"A capital idea, Charles! You couldn't start in a better locality. Bu

listen, I have something to tell you. Father Salvini turned slightly in his chair. There was a merry twinkle in

his eye, and he continued ".Who do you think called in to see me yesterday about yourself?"

About me ?"

"Yes—about you."
"I have not the slightest idea." "Well—it was one of the big men of the city, one of the shining lights in your

profession—a surgeon. Can you not

Dr. McCracken?" questioned Charles, interestedly.
"Yes. That's the man."

say? I feel flattered."
"Dr. McCracken is the greatest sur-"Or. McCracken is the greatest surgeon in Billington to-day. His operations and consultations keep him unusually busy until late at night. He is getting to be an old man now, and he feels that he ought to have an assistant to help shoulder some of his responsibilities."

"And did he mantion my name in re-

pected back from England shortly, and thought it best to broach the matter in time. Dr. McCracken, you know, has the confidence of thousands in and around Billington. He is a fine type of man-thoughtful, honest and sin-cere, and it is a good chance for you to swing into the current of the best practice in Billington. What do you think of the proposition?"
"I think it is glorious. Who would

ever have thought that I should be the recipient of such good fortune? It all

seems like a dream!"
"Well, my boy, you have lost a friend in
Mrs. Atherton, but God, you see, has found you another."
" Did you say anything definitely to

Dr. McCracken about the matter? "Yes, I went so far as to say that I thought you would probably accept his

Then the position is open to me, and I am to be the assistant of the great sur-

Charles' young face lit up with a smile. It was really the happiest mo-ment in his life. He felt elated that Dr. McCracken should have thought of Dr. McCracken should have thought of him. He had never anticipated such a surprise; he had left London in a somewhat discouraged state of mind, but now the clouds were drifting away and he was the participator in a new fresh dawning. He was to begin practice under the most auspicious circumstances It spoke volumes for Dr. Mathers, and the great surgeon had placed implicit confidence in the young man. Every one predicted smooth sailing for the latter. And they were not disap-

pointed.
That very afternoon Charles called at Dr. McCracken's office and an agree-ment was drawn up and signed. Some days later the sign on the office door

was changed. It was now to read—DRS. McCRACKEN & MATHERS

In a week Charles took charge of his new duties and began life's up-hill fight. He was most fortunate from the outset, had good success with his cases and it had good success with his cases and in twelve months his name was on the lips of everyone. His rise was almost phenomenal. For five years he worked patiently and zealously with his senior partner, and, when the latter retired from active work, the whole practice fell into his hands and he was easily though still quite young, the foremost surgeon in Billington.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE LEAST OF THESE."

Father Clancy leaned back in the east chair in his study and heaved a sigh of wholesome contentment. It had been a trying day in many ways-as what Sun day was not?—but the priest had borne all the labors and the petty vexations of the day with the patience and a cheer fulness that came naturally to a cleamind in a sound body. While he sa there musing a little curly headed girl, about six years of age, rushed into the

"Oh, Father Clancy," she cried, please play house with Veronica." The priest laughed and shook his head

"Father Clancy is too tired to play house just now. You may amuse your-self with this book for a while, "and he tossed her an illustrated volume that lay on the table near by.

As the little one turned the pages he looked down at her with good-natured perplexity. Veronica was the adopted daughter of his brother. Henry Clancy, out of the largeness of his heart, had out of the largeness of his heart, had taken her from the orphan asylum the year before, and in that short time she wound herself about his heart with the silken cords of love. She had begged for the privilege of spending a week at the rectory, in spite of Father Claney's laughing protests that he had no facilities for the entertainment of

young ladies.

While he watched the child at play it "No, that was the last letter I received. I wrote her frequently after that, but never received an answer. I got up, went to his desk and took out of it a large bag filled with silver and bank-notes—the collection which he had been taken up in the church that day for the to a small safe that stood in the corner of the room and deposited the money there and closed the door. The little girl looked on with an intense interest.

"What is that?" she demanded. "That is the collection that was taken up to-day in the church for the benefit

of the little orphans."
"What are you putting it there for?"

"For safe-keeping," he responded.
"Will it do the orphans very much good, "she asked in her innocent way.
"Oh very much good," he responded
earnestly. "It will buy them food to eat, clothing to wear and beds to sleep

"When will they get it?"

"To-morrow, God willing," he replied. And then he gave the knob on the safe a final turn and arose and went about his duties. In the meantime it had grown dusk, and the housekeeper, coming downstairs, had pushed a button and turned on the electric lights in the apartment, which was half study and apartment, which was half study and half sitting room. In all personal matters Father Clancy was simplicity itself, but in the management of his household and his church and school he was the most progressive of men. The telephone, electricity and all of the modern contrivances for saving time and labor were in evidence about his premises. Veronica noticed the turning on of the light with childish glee, and when she discovered that another push of the button would extinguish the light, she "Yes. That's the man." was soon engaged in playing a game of her own which she called "Light and

Tea was served about 6 o'clock, and and an hour or so after that Veronica was tucked away in bed in a little room off the second floor landing. Father Clancy retired early himself that night, and before 11 o'clock the house was in oulder some of his responsibilities."
And did he mention my name in reand morning a little pattering sound and the mention my name in regard to such a proposition?"

"Yes. That was principally his reason for coming to see me. He had heard somewhere that you were explanation in the patterning somewhat was heard on the stairway, and Veronica with her snow-white nightgown and cute little cap, appeared at the head of the landing. There was a mischieyous look

Once again he began to show signs of in the bright little eyes as she made her way slowly down the stairs, which was dimly lighted by the lamp in the hallagitation.
"What was it before that?"

way. Her purpose was quite evident. She was making for the switch which "I don't know," she said, with a bevildered look. "Where did you live before your name controlled the electric light. ecame Clancy?' evident that she proposed a continuation of her newly-invented game of "Light and Darkness." The house was wrapped and Darkness. The house was wrappen in gloom, and she wished to see for her-self if a mere turn of the button would flood the place with bright light. Slow-ly she felt her way down the stairs, and

click, click-a noise evidently made by

repeated, and presently the window was

thrown open. Veronica stood stock still

with her eyes glued on the window op-posite. The next monent it was thrown

prised, but by no means frightened the child hid behind the big newel post at

the foot of the staircase. The newcomer glanced around the room and paused as if to hear some sound. After that he

pulled out a little dark lantern from his

afe. He got down on his hands and knees, and, drawing some heavy instru

ment from his pocket, began to pick the lock of the old-fashioned safe. For more than five minutes he kept this up, and

presently, with a grunt of satisfaction he pulled opened the door. The child

had remained as motionless as a statue

reached for the bag of money a sudden

resolution seemed to shoot through her frail frame. She reached over toward

was the more self-possessed of the two

She was the first to speak. She did so with a sound of reproach in her lisping

'You were going to take that money,'

The man did not know whether to

laugh or cry. The situation was so novel that he lost his customary elever-ness in adapting himself to circumstan-

under such peculiar couditions, "what

shrill little voice rising. "Why, a great deal of it. That money belongs to

"To the orphans?" he muttered

weakly. "Yes, "she answered, "to the poor

orphans who have no parents to provide

A curious change began to come over

the man. He remembered in a vage sort of way that he had a child who was an

orphan. When her mother died five years before he had placed the little one

n an asylum under the direction of the

his way, selecting crime as the easiest

method of obtaining the money he needed to gratify his passions. But during these years the face of the child was

before him like an accuser, and a well-re-

membered voice rang in his ears in the

"Why don't you say something?" sh

the money that belongs to the orphans?

During this time the man had been

be in a battle of armed men or in on

the higher natures. It was a test be-tween the natural and the supernatural.

The man passed a grimy hand over his

and put the bag of money back in the safe. As he closed the door of the little

The confiding glance that she gave him was strangely familiar. He grasped her

The mention of that name made him

"Veronica Clancy," she replied proud-

He dropped her hand disappointedly. "Clancy! Clancy!" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes," she said. And then, as an afterthought, "I only got that name a year ago."

feel faint; he could feel his heart thump-

by the hand and cried excitedly

ing at his breast.

"What's your name, little one?" "Veronica she replied simply.

to wear and no food to eat.'

sickly smile.

the orphans.

pocket and, opening up the slide, sent narrow cone of light toward the little

open and a man entered the room.

"At the asylum."
"He took her little hands in his own rembling fists. He gazed long and carnestly into the innocent face. Five years make a wonderful difference, but the eyes and the features of the infant carefully she reached toward the little button which would turn on the light.

Just at that moment there was a click.

sked with her curious lisp.

"No," he answered.
She pulled at a little string at her some blunt instrument on the shutters outside the sitting-room. The child paused in wonderment. The sound was neck and drew up a rosary. "The were mamma's," she said: "I alway

He recognized them, with a dart of ain. The man was on his knees now, nd the tears were streaming from his

"What, the money?" she asked.
"Something more precious than
oney," he answered. "But I'll leave ou; that will be my sacrifice, my atone

He turned to her as he reached the

'Good night," he cried. "Good night

"Why," she exclaimed, "you are no ing without seeing uncle, are you? He hesitated on the threshold

Wait a minute, she cried. "I'll call And the next instant childish voice rang through the corri-dor. A few moments later Father y was hurrying down the stair-way buttoning his cassock as he descended.
The child called to him before he ched the landing.

"Uncle, here is a man who wishes to

the button, and, giving it a push flooded the room with light. The man jumped to his feet instantly and turned with an Astonishment was depicted on the riest's face. He looked at the child nd then at the man and finally his gaze oath on his lips. He pulled his pistol from his hip pocket, and was prepared for a battle to the death. But when he sting understandingly on the halfgazed upon that little nightgowned figure the desire to fight seemed to ooze pen safe. He spoke angrily:
"A thief—and with the orphans'

through the tips of his fingers. He looked around the room suspiciously as if to see some one else present but "I have—a—child in the orphan sylum myself," murmured the thief, in roken tones. "I have not disturbed no, he was alone in the room with the child. Strange to say, the little one

our collection.' Father Claney looked at the man searchingly. He was evidently telling the truth. Still, such a person should not be at large. He was a menace to society. Reasoning it out this way, without any personal feeling, the priest walked over toward the burglar alarm He reached up for the knob of the con rivance. The thief stood motionle waiting developments. Suddenly Father "Now, don't deny it," she said in a voice of anthority. "I saw you reach in for the money." Clancy felt a plucking at his cassock He turned around and beheld Veronica The innocent little face was quite pale "Well," he said, finally, wondering all the time just how he should act

horough understanding of the situation "Don't uncle," she cried. "Don't."
"Why not?" he asked curiously. "Because he has a child in the orpha

sylum," she said simply Father Clancy looked the intruder quarely in the eyes. The man squirmed neasily under the prolonged stare. He

noved a step-forward and laid his pistol "Go ahead," he said hoarsely; "go ahead and ring. I'm prepared to take ny medicine.

Veronica stood looking pleadingly into her uncle's eyes. Father Clancy, halting, pointed to the weapon on the table.

"Why did you do that?"

"I didn't know I was breaking into a

rectory. I'm not trying to excuse myself, only telling the truth. It's the first time I ever carried a pistol, too and, I hope, the last."
"Why," the priest exclaimed, "you

The thief looked in the direction of Veronica before replying. Her return

night and at times when he least desired it. Now the whole thing flashed up before his mental vision. His long-continued silence seemed to irritate glance of confidence brought the mist to came from his very heart: "You have reached the parting of the

ways, my friend," said the priest firmly, but not unkindly. "Why not take the "Surely you don't intend to take right road here and now?

Veronica listened with wide-open yes. The next moment she saw her time his voice trembled in spite of himeyes. The next moment she saw her uncle fastening a stole on his arm, and seating himself in a chair in the corner of the room. After that her thief went "Why not?" she echoed, "Why, if you do, the orphans will have no roof over their heads, they'll have no clothes down on his knees and began pouring the story of his wicked life into the ears "Is that so!" he answered with a of the priest. There was a confused unintelligible murmur of voices for some moments. The priest blessed the kneel-"Yes, that's so," she replied. "And. more than that, you'll be taking the ing man, and then both arose. Father Claney walked to the window, which reached to the floor of the room, and, money that was given to the orphans by people who are poor themselves. They gave it in the collection to-day. I know it because uncle told me all about it tothrowing it open, waited for his strange visitor to pass out.

The man hesitated.

"I've one request."
"What is it?"

"Let me kiss the child?"

reviewing his whole life. He wavered for an instant. It was one of those moments which are decisive, whether it man's struggle with his own conscience. It was a fight between the lower and He rushed over and gave Veronica a onvulsive embrace.

The grey mists of the sky were beginning to give way to the rosy tints of the morning, and the reflection lighted up the face of the departing thief as the the man passed a griny hand over instance the result of the conflict. He went down on his hands and knees

priest exclaimed in his cheery voice:
"God bless you, and don't forget your purpose of amendment,"—George Barton in the Catholic Standard and Times.

receptacle he turned to the child and "Little one you have won. The col-lection for the orphans will not be dis-Life is but a comma in the vast volume of eternity. turbed."

He started toward the open window,

A man on the road to heaven need and waved his hand at Veronica.

"Good bye," she called.

Something in the tone of her voice never fear going down hill. A selfish man is sceptical about friendhalted the man. He came back and looked at the child with searching eyes.

ship, just as a man who has no ear does not like music.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. as Coffey: ar Sir.—Since coming to Canada I ha My Dear Siz—Since coming to Canada I hav been a reader of your paper. I have noted with sati faction that it is directed with intelligence an ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a stron Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Cathol principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teadings and authority of the Church, at the same tin promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will comer and more, as its wholesome influence reach more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing of your work, and best wishes for its continued successive control of the control

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesu
Apostolic Deleg.

Ottawa, Canaua, state.

Thomas Coffey:
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read you imable paper, the Carnotte Record, and congrillate you upon the manner in which it is publishes manner and form are both good: and a tru atholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, wi leasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Bles go you and wishing you success, believe me to a constant of the state of th Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. †D. Falconio, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1908

THE FRENCH DEPUTIES.

