

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE SYMBOL OF THE APOSTLES.

We should like to know how many copies of Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald's book, "The Symbol of the Apostles," have been sold in Canada. This work, let us remind our readers, has been praised by critics here and abroad. All do not see eye to eye with the author on this question, but they agree in lauding his presentation of it as a masterly achievement both as to originality, research, and many-sided scholarship.

Lately Right Rev. Monsignor Paquet, himself a theologian of international reputation, congratulated the author on his "magnificent work." "This book," he said "is not only an honor to himself, but also to the diocese of Antigonish, of which the rev. doctor is one of the most brilliant ornaments. A work of such far-reaching significance, of such absorbing interest, of a method so exact and judicious, of such sure doctrine and erudition, merits the most favorable consideration at the hands of the public,"—a verdict indeed from one who is known as a master. We can, and should, ratify that verdict by giving Rev. Dr. MacDonald's book a place on our book-shelf.

ECONOMIC RUIN AND POLITICAL SLAVERY.

Economically and politically the Porto Ricans have reason to deplore their connection with the United States, according to Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. Everywhere men and women in rags: that in the island there is from starvation a death rate of from four hundred and fifty to five hundred a month. It is without representation in either House of the American Congress. And the orators who are loud in their fulminations against oppression in far off lands do not seem to notice it. The editors, however, who are neither political partisans nor purveyors of coffee, should design to notice the flag of liberty over economic ruin and political slavery.

OUR SPIRITUAL CHIEF.

Weekly we hear something new about the magnetic personality of our Holy Father. The non-Catholic sings his praises: the stranger from infidel camps has naught to say against him. To the eyes of the world he is but an old man who has walked hand in hand with Charity. But the weapons that rule the world are his—the kindly word and deed, the love that spends itself for the lowly and forgotten and the humility that is a fitting crown in the head of the servant of the servants of Christ. The face that veils the crystalline depths of a calm and holy soul: and we are not a whit surprised to hear a non-Catholic saying that to have an audience with Pope Pius is to have one's enthusiasm quickened for all that is noble and beautiful. To us he is Christ's Vicar—one of a dynasty that has been bathed in blood and whose blessedness comes from its tears: one to whom every Catholic addresses the words that have been heard so often during the centuries: I, following none as the first but Christ, am linked in communion with thy blessedness, that is, with the chair of Peter. Upon that rock I know that the Church is built. Who so gathereth not with these scatterers: that is, he who is not of Christ is of anti-Christ.

To the thoughtful Protestant it must seem strange that there should be any spiritual chief in the Vatican. During the centuries men have tried to wrest the sceptre from his grasp. They have killed him and sent him into exile and flung him into dungeons, but his sway over the faithful continued. And today, when infidelity is extending its boundaries and men are looking forward to a creedless future, the Catholics of the world are one in their loyalty to the Holy Father. Why is it? How account for the successions of Christians who have been, and are, faithful to the doctrines of Rome? We who reverence the Pope as the Vicar of Christ hold the key to this problem. Whatever the present and the future may have in store for us are untroubled, for, as St. Thomas says: "The faith of the Church cannot fail for the Lord said to Simon Peter, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail thee not.'"

A NECESSARY MEASURE.

At a public dinner a short time ago we noticed that the majority of the guests drank nothing but water. One

of them told us that success in business is incompatible with even the moderate use of liquor. The stress and competition demand unclouded faculties. And he went on to say that every man employed by him is a total abstainer, and that he would not dare to entrust any part of his business to one who indulges in intoxicants in any measure.

We are told also that some firms have officials whose chief duty is to "keep tabs" on employees. The man who "plays the races" or patronizes the "read house" is not wanted. And so strict are they on these points that even they who have forewarned these dissipation are debarred from serving them in any capacity. This seems an extreme measure, but in the opinion of men who control large interests it is a necessary one. Even saloon-owners in some cities insist that their bar-tenders shall be total abstainers. They grasp the fact that indulgence in liquor on the part of their employees means a loss of money to them, although they do not seem to understand that the "saloon as it exists to-day trades in and batters upon intemperance, and at its door must be laid all the dire evils which accompany or follow from intemperance." The young man who is tempted to waste his health and money in it should have the common sense to note the significance of the expert testimony given above.

TO OUR COUNTRY LADS.

