

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE CONGO FREE STATE.

One of our correspondents must have ways and means of keeping in touch with the doings of the Congo Free State. But perhaps he is in touch only with the English journalist who has a wonderful gift of making out a case against an alien government that happens to be in the way of England. When the advance of the "bloomin' old rag over 'ead" referred to by the poet who nowadays is very far from Mandalay, is retarded, he waxes hysterical and hears in every thump of an agitated heart the cry of the oppressed. And it inspires copy.

Our correspondent presents his respects to Leopold of the Belgians, and they are far from being perfumed or rose tinted. A bad old man this king? Well until all become acquainted with the gentleman we are not going to glean our knowledge of his character from the back-stairs gossip of the quill-driver. And another thing—if the most of us lived with the blinds down, and were dogged in our wanderings by scribes eager for a "story" and ready to elaborate one out of a trifle we might be more willing to remember that the tale bearer shall defile his own soul.

We must also remember that the work of colonization among alien nations is not a picnic by any means. Sometimes the ones to be colonized have civilization shot into them, or take on liberty and happiness mingled with much water. In either case the alien is colonized so effectually that he is unable to dilute on the beauties of the process. At other times he is given access to the things which lead to the cemetery. But we are getting away from the Congo Free State.

So far as we can learn from articles on the subject, missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, explorers as Sir Henry Johnston and others, have a good word to say for it. Whilst admitting that some officials have been guilty of cruelty towards the natives, the government refuses to accept any responsibility for them. And as evidence of good faith in this matter it exhibits the fact of punishment meted out to the Europeans found guilty of violating the "penal laws that protect the lives and the persons of the natives."

Be it noted in passing that the Congo authorities lack the inventive genius of our neighbors who have as colonizers a large number of dead Indians and Filipinos to their credit. They might have concocted a touching tale about the climate-working wonders in the non-acclimated, to the extent even of transforming them for the nonce into unmitigated backguards, but we suppose they are not in the "gold brick" business. Last year in the issue of Oct. 18th the New York Sun, adding the testimony of Rev. Mr. Leslie of the American Baptist Missionary Union, said: Mr. Leslie refers to the exceeding degradation of the Congo people twenty years ago. He states that naturally not a little evil remains, that immorality and various heathen practices are still prevalent. But he speaks with much enthusiasm of the social and moral uplifting and the industrial development within that twenty years. He says that the people are learning to work, are learning to read and write, are clothing themselves and are building better houses. In other words, they are gradually adopting the manners and customs of civilization. Slavery and the slave trade no longer exist. In any country where a few white men exercise influence and control over millions of blacks emerging from the darkness of heathen barbarism into the light of modern civilization—as two thousand five hundred whites do over thirty million native Bantus in the Congo State—ground for charges of cruelty, wrong and oppression is inevitable.

OUR HOLY FATHER.

Said Pere Hyacinthe lately, speaking of Pope Pius X.: "His is a beautiful soul, sincere and pious, but with no real culture. Belonging to a family of the working class, with which I am far from reproaching him, the Pope has kept all his native uncouthness. Without scientific and political views this worthy Italian priest, Guiseppe Sarto, imagines that he can rule France and the modern world by divine inspiration." Statements as the foregoing might wear an air of likelihood were they made either by an intimate of the Pope or by one who had abundant opportunity of studying the trend and

scope of his abilities and acquirements. As we cannot place the ex-proclaimer of Notre Dame in either category we permit ourselves to view his opinions with suspicion. If he had the "real culture" which he denies to the Pope his appreciation would be couched in other terms. For real culture enables one to rise above prejudices. It is simple and sincere always, and without a trace of the omniscient spirit. Pope Pius looking out upon the world and admonishing Catholics to treat the haters of Christ and of His Church with charity speaks the language of culture.

Erudition (and Pere Hyacinthe is, so say his admirers, erudite) does not mean culture. The mere scholar, says the Rev. Hugh Black, may have never learned wisdom, and all his learning may only be the echo of others' words. The mere knowledge of authors is supposed to guarantee education. Yet we know from sad experience that a man can be bookish and even learned and be narrow in his judgments and cramped in his mind. Pere Hyacinthe's left handed compliment to the working class is surely proof enough that he is cramped in his mind and the culture which he can lay claim to is of rather an attenuated kind. His remarks on the native uncouthness of the Pope does not smack of Gallic wit. But we suppose that the gentleman, stumbling on in the darkness as he has been during some years, has not seen the eyes and the brow of the man who has years of faithful work to his credit. Visitors to the Vatican come away from it convinced that the Pontiff is a man. They say, moreover, that he has charm and intelligence, that he is sympathetic and tactful, though the qualities which impress them above all others are his simplicity and directness.

To aim to renew all things in Christ is his policy—to proclaim aloud the truths taught by the Church—as her teachings on the sanctity of marriage, on the education and discipline of youth, on the possession and use of property, and the duties that men owe to those who rule the State; and lastly to restore equilibrium between the different classes of society according to Christian precept and custom. That policy should be endorsed by the right-thinking.

"ROME OR THE REFORMATION."

All kinds of literary craft find a haven nowadays in the Nineteenth Century Magazine. Vessels equipped with the latest inventions of politicians and scientists cast anchor there and now and then a galleon such as Mr. Bagot loves to construct drifts in to join them. In the October number we notice a type of architecture which we thought had become obsolete long since. But the editor, having exhausted, we presume, the possibilities of stamps and china has turned his attention to real old things with bangles on them, and with a cargo put between decks many years ago. This vessel bears the name Rome or the Reformation, and the captain is a lady of high degree, fearfully in earnest. Judging by the course she steers her charts are in need of revision, but the guns aboard the craft which are usually seen in museums are worked against a Rome which is not on any map of which we have knowledge. We pay due tribute to her energy, but really she ought to put that ship out of commission. It may be a relic, venerable or otherwise, but a captain when he is a lady should be up to date and sail controversial seas in the newest type of vessel.

That the Reformation made England fall we have heard before, also that the Church sets an absolute barrier to all independent thought and stifles enquiry and prohibits discussion. And yet Lecky assures us that the Reformation of the sixteenth century was not aware of the true principles of intellectual liberty and that it was unable to estimate the rights of authority in the matter of reason. Haliam, too, has it that the Reformation's first preaching appealed to the ignorant. The captain, of course, knows that, but, nothing daunted, she keeps her color at the masthead and the guns hot. Hear her voice from the quarter-deck: The Bible (uncarried by the Reformers, we suppose) gave utterance to the Divine Voice calling men from formalism and ceremonialism, from superstition and darkness, from priests, virgins and saints, to the faith of children at liberty in their Father's house, needing no go-between, no middleman between them and the Father, no intercessor but the Saviour. Money from the time the Romish system was first imposed on human credulity up to

the present hour is the key to the kingdom of heaven for a benighted people, and to afluence for the Church and its dignitaries, etc." From this we surmise that her command of language is far greater than her knowledge of Catholic doctrine and "her manners have not the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere." But she has eased her mind—that is something, even if she has neither enlightened nor edified us.

SOME REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX.

The late Right Rev. Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, a man of great holiness and simplicity, related the following incident to me: One day a gentleman called to see him, whose object was to argue with the Bishop rather than to be convinced by him. Dr. Grant, seeing the disposition of his visitor, and being overwhelmed with much important business, after nearly half an hour's waste of time, said to him: "Will you kneel down and pray that you may see and know the holy will of God in your regard?" The other knelt down, and burying his head within his hands, began at once his prayer. The Bishop then stood up and walked around the table upon which his visitor was leaning. As he passed quietly behind him he extended his pectoral cross, which always contains a relic of the True Cross, over the head of the kneeling disputant, who immediately stood up and cried out: "What did you do to me as you passed behind me? All my difficulties are vanished. I want to become a Catholic. Will you receive me into the Church?" The good Bishop found that he needed but little instruction, so that on the following day he received conditional baptism, and in course of time became a fervent and zealous priest.