From a correspondent we have re ceived a newspaper clipping entitled "Papal action in France regarded as blow to Catholicism." The action o which this journal-hailing from one of the Eastern Provinces-complains, is that the Pope has launched a terrible blow against the French members o parliament "who voted against the political views of the papacy." It continnes:

"When a viper sprang out of the fir upon the hand of St. Paul, all the people looked that he should have swollen and fallen dead, but when the saw that nothing happened they tool him for a god. The people will be hor ror-struck at this terrible curse by which the deputies are to be refused not only heaven—that would affect them very legislators are to be buried like dogs, or like Protestants like Protestants, very much the same, all because they voted the way the French wished them to vote, and severed the Church from the State, retaining civil control over the Church propert. Some of these deputies will shrink i terror from such a fate, and whethe they repent or not will weepingly make peace with the Church. will not shrink, will do this at the demand of their wives. But many will shake off the viper and forget all about it, and things in France will go on a before, under a parliament supported by the people, though one-half of it i the curse of the Church. A more ill-advised proceeding could not have been But it will have a very eman cipating influence. The French will ask themselves if they cannot be religious without foreign despetic domination, and will stand by the legislators who have carried out their will. This edict will make France a protestant if not Protestant country."

in the bitter dose. It is a pity they did executed it. Religion gracefully made not proffer advice to the Holy Father, way for last week. It is impossible had plenty of time. Nearly two years have elapsed since the deputies threw themselves into the danger of dying unshriven and unanealed. None but the most ignorant could shut their eyes to the consequence of their act. Its malignity was clear as the noon-day sun, and their stand was inexcusable. Our contemporary, however, is all wrong. He is wrong in imagining that the action originated with the Pope, wrong in alleging that the difference between the Pope and the deputies was a mere poli- as if they might be Quebec afloat. tical difference, and most of all wrong in the prophecy that this action will tend to make France a Protestant country. Fortunately the last issue to hand of " Rome " gives us the history of the censures to be passed upon these depu ties. Many in France and elsewhere have been asking themselves for a long time what ecclesiastical penalties thes senators and deputies incurred by vot ing for the law of separation. The French Bishops applied to Rome for advice in the matter. Thus it will be seen that the Pope did not initiate the action It was the natural consequence of their vote. Men who virtually, and indeed actually, injured the Church as these men did, could not help but incur severe censure. No Catholic member of a legislature can vote against the Church without incurring the censure of ex communication. By their vote there fore these men had incurred the censure of a law of the Church. In order to be fully informed as to the action which they should take the Bishops applied to Rome. All that Rome said was that these members had incurred ed to close as a volume written without excommunication. When the further question was put as to whether the

that they (the Bishops) are under no obligation to do so, and that such course is inadvisable except for some special reason. Another question folowed, whether these offenders were to be regarded as public sinners and so to be denied Christian burial. This ques tion was answered affirmatively, if it is notorious that they die without repent ance. Lastly, the Congregation decided that where they died penitent they ought not to be deprived of the full rites of other Catholics. From all this it will be seen that the extract we have given is altogether astray in charging the Pope with acting at all, still less with acting severely. All that the Holy Father did was to give decisions in accordance with the ordinary laws of the Church, when the French Bishops appealed to him upon the different points. Now, as for France becoming Protestant, there is no foundation for such hopes. France may-though we hope not-lose its faith. It will not lose its reason.

THE CELEBRATION AT QUEBEC

Canada surely did honor to itself in the patriotic and artistic celebration of the tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec. It was no ordinary event. It was not the surveying of a new town upon a railway whose steel girders were clasping miles of undeveloped country. Nor was it the start of some mining village in the hopeful rush for gold. I was the key of a vast empire—the port of a mighty river whose leagues of running waters were to carry the tributes of nature and industry down to the sea and on to the markets of men. There were many lessons to teach visitors and all others by the due celebration of this event. A hundred years ago the bi centenary would have been a failure for Canada had no holiday attire. Que bec was solitary; Ontario a wilderness and the far west unknown. To-day due honor could be paid to the historical past. A proud family could gather from ocean to ocean its representative members. Provinces and cities and a hopeful Dominion would lead in the pageantry. Nations old in history, rich in wealth and strong in the sinews of nava defence, joined to make the feast a grand access. Mother England sent her heir apparent to be with us. Our cousins from the south, and France, whose heroid sons were the centre of the whole dis play, were there to rejoice with us, and honor the past and rejoice with the pres ent. From beginning to end the cele bration was an unparalleled success First religion poured forth its hymn of thanksgiving, and rightly opened the whole proceedings. Rightly, we say, for to religion more than any thing else is due the beginning and unbroken guardianship of that long golden chain; which unites so many nemories. The unveiling of the statue of Bishop Laval which took place some time ago was the prelude, quiet yet profound, religious yet national, of the ommercial, industrial and social cele brations which appeal more strongly to the senses. But the religious prologue was no passing show. A monumen stands henceforth to tell future generations the story of Onebec's first hishor and to proclaim the artistic genius of

Our contemporary finds sweetness even the French Canadian who designed and where all was so attractive to make con parison. History was reproduced with a realism which might well make one wonder where he was and in what century he was living. The old vessel in which Champlain had crossed the seawell named Le Don De Dieu, the gift of God-was there creeping along to the shore of that mighty rock, the fortress of the western world. What a contrast to the huge ships here and there on the river whose towering battlements looked There was the pioneer slow but sure. There stood the three nations before the old city-not as they had met in one or other of their struggles: there they were "on the bosom of the St. Lawrence o emphasize the prevalence of the general spirit of concord and good will Primitive landing, naval display, military parade, processions of peace, festal dances of courts, costumes of old France and aborigines of Canada's-drama of peace and pretence of Iroquois warand countless other representations crowded themselves into the week and made the event historical and instructive. That such a magnificent series of interesting and amusing events could be so well arranged and carried out, is due to the national interest taken in the tercentenary celebration. It is also due to the committee whose ability, zeal and prudence were evidenced throughout Beyond the passing week the tercen tenary will mark a bright spot in our history. Its significance should not be lost sight of amidst the glare of the social programme. Nor can it be allowlessons for the future. To us the first is that taught by the Canadian Church.

sentence against them, Rome replied of British sympathy, from the Prince land; and inheriting power, gradually, of Wales down to the least citizen view- if slowly, were in turn acted upon by the ing the events, it was the work of the Catholic Church. What it would have been if division had been fomented or disloyalty fostered it is hard to say. It is easy, however, to see that the fidelity of the Church to Britain saved Canada. Another lesson to be derived from the great social week is the strength of union and mutual respect. This celebration is not one of war. No Caesar comes in triumph, leading captives iome. Not even is the one struggle which took place on the Plains of Abraham made an exultation for the victors or humiliation for the vanquished. The celebration is the triumphal march of peace and industry. The contrast between the Canadian cradle three centuries ago and the home of to-day, the antithesis between Le Don de Dieu of Champlain and the Indomitable of England, may be somewhat the result science. But the growth and the pros perity and peace of the nation stretching far beyond the western sources of the great St. Lawrence the wealth that lies at the call of industry—the progress of these centuries—the educational advantages now open to all - the freedom guaranteed not by force of arms but by love of justice-all these are the legacies of the past to us. They are an inheritance we must not waste by division or squander by recrimination. We must hand down this rich treasure to our successors with the charge to be true to its noble history and its institutions of freedom, justice and mutual respect. If the elements of Canada are to be something more than a mechanical and eventually won, and acquired vast mixture, if they are to be welded together into national harmony and greatness, we may learn from the tercentenary of Quebec that all we should do is to labour patiently and confidently, hand in hand, for the same praiseworthy purpose. The union which has marked the latter portion of these centuries has told for success ten thousand times nore than when England and France quarreled, with Canada as their battlefield. So will it be in the future. This continent displayed in the celebration a wonderful growth. The lesson which it imparts to the world is the strength in peace and progress in the walks of peace, where the children of different races may march together under the same standard of liberty, right and divided among some of his subjects, who

> THE FIGHT AGAINST INVESTI-TURE.

> The canons of the Augustan poet laureate discourage the idea of going back to Leda's eggs for the cause of the Trojan war. But rhetoricians' rules must be broken when it is necessary to begin at the beginning in order to treat intelligibly of any subject. Such a subject is the First Council of Lateran and the causes that called it forth as Church.

This council was convoked in Rom A. D. 1123, to confirm the concordat of Worms, and to give the last blow to abuses then prevailing to a large extent n the Church; more particularly to abolish forever the practice of "investitures" and thus to protect the Church from the simony and incontinence of the clergy dependent thereon.

nerits the title of Dark Age period is the age of investitures-dark not that the Church and "priestcraft," as popularly supposed, dominated the State and kept the classes in ignorance but dark because the Church suffered from a contact with new elements and

consequent hindrance of her mission. With the decline of Roman paganism declined the power which once belonged to pagan Rome. The vices and corrun tion engendered by wealth and luxury. and fostered by the cult of false gods sapped the strength of the empire, and brought about its punishment the los of temporal sway-only when the true God had destroyed the false worship and replaced the material empire with a kingdom of the duration of which there should be no end. The Church triumphed. But her triumph was no such as Rome had viewed under the Caesar's. It was the triumph of truth and principles, and not of arms She had had to deal with a very material enemy, moreover a subtle one-but a polite and civilized one withal-in the plebeian and the patrician, the senator and the lictor, the mob and the rich and the wise men c Rome. Now the heir of Roman wealth of letters and refinement, of polity and law, she had to contend with a muc ruder foe-a foe that was equally victor ious itself and ruinous to others whether conquerors or conquered, by the force of arms. The hordes of savage tribes that had swarmed from Asia int Europe and pressed from Scythia and the north onto the Empire, brough death and desolation into many a prov ince, and turmoil and disorder into all Where they conquered, they conquered Bishops are bound to promulgate the If the tercentenary could appeal to men again—thrived on the richness of the

established order of the power that used to be. But when they were conquered in battle, they conquered in some other way. They had customs that were new and ways that were strange, and their victors in battle were the losers in every-day life. We see in England the power and weakness of the Norman conqueror. He tried to impose the French language on the Saxon, and the result was that he merely enriched the Saxon language with a set of synonyms, the tongue of the van mished remaining much the same in vocabulary, genuis and name. So with he tribes of the north. The victors in he south gave them a little polish and little culture; but the vanquished reined their own genius, gave their name the country, and supplied force and nergy to the weakened character of the outh. That was the good they effected. Now when we realize the evil which would be wrought in our own days by the Doukhobors, without any doctrine of force, we may know what a menance to the Church were those invaders who, whether they conquered or not, had nough physical force, and the will to ise it, to turn the trend of current ppinion and the balance of social influ ence to favor their own peculiar views One of those views or opinions was the very cause that could render the others

formidable - and that was an exalted

regard for physical force in every

orm. Might was right, and might pro cured wealth. The stoutest of heart and strongest of hand was a leader of men domains. When these men became Christians they still had regard to phyical and material power, and respected little else. They were rude, and it was going to take centuries to elevate their standards. How could they become religious enough to be ordinary Chrisians, or even passable citizens, if they ad no respect for God or religion; and now have respect for religion or God, if they had none for His ministers? The only way seemed to be to make of the ministers what was most respectednamely, temporal lords with vasi domains. And hence the feudal system ound its way into the Church. By this system the king was recognized as sole essessor of territory; but the land was in homage to their sovereign offered him their military service with that of the retainers whom they held as vassals to till the land in time of peace and to bear arms in time of war. Was it an easy matter to obtain such temporal power for the spiritual lords of the Church ! Would the common people accept them? Yes. They were more likely to receive justice from churchmen than from the men of arms - and they afterwards had the adage, acquired from such experience -"it is good to live under the crook." Would the king accept them? Yes. the Ninth Council of the Universal Had they not increased his prestige as king? He was no longer hoisted on a shield, carried about the camp, and then hailed as chief. What the Church could do to add solemnity to his instalment and consequent authority, she had done. On coming to the throne he was dressed in a Bishop's robes and crowned with gold and anointed with holy oils. He was a sacred personage and ruled by divine right as well If there is a period in history which nerits the title of Dark Ages, that rulers of the Church. What he could give they should have. First, because one good turn deserves another Secondly, because they were vassals who, rendering to Cæsar what was Cæsar's, would uphold the authority of the crown. Thirdly, they never could. if they would, by ambition or intrigue, imperil the prestige of the king, as could the other vassals in raising large and dangerous families, and marrying the members thereof to the best advantage. But the military service was not compatible with the service of the Church. What should be rendered to the king in lieu thereof? When such military service was formally prohibited, it gradually came to pass that the king confirmed the election of the Bishop, in a more formal way than in recognizing him as a lord of temporal

and the Church prospered under it. Almost similar circumstances procured temporal power for the Popes Though the seat of empire had been transferred to Byzantine, the states about Rome still belonged to the Emperors. But not for long. The earliest invaders wrested Ravenna from the empire. One or two other states were lost in succession, and they were lost to the emperor. Rome was in danger, and it was deserted by the empire. The Romans looked to the Pope for safety and were not disappointed. It was the great Pope Leo that stopped Attila with his Huns, and Genseric with his vandals, when on their march for Rome. It was Pope Zachary that confronted Luitpraud and Rachis, kings of the Lombards, as they lay encamped ready and settled, and-if they did not flit to descend on Rome. And it was Gregory the Great who, in acting as the cause of truth.

domains. This was even a good thing,

mediator between Lombard kings and the ex-archs of Ravenna, provided with a watchful eye for the integrity of Rome. The Popes thus had the double title of sole rulers and deliverers of Rome. They were to have another title. Th Pope had used his authority to depos Childeric III. in France—a weak, idiotic prince, who ruled only in name in country where and at a time when no one was recognized as king but him who could rule indeed. Pepin, the ruler indeed, was thus invested with the royal insignia, and owed a service to the Pope Pope Stephen III, claimed this service when the Lombards were again at the gates of Rome. Pepin defeated them. and as saviour of Rome by force of arms restored to the Pope the "possessions donated to Peter," Pepin was thus made patricius or protector of Rome, of the Pope, and of his temporal power. Hadrian I. following the example of Stephen, appealed to Charlemagne against Desiderius; and for such service then rendered Charlemagne was crowned Emperor by Leo III. in the year 800. The empire of the west was thus revived, and Charles given the right to protect the Holy See and to confirm the election of popes. These relations were very happy for both Church and State; and these relations went on becoming more intimate, and apparently more felicitous for the parties concerned,

In the meantime the temporal power of the bishops grew apace, and the spiritual authority of kings came to be matter of course. Bishops as vassals became courtiers, and lost in spirituality and independence of character. The lesser ecclesiastics attending court learnt to cringe and fawn upon the king. for it was thus by becoming favorites that they were most likely to be prefe red to rich benefices. Such men. anxious for promotion and dependent to so great an extent upon the king's good will, were not likely to protest against his gradual usurpation of spiritual jurisdiction. As the practice of promoting court favorites developed into a general rule, it seemed that the episcopal authority depended solely on land tenure and the pleasure of the king. It is not strange that the kings of those days should have gone further and installed bishops in their office by investing them with ring and crozier—the insignia o their office. Thus the new lords seemed even as bishops to derive all jurisdic tion, temporal and spiritual, from the hands of a layman. This was the error and abuse of "investiture." Not only then were court favorites and ecclesiastics of no character promoted to the Episcopate, but those who could might. with money, whether proffered or promised, buy their preference to benefices and thus their elevation to the purpleso that the abuse of simony here entered the Church. Between investiture and simony, and the inducement of a rich livng and much power, wealthy men and lords, and sometimes princes, provided for their own sons by procuring for them church benefices, without regard to the candidates's aptitude for the office attached thereto. Hence many of these youths were led to take orders. with the obligations of which they neither intended nor were expected to comply. Such a state of affairs had dire results especially for discipline and morals. But it was to assume a bolder aspect and gave promise of more terrible results.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REV. Father Kidd, formerly pastor of Penetanguishene, having been appointed Secretary to His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, Rev. Henry Brunet has been assigned to the pastorate of that parish. It will be remembered that the splendid edifice at Penetanguishene is a memorial church erected a few years ago to perpetuate the memory of the Jesuit martyrs, Breboeuf and Lallemant. It is not, however, yet completed, and there is a considerable debt upon it. We cheerfully recommend the charitably inclined to send contributions to the reverend pastor to aid him in his work. A noble work it is, indeed, a monument by which will be cherished the memory of those who nourished the virgin soil of Canada with martyrs' blood.