And still they come—the ambitious lads from the country to make their way in the city. How they are to compass it is not so clear, even to themselves. But at any rate they have some kind of an idea that beyond the farm lives the fortune which may be theirs for the asking. And so rushes into the maelstrom of the great centres a tide of vitality and hopefulness that is wasted and enfeebled for the most part. Very few of them reach the haven of success. They who do, lament oftentimes when it is too late, the price they paid for it. Many of them are so buffeted and bruised in the struggle that their tired eyes place which they left because it was so sordid, so soul-depressing, seems a very paradise of happiness. Bitter memories—grinding toil in shop and factory, under the control mayhap of a brutal and profane foreman—are what they pay for the peace and content and innocence of home. Social workers tell us stories that blur the eyes. They tell us that among the fetsam and jetsam are those who but a few years since were enthusiastic and eager for the triumphs which seemed so near but which always eluded them.

We are glad to note that the reverend clergy are putting forth their influence as a barrier to the exodus of the young woman to the cities. To the young man bitten by the spirit of unrest we say: Go West. That is the heritage of the Canadian and it should not be allowed to become the camping ground of the Yankee farmer. The Canadians who make a stand there will have a stake in the country: he who looks to the city for the betterment of his position will, in the majority of instances, find himself after years of work, if haply he find it, few inches beyond whence he started.

THE ETHICS OF SUICIDE.

An article in the Independent gives us some facts about suicide. During the last thirteen years 77,617 cases of suicide have been reported in the newspapers of this country. Men, women and children are found in this gruesome list. The cause of suicides are depression, disappointment in love, liquor, insanity and business losses. The writer says that the ethics of suicide have greatly changed. In the old days "the church" treated suicide victims much as it did murderers: but with the increased weakening of ecclesiastical authority and a growing doubt of eternal punishment, this restraint has largely disappeared.

This is a strong indictment of undogmatic morality. We have heard it urged as the best thing for the school-room, and lo! here are its fruits—despair and justification of sin. Suicide, we know, is always unlawful. No reason can excuse it. It is a violation of one of the primary laws of nature, a perversion of the natural order of man's being, a usurpation of the Creator's dominion. The ethics of suicide are the same to-day as they ever were. The change is in the minds of those who have listened to materialists and atheists. Formerly men acknowledged God as Master and walked in His presence in the fear that betrays the truly manly man. They were not so senseless as to imagine that

anyone can be his own master. Their descendants, however, see no God, or if they do they seem to think that self-murder is no hindrance to a favorable judgment from Him. Because a man is sick or suffering or disappointed in love he may outrage his own nature and his God, and have a horde of sentimentalists to condone the hideous crime.

This is the doctrine of evils which deigns the steps of those who have not faith as a protection in the storm and stress of life.

LECTURE ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Rev. Anthony S. Siebenfoercher of Kenton, Ohio, delivered an earnest and convincing sermon in behalf of Total Abstinence, at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, during the Holy Mass on last Sunday, the feast of Sts. Philip and James. Coming as it did almost immediately after the Missionary Sermons of O'Bryan and Devlin's stirring sermons on the same subject, Father Siebenfoercher's remarks produced, we have no doubt, what will prove to be a lasting impression on the large congregation. The Rev. Father began by calling the people's attention to the feast Holy Church was that day celebrating throughout the Catholic world, referring particularly to St. James, whose glory was martyrdom and who might truly be called the Apostle of Temperance. St. James had likewise the honor of nearness to the Holy Spirit. Our Divine Lord. He was also the Bishop of Jerusalem, and so sanctified was his life that people deemed it a privilege to touch even the hem of his garment. Many were the virtues which St. James practiced, but the one which the Rev. Father particularly dwelt upon that morning, and which concerned him most, was that of Total Abstinence. St. James never in all his life tasted wine, or strong drink of any kind. Hence he is to-day one of the greatest patrons of the Total Abstinence Union of America, and his feast was one which the members always celebrate in a worthy manner.