Our house at Inchicore, near Dublin, is within sight of the Richmond barracks, and our Fathers were in frequent communication with the soldiers of that different regiment who happened to be quartered there. One day a color sergeant called on me and told me that they were ordered to be returned to England in a day or two, and that before leaving he wished to get married. He himself was a Catholic, but his intended wife was a Protestant. I told him that it was impossible, as mixed marriages were not allowed in Ireland. He replied that he was determined to get married, that if I would not help him he would change his religion; and he left me in a huff. On returning to the barracks he went straight to the adjutant and told him that he wanted to have his name changed from the Catholic to the Protestant roll. The adjutant, who was a sensible man, said that he was too busy to attend him, but directed him to return on Monday. The soldier was both disappointed and indignant, for the following day would be Sunday, and he had hoped to be able to make a profession of his new faith on that day, and thus to persuade into marrying him the girl with whom he was so infatuated, and who had positively refused to renounce her creed; how sincere was her attachment to it.

His plan having failed, and his name being still on the Catholic roll, he was summoned on Sunday with those of his own creed who were not on duty, to St. Paul's, Arran Quay, at that time the recognized church for Catholic soldiers. On arriving there with his comrades he would not take holy water at the porch, nor would he kneel down for a few moments to pray as the others did, but immediately sat down in his bench. After looking at his high altar for a while, he directed his gaze to the Lady altar, when the beautiful image of Our Blessed Lady seemed to turn completely around and away from him. He looked for a time in another direction, but on turning again towards the statue of the Blessed Virgin the same thing was repeated. He became alarmed and asked the soldier next him what was the meaning of it. This man told him he was mistaken, that nothing of the sort was taking place. The poor man then threw himself on his knees, asked God to forgive him and His Blessed Mother to pray for him. It is needless to add that he never returned to the adjutant. As he had no chance to communicate with the girl he wished to marry, she was quite ignorant of all that had happened in his regard when, on Monday afternoon, she came to see me and told me she would like to become a Catholic. She belonged to a respectable family in our neighborhood, told me that she had a sister who had already been received into our Church, and that she had read and studied many of our books. After a few days' instructions I gave her conditional baptism, and as the departure of her intended husband's regiment was delayed for more than a week, I obtained permission from the Vicar-General to give them the Sacrament of Matrimony. Some years later, after he had obtained his discharge from the service, I visited them in Manchester, where he was settled in business, and I may safely assert that I have never met with a happier or more truly Catholic couple.

Many years ago four of our Fathers were conducting a mission in the town of Dungarvan, in County Waterford. In those days missions were a comparative novelty, and as when he asked me if I thought he might become a lay brother in our congregation. Knowing him as I did, I gave him every encourage-

ment. He became a fervent novice, and is now in South Africa, a professed Oblate of Mary Immaculate.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

ONE EXAMPLE FROM ENGLAND AND ANOTHER FROM THE CONGO FREE STATE.

The heroism displayed by both forces engaged in the great conflict in the far East appeals to the extravagant worldly applause. Yet as Catholics let us remember that as a people we have never lacked either in the "piping days of peace" or the sanguinary duels of armament to provide heroes whose feats appealed with lasting force to the high and more sacred aspirations of man more likely to be acclaimed by the Cherubim and Seraphim of the world celestial.

Tyneside, which mourns his loss, was afforded very effective evidence of this by the late Father Berry. A poor family in Walker was attacked by small-pox. First one child died, then the father, and then the second child, and, worst of all, the poor mother ultimately became a victim of the dread disease. Even the neighbors kind as the poor are to each other, shunned the death-stricken dwelling. The only visitor—and he went more than once each day—was Father Berry, and when he found only one small child left he took it in his arms and carried it to his presbytery. Then his servant left, whereupon he consulted himself a word he alone and without saying a word he knelt down at the bedside of the little one. At length the medical officer heard of the position of matters and promptly procured an order to remove the tiny patient to the fever hospital.

Of kindred interest and very appropos when reference is had to the appeals of the Congo Reform Association, is the tribute recently paid to Mgr. Derix, Prefect Apostolic of the Upper Congo, by Lord Montmorres, the special commissioner sent by the London Globe to report on the administration of the Congo Free State.

Here is how Lord Montmorres dealt with the work of Mgr. Derix:

"Of his humanity no better proof could be adduced than to recall the well known story of his conduct when small-pox was ravaging the district round his mission house in the wilds of Imbenbenbo. Then, day after day, he brought in on his own back the sick and suffering natives until finally he dropped from exhaustion and awoke to find himself pitted with the dread marks of the disease. This was in the early days of the mission. A short time ago small-pox was again prevalent in the neighborhood and again undeterred by his previous experience he set to work to carry the stricken to the shelter and comfort of the Little mission hospital and again himself fell a victim to the disease. Surely the man capable of such heroism will not be accused of lack of humanity towards the blacks for whom he was ready to cheerfully lay down his life?"

Work such as this tells in the mission fields. It stands by itself and requires no prop. Confronted with such facts is there any great reason to wonder that three hundred Catholic missionaries on the Congo escape the scathing criticism indulged in by officers and officials at the expense of the missionaries. The London Monitor and New Era.

RECENT SOCIALIST HISTORY.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS OF FATHER KRESS UNANSWERED BY NATIONAL SOCIALIST CONVENTION.

On the occasion of the mission for non-Catholics given at St. Rose Church this city, Father W. S. Kress, of the Cleveland Apostolate, was asked why the Catholic Church opposes Socialism. His answer was that the Socialist party are not legitimate parties.

"Meeting with a certain number of people," Father Kress said, "who had been attracted to the Socialist party by its promise of bettering social conditions, and who could not, or would not, be convinced that Socialists proposed to introduce into society evils greater by far than those they desired to correct, I addressed the following communication to the National Socialist Convention, which met at Chicago May 15, 1904. To make sure that the communication would reach the convention it was sent by registered letter. The usual official card, signed by Charles Dobbis, acknowledging receipt, is proof that the communication was received. It was not acted upon by the Socialist delegates; but it was not expected that it would be, for reasons that are obvious. If there could have answered the first three, fourth, fifth and sixth propositions in the negative, one would think them eager for the opportunity of doing so, and doing so authoritatively (as only a national convention could do), and of giving their denial the greatest publicity possible.

"Economic Determinism means to the Socialist that a man's morals, his religion his form of government, etc., are purely the result of his environment, and more especially of his economic status. Most other men hold that his will, rather than a man's pocket-book, is responsible for his virtues and vices, and they consider mind and soul more potent than matter to the shaping of his present and future destiny.

"The materialistic conception of history" gives Socialists a chance to speak of the necessary development of mankind along certain lines. "According to their ideas, man is of the earth earthy, first and last—a mere material being without soul or free will, and incapable of intelligent, independent action."

The letter follows:

"Mr. Charles Dobbis, Secretary National Socialist Convention Grand Hall, Chicago:

"Dear Sir—The writer is not a Socialist, nor is he friendly to the Socialist cause; but as an antagonist, he wants to fight fair. I have been told time and again that what I and others represented as Socialism was not real Socialism at all, hence I would respectfully ask that the national convention of your party give an authoritative affirmation or denial to the following proposition:

"1. In proposing to 'transform the means of production and distribution into collective ownership by the entire people,' do you propose to compensate the present holders of active capital to the full extent of the confiscation? If so, how do you propose that it shall be done?"

"2. Is it the sense of your convention that labor checks or whatever your medium of exchange may be, shall be for use by the earner alone, or be transferable at will."

"3. It is charged by many that Socialism aims to disrupt the family and make love the only bond of union between husband and wife. One gets such a notion from reading Marx, Engels, Bebel, Owen, Morris, Hyndman, Bak, Carpenter, Noyes, Kerr, Herron, Appeal to Reason (February 21, 1903), etc. Will not your convention go on record as repudiating all such teaching?"

"4. When you affirm or reaffirm adherence to the principles of international Socialism, do these principles include the materialistic concept of history and economic determinism?"

"5. Do you agree with the proposition said by official reports to have won the approval of the recent Dresden convention, that 'no religious instructions of any kind shall be given to children under the age of 16?'"

"6. Do you believe in absolute democracy, that the vote of the majority shall be supreme in all things, even to the extent of over-riding God's revealed will?"

"I make bold to obtrude this communication upon your convention with the two-fold hope of gaining more light on Socialistic aims and of securing, if possible, an authoritative declaration against radical Socialism. Many others besides myself will be interested in the answers your convention may give to the above questions.

Yours respectfully,
(Rev.) WM. S. KRESS,
Pastor St. Edward Church, Cleveland, O. May 3, 1904."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, died on Monday, Oct. 31. R. I. P.

The Bede memorial, over in England, was unveiled by the Archbishop of York last week. It is a cross elaborately sculptured, put up on Rorer Point, Monkwearmouth, near Sunderland.