WE ARE more than pleased to be told by the New York Freeman's Journal that its distinguished editor, the Rev. Dr. Lambert, is almost completely restored to health and even to his former vigor after a protracted illness with a dangerous malady. For this happy outcome our contemporary truly says that the fine constitution of the patient, and his temperate, regular habits of life, supplemented by the prayers of his countless friends, prevailed. We may say that in Canada as well as in the United States thousands hoped and prayed for the recovery of the brilliant priest and scholar of Scottsville, N. Y. Men of his literary calibre we can ill spare, and we trust that he will be given many more years of usefulness in

WE SEND our congratulations to Mr. J. . Kehoe, of Sault Ste Marie, one of the best known and respected lawyers of Ontario, who has been appointed Judge of the new judicial district of Sudbury Judging from his most creditable standing at the bar, and a personal character without blemish, together with a judicial temperament of a high order, Judge Kehoe will take rank amongst the leading members of the Bench in the province of Ontario

A SPLENDID WORK.

We have received from Mr. Jno. A. Macdonald, Grand Secretary of the League of the Cross for the diocese of Antigonish, N. S., a copy of the " Total Abstainer," published at Glace Bay, together with the proceedings and minutes of the seventh annual convention of the League for the diocese of Antigonish. In some parts of the Dominion there is a crying need for the establishment of branches of this splendid organization. Wherever the drink evil prevails to a considerable degree, and even in a minor way, nothing can be more effective to stem its baneful work than the formation of branches of the League of the Cross. During the proceedings of the Annual Convention a sermon was delivered by Very Rev. Dr. Alexander Macdonald, V. G., the synopsis of which we have great pleasure in publishing in the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD. The Very Reverend preacher took his text

"Brethren, be sober and watch, for your adversary the devil goeth about like a roaring may devour; whom resist ye strong in the faith."

The word "sober" covers a range of meaning in the text, than i does in common use. It signifies sob-riety of soul and spirit. Yet does it embrace also sobriety in the more oby ous sense, as being a condition needful for the being of the other and higher kind of sobriety. Man made in God's image is guided by reason, not by sense or instinct like the brute. Man, too. made for a higher than an earthly end, and reason bids him regard all that is in the world as means for the atta ment of this his last end. Reason therefore bids him abstain from abuse and sometimes even from the use of earthly things. Nor will it serve the great purpore of his last end if he abstain merely from some worldly motive. It is of no use our abstaining, it is of no use our being sober, if we are not so from the true Christian motive—I mean, it is of no use from the point of view of the great end that as Christians we should nake it our first business to attain.

Therefore it is that in waging war upon intemperance, you, as becomes soldiers of Christ, have enrolled yourselves under the standard of the By that sign you give the world to understand that you are fighting against this vice, not simply because it is the source of untold misery in the p life, but mainly because of the ha of untold misery in the present works in the souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ.

And this leads me to another pointthe reason why we Catholics do not league ourselves with those who are without the fold in the fight against intemperance, much as we sympathize in the good work they are doing. The reason that we look upon temper not merely as a moral virtue in the natural order, but as a Christian virtue in the supernatural order. From point of view it is of no use our being ober, or any rate of very little use, less we are sober for Christ's sake, and for our own soul's sake. Peoople someimes talk as if the natural virtues, jus tice, prudence, fortitude and temperance, were the foundation on which the Christian life is built. But this is far from the truth; faith and faith only is the foundation, and the natural virtues must be woven into the fabric of Christian character that is built upon it. Hence it is that as Catholics can not join with outsiders in the worship of God, neither can they league them-selves with those who are not of the household of the faith in aught that appertains to the upbuilding of the Chris tian character.

Take heart then, soldiers of Christ and fight Christ's battle under the banner of Christ against this enemy of souls, the vice of intemperance, than which there is none more deadly and fraught with ruin. You are fighting in great and holy cause. Let your moto be the words of the Apostle, sober and watch;" let your guidinglight be faith; let your goal be none short of the highest-even heaven itself.

LETTER FROM A CONVERT.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter from a prominent lawyer of this city who became a Catholic a few years ago. He makes a strong point in drawing attention to the necessity of having an infallible intrepreter of the word of God, in the same sense as it is necessary to have judges to interpret the law of the land. The letter is as follows:

" Protestants profess to believe that the Scriptures are inspired, but refuse to believe the Pope is infallible. They believe that God inspired men to write the truth, but they will not believe that God assists the Pope to teach the truth. Which is the greater gift, the inspiration to write the truth or the supernatura assistance to interpret it? Why should it be thought incredible, that God, who s omnipotent, should protect the Church which He established from teaching error? A moment's reflection will con vince anyone that it is impossible to know all that our Divine unless we have an infallible teacher. If it is an easy matter to interpret the

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Scripture, why do not the various Pro-Scripture, way to not the various Pro-testant ministers agree as to its mean-ing? Why do they differ regarding the most fundamental principles? For ex-ample, some believe in infant baptism while others do not.

while others do not.

We do not expect lawyers to agree upon the interpretation of a statute which was passed a year ago. As a matter of fact they often differ upon the most essential points. But we have judges to interpret the law of the land and we are bound by their decisions. It is true the decision of a judge is not really infallible, but we are bound to obey it as if it were. Now, if it is necessary to have judges to interpret a law, which was enacted a year ago, surely it which was enacted a year ago, surely it is necessary to have some one to interpret the scripture which was written ages ago the scripture which was written ages ago when manners and customs were so different from what they are now. If men have enough sense to appoint judges to interpret the laws of the land judges to interpret the laws of the land surely God, who is Infinite Wisdom, would provide a tribunal to interpret the laws of His Church. God promised that the gates of hell would never pre-vail against His Church, and what He promised He certainly is able and will perform. Therefore the Church cannot teach error, and the Pope in his ex-cathedra utterances regarding faith and morals is necessarily infallible."

LOURDES MIRACLES PROVED.

SO SAYS A COMMISSION NAMED BY ARCH-BISHOP OF PARIS—FIVE CASES IN-VESTIGATED AND THE SUFFERER IN EACH FOUND TO HAVE BEEN INSTANTLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED -ALL THE PERSONS CURED WERE WOMEN-THE REPORT.

Paris, June 27—The Semaines Relig-ieuse de Paris, the official organ of the Archbishop of Paris, publishes this week an ordinance by Mgr. Amette, the Archbishop, giving "canonical judgment

of our Lady of Lourdes.' Five cases are cited which have been investigated by the committee appointed June 1, 1907, by the late Archbishop Car-dinal Richard, of which the Rev. Abbe Odelin was president, the Rev. Abbe de la Guibourgere, Canon of Notre Dame, and the Rev. Abbe Bertin, professor at the Catholic Institute, were members and the Rev. Abbe Bournisien was sec-

In each of these cases the committee investigated the evidence, medical and general, from which the members con-cluded, first that the subject was suffering from the disease alleged; second that the cure was instantaneous, and, third, that the cure has proved perman-

The five people cured were Miss Clementine Trouve, now a nun, cured in 1891, when aged thirteen, of a sore in the right leg for which she had been under treatment for three years; Marie Lemarchand, now Mrs. Authier, cured in 1892, at the age of eighteen, of tuber culosis and ulcers; Marie Lebranchu, cured in 1892, at the age of thirtyfive, of pulmonary tuberculosis (both her parents died of tuberculosis;) Esther Brachmann, cured at the age of ffteen, in 1896, of tuberculosis peritonitis; Madame Franbois, cured in Aug. 1899, of an inflammatory oedema from which she had suffered from Nov-

It will be noticed that in each case the subject of the cure was a woman. As an example of how each case is reported in the Archbishop's ordinance, the second may be quoted in full, as it has an additional interest in the reference made to Zola and his book "Lourdes,"

"As regards Marie Lemarchmand, to-day Madame Authier of Caen, but living row in Pagis.

living now in Paris:

1. "She was cured at Lourdes, August 21, 1892, at the age of eighteen

2. "The organic and grave character of her malady is proved not only by witnesses worthy of belief but by the young girl's doctor, who writes that she was suffering from tuberculosis at the two summits (of the lung.) from ulcers on the face as wide as the hand and suppurating abundantly,' with sores of the same nature on the legs,' and that this state had lasted several showing any signs of

growing better.
"3. The cure of this terrible disease was produced suddenly. According to the certificate of the doctor who had attended the invalid to no effect up to that time 'the sores dried up at once, all suppuration disappeared instantly all suppuration disappeared 'cicatrized tissue' formed im mediately; very many witnesses saw this sudden transformation, including the novelist who has depicted the young girl under the name of Elise Ro Her doctor having seen her 'immediately on her return' from Lourdes, wrote : did not recognize her, so greatly she changed! It was a graceful young girl who advanced toward me, instead of the human wreck, with horrible and mon strous aspect and repulsive odor, that I had seen ten days before, the tuberculosis had disappeared as well.'

"4. The malady was cured in a perment manner; the only remains of to-day after a lapse of sixteen years are some scars, scarcely perceptible, as is established by the report of a specialist in skin diseases, who is a doctor at one of the Paris hospitals; her general state has shared in the radical transformation of which the affected parts were the subject, for Marie Lemarchand has enjoyed since then perfect garded as complete, absolute and definite, just as it was sudden."

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ordinance after giving the de tails of the four other cases, even at greater length than the one quoted, concludes with the Archbishop's judgent that these five cases must be

In the first place, he says, as regards known therapeutic methods, either physical or moral, whether it is a question of medical remedies or psychic influ-ences, experience shows that they are all entirely powerless to produce cures which present the three characteristics of these, that is, which are at the same time cures of serious organic maladies, instantaneous and radical.

certain minds take shelter, not only is it dom-know thyself.

not possible legitimately to deny what is known by reason of what is not known but it would be altogether unreasonable and unscientific to have recourse, in order to give the reason for a certain fact, to purely hypothetical laws, the action, nature and even existence of which have been established by no proof. proof.

Moreover, the existence of these mysterious laws is improbable and impossible, for if its scientific observation since the beginning of the world has established anything it is that organs in the stable of the stable injured by a disease or accident are not restored instantaneously. To conjecture that a hidden law exists which can overourn the laws established by these ob-servations would be to admit, contrary to all reason, that nature can contradic itself, can fight itself and thus work spontaneously for its own ruin; in addition and above all, the existence of an unknown force which suddenly re-pairs the injuries of the human body would be distinctly opposed not only to the most authentically established laws but to the very principle of organic life, which is essentially constituted by suc-cessive generations of cellules, giving birth to others, which produces the growth of the tissues of the organism and their restoration, when injured by a disease, but which exacts, it is perfectly evident, the assistance of time; it is scientifically and reasonably impossible to advance the existence of unknown natural forces which overturn the essential basis of life as it exists in the pres-ent creation when their existence can only be maintained on the hypothesis of an organic nature other than the exist ing one and created on a different plan.

—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CHAM LAIN'S PREDECESSOR.

In the celebrations attending the anniversary which commemorates Champlain's achievements, it should not be amiss to pause for a moment to remember Canada's debt to the other great explorer whose zeal and energy made Champlain's foundation possible. We are reminded of this by Cartier's biography in a recent volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, which we append.

Cartier, Jacques, the discoverer of

Cardier, Jacques, the discoverer of Canada, born at Saint-Malo, Brittany, in 1491; died 1st September, 1557. Little is known of his youth, but it is probable that he followed some of his countrymen on their adventurous expeditions to Newfoundland or to Brazil. Cartier offered his services to Philippe de Chabot, Seign-eur de Brion and Admiral of France, at a time when Francis I. was about to renew those attempts at French colonization in which Thomas Aubert (1508), Denys (1506), the Baron de (1528), the brothers Parmentier Lery (1528), the brothers Parmenner (1520,) and Verrazano the Florentine (1523) had been the principal agents. His reputation as a mariner marked him out for preferment. Two small ships of sixty tons, equipped with sixty men each, were placed at his disposition; he set sail, 20 April, 1534, from Saint Malo, and in twenty days made Cape Bonavista, Newfoundland. Continuing his explorations northwards Cartier entered the Strait of Belle Isle and explored the coast of Labrador as far as Brest, then, turning south, fol-lowed the western coast of Newfoundland as far as Cape St. John. He then sailed towards the Magdalen Islands, which, as well as Prince Edward Island which, as well as Frince Edward Island, he sighted, and, advancing 'towards the west, he visited the entrance of the Miramichi River, Chaleurs Bay, and Gaspe Basin. Thence, crossing the estuary of the St. Lawrence to the northern coast, he shaped his course

back to France. This first voyage lasted one hundred and thirty-seven days. On his return, Cartier made a circumstantial report of his expedition, and next year the king offered him a commission, to continue his exploration. Three ships, fitted out with 110 men, set sail 26 May, 1535, and this time determined to the sail of the this time, determined to attempt the ascent of the great river. Cartier went up as far as Hochelaga (Montreal), re-turning to pass the winter at Stadacona (Quebec), near which were four or five Indian villages. Having entrenched himself at the mouth of the River Lairet, a tributary of the Sainte Croix, he was able to live quietly during the winter, but unfortunately the scurvy broke out among his companions of whom twenty-five died. After planting a cross on the spot where they had wintered, Cartier sailed for France (6 May). He arrived safely at Saint-Malo, 16 July.