It was, therefore, continued Father Siebenfoercher, a pleasure, especially to-day, to address the Cathedral congregation on the subject of Total Abstinence. The topic was dear to the heart of the preacher, and fraught with much importance to his listeners, because of the appalling misery on this earth—if not in this parish, nearly everywhere in the world—on account of the almost universal cause of drunkenness. God alone knows, said the Rev. Father, the extent of the misery and woe resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors. The subject of Total Abstinence was also dear to the Rev. Father's heart because he knew the vast amount of good, not only spiritual, but likewise temporal, that could be accomplished by united and persevering work in the cause of Catholic Total Abstinence. Another reason why it was dear to the preacher's heart was because he had seen, and his listeners knew, the danger of what is called "moderate drinking." Long enough has Satan used the bottle as a bait to draw thousands upon thousands of precious souls down to his realms of darkness.

As a priest the rev. speaker was, therefore, determined to do, and as a Catholic people the congregation should also do, all in their power to counteract that one great temptation that has caused such terrible misery and wretchedness in countless homes. In espousing the cause of Total Abstinence he was, however, not preaching anything new. His work was principally in the seminaries amongst the young men preparing for the priesthood. Quite that could be accomplished by years in the ministry, but in the cause of Total Abstinence, he went amongst the laymen of the country in order to give them his experience in Temperance work and from ocean to ocean wherever there were students preparing for the holy priesthood he begged them to consider well that one important and vital question that has come before the Christians of Canada and the United States.

This work was not, however, his own. He was promoting the cause of the Union—and I suppose, said the Rev. Father, you are aware that we have for Canada and the United States what we call a National Total Abstinence Union. Affiliated with this noble organization were some of the best societies of the Dominion of Canada. Quite recently the Society in Peterborough, under the directorship of the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, won the banner at the National Convention for having the greatest increase in membership of all the societies in the Union.

Founded as it was on mortification and self-denial, the cause of Total Abstinence is hard to realize the necessity of self-denial, but at the hour of death one is always thankful for having practiced it. The good work is, however, extending. Last year no less than 85,000 paid the per capita tax in the National Temperance Union of America. Besides these, there is the Seminary Apostolate, numbering 2,000, and the National Priests' League. Added to this is the growing sentiment in favor of Total Abstinence.

The Total Abstinence Union was the outcome of the work in the cause of Temperance of the immortal Father Theobald Mathew. Father Mathew was, in the estimation of Fr. Siebenfoercher, not only the Apostle of Temperance, but likewise the St. Augustine of Temperance. As the writings of St. Augustine explained philosophy for all time to come, so likewise did Father Mathew exhaust the work of temperance.

His was a noble character. No word could ever be spoken against him. He was always working for the honor and glory of God and for the salvation of souls. Father Mathew laid down the principles for Total Abstinence in the Church. They are so complete that outside of the Church you will never find anything to equal them. They are in fact impregnable.

The first of the six principles which he laid down was that "it is not a sin to take a drink provided there is no danger of going to excess, and provided, also, that there is no danger of scandal. Total Abstinence is a grand virtue provided the motive for practicing it is a laudable one."

Continuing, Rev. Father Siebenfoercher examined the first principle of Father Mathew, and contended, very wisely, that the man or woman did not exist who could say with truth that he or she was not liable at any moment to fall when even strong nations have fallen. Moderate drinking was the ruin of thousands, not for time only but likewise for eternity. Where thousands of others have perished it is surely, says Father Mathew in explaining his first principle, dangerous for us to follow their example.

In this country particularly, the most honest, the cheapest and the most becoming mode of living for a Christian is the profession of the principle of Total Abstinence. We have in our churches our kneeling benches, showing the spirit of mortification. We have also our confessionals and our stations of the cross, all inculcating the practice of self-denial. There is no other way to Heaven but by the road of mortification.

Then again Father Mathew says, in the second part of his first principle, "it is not a sin to take a drink provided there is no scandal given." But who knows that it is the "moderate drinker" and the advocates of "moderate drinking," who, year after year, are the cause of sorrow to the promoters of Temperance. We all know how easily some of our fellow-men are scandalized at seeing some people whom they admire or respect indulging in drink. If, then, for no other purpose than to give good example we should forego the intoxicating cup. Doing this we are a living sermon to the rest of the world. The world watches us more than we think, and our example should ever be shining bright as a star. "Thy Kingdom Come" we pray: thus by our example we must assist our brethren. Those people who keep from drinking are an incentive to others to join in the noble cause of Total Abstinence.