The Newfoundland government has this year made a grant of \$1,038.07 to Catholic schools which teach manual training. The Methodist draw \$838.02; Anglicans \$397.35.

Captain Roger de Beaudrap, who, a couple of years ago at Cannes, France, resigned his commission in the French army rather than evict Religious, has purchased a ranch and settled in the Calgary district, Canada.

Though she inherited \$50,000 a week ago from the estate of an uncle, Miss Susan M. Murphy has forsaken friends, relatives and prospects for the cloister of the Sacred Heart Sisters at Syracuse, N. Y.

A new Catholic church, costing \$30,000, which has been erected at the entire expense of an anonymous donor, was solemnly opened the other day in Walworth, the most densely populated district in London, England.

The establishment of a school is being spoken of in Belgium, to be known as the Damien Institute, which will be for training of young men destined to exercise the sacred ministry of the priesthood among the lepers of Molokai.

Lord Brampton, so long known as Mr. Justice Hawkins, has celebrated his 87th birthday. An interesting side of the venerable baron's character is shown in the beautiful Brampton Chapel in the Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, with its wealth of marble and mosaic work, all given by the famous judge.

In the Bishop's house at Grand Rapids, Mich., is a remarkable Bible in good preservation, which was printed in the year 1480, or six years before Columbus discovered America, when Luther was only three years old. Forty years after the issue of this Bible, the first copy of the Protestant Bible was printed in English; and 178 years later the King James edition appeared.

A letter from Archbishop Farfy of Manila states that, since his arrival in the Philippines in January, up to July 10, he had confirmed 104,500 children, and this is only one-third the number waiting for confirmation within the limits of his diocese. "These figures alone," he says, "will silence all the brawlers, either Aglipayans or Protestants. The Filipino people are Catholic and nothing but Catholic."—Sacred Heart Review.

Thursday being the festival of St. Edward the Confessor, saw the usual annual visit of English Catholics to the royal shrine in Westminster Abbey. The Dean of Westminster was present soon after the arrival of the pilgrims, and remained for some time. The shrine was draped with velvet richly embroidered in gold.

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLER. CHAPTER XIV. GREAT THINGS AT TIM FLANAGAN'S—MR. HENRY T. BLAKE BECOMES A PROMINENT INDIVIDUAL.

I only wish it were in my power to tell my young readers how Edward Flanagan wooed and won the fair Margaret O'Callaghan. Unfortunately for our curiosity, the young lady was exceedingly modest, and kept the matter as secret as possible. Strange to say that, for some time, her father was her only confidant, and it was not till she had ascertained his favorable opinion of Edward, that she consented to receive him as a suitor. Edward Flanagan was every thing that she could wish for in a suitor. His tastes, his predilections, were the same—they had grown up together under the same religious training; they had learned the catechism in the same church; heard from childhood up the same religious instructions, and received the sacraments before the same altar. Their life had run for years and years in the same groove. Even in their love for Ireland, they shall still another bond of union. Margaret was Irish by birth, as she often boasted, and looked back to her native land with intense affection. She was ten years old when she left the Emerald City and the picturesque banks on the Lee were still fresh and green in her memory. She was Irish to the heart's core, and had rejected the addresses of more than one admirer because they were not of her own race. And a genuine Irish girl was Margaret O'Callaghan, with her delicate Celtic features, her lithic elastic form, full of grace and symmetry, her blue eyes, with their long lashes and her dark auburn hair. But better than all was her warm, loving heart, and her pure soul, the living abode of faith, hope and charity. Well might Dr. Power say that Margaret O'Callaghan was just the wife he would choose for Edward Flanagan, for he well knew that his favorite could appreciate the young lady's excellent, independent of her prospects as the only child of a wealthy father. Next to her own dear father, Margaret loved and respected Edward's parents, and she used often to say to Mrs. Flanagan that the prospect of having her for a mother was, in itself, no small inducement with her. Mrs. Flanagan, on her side, loved Margaret as a daughter long before she became Edward's wife so that the transition was on both sides easy and natural.

Mr. O'Callaghan thought every day a week till he saw the knot tied. Perhaps he might not have been so anxious to see Margaret married had it entailed a separation, but such was not the case. The old gentleman had stipulated, from the first, that his daughter was not to leave him—an arrangement which was quite agreeable to Edward. As the time appointed for the wedding drew near, all was bustle and joyous excitement in Tim Flanagan's household. Margaret could buy no article, either of dress or furniture, unless Mrs. Flanagan was with her. Messengers were going to and fro between the two houses the whole day long, except when Margaret came with her sewing to spend the day with Mrs. Flanagan, in order to have the benefit of her advice in whatever article she was fitted to give. On these occasions, Tim kept up a continual fire on the maidenly modesty of his future daughter-in-law with his arch looks and sly hints. Many were the "Nods, and winks, and wretched smiles" which beset the young people, until Edward would sometimes say, with a good-humored smile: "Well, father, if you don't spare our blushes more than you do, I will carry Margaret off bodily, and restore her to the paternal dwelling. Do you suppose our faces are made of brass?" "And if you did carry her off home," said the incorrigible Tim, "she wouldn't be long away. She couldn't keep from us, let her do her best. Eh, Maggie? isn't that true?" Margaret would smile and say: "You say so, sir?" or something of the kind, and then Mrs. Flanagan would throw her arms over Margaret, and tell Tim to be off and mind his business—if he had any. "And Edward, you get your date and give us a tune." Or, "Ellie wants to play her new piece for Margaret." Tim was thus bound over to keep the peace—which he would scrupulously do until another opportunity offered for cracking a joke at Margaret's expense.

At length the important day arrived, and a lovely day it was; a rich, soft, autumn day, with the bright sunshine streaming down on the gladdened earth, and the air full of life and full of balm. Both Edward and Margaret had been to confession on the previous day, and both received the Holy Communion on the morning of their marriage. So, too, did Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan, and Mr. O'Callaghan, at the special request of the young couple. It was a beautiful sight, and one that was long remembered with pleasure by all those who were present on the occasion. Dr. Power said Mass, and performed the marriage ceremony, and when he met the whole party in the vestry-room, after Mass, his face was radiant with joy as he congratulated the youthful pair whom his ministry had made one. "And you, my worthy friends," said he, addressing the respective parents: "I think I have just as much right to congratulate you. Your children have entered upon a new state, which will, I trust, increase both their happiness and yours. You now form but one family. Your fortunes are henceforward bound up together. Your have brought up your children in the love and fear of God; you have done your duty by them; you have fitted them to adorn and edify a state of happiness for your own declining years. In their virtue and their affection you have the surest guarantee for the future peace and prosperity of the whole family. God bless you all, and may you live together many, many years, in the enjoyment of every blessing! I will now bid you good morning, as I have to make my

meditation before any one comes to interrupt me."

Mrs. Reilly was in her glory that morning, and she declared over and over again, that she didn't think she could feel happier or prouder if it was Tom's wedding day. "Or your own—eh, Sally?" "Now, don't be bothering me, Tim—don't put me in a passion this morning, but it wouldn't be lucky to get out of temper on such an occasion as this." And Mrs. Reilly smiled most graciously. "Well, well! get into the carriage there, and we'll talk it out when we get home." This was at the carriage door. "I'm sure we're all in need of our breakfast—I know I, for one, am. As for Edward and Margaret, like I suppose they'll not eat a bit—joy's like grief, they say, and both are mighty apt to take away the appetite."

"I beg your pardon, father," said Edward, gaily; "I feel as if I could make a first-rate breakfast out of even half as joyous." Margaret smiled but said nothing, as Edward lifted her into the first carriage. With her went Edward, Tom Reilly, his groomsmen, and Ellie Flanagan, the first bridesmaid. The elders of the families followed in two other carriages. The whole party breakfasted at Tim Flanagan's, and a merry time they had of it. I only wish that every wedding-party amongst my readers may be even half as joyous. Mr. and Mrs. Blake and Eliza, joined the breakfast-party though they had not been able to go to church. Mr. Henry and his young wife were invited, but they sent a very polite note to say that they could not possibly come. They were very sorry, etc., etc. The reading of this note was most unceremoniously interrupted by Tom, with a loud ringing of the door bell, announcing the return of the young people. In an instant all was bustle and excitement; laughing, talking, and "keeping up the fun," seemed to be regarded as a sort of duty growing out of the occasion.