During a third voyage to Canada, indertaken in the year 1541, with five ships, Jacques Cartier passed the winter at the entrance of the River Cap-Rouge, fortifying his position for fear of being molested by the neighboring savages. At this place, which he named Charlesbourg-Royal, Cartier awaited the arrival of the Sieur de Roberval, whom the king had charged to colonize Canada (1540). However, the spring having arrived without Roberval, Cartier thought it wise to return to France, Reaching Newfoundland, he met Roberval, who wished him to return to Canada. Cartier, however, persisted in setting sail for France, and the issue of Roberval's attempts at colonization afterwards justified the conduct of the discoverer of Canada. The King of France, as solicitous as was Cartier himself for the safety of Roberval, resolved to send an expedition to his relief. Cartier assumed command of this expedition, and hence his fourth voyage (1543), of which we have no details. After that he crossed the sea no more, but retired to his manor of Limoilou, near Sainte-Malo, where he

As a graceful mosaic is made by the tasteful inlaying and cementing together of an almost infinite number of little stones, so is saintly life made up of an unbroken chain of small acts of

It is amazing that men should affect In the second place, as regards the unknown forces of nature, behind which to know everything, and yet be so deficient in the very first principle of wis-

AS AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The gift of faith comes as the reward of a concientious life and just as often in answer to special prayers offered for

and was practically an atheist. His sister, who had become a fervent Catholic, refrained from speaking to him on the subject of religion only because she knew it would furnish him with an occasion to scoff at its truths. He had a special dislike for priests and had warned her never to think of inviting one to his house.

Becoming seriously ill, his physicians declared that his malady must soon end in death. His devoted sister then went to the Monastery of the Carmelites and begged that special and fervent prayers might be offered for him. After a few days' trusting with great faith that the prayers of the religious had won som grace for her poor brother, she ventured to speak to him of the affairs of his soul, and to her utmost astonishment he asked her questions which made her remark "but you ought to have a theologian to answer such questions for you." "Why then do you not get me a theologian?"

She went without delay to the Monas him so well disposed and so convinced of the truths of the Catholic religion that he administered all the Sacraments to him at once, as he was in imminent ganda of French Catholics, the 'Acacia' denorm. During the dear that he light ered on his fervor and his gratitude for the gift of faith continued to increase and caused him to watch eagerly for the daily visit of the priest. This devoted sister now hopes that his conversion will several young children to the Church.

—The Missionary.

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

As the frailty and weakness of human nature are universally known and felt. nature are universally known and left, no one can be ignorant of the Sacrament of Penance. For those who fall into sin after baptism, the Sacrament of Penance, says the catechism, is as necessary to salvation, as is baptism for Penance. those who have not been already bap-

St. Jerome declared penance to be "a second plank" for as he who is ship-wrecked has no chance of safety unless he seizes upon a plank, so he that suffers the shipwreck of baptismal innocence may abandon all hope of salvation, unless he have the second plank of penance to cling to.

The virtue of penance is a purely subis not penance when a man becomes penitent because he sees the "folly of his ways," from the purely worldly point of view, and sees the trouble into which his wickekness has plunged him. Real penance is a turning with genuine sorrow to the Creator, simply for the sake of the Creator, says the catechism, and for no motive peculiar to our own welfare; we must in the moment of real penance detest our past not for the moral and mental damage we sustained therein, but because it kills the soul, and thus deprives us of our chance of meeting our Creator who will receive into His presence those who are purified wholly, if not without sin in the past.

As man's salvation is not to be attained except through the Passion of Christ, it is clear that the institution of the Sacrament was a provision made by

There is no sin, however grievous, no erime however enormous, that cannot be remitted, no matter how frequently it be committed. Christ Himself wh being the propitiator to God the Father us. St. Augustine says, t "when after having arrived at a knowledge of God, through the grace of Our Lord, any one opposes the fellow-ship of the faith, and maliciously resists grace, so great is the enormity of his crime, that, although his guilty conscience obliges him to acknowledge and declare his guilt, he cannot submit to the humiliation of imploring pardon." Real pe ance comes with difficulty to such Real pen-

person.

The same saint warns us, howe ver, against thinking that because we moved by our transgressions, or, as is more frequent by the evil results which they bring in their train, that we are to consider our penance a full one. He tells us that real contrition is an act of the will; sorrow is not penance, but the accompaniment of penance. Real sorrow is shown in the results of our sub-sequent life, and reform is not to be gauged because whenever we sin we continue to rush off to confess our sin.

There is no better way of cultivating a real contrition in our hearts for sin we may have committed than by periodical examination of our conse ence. When we realize our sin, ow painful it must be to God, we begin to feel it more every time we are guilty of it, and so try to put a curb on th

propensity.

Then we realize the importance of confession in keeping us away from temptation. To these, says the catechism, who have led immoral lives nothing is found so useful towards a reformation of morals, as sometimes to disclos their secret thoughts, their words, their actions to a prudent and faithful friend who can guide them by his advice and ssist them by his co-operation.

In the tribunal of penance, all reme dies are to be found, and all the more lasting that divine grace is given us when we receive the blessing of absolu-

tion. Furthermore, confession, says the catechism, contributes powerfully to the preservation of social order. Abol-ish sacramental confession, and that moment, you deluge society with all sorts of secret crimes. The salutary shame that attends confession, restrains licentiousness, bridles desire, and coerces the evil propensities of corrupt nature.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN FRANCE.

FREEMASON ORGAN FEARS THAT CHURCH WILL REGAIN OLD STRENGTH — EDIFICES

A Paris correspondent writes: "That the work of the French Church is not confined to weeding, but to sowing new seed, is a fact so noticeable that the Acacio, the review of the Freemas has recurred to it several times of late Take, for example, the following passage

The effort being effected at this moment by the Church to reconstitute herself under the regime of liberty is considerable, and those who follow this novement in the clerical journals, especially in "La Croix," are struck by the

activity and intelligence employed.

The object proposed is evidently to She went without delay to the Monastery to beg that the prayers might be redoubled, and then to the Church of the Jesuits to speak to the Rev. Father Rector whom she begged to send one of the Fathers to visit her brother. He replied, "I shall go myself," and soon did so. After a first evertain ceremonies of religion such as wish her brother. He replied, "I shan go myself," and soon did so. After a first interview with the sick gentleman he remarked to his sister: "Now, you must pray and get all the prayers you can; without that I can do nothing." "Father," she answered, "I have been to the Menestery and all the pure and so the state of the Menestery and all the pure and so the state of "Father," she answered, "I have been to the Monastery and all the nuns are praying for him." "That is the very best thing you could have done, my child, the very best thing," continued the good Father, "it is the light of faith that he wants." This was soon granted. After a third visit the Father found him so well disposed and so convinced to the realized the force, not of religion properties that he wants." This was soon granted. And from this accomplishment thim so well disposed and so convinced to the rite way wealth the extra section.

speaks of it as a 'formidable organiza-tion,' and adds that 'the printing works of "La Croix" is a veritable factory, turning out at every instant books, brochures they are printed by millions. * * be the means of gaining his wife and till lately priests were great propagators several young children to the Church. of "La Croix;" now we see occupying themselves two associations of ladies of society-the Ligue des Femmes Francaises, and the Ligue Patriotique des Francaises. * * * Let us add that since a few months the tone of "La Croix" has been raised. From the journalistic point of view, it is admir-ably conducted, and furnishes in abundance the aliments that suit priests and

> "The way in which the churches of "The way in which the churches of Paris have been thronged this Easter time is fully confirmatory to the views of the 'Acacia.' We have left you the use of the churches, 'said a Ministerial Senator to his conservative colleagues.' Because you could but help yourselves.' Because you could'nt help yourselves, was the immediate retort. The whole question, as far as the attitude of the French Government is concerned, lies there. For some time to come further acts of drastic legislation need not be feared. A church will be dissatisfied here and there; there will be solitary instances of gross tyranny and sacrilege but the general sentiment is to let sleep-ing dogs lie. The Catholic revival has created a current of opinion which, imprudently interfered with, may grow into torrent. M. Clemenceau has shown on numerous occasions of late, a desire to act with a certain amount of consider ation. He listens to complaints, and are shown to be well founded."

CARDINAL MANNING'S THIRTEEN QUESTIONS.

Total Abstainer, Antigonish, N. S.

every year?
2. Or that lays the seeds of a whole harvest of diseases of the most fatal kind, and renders all other lighter dis more acute, and perhaps even fatal in the end?

3. Or that causes at the least one-third of all the madness confined in our

directly, 75 per cent, of all crime? 5. Or that produces an unseen and secret world of all kinds of moral evil, and of personal degradation which no police court ever knows and no human eve can ever reach?

6. Or that, in the midst of our im mense and multiplying wealth, produces, not poverty, which is honourable, but which is a degradation to a civilised people?

7. Or that ruins men of every class and condition of life, from the highest to the lowest, men of every degree of culture and of education, of ourable profession, public officials, military and naval officers, and men. ailway and household servants; and what is worse than all, that ruins women of every class, from the most rude to

the most refined?

8. Or that above all other evils is the most potent cause of destruction to the domestic life of all classes? 9. Or that has already wrecked, and

is continually wrecking, the homes of our agricultural and factory workmen? 10. Or that has already been found paralyze the productiveness of industries in comparison with other countries, especially the United States?

11. Or as we are officially informed,

rustworthy on board ship? Or that spreads these accumulat ing evils throughout the British Empire is blighting our fairest colonies?

renders our commercial seamen les

13. Or that has destroyed and is destroying the indigenous races where-soever the British Empire is in contact with them, so that from the nem of his garment there goes out, not the virtue of civilization and of Christianity, but opinion from Mr. Watkis. of degradation and death?

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or Sciatica-Indigestion or Dyspepsia general store in Canada sells them. -Sallow Complexion or Eruptions on the skin-Pain in the back or other inpromised relief. People tell about their cures and write to the company about

If you only know "Fruit-a-tives" by them. Thus, the good news has spread that here was a medicine that actually you to test them at a very small cost. cured—that did more than was claimed Write direct to Fruit-a-tives Limited, for it. And more people tried "Fruit-a-tives." To-day, "Fruit-a-tives" are have both the 25c and 50c boxes.

"Fruit-a-tives" have been a wonder- the acknowledged success in the mediful success because they have proved cal world and are known from ocean their value in every case. Whether it to ocean. Some wholesale druggists was Constipation or Biliousness—order 100 gross (14,400 boxes) at a time. Practically every druggist and

dications of Kidney Trouble—"Fruit-a-tives" have never failed to give the to try them.

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London, September 11-19

There is not one point in the above uestions which cannot be shown by anifold evidence to meet in one, and ne only, of our many vices.

Of what one vice, then, by which w

are afflicted can all this be truly said? Is it not the language of soberness to say that if such a vice there be, it is not one vice only but the root of all vices?

Mr. Gladstone has said, in words which have become a proverb, that the intemperance of the United Kingdom is a source of more evils than war, pestil-

ence, and famine; and to this it must be added that the intemperance that reigns in our nation does not visit us periodically like war, but year by year in permanent activity; that its havoe is not sporadic but universal; that it is not intermittent but continuous and inessant in its action. It is no rhetoric, therefore, nor ex-

aggeration, nor fanaticism, to affirm that intemperance in intoxicating drink is a vice that stands head and shoulders 1. Is there any vice in the United Kingdom that slays at least 60,000, or, as others believe and affirm, 120,000 every year? which are traditionally sober, but with the nations of the north, such as Germany and Scandinavia, which are historically hard drinkers, we are pre-emi-nent in this scandal and shame; and that intemperance in intoxicating drink may, in sad and sober truth, be called our national vice.

PLAYED FOR PATTI

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN WHO ACCOM-PANIED THE DIVA FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.

Those who recollect the tours of Mme. Albani to Canada in 1901, 1903 and 1906 will remember the admirable pianoplaying of Mr. Frank T. Watkis, who was Mme. Albani's accompanist. He displayed musical gifts of a high order in his solo work also, but his accompaniments were ideal. No wonder, for he the accompanist of Mme. Adelina Patti for fourteen consecutive years After the last Albani tour Mr. Watkis decided that Canada was good decided that Canada was good enough for him and he settled yon for himself a wide circle of friends. When a musician of his attainments expresses his opinion about a piano that opinion is worthy of attention. For that reason a quotation from a letter to Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming of Toronto from Mr. Watkis will be of special interest. He says:— "I have had occasion for upwards of fourteen years to use the pianos of all the greatest makers throughout the entire civilized world, and I unhesitatingly de clare that as an upright the Gourlay piano has given me the keenest satisfaction of any I ever met. I consider the piano you sent me to be as near perfection as an upright piano is ever likely to attain to. It is an unalloyed delight to play upon, and I wish to congratulate you most sincerely on the creation of a per-fect work of art." Persons who know the beauty of the Gourlay and the charming will endorse this

THE PONTIFICAL DOCUMENT.

The Constitution of His Holiness, Pope Pius X. regulating the work of the Roman Congregations and Tribunals has been published. As explained in the Pilot two weeks ago, when only the meagre cable despatches were at hand, the Rota and Signatura have been restored to their former place of influence in the councils of the Church from the position of practical disuse into which they had fallen.

The administrative work of the Church is apportioned among the various Congregations, and these are also allowed to perform judicial functions, but only in the case when such judicial process is strictly connected with the work of administration which comes before them.

The judicial work of the Church will henceforward be taken up by the Rota, while the Signatura will act as the High Court of Appeal, as it did in a former age. It is a restoration of the common law of the Church and in line with the other reforms of the Holy Father, the key-note of whose pontificate is "to re-

This country is taken out of the jurisdiction of the Propaganda and placed with other countries under the juris-diction of the various Congregations. The ecclesiastical affairs of this country nstead of going exclusively before one Congregation, will now be submitted to different Congregations, as the nature of the matter to be discussed may de-

No change in the method of Church government here in the United States is indicated. Simply the channels of communication between the hierarchy and Rome have been changed. the press of business which was burdening them, and the Tribunals of the Church have been brought back to the position accorded them by the common law of the Church. The Holy Father is showing himself to be a reforming Pope, whose practical good sense is making itself felt in many departments. He has the clear mind and sound judgment of the wise executive.—Boston Pilot.

Carlyle and Father Mathew.