Father Mathew says, again, "It is a grand virtue not to drink, provided our motive is a laudable one." Our motive should be the love of God. Advocates of Temperance sometimes appeal to people to practice that virtue in order to advance their temporal affairs; but to advance the true motive which should actuate them. Our first motive must be for the greater honor and glory of Almighty God. Surely we should be able to practice this self-denial for God's sake. And doing this He will abundantly reward us not only in time, but also in eternity.

Another motive that should spur us onward in the cause of Total Abstinence is for the glory of the Church. Has not our Church often been disgraced in this respect by unworthy members? We must therefore rise, and by our united efforts, remove the stain which is too often laid at our doors. We should be leaders in the cause of Total Abstinence and give an example to the whole world. Our second motive should be our own mortification, and consequent, sanctification.

We can trace the existence of Total Abstinence back throughout the Christian era, down to the time of Our Saviour's fast in the desert. We can trace it back down to the Old Testament. It was practiced by Samson and St. John the Baptist. We can even trace it back to the Garden of Eden, where God Himself imposed abstinence upon our First Parents.

Another laudable motive for the practice of Total Abstinence is that we who are stronger may by our example encourage our weaker brethren. For what is more powerful than example? The Total Abstinence Society was, said Rev. Father Siebenfoercher, the only society that he knew of that leaves the laboring man all his wages, that helps him to get a situation and aids him in the accomplishment of his work. By the practice of Total Abstinence we can also live longer and be stronger, healthier and happier and holier.

Last year forty-one Insurance Associations in America were asked the question who lived the longer, the total abstainer or the moderate drinker. Thirty-eight out of the forty-one answered unhesitatingly the former—that is, the Total Abstainer lived longer than the other man. The athlete and the prize fighter realize that to be successful they must be total abstainers. There is in the world to-day no other single agency that disgraces life more than liquor.

Reputable physicians the world over are using it less and less every day for their patients. When a critical operation is to be performed one of the first questions asked by the surgeon is: "Do you drink?" When he receives a negative answer he is encouraged and is more hopeful of good results to follow. No man who is a drunkard can ever hope to come to the possession of wealth.

Continuing, Rev. Father Siebenfoercher gave some striking examples which

came under his own personal observation in his parish work. For thirty-three years he was pastor of the same parish in Ohio, and he was now marrying the children of the people whom he married twenty-five years ago. The people of that parish who a quarter of a century ago refused to take the pledge from the Rev. Father, are, said he, today the servants of those who practiced Total Abstinence for that same period. To the young men, especially, the Rev. Father made an earnest appeal in the cause of Total Abstinence. It is so inexpressibly sad to see a young man beginning to drink! It is almost certain that that young man will never attain to any prominence in life no matter what his education or advantages. Worse still, it is only by a miracle of God's grace that his immortal soul will escape eternal punishment. On the other hand, to a young man of ability and honesty and with a badge of Father Mathew on the lapel of his coat the door of any place in the country is thrown open.

The women of the parish were also urged by the Rev. Father to join in the crusade against intemperance, and by their influence they could exert a wonderful power for good in the noble cause. The young women were counseled to marry only those young men who were total abstainers. Again, a prudent and consistent woman who is herself a total abstainer and who is the mother of a family can exercise in this, as in every other respect, a marvelous influence over her sons. In fact rarely, if ever, does a boy from such a family go astray. But it is very hard to reform a boy once he is addicted to the use of liquor: it is much easier to preserve him from the beginning. Total Abstinence, the "Ladies' Entrance," besides the main door, so often seen in the saloons of the United States, was characterized by the Rev. Father as the door opening to the poorhouse. It was also, said he, the door to hell.