The supper was dispatched as soon as possible in order to gratify the young people who were all impatient for the dancing to commence. When it did commence, it was kept up with little intermission till long after

No one was exempted from the common law, which was cheerfully acknowledged as obligatory on all, save and except Mrs. Reilly, whose scruples were universally respected. Mr. Fitzgibbon executed a pas de deux with Mrs. Blake in splendid style, remarking at the same time that it was a great pity the *minuet* ever went out of fashion. Even old Mr. Williams, a veteran leather dresser, generally considered the father of the trade, was easily persuaded to stand up for a country dance, and it was long recorded as a notable fact, that before all was over, the old gentleman danced a very good jig with the fair bride.

"I tell you what, Edward," said he, "your wife is an Irishwoman every inch of her. I'd ask no more than to see how she danced that jig. If she had been brought up in Cork's own town, she couldn't have done it better." Both Edward and his wife acknowledged the compliment, and both returned it with interest. The old man's eye sparkled with a long-absent light, as he replied: "Well, I think I did do it pretty well, children, considering that I have three score and five years on my back. I'm sure I little thought I'd ever dance a step again; but when I couldn't refuse to try my old jig, Edward Flanagan's wedding, I got me now to your sets, children, and let me rest a while. God bless your kind hearts!" Early in the evening the good old gentleman had asked Miss Blake to dance (at her uncle Tom's suggestion), but the young lady shrank from "exhibiting with an old fellow like that," and her polite refusal was a thing he could not understand. Aunt Sheridan danced with him, and Ellie Flanagan, and he could not conceive why Eliza Blake should refuse to humor an old friend of her family when he was exerting himself "to keep up the fun!" Alas! for the discernment of good Mr. Williams; he forgot that Eliza had been trained up not in the way that she should go, but in a way that detached her from her own people, and made her "a stranger in her own land." It is true, Eliza played, and sang, and danced a set or two of quadrilles, but still she could not enter into the spirit of the festival, and it was painfully manifest to every one present that her heart was far away. Her father and mother made several attempts to cheer her up; so, too, did Mrs. Flanagan and her daughters, but it was all in vain.

Eliza was no hypocrite, and she could not, if she would, appear as gay as the merry, light-hearted girls around her. She felt that her ways were not their ways, and she wished she had not come. When the laughter was loudest, and the music gayest, and the dance most animated, she was thinking of Zachary and Jane, and Arabella, and wondering what they were about just then.

Still, the evening passed pleasantly away, with laugh and song, and sparkling jest, and the national dances of the Irish, to their heart-reviving music. Not a shade of sadness was visible on any brow, whether young or old (except that of Eliza), till the time came for breaking up, and it was very natural that Edward's mother should feel and testify some degree of sorrow on leaving her son in his new home. "Still, I don't grudge him to you, Margaret," said she, when they had lingered till nearly all were gone; "you are well worth of him. He is ever and always the best of sons, and I'm

sure you'll find him the best of husbands. My blessing and the blessing of God be with you, now and for ever!" Her words were solemnly repeated by Tim and O'Callaghan, and then Nelly hurried away, followed to the door by Edward, who would have the last word and the last look at parting.

As for Tom Reilly, that evening was an epoch in his existence. In his capacity of groomsmen he had to play a conspicuous part, under the eyes of his beloved mother. And he certainly made a creditable appearance in a handsome new suit of fine black cloth, relieved by a white vest, white kid gloves and the whitest of white linen, "done up" for the occasion by his mother's own careful hands. Poor Tom never intended to have a wedding of his own—at least as long as his mother lived, for he could not bear to give her a rival in her household dignity, so he always looked back on Edward's wedding as the case in the desert of his monotonous life. Like "the hallowed form" of which Moore sweetly sings, so was that happy day imprinted on Tom Reilly's mind in fancy's brightest tints, and for years and years did it

"lingering haunt the greenest spot On memory's waste."

Now, that Edward Flanagan's wedding is over, we must turn our attention to Mr. Henry T. Blake, who has long since got over the giddy whirl of the honeymoon, and settled down into a common-place Benedict—not a very sober one, I confess, but still a pretty fair specimen of young married men, in the great cities of the Union. Now that Jane was secured, love gave place to ambition, and, as the surest ladder to preferment, Blake began to feel a craving desire for popularity. He was gifted by nature with a handsome person; education and society had given him a good address, and these were two great elements of popularity.

The field of politics lay open before him, and he entered the lists with the determination to win a deathless name and mount to preferment on the shoulders of the people. He had grown up in the Democratic ranks; it cost him but little trouble to attain a distinguished position in the party, and he was soon acknowledged as one of its leaders. He had a ready flow of words that passed for eloquence, and his voice often made the walls and floors of Old Tammany quiver, if not by its own proper force, at least by the vociferous plaudits of "the b'boys," with whom Henry T. Blake was a popular special favorite. Repeal meetings were at that time "all the go," and Blake, as the son of an Irishman, had a good opportunity to rail against British tyranny, etc. Washington Hall (now Stewart's)—the levitation of fancy stores, was the scene of many an enthusiastic demonstration, and there it was that our friend Blake made his first appearance as an out-and-out Repealer.

"Come along," said he to Zachary Thomson, "let us see what's going on amongst the Repealers. It will be a capital move for us to come out strongly in favor of Repeal."

"I can't think so, Henry," returned Zach, with characteristic bluntness, "what have we to do with Repeal?" "Not much with Repeal, if you will, but a great deal with our Irish citizens." There was a sneer on his lip that made Zachary smile. "Don't you know that they are, to a man, Repealers? If you can secure their votes, do my best to win the seat of the court, then I will gracefully introduce you as an American friend, who is well disposed towards Ireland. I will then leave you in possession of the stage, and the audience, thus prepared, will bear your own—you can shape them as the potter shapes his clay." Zachary laughed and said "All right."

On reaching the Hall, situated on Broadway, they found it densely crowded with "friends of Ireland," so that they had considerable difficulty in reaching the platform occupied by the speakers. Having exchanged nods with the Chairman, who was well known to them, the two young men applied themselves to watch the proceedings. Henry had taken care to apprise the Chairman that he purposed making some remarks, and that tuncatory availed himself of the first opportunity to present to the meeting Mr. Henry T. Blake, already known to you all as a distinguished member of the bar—his sentiments on the Repeal question he will himself explain. The announcement was received with loud cheers, and Mr. Blake's appearance was the signal for still louder applause. Bowing gracefully, Mr. Blake opened his mouth and spoke. He began by crowding that he had not the honor of being born in Ireland, but he was proud to say, that both his father and mother were natives of the Emerald Isle. (Applause.) He had, from his earliest years, loved the name of Ireland—it was one of the first sounds his infant lips had articulated. His love of Ireland had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, until it had become a part of his very being. To love Ireland, and to hate the tyrannical power that ground her to the dust, was to him a sacred—a two-fold duty. (Loud cheers.) "He had come there that evening to offer his fortune and his life, if necessary, in the glorious cause to which they were all devoted. (Great sensation.) He would not

further occupy the valuable time of the meeting, but in conclusion begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Zachary Thomson, a distinguished member of his own profession, and an ardent lover of Ireland, although born of American parents. He could answer for him that his heart was in the right place. Mr. Thomson was received with enthusiastic cheering, which having at length subsided, he proceeded to thank the meeting for their truly Irish welcome, thus freely given to a stranger. He then went on with a brilliant speech, expressive of all manner of good will towards Ireland, and a corresponding indignation against her oppressor—a speech, although he could not, like his friend, boast of having Irish blood in his veins, yet he could say, and must be allowed to say, that his sympathy for that lovely but unfortunate land, was as deep as though he were born on Irish ground. (Loud and prolonged applause.) What man, with even half a soul, could turn over the events of Ireland's history, without feeling for her unnumbered sufferings? He, for one, her cheerfully gird on his sword at any moment that he might be called on, and go up to battle for oppressed Ireland. (Tremendous cheers.) Mr. Thomson concluded by saying that he hoped they would all live to see the day when the down-trodden peoples of the Old World would simultaneously shake even the incubus of tyrannical government, and stand forth in renovated beauty, the successful imitators of Young America. Mr. Thomson then made his bow, and retired in graceful confusion.

It is needless to say that the two friends were loudly cheered as they left the Hall. When they had got to a safe distance, they both laughed immoderately at what they called "a capital farce."