Passing near some Catholic chapel. and noticing a great crowd in the yard there with flags, white sticks and brass bands, we stopped our hackney coach-man, stepped forth into the throng, and found it to be Father Mathew distribu-ting the pledge to the lost sheep of the place, thousands strong, of both sexes, a very ragged, lost-looking squadron, indeed. Father Mathew is a broad, solid, most excellent looking man, with gray hair, mild, intelligent eyes, massive, rather aquiline nose and countenand. The very face of him attracts you. an entire batch of teetotalers. I almost cried to listen to him, and could not but lift my broad brim at the end, when, he called for God's blessing on the vow these poor wretches had taken. I have seen nothing so religious since I set out on my travels as the squalid scene of this day.-Thomas Carlyle.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

THE WISDOM OF THE WORLD. "And the Lord commended the unjust orasmuch as he had done wisely: for the of this world are wiser in their generation children of light." (St. Luke xvi. 8.)

The Gospel which you have just heard, my brethren, is somewhat hard to understand at first. Here we have an example of the most flagrant kind of dishonest dealing, and of cheating an employer, and yet we read in the words of the text that "the lord commended the unjust steward forasmuch as he had done wisely." Is not this a little strange, and contrary to what we call our modern enlightened notions of right and wrong? Let us examine the case

"And first, we must not make a mis take about the words. We might at first sight easily think that "the lord" first sight easily think that "the lord" means the Lord Jesus Christ; but it really means the lord, the master, the employer of the unjust steward, about whom Jesus Christ is speaking. That bad, crafty fellow had been cheating his master, and persuading and assisting other people to cheat him also, so as to get them on his side, and have some friends to go to when he should be turned out of his place. And he certainly had done his bad work very cleverly; he had laid his plans very well, and had taken a great deal of pains about them. There was not any doubt about them. There was not any doub about that. And the lord, or, as we should say nowadays, his employer, when he found it all out, could not help admiring the shrewdness of the sharp practice on the part of his steward, even though he must condemn its dishonesty. He "commended" him — that is to say, praised him for his worldly wisdom and leverness. I fancy he might have said: "Ah! the sharp, cunning rascal! What pains he took and how shrewd he was in making friends for himself with money. I wish I had only half as much onest cleverness in managing my honest business. I should be a rich man in no

You see, my brethren, his employe did not praise the steward for his honesty, or for his faithfulness, but only for his shrewdness. And then Jesus Christ finishes His parable by saying: "for the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of And is not this true, my brethren? Do you not see and feel every day that the "children of this world" that is, those who live for this world hope here below - are far wiser in their way, and among their own sort, than and toil, and cheat and lie and steal and sometimes murder, to get a little money, a little of the riches of this earth. How much trouble do good people take, now much trouble do good people take, or how much self-denial do they suffer, to gain the riches of eaven? See how craftily wise the unjust steward was to get friends for himself, to receive him and give him a home when he lost his place. How much wisdom dozee show to get for ourselves true friends, and to make sure of a heavenly home when we

This is what Jesus Christ means; bad wicked people put us to shame by the eleverness they show, and the pains they take to win earthly goods, while we do not manifest half the wisdom, or take one-fourth the pains to win a heavenly reward. We could very well take pat tern by bad men in this regard. We know that heaven is better than earth and yet how many really strive harder for heaven than for earth?

"Make unto you friends of the mammon of iniquity." Yes, use the riches God has given you, be they much or little, to get true friends with. Give alms to God's poor; help to pay the Church debt; have Masses said for the holy souls in Purgatory; do something for Catholic schools. Thus you will gain friends indeed—friends before God's throne—friends to intercede for you in heaven—friends who, when you fail, shall "receive you into everlasting

THE CONVERT.

HOW LIGHTLY THE WORD IS SPOKEN,

The convert! How lightly is that little word spoken, as though signifying merely the passage from one church to another! But how much it stands for!" wrote Percy Fitzgerald, himself a conwrote Percy Fitzgerald, himself a convert to the Catholic faith. "For what agonizing wrestlings and tortures of mind, unseen and unknown," he went on; "what rendings and bendings of the of the conscience! What struggles and calls resisted and finally obeyed! What tearings of the heart-strings! How awful the almost cruel disregard o family ties and interests -the light and truth having often to be purchased at the sacrifice of all that is dearest in the world !

There is an ever-increasing army of souls in this country brought to a dee appreciation of those words, for yearly number of convert increases. long ago a conversion was rare, an event almost novel in its infrequency. To-day, in every city in the land, numbers upon numbers of young men and wome are entering the Church annually

The tremendous machinery that has been set to work by the Catholic Missionary Union, with its diocesan mis-sionary bands scattered from one end of the country to the other, the system atic preaching to non-Catholics carried on by all the other orders and secular

missionaries—all these things are beginning to count in tangible returns.

And what of these converts? Do born-Catholies appreciate their relation to them, the trials they undergo? Percy Fitzgerald's words are bitterly true. Father Robert Hugh Benson, the great English priest and author, has put the plea for the convert in even stronger terms. "I do entreat Catholics to have special consideration for con verts," he said in a recent Liverpool address. "Do not make them feel more clumsy and awkward and less at home. I ask you to remember that converts have often much to suffer, and that the Church was built upon a convert, and one who was not perfectly satisfactory, St. Peter himself having in one dark hour fallen away. Remember the num-

ber of saints who have been converts, and don't despise them and treat them as if they were half-baked Catholics. The phrase 'Catholics and converts' is one that never ought to be used.

"Before, then, you criticize converts, make perfectly sure that if God had called upon you to do what many of them have to do, you would have done it. I don't think that it is really because of any uncharitableness on the part of old Catholics that this criticism becomes necessary, and probably you don't say those little things that might hurt them; but, on the other hand, be sympathetic, and you will find a ready response."—The Monitor, San Fran-

RABID ANTI-ROMANISM REBUKED BY A PRESBYTERIAN PAPER.

For years we have made it a practise to look over the proceedings of the con-ferences, conventions and assemblies of Protestant denominations, hoping against hope that no uncharitable and un-Chris-tian reference to the Catholic Church would meet our eye. But the passing vears do not seem to eliminate the anti-Catholic element from these affairs, and the delegate with a grievance against the Church is always sure to bob up at some stage of the proceedings. The recent Methodist Conference in Baltimore was not allowed to pass without a tirade against the Catholic Church, although this outburst of belated bigotry was re gretted by many Methodists, one of whom, a Methodist minister, expressed his indignation in a letter to the Balti-more, Sun. And a still more recent General Assembly of the Presbyterians in Ireland (much to the disgust of many of its members, we have no doubt) was compelled to listen to a somewhat similar philippic from a minister obsessed by fear of Rome.

According to this minister (who pre-sented the report of the "Irish Mission" department to the Assembly) the south and west of Ireland, that is the over-whelmingly Catholic part of the country, is in a bad way spiritually and morally. It is bound in the bonds of Rome. But a spirit of revolt against Rome is abroad even in the benighted south and west, although as yet the great mass of the people lie in spiritual bondage, and the bounden duty of the Evan-gelic churches is to help the unfortunate Catholics to labor for their deliveran from Rome. The Rev. Mr. Pollock (for that is his name) trotted out the stale old die that "Roman Catholic Ireland was without the Bible ;" he announced that " the tyranny of the priesthood was appalling," and he revived an alleged ancient prophecy that the fall of the Church of Rome in Ireland would mean its fall everywhere—which is quite a compliment to the Irish race, and quite comforting assurance that the Church of Rome has still a good many years to

The report, with all this silly anti-Catholic stuff, was adopted unanim-ously by the Assembly, but that assembly evidently did not truly reflect Presbyterian opinion, for the Ulster Guardian, a paper which circu-lates widely among Presbyterians, and which may be taken to represent the more enlightened element of Presbyter-ianism had an editorial which said:

Into the speech delivered by the Rev.

Mr. Pollock in supporting the report we have no intention of entering in detail. Mr. Pollock is a clergyman for whom we have the highest regard. He is a man of deep religious convictions, and is held deservedly in deep respect by the members of the Church. But we unhesitatingly declare that we thoroughly disapprove of the tone of his remarks. His whole speech was but a sad illustration of how the spirit of unctuous rectitude can permeate even the most self-searching appalling tyranny of the priesthood,' "tyranny and rapacity of Rome," "spiri-tual darkness and bondage in which the great mass of the people lie," fall from to see that loving presentation of the Gospel which Mr. Pollock says can alone back to Christ! Mr. Pollock prided himself on the fact that when he came to Ireland he had nothing of consequence to learn. But with all respect we would suggest that his edu-cation is no more complete than that of some of his colleagues who have been longer here, if he thinks it will make a Roman Catholic Irishman more amena ble to his theology by abusing his spiritual advisers, or putting himself on a level with the heathen. Will not Mr. Pollock and his friends realize that ever priests have feelings, and that such language from educated men about the Catholic elergy is no more excusable than cursing the Pope is from a drunken. ignorant member of their congregations

Nor is the logic of Mr. Pollock, or for the matter of that of the General Assembly, more fortunate than their language. Mr. Pollock cites the case of Scotland as a country where the Reformation had full sway, and did not perish as it did in Ireland. And yet in the very same breath he confesses with drunken than ours. What defense can he offer to the natural gibe which must ome to the lips of a Catholic-Is it to redress a balance such as this that you advocate the Irish Mission? The General Assembly, again, lamented the fact that some sixty-thousand Presbyterians have drifted away from the Church and tend no place of worship, while many more, as soon as they reach a position of affluence, desert the Church of their fathers for an alien one. And yet it is to this Church which is unable to reain its own members that the Irish Mission hopes to draw the adherents of another communion who, whatever may be their shortcomings in Scriptural knowledge, have, at least, been noted for fidelits to their creed through good and ill report. Is it not evident that the Assembly has placed itself in a ridiculous position and exposed itself to a resentment on the part both of Catholic of Catholic clergy and laity which is not unmingled with derision ?-Sacred Heart

CONFIDENCE IN GOD IS EVER NECESSARY.

Life is ofttimes compared to a troubled sea. It is so full of uncertainties and hidden dangers that the comparison is an apt one. We cannot be at rest from an apt one. feelings of insecurity, and the dread of danger and shipwreck is a barrier to all our enterprises and daring. Such is life as we find it, natural life, if you will; as we find it, natural life, if you will; life led by men all around us in the daily struggle for existence. But theirs is another life—a supernatural life—the life of the soul, as_it may be called, as the natural may be called the life of the body, and this higher, nobler life is as because in its hones as the more living for happy in its hopes as the mere living for this world and our perishable bodies is miserable in its fear, for the one built up on God and faith, the other self and nothing.

Our Lord one day took the apostle nto a little bark and put out to sea Soon a great storm arose so that ship wreck was imminent, but our Lord had composed Himself to sleep. The apostles no doubt, tried every human means to avert the danger, but in vain, and in their desperation ran to our Lord and awakened Him, saying: "Lord save its, we perish!" and He chided them for their little faith, for their want of the their little lath, for their want of the supernatural, commanded the winds and the sea and there came a great calm. Naturally, they were lost and would have gone down into the depths to be heard of no more, but supernaturally they were saved and with their Savious Christ they coursed securely over the turbid waters of life, finally to reach th port of eternal rest.

This is what life is in this world though the world does not see it; it is the reality, though so many men ignore it; it is the truth, yet so persistently denied. But the Church recognizes it as do her faithful children, and give constant exemplification of it.

The Church is the bark of Peter and our Lord is always with her. He sleep betimes, or rather feigns it now, for the all-seeing and ever-vigilant eye of God is always watching over His Church Many are the dangers she must cours through betimes and mighty the stor that must overtake her, and though dark the skies and high the winds and wave of persecution that surround her, still she sails safely through all, for the prayers of the faithful are heard by our divine Lord as He commands again the great calm once more. And well ma He rebuke the doubting and fearfu among us for our little faith when we be lieve all is lost and the Church is abou trial or momentary danger, whether the be from enemies without or unfaithfu ones within her fold, for we thus doul the truth of our Lord Who has promise "to be with His Church all days, even to the consummation of the world," and Who declared "that the gates of hell would not prevail against her." The Church must last as God must last. She has her mission and her doctrines from He is her light and her life, and though born of time she is born for sternity and is destined to live trium-phantly with God forever. How we should value the Church and thank God for being of her children! How many the millions that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death! But we are the favored children of God, vessels of elec-tion, born in the faith, regenerated by baptism, cleansed anew ptism, cleansed anew by penance purished and sustained by the Holy Eucharist. Let us, then, rejoice in ou birthright and sell it for no mess of pot-tage. Let us be faithful children of oly Church and give to the world proof of the faith that is in us by lives with virtue and rich in good deeds.

But not only is the Church God's avored bark, but likewise is each faith ful soul, for we are so many fragile barks cast upon the sea of life and Christ our Lord would be to each a guide and Saviour. How many are the rocks and shoals of vice we must avoid, how many and fierce the storms of trials and temptations we must encounter! And who will lead us safely through all unless it be He Who can command the winds and waves and If we fail, then, if we are lost, it is because we are faithless to God's graces. We seek them out, or, receiving them, throw them away. Our Lord sleeps within us, or rather we are dead in sleep o Him, the voice of conscience is stifled and we sleep the sleep of death by re-maining in mortal sin. It is faith that is wanting, full-and active faith in our is wanting, full-and active faith in our Lord and His promises. Men live the mere natural existence, there is nothing or little of the supernatural in them. They have little or no faith, and hence all their sin and misery and wretchedness. But God wills our salvation, nay more, our sanctification, and if they be not accomplished, it is because of our perverse will. We are tempted it is perverse will. We are tempted, it is true, but grace is given us to overcome it and virtue is but perfected, as says the apostle, through trial, through temptation, "God is my strength and I can do all things in Him that strength-

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This is what we do when we refuse to have our Lord for our guide and Saviour, to be our own lord and master.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times,

THE BROKEN CRUCIFIX.

NSPIRES DAUGHTERS OF M. JAURES, FRENCH SOCIALIST LEADER, TO TAKE THE VEIL AS REPARATION FOR SAC

Preaching recently at the reception of candidates into the austere order of the Poor Clares Collettines, at St. Clare's Abbey, Carlow, Graigue, Ire-land, Father Paul, O. S. F. C., after dwelling upon the triumphs of the cross among savage peoples, said it was not necessary to go into uncivilized parts nor centuries back to find miracles of God's tender mercies.