In conclusion the Rev. Father Siebenfoercher very graphically described some of the many heartrending scenes resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors which came under his own personal observation, the last one being the case of a young woman whose betrothed, although possessed of many excellent qualities, was what was generally termed "a moderate drinker." Intending to lavish upon him all the wealth of her ardent affection, this poor woman married the man in order to reform him. For a little while after their marriage all went well, but the husband, after repeated attempts, finally returned to his evil ways. Even the approaching death of their young son and the fond entreaties of his wife had no power to persuade this now thoroughly degraded man not to frequent the saloon, at least for this one particular night. Returning to his home after midnight in delirium tremens he entered, unperceived by his wife, the room occupied by his two little girls, who were sound asleep. Her sorrow at the approach of her son's death, and her anxiety at her husband's long absence becoming unbearable, the mother, having a premonition of the approach of a still greater evil, wished to have another look at her little girls. To her horror she found the door leading to their sleeping apartment locked. By a superhuman effort, after some time she forced an entrance by breaking the door, and to her unspeakable horror she found her husband had cut the throats of her little darlings from ear to ear. Hearing her screams the neighbors looked to her assistance, but at their approach the drunkard raised his knife—and this time cut his own throat. So the woman who married the man to reform him had in her home that fatal night three corpses, whilst the life of her only remaining child was also fast ebbing away.

ON FOOT IN SPAIN.

BART KENNEDY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAMP FROM ANDALUSIA TO ANDORRA.

No doubt one of the best ways to see Spain, or any other country, if you do it as Mr. Kennedy did it—on foot, with only a knapsack for your luggage. He started from Gibraltar thus lightly accoutred and still more lightly burdened with a knowledge of Spanish, of which he possessed not a word. He is an Englishman with a genius for trampdom; his object was to see as much of the life as he could—"to go into and explore the towns, to go through the mountains, to tramp through country parts, to see the cathedrals and places of art on my way; in fine, to see Spain from as many viewpoints as possible." He had a revolver and a passport, of which the latter was by far the more useful. Mr. Kennedy has a keen eye for the characteristic and the curious, and experienced some entertaining adventures. He has told them in a picturesque and interesting way, though somewhat garrulously at times and with some eccentricities of style evidently intended for picturesque effect. He has, too, a pretty sense of humor, and occasionally a touch of Mark Twain's manner.

He got on famously with the Spanish country folk with whom he came in contact, though neither understood a word of the other's language, especially in the beginning; and he made friends wherever he went—bullfighters, innkeepers, farmers, tramps, policemen, judges, priests. He saw a bullfight, into which he went with the idea that bullfighting was a cowardly affair; but it proved the contrary to him, and the spectacle put him on the side of his own kind, the men. "The bullfighters are quick, skillful, brave men, who take their lives in their hands every time they go into the arena." The public is a difficult one, and Mr. Kennedy saw

a young bullfighter making his debut ruin his chances in life by failing to strike the vital point by an inch. "Malic matador!" was the cry, and the yelling people were as merciless to him as to the bull. The deference paid to the successful, however, is tremendous. Mr. Kennedy scraped acquaintance with one and spent an evening with him at a cafe; he "looked like a pugilist with artistic leanings." He had nothing of the theatrical about him, this Camploto, and Mr. Kennedy tried in vain to envisage him as Escamillo. He was "simply a well-set, good-looking young man with a quick, dangerous look in the eye." They were much observed together, and Spanish gentlemen bowed profoundly to the bullfighter as they passed.

Politeness, in fact—real politeness that manifested itself in kindly acts—was one of the things that most impressed this traveler on the part of the Spanish people of the lower orders. This came out even in an experience he had in jail, whither he was taken for firing his revolver in a street fight in which he was unwittingly involved. He was treated with the utmost politeness; the sergeant gave him a cigarette, and apologized profusely for the necessity of locking him up. He was escorted from the police station with many good nights, bows, and handshakes. The justice and everybody in the trial court smoked cigarettes, and the atmosphere was one of much greater sympathy than in an English police court. After the trial the justice asked if he was pleased—if he was satisfied with the trial. Mr. Kennedy answered through his interpreter that he was much pleased, very satisfied, indeed, and more than delighted to have had the honor of meeting the Judge. He hoped to meet him again soon in London, and then everybody shook hands all-around.

His impression of the condition of the Spanish common people is striking, as he sums it up:

I saw a working people who were better off than our own working people—a people with more to eat—a people better housed—sturdier people—a healthy people. In fine, a people who got more out of life. They had plenty of bread and plenty of wine. They took it easy. They did not have to conform as our people have to conform to that sinister and horrible paradox—to kill one's self to live.

Differences in the different provinces struck the observer. Andalusia and Granada are the country of "manana," of fine, gay, charming people, with the simplicity of the country, but with nothing of the English cloddishness about them. The people of Guadalajara were very different—powerful, with broad, rather hard faces, suggesting the Scotch—it struck him that the country that could produce such men was in no sense one of the "dying nations." The Catalans of the north look as northern as people from the North of England, virile and full of energy; their faces seemed hard, but there was not the underlying sullenness in them of the men of Castile.