"Don't you think I did my part to perfection?" inquired Blake. "To the very life," cried Zachary—"and I do not I deserve a compliment, too?" "Oh! decidedly—that touch about the sword was most effective; it told well, I assure you. A few more such speeches as we have made to-night, and we are sure of the Irish vote, whenever it suits us to apply for it."

"That is all very well," said Zachary, "but I am sadly afraid that Jane and Eliza will have given us up for lost. You know they were to be dressed for the Opera at 9 o'clock, and here it is now a quarter past 9. Repeal is all very well in its place, but I have no notion of letting it interfere with any more rational amusement. Hang Repeal, say I, if it keeps the girls so long waiting."

"Nonsense, Zachary, they can wait a quarter of an hour, when we are detained by important business." The last words were spoken with such an ironical emphasis that Zachary could not help laughing. Good humor thus restored, our two "friends of Ireland" puffed away at their cigars with renewed vigor, and quickened their steps accordingly. On reaching home, they found Mrs. Henry and Miss Blake, and the Misses Thomson waiting in full dress, with more or less discontent on the face of each. "Ireland and Repeal," were derisively brought forward by the gentlemen in excuse, and laughingly accepted by the ladies. This picture may seem somewhat overdrawn, but, unhappily, it is "over true." Of those who headed the Repeal movement in America, it is morally certain that some were actuated by just such motives as our friends Blake and Thomson. The thousands of Irishmen who "made up the rank and file" of the cause, sincere in their enthusiastic efforts to better the condition of their own beloved Ireland; but it is certain that many of the leaders were just such as they are here represented, spouting patriotism from their mouths, while their hearts were full of petty selfish projects. Even now, it were well if our warm-hearted, trusting people would carefully sift the tares from the wheat, and withhold their confidence from public men, or would be tribunals, till they have ascertained "what manner of men they be." Let them keep a sharp eye on the *spouters* wherever they may appear, or what garb soever they may choose to assume.

TO BE CONTINUED.

over the land a lurid glare of yellow. Suddenly a report like a distant cannon's boom was heard, and across the white face of the river appeared a black and jagged seam.

"The ice is breaking!" cried the pupils, crowding to the edge of the steep and projecting bluff. As the watchers stood speechless before the magnificent scene of devastation, their interest was quickened from wonder to horror, as down the white grinding heart of the river some object was seen swiftly advancing.

"A boat!" "A tree," "A dog," were the first careless conjectures. "Children!" shrieked the shuddering nuns and pupils, as the great ice blocks dashed down the river's slope, buried themselves round its dangerous bend, and swept into the broad current lake, where under the influence of a deeper and less angry tide, they spread themselves out into wide-circling, majestically moving drafts.

Children they were. God! Two helpless little boys barely nine and seven years of age. They wore peasant jackets and clumsy caps of sealskin pulled over their ears, while about the head and shoulders of the younger child was wrapped a gay shawl of red and purple.

The larger boy stood motionless, still holding the cord attached to a little scarlet sled—the plaything that told their pitiful story—but the smaller one was crying bitterly, and frantically wringing its tiny hands.

"The lads of the widow Jouret!" exclaimed the hoarse voice of the convent chaplain, who at the first call of alarm had rushed hatless from the vestry. The lads of the widow Jouret! The treasures of the poor woman who worked in the hamlet yonder. Unfortunate children! Unhappy mother! Below against steep banks swayed a treacherous ice sea; beyond lay a broad channel between stretches of deserted land; then came the pitiless ocean.

And those who watched were helpless. Close to the edge of the high bluff, with the praying nuns and sobbing pupils kneeling about him, his uncovered head and black robed figure rising like a monument of stone against the whiteness of land—stood the priest.

One hand he held uplifted in silent benediction; with the other he raised from his bosom the crucifix of silver and turned its gleaming image toward the children going down to their death on the river.

Out from their pale faces died the fear and the horror. They folded their hands as the mothers teach children to pray, and lifting eyes full of faith and them upon the comforting sign of salvation.

Thus the little lads passed on, out of the lake and into the channel that led to the ocean.

THE LITTLE LADS OF THE WIDOW JOURET.

Fair in summer is the river St. Lawrence as it flows blue and placid between the picturesque Canadian shores. Fair, too, in winter when it lies white and still as the frozen land. But when the breath of approaching spring loosens the ice-chains and they snap asunder, and the imprisoned waters with rush and roar leap forth like a ravenous monster in search of prey, and the angry tide lifts the great masses of ice, that one moment are crunched edgewise into glittering heaps and the next swept out into broad fies, with always the black, swirling water between—then the St. Lawrence is a most terrible sight.

Every year at this season the river takes its tribute of human life. Sometimes a foolhardy teamster trusting a last load to the treacherous surface; sometimes a party of reckless skaters, who go down with laughter on their lips; and sometimes, alas! a little child, snatched from innocent play to death.

But whoever the victim, none escapes for the river is wide and the current swift and strong. One early spring, the pupils of a convent school, situated upon a high bank of the St. Lawrence, were gathered to watch for the breaking of the ice.

From where they stood they could look across the undulating snow fields to the great city rising beyond in wintry splendor, and their sharp young eyes could trace from the harbor each turn of the frozen river until it lay before them in an ice sheet, broad as a lake.

The surface, so recently animated with festive sleighs and merry skaters, was death-orded—for on its signs warned that death now lurked where Pleasure had so lately reigned.

The afternoon was closing, and a lowering sky of hazy saffron hue threw

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aided the approach of the milk cart on runners, bumping along the rude road that passed the widow's cottage.

"Good-day, Mother Jourret!" shouted the driver, from the depths of many bearskins and mufflers. "And how go the little lads?"

"They have gone into town to take the linen of Madame Foret," the woman answered in the harsh, unmodulated voice characteristic of her kind and class.

Then she came from the doorstep saying anxiously:

"The ice on the river is breaking. Pierre Courneau. Are the little lads in danger?"

The poor eyes contracted nervously and the gaping lips gaped yet further apart as she asked the appealing question.

"But no!" responded the man with reassuring cheerfulness. "The wagon road is safe enough."

"Little Jean can be trusted," his voice came back above the bumping runners and the clattering tires.

"Little Jean can be trusted," repeated the man, nodding her head contentedly over the reflection.

"He is a brave lad, steady and honest like his father, and so sensible for his nine years," she mused. "He knows the danger of the river as well as I. And he always obeys. Ah, yes, Little Jean can be trusted."

She went inside and closed the door, thinking always of the children.

"Perhaps I did wrong to let the little Jules go. He is delicate and coughs continually, but he coaxed so prettily and was so proud to ride on his new sled. How he laughed—do the heart good—when Jean galloped away with him!"

As the poor woman pondered thus the first ominous report was repeated and the fears of the mother returned.

"Jean is after all but a child," she muttered. "The river is tempting and Jules might tease."

She went again to the door step and looked out across the snow fields to the distant river.

Her sight was feeble and the glare from the sky was fading, but she could still see, between the convent trees, the frozen bend gleaming, motionless.

"Jean can be trusted," she said again and came back to the warmth of the kitchen.

For some moments she busied herself tidying the place, putting aside here a child's plaything, there a boy's game, and gleaning the while with the affected ill-humor of mothers who like to assume the anger they are far from feeling.

The mother picked up a child's apron and shook out the folds with a grunt "Look at that! Who would say that it was clean only this very morning! Shame upon that Jules always poking about on hands and knees like a great baby!"

And though the mother spoke so fiercely and looked so black, she hung the little garment on its nail with many a loving stroke and pat.

The next object to arrest her eye was a book lying face downward upon the table.

Like the poor and ignorant, to whom reading is a mystery and all knowledge sacred, she reverently lifted the book and turned the leaves with careful fingers, nodding her head at a straining, her distorted lips into a foolish smile of wonder, respect, and pride.

"Tens! Tens!" she exclaimed, her hoarse voice breaking into a chuckle of delight. "But the good Cure means to make a wise man of our Jean since he gives him such learned books to read. Perhaps—who knows?—he will make of him a priest like himself. O Blessed heaven! Our Jean a priest! Think of that! And why not? Jean is a good lad; mischievous sometimes, but wicked, never! And what a heart of gold! Perhaps, Jules, too! But there—one should not ask too much of the good God. Ah, but they are brave lads—both. They will have a dish of sweetened rice for their supper, and I will make them a bit of sucre as a surprise."

"A surprise," she chuckled, as full of eagerness to carry out her little conspiracy before the arrival of the children, she shuffled her crippled body to the hiding place of a treasured lump of maple sugar.