Who, he asked, in recent times, has not heard, of that advanced leader of the Socialist party in France, M. Jaures, a more notorious enemy of the Church and of the crucifix than ever were the cannibals of Brazil. Well, only a few months ago an incident was going the rounds of the Parisian papers that brought tears to many eyes and sent a thrill of joy to many liearts. One even-ing, when M. Jaures had returned from the Chamber of Deputies after a hard day's work, in which he had jendeavored and to his mind successfully endeav-ored—to kill the Church in France, he threw himself into an easy chair in his study and heaved a sigh of relief that

the debate was over and that he had so

ome time for repose. Suddenly a gentle knock was heard at he door; a graceful hand pushed aside the rich hangings, and there stood be fore him the tall, slight and handsome form of his daughter. Leaning on a chair close by, she sweetly said, "Father, you must be very tired." "Yes," he replied, "I am." "Oh then, I should not have come," she continued. "Oh, don't say that," he restrand." tinued. "On, don't say that, he re-turned, "I am very pleased to see you. What is it?" "Well, Father, she tim-idly spoke, "for a long time I have been anxious to enter a convent and consecrate myself to God." "Oh, non-" What put he ejaculated. that into your head? Have spoken to your nead? Have you spoken to your governess about it?"
"Ah, no," said she, "the governess has no religion, and she does not know anything about such matters."

"Well," he continued. must have led you to this brink of the abyss, and I am anxious to know all about it." "Father," she went on, "it was all this way. About four years ago the governess and myself were out for a walk in the country. We strolled away on a lonely road till we came to where one of the wayside crosses had been pulled down and the crucifix broken to pieces. The governess and myself set about putting dren build houses from little blocks Soon we had every piece in its place and the crucifix was complete. But oh, from that day to this the look from the eyes of that broken crucifix has caused a harvest of ideas to spring up make all calm again, and Who but awaits our cry. "Lord save us, we perish?" Its vision has ever haunted my mind and inspired me to make some reparathe time to make some reparation for all this sacrilege. I have been held back, and my heart torn at the thought of leaving you, but then the sorrows of Jesus crucified have been my strength and consolation. I have prayed him to let me share His sorrows "And how much do you expect to get that I may win for you the light to know Him, that we may both live and love Him together."
Her voice was choked in her sobs

she could say no more. He too, broke down; he shuddered; he grew pale; he motioned her to leave; he wished to be Oh, what a mysterious incident. How

irresistible the voice of Jesus from the cross. Well has the Scripture ex pressed it, "The heart of man disposeth his way, but the Lord must direct his steps." What a shattering of the proud steps." What a shattering of the proud conceits of this notorious persecutor of the Church! He had egged on the can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." We are to put our trust in God and we shall not be confounded. We are to have an unfailing confidence in our Lord, and since He bids us ask that we receive and promises that whatever we ask the Father in His Name it will be given to us. How unwise, then, to turn away from God and the course He would lead us and go into the broad highway that leads to destruction. atheists of France to pull down the wayside crosses—to remove the sym-bols of salvation from the eyes of the of his country, but the broken crucifix kindled a flame on his own hearth that nothing could extinguish. He had banished from his home every symbol of religion, everything that could remind his fair child of God and His kingdom, but the broken crucifix on the lonely wayside had frustrated all his wicked designs and had stamped the image of Jesus so deep on her heart that nothing could blot it out.

She is gone from her home to weep by the crucifix in solitude and may we hope that her prayers and her tears will win for her father and for the land of her birth the light of faith and the glory of the ancient Church of France.

—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and

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A Good Irish Answer.

cretary Cortelyou was discussing. said a New York broker, "a question of finance during the panic. He broke off to tell a story.
"He said he was reminded of the Irish

farmer on the way to the cattle fair. English tourist, stopping this agricul-

at the heifers the other was driving.
"And how much do you expect to get for the beasts at Waterford fair?" he

asked.
"Shure, an' if I get £8 a head I shan't do badly, said the Inishman.
"'Ah, that's a sample of your country,

said the Englishman, severely. Take those heifers to England and you'd aver-age £14 a head for them.' The Irishman laughed.

"'Just so, yer honor,' he said, 'and if yez were to take the Lakes of Killarney to the place below yez would ge a guinea a drop.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If You Have a Taste For Something Better.

No matter how menial the work you may be compelled to do at the moment or how disagreeable your task, if you have a taste for something better and hold your mind steadily and persistently toward the thing you long for, this desire will lead you to the light, if you are faithful to the end and do not drop it.

No matter how small your beginning, if your work is honest, or how discouraging your prospects for advancement, if you have a taste for something higher and keep struggling toward the light you have, you will surely come out all right.

But what can you do with a youth who But what can you do with a youth who does not aspire, who will not look up, who persists in groveling? There is no future for him unless he turns about face. Darwin says that "in the evolution of the eagle the desire to ascend, to fly heavenward, preceded the appearance of the wings." Human wings, the ability to ascend, are the result of the assistion the desire to go higher.

priation, the desire to go higher.

There is something in looking up and trying to climb that enlarges and enriches the life, even if we do not attain the particular object of our ambition; just as a person who loves is made nobler, even though his love is not reperson who is obliged to live in an

unfortunate environment is often pro-tected from the low aims or vicious eals of those about him because of his taste for something better. A great many good people, such as settlement workers and missionaries, go about among the lower classes—even the

criminal—without contamination, because of their high ideals, their noble aims, their efforts to benefit these unforunate people.

There is no protection, no spur to ambition and progress, like a lofty aim,

When The Pinch Comes.

Both success and failure are character revealers. Wealth brings out a man's weaknesses, because he can afford to in-dulge in all sorts of luxuries, fads, and fancies. Failure also brings out one's weaknesses. If a man is a coward, if he lacks stamina and grit he will show it

then adversity overtakes him.

What a man does after he fails is a good test of the man. It shows how much lime there is in his back bone, When everything goes smoothly, when there is no want in the home, and plenty of capital to run the business, it

is not difficult to be courageous.

It is when the pinch comes, when one is driven to desperation, when he does not know which way to turn, when failure stares him in the face after he has done his level best, that a man's character is revealed. This is the test that will bring out the real man—his power

One of the strongest proofs of character is the ability to remain cheerful, serene, and hopeful under fire. It is very easy to be pleasant, bright, optimistic, when one enjoys robust health and is prosperous; but it requires heroic qualities to be so when poor health mocks ambition; when we are conscious of having a great message for the world, but have not the strength or the chance to deliver it; when we have lost our property, or when we see a business which we have worked hard to build up slowly being strangled by the great trusts or the changing conditions.

There are plenty of people who can do pretty good work while they feel well when they are prosperous and every-thing goes smoothly; but the moment things go wrong, when they have any trouble, they are completely nonplused. They can not overcome irritation, con-centrate the mind effectively, or work with heart unless everything is favor-

A really great character is greater than the ordinary aches and which cripple the weak.—Success.

Be a Man. Be a fine animal if you will, but be a man, too. By all means have a well-developed body, but by no means have a

Canada would have great cause to be proud of her sons if they responded to the demand for truth, control of self, and hard work. There is no reason why these things about the self. these things should not be given, but

every reason why they should.
All-round men are needed, and today's life can supply them. With such personalities filling the whole of life personalities filling the whole of me with their influence, we should have truth uplifted as manhood's ideal, self-restraint regarded as a coveted necessity, and unceasing labor considered

joy of existence.

Men would put more, not less, steam into their business. They would make as much money as possible, but without its spoiling them. We should still have physical giants, but the mind would not have to pay the bill. With patience determination, and faith in their cause and themselves, our young men would press into service every possessed energy for the realizing of the best moral and mental life.

Why Orestes A. Brownson Became a Catholic.

O. A. Brownson was ope of the greatest philosophers — possibly the greatest—America has yet produced. A short time before his entrance into the Church he wrote the following words. After his entrance into the Church he lived many years—lived and died a faithful Catho

Our ecclesiastical, theological and

philosophical studies have brought us to the full conviction that either the Church in communion with the See of Rome is the One Holy, Catholic, Apos-tolic Church, or the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church does not exist. We have tried every resultle weekly. this conclusion, but escape it we cannot. this conclusion, but escape it we cannot. We must accept it or go back to the nochurch doctrine. * * * We are thoroughly convinced in mind, heart and soil that Christ did institute a visible Church; that he founded it upon a rock; that the gates of hell have not prevailed and cannot prevail against it, and that and cannot prevail against it, and that it is the duty for us all to submit to it as the representative of the Son of God on earth."—Truth.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Resting Mother. I don't know how Isabel chanced to observe it, for too often a young girl's bright eyes are subject to blind spells when they dwell upon the dearest face in the world, and Isabel was not extraordinary in the way of thoughtfulness, but for some time she really had been noticing that her mother's eyes looked tired even in the morning, and that deep purple lines were marking themselves

"Mother," she said suddenly one day,
"you need a rest." Mrs. Crane dropped
the flounce she was hemming, and

"Yes, really, and you must put that pink organdic right down. I'll finish it my ownself," and Isabel drew the flounce

away.

"Why, my dear, this is the way that I like to take my recreation—the material and the little stitches delight me—and as for work, it does seem to me when I think of it, that I do very little them days."

Isabel did not protest, for at that moment she could not protest, for at that moment she could not recall any great amount of daily toil that fell upon her mother, but she asked if it were possible for her to go away for a shange. She did not need, however, to wait for her mother's negative reply to know that an absence from home of any duration would be inexpedient just then. There was an ailing father, two way ward boys, and a little girl who could not be left without the mother's guid-ing hand, although Isabel knew that so ing hand, although Isabel knew that so far as she could she would take that mother's place. There certainly do come times in-every household when the mother needs to stick to her post, however weary and worn she may be, and this seemed to be one of the times. Still, the loving-hearted girl was not satisfied, and she kept thinking until she planned a way.

There were among their acquaint-

vomen, all of them, and it was a mutua regret that personal cares and obliga-tions prevented more frequent intercourse. These provided the rest, for Isabel planned a series of little all-day outings, with her father's assistance. She induced her mother to agree, and for the first time Mrs. Crane had a gentle horse and comfortable phaeton. A dainty lunch of which she knew nothing except that it was there, was packed in a basket with a teakettle and alcohol lamp, and one of these women to refresh her by pleasant with and sweet spirit, was invited to go with her a-meandering all one spring day. I don't suppose they meandered very far, and I am sure the half for luncheon was a long one in a lovely spot along the river, but they came home at night, not tired at all, but laughing together like girls, and yet, unlike them, for women o years and experience have many interest-ing things to talk over that come only with life and responsibility. For days afterwards Mrs. Crane was brighter, and every now and then she would re-

peat to her family some witticism of her friend.

This little recreation was repeated frequently during the summer with one and another of the acquaintances they found most inviting, and the little picnics just for two proved most A larger number would have implied some strain and some prepara-tion, but two could take a book or a magazine article, and idle away the hours together as completely as they might choose, either on a long drive on the beach, at the end of a short railway run, or on a trip down the river on a steamer. No home care suffered for the absences, and little by little Isabel was able to slip some of the burden from her mother's shoulders to her young and willing ones.—Susie B. Wight in Our Young People.

Some "Don'ts" for the Summer Girl. Don't forget that a thoroughly "good time" is not incompatible with dignity

and proper reserve.

Don't do things when you are among strangers that you would be assumed for your mother or friends at home to for your mother or friends at home to see you do. It will lower you in your own self-respect, and then, it is very imprudent, for the world is not so large after all, and we never know when we will meet people again or in what way things will be found out.

things will be found out.

Don't accept invitations to go on picnics, boat-rides, etc., unless you know with whom you will be thrown and that such excursions are to be properly

Don't be hasty in forming acquaintances at summer resorts or public

Don't exchange photographs with : man whom you have known only a week or ten days. One who is accustomed to the usages of good society and who has the proper respect for you will not ask such a thing.

Don't make the mistake of thinking

that all country people are ignorant and that you can poke fun at them with impunity. Green fields and forests have a much more refining influence than dingy brick walls and vulgar signs, and you may lose the opportunity of making some delightful friends among country

Don't chew gum on your summe vacation or at any other time, for that matter. You will never be considered : lady by people who are really worth while as long as you indulge in such a habit.

Don't buy cheap finery; if you have only a little money to spend on your clothes. Tailored effects are always smart, and a dainty white muslin wil answer for almost any occasion when the need but little adornment.

"Ah," exclaims St. Frances de Sales,

"if we could see the Heart of Jesus such as it is, we should die of love for Him.

Never, indeed, can we love Him as much as His love and His death deserve."

Family prayer is the border which keeps the web of the home life from un-

Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence.

boarders in the house, without responsibility for it except to the extent of price. The chief work of a home is the formation of the Christian character in to strangers—to governesses, or servants, or teachers. They may be invited to help, but the parents themselves, if they are fit for the task, should be the chief trainers of their own young. The special work of the father is the development of the boys. After they reach the age of fourteen, they need his direc-tion with an urgent need. He should be their chum, their friend, their men-tor, their model, their encouragement, their support in the way of virtue. When he takes time to win their love, to gain their confidence, to attract their respect, to study their disposition, to watch over the formation of their habits, to instruct them in what they ought to know, and to serve as an example for them, he is doing only what e ought to do. Anything less leaves a deficit in his fatherly care. Fortunate are the sons who have such a father! If they are worthy of him, if they respond to his solicitude, if they profit by their opportunity, they will love to be with him and be proud to grow up like him. They will shrink from causing him grief. They will rejoice to deserve his praise."

We all know, even if we have not read the great Encyclical "Pascendi," that the principal teachers of what is known as Modernism abate no jot of their claim to be considered good and righteous Catholics. That they may lead good lives is attested by the Encyclical itself, and that they fully expect the Church to come round sooner or later to their way of thinking, is shown in the glee which they never fail to exhibit when the Vatican displays any disposition of tolerance, as in raising recently the prohibition in Italy for the representing on the stage of "Salome," a fact which was childishly greeted by the so-called "Lib-eral" Catholics of Rome and Florence as the first indication that the Church

vas about to "Moderate" herself. Yet, as Father Sydney Smith, S. J., points out in The Month (London), the nwavering adherence to a code of doctrines handed down from the far past, is the very foundation upon which the Catholic Church is built, and from which, under God, she has derived the strength hese centuries.

It is, therefore, her reason for exist-ing, and it is hopeless to expect that she is now going to abandon the rock upon housand years.

It is principally as regards the nature belief—or to be more exact, unbe-that the Modernist falls outside the category of those who may be said to subscribe to the tenets of the Chris-tian Faith. He is neither Catholic or Protestant, but is simply a Kantian philosopher, whose theory of God is even less idealistic than that of the German, since its beginnings lie in the province of the purely materialistic, and refer all sentiment regarding the supernatural to the instincts of the germ or the blood. It is impossible, for example, to see that the Modernistic idea of God is anything higher in man than is the maternal in-

stinct in woman. Nevertheless, as a self-styled believer, the Modernist declares that he is "convinced and certain that this divine reality exists in itself and quite independently of the person who believes in it"— and that on the ground of the private ex-perience of the individual. He of all men claims to be the real Catholic. For the Modernist, there is a kind-of intuit-ion of the heart which puts man in im-mediate contact with the reality of God. One consequence of this strange doc-

put himself in the moral condition neces sary to produce the experience of relig-ious sentiment or of drawing himself into relation with God, he must perforce re-main an infidel all his days and ever un-conscious of the existence of God. It is conscious of the existence of God. It is only when the experience of his relation-ship to God arrives as a result of his having "pre-disposed" himself that he can be said to be truly and properly a

It will be seen that that this exper ience must do away altogether with the idea of tradition in the Church, and tradition has always been regarded in the Catholic Church as an external test by which to distinguish the true revelation

from the false, says Father Smith.

This so-called private experience of the individual, whilst professing to sus tain revelation, really supplants it, since it allows the individual to decide whether his sentiment and experience have been sufficient to move him to an act of faith In other words, it allows each man and woman to be his own or her own guide in the matter of spiritual belief, which of itself does away with the necessit either of a Church or an authority. Another result of this strange theory must be that Faith and Science can no longer be antagonistic, inasmuch as, evolution-wise, they move in planes

altogether separate, and never cross-trail each other.
Yet, as the Encyclical puts it, the Modernist's view really is that "though science is made independent of faith, faith is made not independent of science but subject to it" and it is by this very tenet that he must be accounted to be outside the pale of the Catholic Church Indeed, the whole act of faith of the Modernist is the reconciling of faith with science, the intellect going to as-sist the believer to give an account of his faith. According to Modernistic theology, religious sentiment is the final judge of what is true in the plane of religion. Science is, however, the final judge in deciding as to whether the religious formulas have been reached in

he correct way.
In other words, the whole Modernistic

THE FATHER'S DUTY TO HIS BOYS.

"Some men seem to think," says the Catholic Columbian, "that if they earn the living, they have discharged their full duty to their family. They leave to their wives all the care for the training of the children. They are like star hearders in the bouse without responsi-

THE AFFRIGHTED FLEEING BACK TO THE CHURCH.

WORLD'S ONLY REFUGE FROM ANIMALISM TO DIABOLISM.

Secretary Taft in a speech last week told a Protestant audience in one of the most bigoted sections of the country that every sane and sensible man and woman in the world must hope and labor for the success of the Catholic Church in the Phillippines. That Church was the prop of civilization in the archipelago, and her prosperity meant the progress of enlightenment and the advance of every civic and moral interest in the islands. This was bold language for a candidate for the Presidency to use, and it marks, a volta-Presidency to use, and it marks a volte face in the opinions of the non-Catholic world. Time was, and not so far ago either, when every step in advance for eivil and religious liberty, every up lift of mankind was in the eyes of many necessarily accompanied by a retrogresive pari passu of Catholic influence and activity. The success of the Cath olic Church meant disaster for ever good cause and every civilizing agency in the world. Kings were the first to adopt that theory of progress. They first discovered that the Church was the common enemy, and they were her first persecutors. The conflict of the WHY THE MODERNIST CANNOT BE A CATHOLIC.

We all know, even if we have not read the great Encyclical "Pascendi," that the projection of the tirement to ruminate upon the question that in persecuting the Church of God they were undermining their own thrones. They made it possible for the clergy to live only on condition of abject submission to their will. The world has since made it next to impossible for kings to live at all. It may be almost said that all good kings are deposed kings. And those that are not good are getting good. They say an empty brain is the devil's workshop. Kings are kept busy these days trying to keep

> Not only in the Philippines, but everywhere else in the world is the Catholic Church the prop of civilization and the pillar of law and order. We know it in this country, and here the government is friendly to the Church. They do not know it in France, Italy and Spain; but when they shall have murdered a million or more of each other and brought these countries to the verge of bankruptcy then they may discover this truth patent to all the discover this truth patent to all the rest of the world. A king can no longer walk the streets without an invisible army of detectives to protect him from sassination; and the heads of the inassasshation; and the heads of fidel republics and mock monarchies are kept busy dodging the man with the bomb. It used to be that the people had no rights which a king was bour respect; now a king has no rights that the Anarchist or Socialist or Nihilist feels bound to respect. When kings claimed prerogatives to which they were not entitled the Church fought were not entitled the Church fought them; and in turn they persecuted her. Now that peoples claim rights and pow-ers that do not belong to them the Church restrains them, mildly, lovingy but most firmly. For the time being s is as much hated and persecuted by Freemason and Freethinker and Socialist and Anarchist and Nihilist as she ever was by Bourbon or Hohenstauffen. But she has outlived the kings; she will outlive the lodges. It will not be long before the countries that are at present in open rupture with the Church will rush back to her arms for protection from the common foe of animalism and diabolism. The kings have "called up the spirits of the vasty deep," and by jingo they have come. Only the Church of God can send them back into the swine and then hurl the swine over the

their crowns straight.

precipice. How strange it is that all thinking en did not discover this truth before. They have been invoking the influence of enlightenment and civilization to still the storm of popular discontent. Don't they know that only the Catholic Church has any influence over the masses of the people? Protestants admit that the Catholic Church still holds the common people. They claim to possess the religion of the elite. In this creat People is the United States of the Church still holds the common people. great Republic of the United States the

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er Agatha, Home of Our Blessed Lady of Vic West Seneca. N. Y., writes: April 22, 1907. I cannot tell you how much good **Oxydonor** done us. We have five in constant use in this itution and in every case it has done all you claim

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Catholic Church is the only power that makes for religion or morality among the common people. What Secretary Taft says of the Catholic Church in the Phillipines can be said of her every-where; and all good men everywhere echo his sentiments,—Western Watch-

WHAT IS HOME?

Home does not merely mean the Home does not merely mean the house that happens to shelter one, nor only the furniture within. Home is something more than what is made of bricks and mortar, with added means of domestic use and comfort. Home is not merely that material dwelling place where one may chance to eat and sleep nor is it only the roof tree which a man nor is it only the roof tree which a man may call his own. Home must be, in-deed, some spot on earth, for this is its material counterpart. It may have its details of material surroundings, its sights, its sounds, its trifling objects cherished by childhood and sacred to age, its characteristics of position of structure to which endearing associa ions cling, its simple ornaments round thous ching, its simple ornaments round which tearful memories cluster, its thou-sand nothings, unnoticed by the stranger that are priceless heirlooms of love to your heart. But home must mean much

ing place where linger the loves that are the most sacred on earth. It is the temple of heart affection. It is the sanctuary blessed by noblest human selfishness. It is the shrine connected to highest human love. Home mean the bond of blood and ties of tendernes which clasp into one close intimacy the hearts of those who, hand in hand journey heavenwards, home is the moral circle within which minds and hearts share the same shelter, breathe the same atmosphere, bear the same burdens sympathize in the same sorrows, enjoy the same pleasures, divide the sam toils and contribute to the same success

It is a moral union of thought and will, so that lives are linked together in the measure of one melody, with varying tone, throbbing harmoniously, like human chords, which, each in its ow way, catch up and re-echo the sam song of soul. Thus home is the spo which souls, united by blessing of love or bond of blood, have made their own sweet paradise on earth. Home is that one place where our most cherished human/hopes blossom in secure shelter and where God's brightest blessings fall, for there is no place like shome.—True

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an angel from Heaven preach any other Gospel than ye have received, let him be anathema." Ours is the "faith once for all delivered unto the Saints," preserved in tradition and Scripture, expounded by St. Peter's successors and the Episcopate. From that ground we are not to be moved; by that standard we judge every spirit whether he be of Christ. If we took any other, we should cease to be Catholies.

Now the clear and beautiful world of Faith; to learn more and more of God's costly ever printed in America. It is

Eminent above all others rose up St. Augustine during the fourth century, and St. Thomas Aquinas in the thir-teenth. St. Thomas, lucid as the light itself in which he wrote, had bequeathed to us the "Sum of Theology," which at the Council of Trent was laid on the altar beside the Holy Scriptures as containing the rule of belief. No greater honor could be shown to a volume not actually inspired. But it was St. Thomas whom these novel-seeming theories at-tacked and the Holy Father protested against them. The Doctor was a friar of St. Dominic's learned militia. Who was the enemy, unsleeping always, that we must keep in view? Another religious, unhappily gone astray, whose name one would scarcely utter in the sacred place; it was Luther, the fatal genius of the "Reformation," source of innumerable errors, all springing from one false prin-ciple. Luther destroyed Catholiè tradiin in the multitude which followed him, by laying it down that man, was simply blind in regard to religious truth. simply blind in regard to religious truth, natural and revealed. The human intellect, he said, could know nothing of God by its native power. What, then, does the blind man do when he is compelled to act? He gropes about in the dark, feeling for the objects he cannot see. Thus, our blind reason fell back on instinct and emotion to supply intimations. of things divine; religion, as we may ob-serve in the phenomena of so-called "re-vivals," makes its appeal in Protestant countries not to the noblest faculty we possess, our calm judgement, but to excited fears, and drives the spirit in upon its moods of sentiment. Contrast with such a method our Catholic discipline in remethod our Cathoric discipline in re-treats as drawn out by St. Ignatius—its trenchant reasoning, its strong intellect-ual urgency, to which emotion is alto-gether subordinate. But the Lutheran, by his substitution of feeling for thought has in course of time lost hold on the Christian dogmas he took away with him from the Church. His method has made an end of his creed. On the one hand is left secular knowledge, which, when put in order is termed science; on the other, a vague aspiration after some possibly divine objects in the unseen—a hope that religion may not be false, though monstrated nor demonstrable

Such is Modernism, or the New Theology—a doctrine of shadows, a Lutheran cloud which, floating across its own bor-ders, has invaded the Catholic world here and there. Converts would easily recognize the Protestant origin of a disease from which many of them had suffered ere they came into the admirable light which they were now enjoying. For ours is no realm of shadows; neither do the faithful imagine that their con-viction, however ardent, creates the objects of faith; but, on the contrary, they know that those objects are its ground and justification. The Church affirms in every Christian a twofold light—Reason, by which a sound natural Theology can be proved in its main outlines, and Faith, by which the Revelation are received. Moreover, as solid evidences exist for what we hold concerning God the Au-thor of nature and His attributes, so do we find evidences of the Gospel which reasonable man may call in That is the plain teaching of Holy Writ. Consider the words quoted from St. Paul. He finds the atheist inexcusable. Why? Because God's "eternal power and divinity are clearly seen from the things that are made." This argument, which the Modernist puts aside in obedience to Lutheran metaphysics, occurs in the Psalms, in Job, in the Book of Wisdom Psalms, in Job, in the Book of Wisdom which the Apostle had before him. Again, what is the crime of those who "neglect salvation," according to the text in Hebrews? That they will not receive God's witness to our Lord's teaching. What sort of witness, then? The witness of tradition, and of "signs and wonders," of "divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost." There is no mere reliance upon "feeling" in all this; no simply "internal" argument; the ground is testimony, it is history, something outside us and independent of us, which will bear to be examined without prejudice or prepossession. Truly, God prejudice or prepossession. Truly, God has His witness in our hearts also; but that must not be taken to invalidate the world's records.

Luther could pull down; he could not build up. So the new theology denies but is impotent to affirm. In Kant, the philosopher, as in Spencer, the pictist, but is impotent to affirm. In Kant, the philosopher, as in Spencer, the pictist, what do we see? Despair of the Pure Reason which lies helpless before triumphant physical science; while religion fades into a dream of the night, peopled with ghosts—the phantoms of Divine Realities once believed in. Here is that terrible spirit "that always denies"—the everlasting no, as a great writer phrases it, and the very essence with ambition to train youth, to train phantoms of the important declaration of the most esteemed teachers of the University. And so they move on the University is launched.

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The spirit which founded us is still here, the love of learning, the pride of membership in the common-wealth of letters, the ambition to train youth, to train the pressure of the University. And so they move on the university. And so they move on the university. And so they move on the university is launched.

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LUTHER COULD PULL DOWN; HE COULD NOT BUILD UP.

HIS POLLOWER HAS LOST HOLD ON THE CHURCH—NO BOND BUT OFFOSTION—MANY TEACHERS—CONTRASTING THE METHODS—EVERLAST—ING NO—A MOST PERNICIOUS IDEALISM—NO EXCHANGE POSSIBLE.

We hear or read of the objections to the Catholic teaching wherever we turn. Anyone who strikes a blow at it is sure to get applauded in the preacher exclaimed in grave a best they may. If the Holy See, in pursuance of its plain duty, fixes a note of reprobation on strange doctrine, it is preplation on strange doctrine, it is preplated for a manner of of sure plain duty, fixes a note of reprobation on strange doctrine, it is preparation.

HIS POLLOWER HAS LOST HOLD ON THE COULD PULL DOWN; He pale of the Ancient Church, busily the force of circumstances and of horizon into training men for the Empire—the spirit is the same and the form is not wholly iost. . . . Our founder, Pope Nicholas V., who was also the real founder of the Vatican Library, and the magnificent patron of learning, while he was inditing with the same pen energetic appeals to the Powers of Europe to say," the preacher exclaimed in grave as best they may. If the Holy See, in pursuance of its plain duty, fixes a note of reprobation on strange doctrine, it is proportion of the average disciple of John Knox.—

OF POLICE RECORD

Scotsmen for their country, enlarged by the force of circumstances and of horizon into training men for the Empire—the spirit is the same and the form is not wholly iost. . . Our founder, Pope Nicholas V., who was also the real folial to the spirit is the same and the form is not wholly iost. . . . Our founder, Pope Which is plain to the impure the spirit is the same and the form is not wholly iost. . . . Our founder, Pope Whole Scale marked 'C. A. S. St. L. U., Mo.' The spirit is the same and the form is not wholly iost. . . . Our founder, Pope Whole Scale marked 'C. A. S. St. L. U., Mo.' The doctrine condemned by Rome is a most pernicious idealism, already destructive of religion, wherever it reigns, the gensuance of its plain duty, ixes a note of reprobation on strange doctrine, it is called intolerant. Yet among those who criticise its action so vehemently there is no bond of union, except a negative one, opposition to Rome. But we Catholics ery aloud with St. Paul. "Though like it a grain in the world impossions of the property of t an angel from Heaven preach any other
Gospel than ye have received, let him
be anathema." Ours is the "faith once

and to a philosophy which despoils the

Now the clear and beautiful world of dogmatic truth had been explored and its description given by many authorized teachers — the Doctors of the Church. infinite goodness from His works; and of Christ Our Saviour from His Revelation. We are all weak, and temptation is abroad. We must strive after the spirit of humility, of submission to these living truths, of detachment from a world in which secular knowledge has dethroned the highest science and delusion professes to give back what criticism has taken away. Let us not exchange our light for that darkness. We are the children of Catholies who kept their Faith at every sacrifice; or converts who recovered it no less herocially. We have marked the downward course of Lutheran pietism; and we will not barter for it our intellect, or our creed. —Canon Barry, D. D.