This she broke into a hot pan, adding to it a morsel of butter in place of the rich cream the recipe called for, and a handful of nuts, long hoarded for just such an occasion as this; then when all had properly boiled, she scooped a hole in the snow banked high against the door-jamb and poured the seething mixture in to cool.

While doing this she noticed the storm-clouds gathering, and came into the house, saying fervently:

"Thank God, the little lads are snug in their coats lined thick as wool's hand with wool! And the good shawl I wrapped about Jules' head will keep him warm and dry. There is nothing to fear from the storm. Besides the children have long ago turned into the wagon-road and are now far from the river. They will be here soon."

She laid the supper table with a white cloth and coarse blue crockery, putting at Jean's place the china bowl that had been his father's, but for little Jules, some impulse caused her to turn and lift from the shelf that held the clock, a gaily painted porcelain mug bearing the inscription "For a Good Boy" encircled in a wreath of painted roses.

Then she remembered the sucre, and, going outside to the spot which she had last seen gleaming motionless between the trees was now a confusing streak of black. As she shaded and strained her poor eyes in effort to make the vision clearer, the heaving-storm-clouds lurched, and in a flash of yellow light the mother saw the angry sea flood swirling round the bend.

She shuddered and muttered, "Ah, God! But saying always, "Little Jean can be trusted," she brought the sucre into the house.

With a knife handle she broke the crisp candy into bits, which she arranged on a plate in a clumsy pattern of circles and diamonds, and placed it in the center of the table.

All was ready, but the children did

not come.

"They have stopped to play on the road," the mother said. "Jules is full of pranks, and will perhaps run and hide to torment his brother, and Jean will run after him, and between the two naughty ones the poor mother waiting at home is forgotten."

And though the poor woman spoke lightly enough, one could see that she was in truth very uneasy as she moved restlessly about; now glancing at the clock, now peering from the small window fast growing dim. And yet no sign of the little lads.

"Madame Foret has kept them for coffee," the poor woman admitted, as her fears finally assumed a definite shape. "She has done that before. Of course; of course. The good lady makes much of the little lads, and they have stayed to eat sweet cakes, and that, with their frolicking, makes them late. When they come they had best take their breath and get quickly into bed."

She filled the blue china bowl and the little porcelain mug with good lentil soup, and laid the dish of sweetened rice on the table. Then she went to an inner room and brought back two little white nightshirts, which she spread carefully over chair backs and stood up close against the stove to warm.

Very cozy the little kitchen looked in the dusk, with the light from the fire flickering on the white walls, glinting gayly in the blue and gold of the tete-a-tete cup, and throwing warm shadows over the two little shirts stretched across the chairs.

Then the mother went to the doorway and looked out with expectant eyes.

The saffron sky had faded to gloom; upon the white land lay a shadow like the ashen shadow on a dying face, and in the distance—swiftly, silently, relentlessly—passed the river.

Across the snow plain, beaded which rose the pale trees of the convent garden, a figure was swiftly advancing. It was that of a tall, grave man wearing the broad hat and trailing gown of a priest.

But the widow did not see him, for all her senses were concentrated upon a sound that fell like music upon her listening ear.

Throwing up over her head the outer folds of her thick woolen skirt, she ran limpingly down the slippery path until she reached the high banks, between which lay the beaten road. Here she stood, while round the great drift at the bottom burst with shout and laughter a crowd of rollicking boys. Children of the hamlet returning home from play.

The mother's heart gave a joyful leap. She knew now the little lads were coming.

The noisy troop in the road advanced through the gloom in a shadowy mass, while the mother's dim eyes watched to catch the first glimpse of Jules' little startled head; her listening ears were strained to hear about the merry shouts of the others the ringing laugh of Jean.

Alas, poor mother! The man in the priestly gown is close beside her now. But neither presentment nor intuition warns her of his presence.

Her soul is conscious of but one idea—the little lads are coming. A moment more and they will leap into her waiting arms. Safe and sound she will hold them fast to her heart; her precious little lads!

With glowing eyes and lips parted in yearning expectancy; with every line of the poor, rough face softened, beautified, transfigured, the widow Jourret waited.—R. M. Samson in Benjiger's Magazine.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CONTINUED.

Mr. Jones—"You ask, 'Where is your evidence that the existing copies are correct copies of the non-existent originals?'

Yes, we want your evidence that any existing copy is a correct reproduction of the non-existent originals. You have not yet answered, as we shall see.

Mr. Jones—"The evidence is found by comparison of all extant manuscripts, young and old, of various tongues and of every nation, with their respective attestations."

How can any number of extant copies, whose correctness is the very point at issue, prove that any one of them is a correct copy of the non-existent originals? How can one document whose character is in doubt be evidence of the correctness of another document whose character is equally in doubt? But go on.

Mr. Jones—"These (manuscripts) are then compared with the oldest versions of the Vulgate included, some of which bring us back to a time whose people could have readily walked and talked with the Apostles."

At first you made it a special boast that the Protestant translators went directly to the originals. Now you think that it is necessary to have recourse to old versions or translations in various languages in order to construct a correct text. These ancient versions or translations have suddenly acquired a great value in your estimation when you have to have recourse to them for evidence of the correctness of manuscript copies in the original languages.

As the oldest manuscript copies of those ancient versions do not go back farther than the fourth century, those people at that time who talked with the Apostles, who were dead some centuries before, must have used some sort of the chronophone. But granting them the chronophone, how could they have known that a particular manuscript was a correct reproduction of all the original manuscripts of the sixty-six books of your Bible? We will be as liberal as possible and suppose that the fourth century people could have known and testified that a particular manuscript was really an exact reproduction of those sixty-six non-existent manuscripts, did they as a matter of fact know that any existing manuscript was such a correct reproduction of the non-existent originals? And if they did know have they left any testimony to that effect? If you think they have, try to produce it and then you will

learn the full import of our request for evidence, which you thought so easy to comply with.

But suppose those old fourth century manuscript copies and fragments of copies are found not to agree, what then?

Mr. Jones—"Well, then, they are marked with a 'cave,' until original documents are exhausted for something to support their claim."

But suppose all the known existing copies are found to vary and the originals are non-existent, what then?

Mr. Jones—"If nothing anywhere can be found to sustain a word or a translation of a word, it is suspected and left out of the bunch."

It is not only a word or many words, but the whole manuscript that is to be sustained. How, in the absence of any known correct copy, can you know which, if any, of the varying copies is a correct reproduction of the original? Among any number of varying copies it is impossible for you to know which of them, or if any of them, is correct, unless you have a known correct copy, as a criterion, rule or measure, with which to compare them. But you must acknowledge that you have no such known correct copy. Consequently all the varying copies are unverifiable; and as long as they are all unverifiable they are all equally erroneous. As all vary from each other all cannot be true, and as you know not which one, if any, is true, they are all to you equally unreliable, not competent witnesses either to the verity or fallacy of each other.

Just here we request you to recall our question. It was this: Where is your evidence that the existing copies, or any of them, are correct copies of non-existent originals? If you have not answered it or got anywhere near it, instead of producing the evidence demanded to prove and identify any existing correct copy—which you undertook so willingly—you have simply tried to show how a correct text might be constructed by bunching together the variations and errors of existing copies; that is, you would get at the truth by a combination of errors.

Now, even if we were to admit—as we do not—that you could construct a true text in this way, you would still not have complied with our demand for evidence to prove that any existing copy is a correct copy of the originals.

Mr. Jones—"The quotations from the ancient Fathers are also called in evidence to warrant the accuracy of our manuscripts and true rendering."

As the ancient Fathers did not indicate from what manuscript they quoted, their quotations are not evidence for any particular manuscript among the varying manuscripts.

But you are skating on thin ice when you appeal to the Fathers, for they will leave you in a bad way. If you grant that their quotations prove the correctness of the translation from which they quoted, you must reject your American revised version of the Bible as imperfect. For not only the Fathers, but our Lord and His Apostles, quoted from the Septuagint. Then according to your reasoning the Septuagint is a true copy of the Old Testament. But the Septuagint has in it all those books which the American Revised rejects as apocryphal. Consequently the rejection of these books leaves your American revised imperfect, minus habens.

Again, St. Augustine quoted from the Vetus Itala, yet you say that version was incorrect, and St. Jerome, at the request of Pope Damasus, revised and corrected it in his Vulgate. The Vetus Itala being a translation from the Septuagint had in it from the Septuagint all those books which your American Revised version rejects as apocryphal; so, if Augustine's quoting from the Vetus Itala proves that version to be correct it proves at the same time in his authority that the American Revised is erroneous or defective in that it does not contain the apocryphal books.

The Fathers of the Church are not safe witnesses for Protestant to appeal to. They generally give him away badly, as they do you in the present case.

Mr. Jones—"We should not rely too much on any one version, or on any one manuscript."

Right. But if you cannot rely on any one version or manuscript you cannot rely on all of them taken together, for no number of unreliable versions can give you a reliable one. Truth is not begotten of error. Or, to give an illustration in keeping with the business instincts of the times, you cannot from any number of false dollar bills extract any genuine bill; at least you cannot do it without recourse to practices that are likely to land one in jail. Without a genuine bill as a rule to judge by: you cannot tell either a true or a false bill when you see it.

This is precisely your situation with regard to existing and differing manuscripts, and as you say we must not rely on any one manuscript or version there is none that you can consider as genuine. Hence, the originals being by which to judge of the reliability or genuineness of any existing manuscript or version.

Mr. Jones—"The Greek manuscript to which you say St. Jerome had access is unknown to you and me. There is no time or place or date given."

Yes, to our great disadvantage it is not known to you and me, but it was known to St. Jerome, one of the Fathers of the Church, whose integrity and scholarship are known to the world, and recognized. A few moments ago you appealed to quotations from the Fathers to prove the correctness of copies and versions. And now when one of those Fathers, one of the most celebrated among them, indicates a preference for a particular manuscript or version by selecting it to translate, you attempt to throw doubt on that manuscript by implying a lack of knowledge or judgment or honesty on the part of that most famous Father of the Church, the most celebrated Scripture scholar of any age.

Mr. Jones—"But there is no time or place or date given (of Jerome's copy)."

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Mr. Jones—"But there is no time or place or date given (of Jerome's copy)."

Not given to us sixteen hundred

The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 184 and 186 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

Editor: GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES. Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1904.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1904.

THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

The London Globe says that no race probably has ever been so maligned on the stage as the Irish.

HOME INFLUENCE.

From a home that is enveloped in a non-religious atmosphere is graduated the thoughtless and indifferent Catholic.

AIMLESS AMUSEMENTS.

We understand that something will be done this winter to disabuse outsiders of the notion that our sole recreational resource lies in cards and games.

SOME "MANLY" MEN.

The writer of the short story is devoting just now a great deal of attention to the "manly man" who generally talks an argot miscalled English.

At other times his habitat is in what is or was the woolly west. A very picturesque gentleman, bronzed face—you can fill in the particulars to suit yourself.

a book that was sent us a short time ago. A well-groomed gentleman this surrounded by books of the Schopenhauer type.

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

But there can be no doubt as to it having an evil influence on the young by giving them false ideas and ideals.

What patient, persevering effort is required, says Bishop Spalding, to form character, and what a little thing will poison life in its source.

GOOD READING.

With regard to the reading that will keep the things of eternity before the eyes of the mind, we cannot do better than lay before our readers the salient points of a Pastoral Letter of Right Rev. Dr. Hedley on the Lives of the Saints.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

The first advantage which an earnest Catholic may gain by reading these lives is information. The common Protestant idea of religion is that a man should go to church or chapel on Sundays, try to feel "good," and be honest and kindly in dealing with others.

MAKES THE SIGHT KEENER.

And there is another branch of Catholic information not less necessary and not less neglected, the principles of the spiritual and ascetic life.

lives of the saints—men and women who are distinguished by their likeness to Christ—makes the sight keener.

THE LESSONS OF THE CROSS.

The lives of the Saints touch and stimulate us. A good story acts upon the heart like a noble picture.

EDUCATION IN CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES.

Their lives, says Bishop Hedley, should be read, not as common history or as profane stories, but as part of the Gospel message.

ANOTHER CHURCH UNION.

Ten Presbyterian bodies which have mission Churches in India are making an effort to unite into one, and form one great Church.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE METHODS.

There is trouble in the Christian Science camp in Toronto over an unscientific failure of the practitioners of the so-called science to carry out an alleged agreement to teach that science to a person who paid pretty well for the instruction she was to get.

THE WEE, AND THE UNITED FREES.

The Wee Free Churches of Scotland have put into operation the decision of the House of Lords giving them full control of the Free Church property which was owned by the Free Church of Scotland at the time when the majority went over to the United Presbyterian Church, constituting the United Free Church.

Christian doctrines, the divinity of our Saviour, and the infinite value of His atonement for the sins of mankind.

How different is the present attitude of Presbyterians from that to which we have been accustomed, in presence of which we were told as in the ordinance of Parliament authorizing the compilation of the Westminster Confession:

"Whereas amongst the infinite blessings of Almighty God upon this nation, none is nor can be more dear unto us than the purity of our religion, and for that, as yet, many things remain in the liturgy, discipline and government of the Church which do necessarily require a further and more perfect reformation than as yet hath been attained; and whereas that the present Church government by Archbishops, their chancellors, commissars, deans, and other ecclesiastical officers depending upon the hierarchy is evil, and justly offensive and burdensome to the kingdom, a great impediment to reformation and growth of religion, and very prejudicial to the state and government of this kingdom."

Why of late years we have even been assured that Prelacy, which was once held to be but "a rag of Popery," would no longer be a cause to prevent union, if the Prelatsists would only descend from their high horse, and admit that episcopacy is a human ordinance, not part of the essential constitution of the Church, and that it is not essential that presbyters or ministers should receive their ordination from Bishops.

We are now prepared for any departure on the part of Presbyterians from the "faith once delivered to the Saints," when they have once relaxed the faith which they once proclaimed to be "most agreeable to the Word of God" and "necessary to be approved and established as a common confession of Faith for the three kingdoms."

It is not from any carping spirit we call attention to these facts of the case, but to show how the events have proved that there can be no solid union of Christians into one Christ, except through the Faith of the Catholic Church, which has been handed down through the centuries from the days of the Apostles to the present, in union with and submission to the successor of St. Peter, who was appointed by Christ Himself to feed His lambs and sheep.

A NOTED PRONOUNCEMENT.

A very remarkable pronouncement was made in Toronto about a week ago by that distinguished English statesman, John Morley. In making reference to the French-Canadians he said: "It is a feeling, a mournful feeling, in my own mind how different the case of Ireland would have been, how we should have been spared more than a century of torment, what would Ireland have been spared if the British Government, when the Act of Union was passed, had pursued the same conciliatory policy in Ireland as the British Government pursued in 1769 or 1763 in the case of French Canada."

This is, in short, the mournful history of Ireland. On the part of England we have an example of tyrannical legislation of which the world furnishes but few instances. To-day the shameful treatment of the Emerald Isle stands as a blot upon the British Empire.

THE WEE, AND THE UNITED FREES.

The Wee Free Churches of Scotland have put into operation the decision of the House of Lords giving them full control of the Free Church property which was owned by the Free Church of Scotland at the time when the majority went over to the United Presbyterian Church, constituting the United Free Church.

The Wee Frees made an offer some time ago to the United Free Church to permit the latter the use of the Church buildings and manse till June next on the condition that no Free Church doctrine should be attacked in the churches thus loaned during the interim, but the terms were not agreed to as reasonable.

Kirk, they should be continued to be used for this purpose only even till the present difficulty should be completely tided over.

The cash at the disposal of the Wee Frees amounts to over \$10,000,000. There are, besides the Assembly Hall, three colleges, 1,100 churches and about the same number of manse, adjudged as belonging to the Wee Frees who number only 4,500 adherents of all ages, with 94 ministers, and about 34 small congregations, chiefly found in the Highlands and on the islands in the north of Scotland.

It has developed that between the United Frees and the Wee Frees there is a real and serious doctrinal difference, whereby it is shown that Calvinism has been practically eliminated from the United Free, and to a great extent, though not so entirely, from the Established Kirk of Scotland.

A SELF-CONSTITUTED FORGIVER OF SINS.

A curious story comes from Kansas City where a new Church belonging to one of the fanciful denominations called the Christian Church is being built under the direction of the pastor, who, together with his congregation, works every night at the building so as not to interfere with their daily occupations.

This minister is one who denounces Catholics for believing that Catholic priests the power of forgiving sins has come down by lawful succession from the Apostles who received it from Christ. But he presumes to exercise this power though he has no claim to have succeeded to the Apostles.