ANOTHER MINISTER CONVERT.

REV. FRANCIS MCFETRICH, OF ST. SIMEON'S P. E. CHURCH, ABOUT TO BECOME A

Rev. Francis McFetrich, until recently one of the elergy of St. Simeon's Protestant Episcopal Church, Ninth street and Lehigh avenue, has tendered his resignation from the ministry of that denomination, and is now in retirement pending his reception into the Catholic Church, which will probably take place on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, August 15.

Rev. Joseph L. J. Kirlin, rector of the Church of the Most Precious Blood, Twenty-eighth and Diamond streets. under whose guidance Rev. Mr. Mc-Fetrich is covering the final stage of his 'journey to Rome," will probably offi-ciate at his reception. Rev. Mr. McFetrich, though identi-

Rev. Mr. Mcretrich, though identified with the conservative party of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has always had a deep veneration for Our Lady. After much study and thought, he reached the conclusion that there must be but one true Church, and then he hereame convinced that the Catholia. became convinced that the Catholic Church is the only Christian body exist-

ing from the time of Christ.

Rev. Mr. McFetrich was not influenced by the "open pulpit" canon. On the contrary, he found no objection to it, since he always believed himself a Protestant and not a priest, agreeing in this with the majority of his denomina-tion. He will probably study for the priesthood.

Rev. Mr. McFetrich is a Philadelphian, born and bred here.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

MEDIEVAL BISHOPS AND EDUCATION.

In an address which he delivered recently, on the occasion of his installa-tion as Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, Lord Roseberry said some things which should help to correct the erroneous and widespread notions of his fellow-countrymen in regard to the attitude of the Catholic Church towards

education. "While the University of London (he said) dates no further back than last century, and looks forward rather than backwards, her sister at Glasgow has already celebrated her ninth jubilee. What a contrast is presented by the small knot of London founders, the keen laymen in the van of modern thought, and the Roman Pontiff who founded Glasgow at the instance of the Roman Glasgow at the Instance of the Roman Bishop, the lord paramount of the little medieval town. Cosmo Innes has pic-tured out of his learning as well as out of his fancy the day and scene of in-auguration. He shows us the quaint burgh clustered round the castle overshadowing Bishop, the gables and forestairs breaking the line of the streets, the merchants in their gowns and the women in snood and kirtle and the women in snood and kirtle decorating their houses with bannerets and branches before they hurry out to see the show. What shops are open to display weapons and foreign finery to attract the country visitors—the yeoman and 'kindly tenants of the barony. There are neighboring lords, too, perhaps Maxwells and Colqubouns or seions of power of reason, or made an excuse for the occasion and his success, the endless blotting out the supernatural from the ons, priests, acolytes, and singers in their various robes, and the friars black and grey, who are to lead their refect-ory for the first lectures and to become

of the average disciple of John Knox.— Catholic Weekly.

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olicity in New York is from the hand of New York's foremost Catholic church-man. The "Catechism of Modernism" compiled at the diocesan seminary of Dunwoodie will complete the trio of gifts. Both of these will be bound in vellum to match the Encyclopedia.

Merry del Val, the Pope's secretary will also be the recipient of copies of these

A FOREIGN CHURCH.

A writer in the gospel Messenger calls the Roman Catholic Church "our foreign sister." How hard it is to get sense into some heads! So keen an observer as Kipling keeps a stout block of oak in one corner of his head to receive his mental impressions of the Church. He has this "foreign" idea, too. In the sixteenth century the bluff old black-guard Henry VIII. used the "foreign" cry to much bad effect, and here and there we find it is effective yet. There is only one institution in all the world that is as much at home in one country as another, and that is the Roman Catholic Church. Every other religious body has a national stripe or a local color. Imagine the Church of England feeling comfortable in France. Or imagine the Church feeling happy in England. The successor of the Fisherman is at home in all lands, and is loyal to all flags.—The Casket.

Under the corner-stone were placed copies of the daily papers, a description of the building and church history, and samples of the coins of the reality and of the mew issue of stamps.

Alter the stone had been laid Rev. Father Teefy. C. S. B., rector of St. Bassiy, at a sign from the Archhistory, and samples of the coins of the reality and of the mew issue of stamps.

Butter the stone had been laid Rev. Father Teefy. C. S. B., rector of St. Bassiy, at a sign from the Archhistory, and samples of the coins of the reliance of God with mem. He shall be there God. Father Teefy. C. S. B., rector of St. Bassiy, at a sign from the Archhistory, and samples of the coin of the reliance of God with mem. He shall be there God. Father Teefy. C. S. B., rector of St. Bassiy, at a sign from the Archhistory, and samples of the coin of the mew sisse of stamps.

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A father the stone had been laid Rev. Eather thesp.

The state the stone of the Mostar Pather Teefy. C. S. B., rector of St. Bassiy, at a sig

The Kansas City Post of Friday conained an account of a deplorabe wreck tained an account of a deplorabe wreck on the Missouri Pacific near Knob-noster, Mo., in which two passenger trains collided, killing twelve or fifteen people and injuring a great many others. A travelling man, who refrained from naking known his identity, told the fol-owing story of the wreck at the Coates

"The length of time it took to get help from any side was appalling—none was near. The leaders in the rescue work wore a Catholic priest, a Univerwas near. The leaders in the rescue work were a Catholic priest, a Univer-sity of Michigan man and a tramp. "The priest was on the westbound train, but when the shock came he was

the first out of the last coach on the train. He immediately entered the coach where the men were dying. There were dead men on the floor and only a few of us on the car, trying to only a few of us on the car, trying to rescue our friends. The priest took an axe and smashed the windows, put his head out and shouted to the gaping crowd. There were two soldiers and a Salvation army man whom he addressed especially. They rushed into the car, followed by others. A slight lad of 25 years said, "Father, what do you want us to do?" The priest answered, "Get to the tool chest and bring a crowbar."

"The young man was a tramp who had

"The young man was a tramp who had been hiding in the chest. He came and was by all odes the best worker at the wreck. He showed skill in improvising jackserews, and getting out the moan-

ing men.
"The priest did the directing. He baptized several and heard the confessions of the dying Catholics. When all the living were taken out he went around again. I saw him stay with two until they died. He seemed to know better than the doctors who was and

who was not to die. the princely families of Douglas and Hamilton, with their retinues and menat-arms, and now there appear the first signs of the long procession—the nod-ding crosses and banners that precede the Bishop, the prelate himself, William Turnbull, the zealous founder and first chancellor of the University, proud of chancellor of the University, proud of the occasion and his success, the endless train of ecclesiastical dignitaries, canintended to get his name, but when we arrived here he stepped out and cut through the baggage room and up the

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ST. HELEN'S Toronto, Globe, July 20.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

The parishioners of St. Lawrence's Church, Hamilton, had the pleasure of hearing for the first time their new pipe organ on Sunday, July 19th, It was built at a cost of \$4,000 and reflects great credit on pastor and people of St. Lawrence.

We also hear this church is to have a magnificent marble altar in the course of a few months. This altar now under construction in Italy is of Roman marble and to have a reredost twenty-five feet long from the sanctuary platform. Two non-Catholic control of the State Brady are the donors.

DEATH OF REV. MOTHER MARY BAPTISTE, URSULINE CONVENT, CHATHAM.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ST. HELEN'S CHURCH,

Toronto, Globe, July 20.

That the first public appearance of His Grace, the new Catholic Archbishop of Toronto should be at the stone-laying of a new church was an omen of so happy a nature that many hundreds of his people assembled on Sunday aftermoon at the corner of Dudas street and St. Clarens avenue to witness the ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of the new church of St. Helen's.

An exceptionally large congregation gathered for the service, including practically every Catholic in the parish, and also a large number of representative Catholics from other pares of the city. Unnoticed by many in the throng who were not aware of the aged lady's identity, but a deeply interested spectator, was Mrs. McEvay, the aged mother for the Archbishop.

His Grace Recursion of the Archbishop.

His Grace presented with a silver rowel as a memento of the ocasion, and at the conclusion of Rev. Father Teety's sermon, and before administering her episcopal biessing to the congregation heromorphism of the continuer in the footsteps of the worthy St. Helen, to continue in the footsteps of the worthy St. Helen, to built many temples for the following the standard of the construction in this city of churches. It is magnificent architecture and solid constructions have a first the worthy of the Ore True God. Its pulpit will be dedicated to the only docurner we know and preach, the doctrine which embrace and red present discussion of the one frace God. Its pulpit will be dedicated to the only docurner we know and preach, the doctrine which embrace all that is best and truest in all other docurner we know and preach, the doctrine which embrace and red presend brick, will seat about 1,000 people, and will be fitted with accommodation of all the parish societies. The architecture is early French gother, and a magnificent steeple will be a striking feature of its appearance. The cost of the church will be \$75,000, and the architect is Mr. A. W. Holmes of Toronto.

French,gothic, and a magnificent steeple will be a striking feature of its appearance. The cost of the church will be \$7,5000, and the architect is Mr. A. W. Holmes of Totonto.

A SPECTACULAR CEREMONY.
The ceremony in connection with the stone-laying opened with a procession around the building, in which a large number of clergy and choristers in robes and vestments, carrying ecclesiastical symbols, took part. Upon their return to the raised platform the choristers, kneeling in a semi-circle, and led by Rev. Father A. Staley C. S. B., chanded the litanies, while the clergy in a group, with the Archbishop in their midst, carrying a crucifix, candles and other symbols, answered back the responses to the solemn 'Ora pro nobis' of the kneeling choristers.
Under the corner-stone were placed copies of the daily papers, a description of the building and church history, and samples of the coins of the realm and of the new issue of stamps.

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of her life and the forty-fourth of her religious profession.

The funeral took place from the convent chapel at 930 on Thursday morning. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Mgr. Meunier, Administrator of the Diocese of London, with Rev. P. Langlois, Tecumseh, as deacon, Rev. C. A. Parent, Tilbury, as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Basil. O. F. M., Chatham, as Master-of-ceremonies. The following clergymen were also present in the sanctuary: Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector St. Peter's cathedral. London; Yer, Rev. P. J. McKeon, St. Mary's, London; Very Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. J. Bongan, Ridgetown; Rev. E. Ladouceur, St. Peter's; Rev. J. Scanlan, St. Joseph's hospital, Chatham; Rev. J. Bernann, Bothwell; Rev. P. L'Heureux, Belle River; Rev. Father Eusebius, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. P. McCabe, Maidstone. May she rest in peace!

WANTED TEACHER FOR THE R. C. S. S. No. 15, St. Raphael's West, Ont. A second class professional teacher, capable of teaching English and French. Duties to commence Aug. 17th. State salary for the balance of the year, and for all information apply to F. Dupuis, Sec. Treas., St. Raphael's Ont.



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TORONTO

Statuary

Mission

WANTED TEACHER FOR THE ST. COL-umban Separate school. Duties to commence on the 2nd Monday in August. Please state salary and qualifications to Patrick Flannery, St. Columban, Ont. SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL TEACHER,

of for Separate school No. 5, Raleigh. Salary \$49 per year. Applications to be received by August Apply to J. D. Lambe, Sec. Treas, Chatham, Ont.

WANTED A FEMALE TEACHER FOR R. C. Separate school No. 11, Hay township. Duties to commence Aug. 17th. State salary. One with knowledge of French preferred. Apply to O. Bissoanette, St. Joseph P. O., Huron County, Ont. 1553-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 8, TAY.
Duties to begin Aug. 17th. Salary \$150 per
annum. Catholic and with knowledge of French preferred. Apply stating qualifications to Noah Morrow,
Sec. Treas., Port Severn, Ont. 1553-2. TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S., NO. 5, LOGAN County, Perth. Duties commencing after holidays. Address, stating salary and experience, to John Francis, Sec. Treas., Kennicott P. O., Ont.

TEACHERS WANTED-A LADY TEACHER TEACHERS WANTED—A LADY TEACHERS

as principal, holding at least a second class professional certificate and knowing both French and
funglish languages. State experience and salary
expected. Also two female teachers, holding second
or third professional certificates, and respectively
capable of speaking and teaching both French and
funglish. Salary \$37.5 a year. Duties to commence
Sept. 1st. Address Rev. D. Tourangeau, Steelton,
P. O. Sault Ste Marie, Ont,

1554-2.

A MALE QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED to teach French and English, Time Able to teach French and English, Time to begin after summer vacation. Salary \$475per year. Apply to D. A Chenier, Cache Bay. Ont.
1554-tf.

A TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPAR-ate school, No. 6, Proton, holding second or third class certificate. To commence after summer holi-days. State salary and experience. Phone connec-tion via Mount Forest. Apply to Thomas Begley, Sec., Egerton, P. O., Ont. 1554-2

MALE TEACHER FOR CATHOLIC HIGH School, Montreal. Apply, stating capabilities and salary required, 55 Durocher Street. 1554-1

WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 4 BROMLEY, a female teacher holding a second class certifi-cate. Duties to commence in August. Apply to Jos. Sheedy, Sec. Treas.

FARM FOR SALE.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES IN THE TOWNSHIP
One and a half miles from village of Downeyville.
Catholic church and Separate school. For further
particulars apply to Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, Downeyville.

COOK WANTED.

COOK WANTED TO DO PLAIN COOKING Apply to Miss Gauthier, Archbishop's Palacet Kingston, Ont.

1553-2.

CANDY MAKING.

LEARN CANDY MAKING; GOOD PAYING business. Easy to start. Particulars free, John Lucas, Station C., Milwaukee, Wis. 1554-1 HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

BY AN ELDERLY COUPLE LIVING IN A nice town down East. She must be a good plain cook. The applicant will please state reference, age and qualifications. Address "C" Catholic Record, London. 1554-1

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