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We regret very much to notice by a press despatch that the Rev. Dr. Benjamin F. DeCosta, the distinguished convert to the Catholic Church, died on 11th November at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.

Very Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., O. M. I., Rector of Holy Angels' Church, Buffalo, has been appointed Provincial of the Order of Oblate Fathers for the United States.

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FORBIDDEN SOCIETIES.

ASSOCIATIONS WHICH CATHOLICS ARE NOT PERMITTED TO JOIN, AND WHY.

"I would like to ask," a correspondent writes to The Catholic Union and Times, "what societies Catholics are not allowed to join. Is it only secret societies, and what secrets are they?"

As the question is one which Catholics in other places frequently ask, the answer given by the Jesuit Father in charge of our contemporary's "question box" may profitably be reproduced here:

- There are two kinds of societies forbidden by the Church: 1. Secret societies nominally condemned by the Church. 2. Societies, secret or otherwise, whose principles, tendencies or actions are known to be antagonistic to sound faith and the authority of the Church.

- 1. The Masonic Society of Free Masonry in all its forms, branches and degrees. 2. The Order of the Good Templars. 3. The Odd Fellows. 4. Knights of Pythias. 5. The Sons of Temperance.

With regard to Free Masonry, the first warning of danger was given by Clement XII, in the year 1763, and his constitution was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV. Pius VII, followed the same path, and Leo XII, by his Apostolic Constitution "Quo graviores," put together the acts and decrees of former Pontiffs on this subject and ratified and confirmed them forever.

The second kind of organization forbidden by the Church are societies whose principles, tendencies and actions are known to be hostile to sound faith and the authority of the Church.

All societies who profess rationalism or naturalism, as opposed to revealed Christianity. One of the most important religious documents of the nineteenth century, the "Dogmatic Constitution of the Catholic Faith," as promulgated by the Vatican Council, April 24, 1870, reads thus: "Then there arose and too widely overspread the world that doctrine of rationalism or naturalism which opposes itself in every way to the Christian religion as a supernatural institution, and works with the most zealous order that, after Christ our sole Lord and Saviour, has been excluded from the moral actions of men and from the life and moral actions of the nation, the reign of what they call pure reason or nature may be established. And after forsaking and rejecting the Christian religion and denying the true God and His Christ, the minds of many have sunk into the abyss of Pantheism, Materialism and Atheism, until denying rational nature itself and every sound rule of right, they labor to destroy the deepest foundation of human society."

What are the secrets maintained by secret societies?

- 1. The secrets of numerous societies are this very warfare against the Church of Christ mentioned in the above documents. 2. If any society's obligation be such as to "bind its members to secrecy, even when rightly questioned by competent authority then no one can be a member of it, and at the same time be admitted to the sacraments of the Catholic Church." 3. The same is true of any organization that "binds its members to a promise of blind obedience to accept in advance and to obey whatever orders, lawful or unlawful, that may emanate from its chief authority, because such a promise is contrary both to reason and to conscience." 4. "If a society works or plots, either openly or in secret, against the Church, or against lawful authorities; then to be a member of it is to be excluded from the membership of the Catholic Church." (Pastoral Letter Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, December, 7, 1864.) 5. "If a society, besides being secret and oath-bound, has a chaplain of its own, and a ritual proscribing prayers, and religious services, then such a society becomes also heretical and schismatical, and members cannot be counted any more as Catholics."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Let young men learn that there is a greater premium on ability than on capital, that they should strive to acquire ability, and that they should not be discouraged because they may not be without funds.

The Happiest Man on Earth.

The man is to be envied who has a good farm well stocked and paid for. There is no life as independent and as free from care, unless one puts a lot of useless worry in it.

How One Man Won Success.

Eight years ago a youth who resides in Baltimore determined to become a professor of the Greek and Latin classes.

Trust If You Would Be Trusted.

One's manner of greeting friends is a very good indication of character; it shows whether he is a starved, narrow, pinched nature, or hearty, whole-souled, and generous.

Keep at it.

Keep at it. It isn't what you do in a minute, but what you can do in a day, a week, a month, a year, that counts.

Some Helpful Thoughts.

Don't dally with your purpose. Character is the poor man's capital. The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.

When is Success Failure?

When it has dwarfed you mentally and morally, and robbed you of the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth.

When you have used others as step.

When you have used others as step, you have used them as a ladder to your own ambition, and you have left them no better than you found them.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

The Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBERE. FIAT.

"Tell me, please—what is it?" "It's about your little brother," said Mrs. Eliot, feeling it a very hard task to tell Bernie the truth.

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MEDITATION ON PURGATORY — DEVOTION TO THE DEAD.

Ever since the light of the Gospel was brought to the Irish they have been remarkable for devotion to the suffering souls.

It is as if the missionary spirit, which is so thoroughly developed in the race, impels men and women who are not able to go on the home or foreign missions, to become, as it were, missionaries to that unknown, but much thought of realm of purgatory.

They need never leave their homes or their daily labor. Yet every day they can, by prayers, alms and Masses follow in another direction the footsteps of the Irish missionaries, ancient and modern.

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BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBERE. FIAT.

"Tell me, please—what is it?" "It's about your little brother," said Mrs. Eliot, feeling it a very hard task to tell Bernie the truth.

Surprise Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and child. Text: Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap. It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day.

GOLD DOLLARS advertisement for Chatham Incubator. Text: DOES IT PAY TO BUY A CHATHAM INCUBATOR? Yes, better than it would to purchase Gold Dollars at forty cents each. AT FORTY CENTS EACH.

THE IRISH GETTING OUT OF THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

We all agree that there are still too many Irish in the liquor business in this country, but they are growing less numerous in that line of trade, and for this we ought to be devoutly thankful.

We still see too many Irish names over saloons, and the green flag is displayed over too many rumshops on St. Patrick's day, and other holidays; yet evidence of unimpeachable character is presented to show that there is a gradual elimination of the Irishman from the rum trade.

Often, we are informed, a new firm retains, for the sake of trade, the old name above the door, and we know several instances where saloon keepers who are anything but Irish hang out the green flag to "draw" the Irish trade.

This process is going on in all our leading cities. Other nationalities are getting into the saloon business, and the Irish are getting out. This may not mean an improvement in the liquor business, but it certainly denotes an improvement in the Irish race.

We see from an exchange, that in one American city, Minneapolis, on the evidence of Archbishop Ireland, there are four hundred saloon keepers, and not one of them is Catholic.—Sacred Heart Review.

HEALING WORDS.

In the days of Christ His look was the cause of repentance, and His word entranced and held spellbound the multitude who followed Him.

So after our Lord's ascension, the apostles exercised like powers and swayed thousands by their convincing words and by the miracles they wrought in confirmation of them.

Faith—strong, heartfelt, sincere, earnest faith—was the required condition made by our Lord for the faith even mountain could be moved.

We see this faith exemplified and exercised by the people and the apostles after our Lord's ascension and the coming of the Holy Ghost, for numbers, we read, flocked around the apostles beseeching them to relieve them of their maladies and miseries, and the sick were even laid along the wayside.

"Silver and gold we have not," said Peter to the crippled beggar in curing him, and "silver and gold we have not, but what we give to thee, and so, in the name of Christ, arise, and walk!"

The miracles of Christ are renewed again and again, and thousands every day are healed or helped by her faithful ministers.

Human loves, earthly pleasures tend to draw us from God. We become absorbed in them; they seem to satisfy us. Their darkness comes; and while we are alone, apparently drifting, we are really being drawn back to Him.

We should expect to be saved. Our hope should be based on the promises, power and goodness of God. We are His people and are to be admitted into His Kingdom.

SCIATICA CURED.

Another Triumph for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. MR. EISEL, of WALKERTON, SUFFERED FOR MONTHS AND GOT NO RELIEF UNTIL HE BEGAN THE USE OF THESE PILLS.

Of the many employees of R. Truxas & Co., Walkerton, Ont., none stands higher in the confidence of his employers than Dr. Thos. J. Eissel. He is an excellent mechanic, and has been in the employ of this firm for upwards of ten years.

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A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS AND A SURE CURE FOR ALL CASES OF NEURALGIA. Poor get this medicine FREE! KENNEDY MED. CO., 1001 Lake St., CHICAGO. Sold by Dispensaries at 25¢ per bottle, 45¢ for 50¢.

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