An amusing end is reached in the tiny republic of Andorra, quaint, far out of the world, with no rich, no poor, no vice. The capital has 600 people, the country 5,200. The key of the State House was taken down from the ledge over the door of a neighboring house, and the schoolroom and the council chamber were shown to the admiring traveler. He was fain to believe in the republican form of Government, though his residence in the United States—"the great sham Republic"—had taught him to shudder at the bare mention of the word. In fact, Mr. Kennedy takes frequent opportunities in his opportunities in his Spanish trip to indicate his dislike of America and the Americans.—New York Times Saturday Review.

CONCERNING BALZAC.

The French novelist, Honoré De Balzac was baptized a Catholic, and was, throughout life, a nominal one, but, like many other French writers he practically laid aside his Catholicity in his writings to gain the favor of those who delight in purulent reading.

He possessed a passion for the portraiture of vicious characters—which characters were violently portrayed. This passion he indulged with an utter disregard for morality. In all his novels he consistently panders to the morbid passions of his readers. Even Taine, a contemporary of Balzac, although usually no stickler for morality, condemned Balzac's works as highly immoral. Father Longhaye, the eminent Jesuit, who for his erudition was honored by the French Academy, in a review of Balzac's works gives the leading characteristics of the characters found therein as rapacity, jealousy, hatred, revenge, cowardice, hypocrisy and debauchery—the superinducing cause of crime of every kind, the details of which the novelist worked out with diabolical persistence.—Ian McEwen in N. W. Review.

Divorce is very hard to procure in Canada, and one of the reasons given why so few divorces are applied for in the Dominion is the Parliamentary provision that publicity must attend all the proceedings for six months. It is devoutly to be hoped that no such provision may be introduced into these States, since that would cause a rush to the divorce mill that must break down the whole machinery.—Catholic Standard.

Contentment comes from making the very best of whatever you have, be it much or little.

MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. WEEKS TREATS HIMSELF TO A RIDE ON A RATHLIN PONY.—ITS CONSEQUENCES.—KATE TAKES HIM WITH HER TO CASTLE GREGORY.

During Mr. Weeks' long and secret conference with the negro, for Mrs. Motherly was carefully excluded from the room, Hardwinkle still remained closeted with the officer...

These remonstrances, however, seemed to produce but little effect on the police officer, who still persisted in his determination of bringing the prisoner before the senior magistrate...

Whilst the above consultation was going on, Weeks had quite recovered from his consternation on recognizing the negro in Mr. Gairnie's parlor, and after leaving his message with Mrs. Motherly...

Mr. Weeks, when he first took a notion to try the horse for a morning's ride, was cautioned by his Crohan friends not to trust him too far.

The little Rahery, as we have before observed, being neither fast nor handsome, and having little therefore to feel proud of, contented himself with trotting along in his own quiet way...

Notwithstanding all our hero's boasting, however, it was quite evident he knew little how to govern the horse he rode just then, whatever he might have been able to do at home in New England...

This fashion he managed to dodge along for a mile or two, his legs swinging to and fro under the horse's belly, and his left hand jerking the bridle at every step...

Mr. Weeks, who had ridden the horse half a dozen times before, and never had any difficulty with him, felt rather surprised at his conduct, and took good care to express himself accordingly...

"Hoo! hoo!" shouted Weeks; "hoo, you darned critter!"

The confusion which followed was amusing. The man's wife ran out with a child in her arms, screaming murder and robbery—half a dozen little boys and girls ran after her, yelling and crying for help—the pony backed out after doing the mischief, and scampered off to his manger...

"Stop, stop, my good fellow," exclaimed one of the party on horseback, who, seeing how matters stood, had dismounted and arrested the weapon.

"I can't, sir; look at the wraok he made, the murderin villain! I'll brain him this minute, sir!"

"Silence!" commanded the captain. "I can't, sir; look at the wraok he made, the murderin villain! I'll brain him this minute, sir!"

"Will you not listen to me, you dog?"

"The bloody cut-throat, I'll have his life!"

"Robert, ho there, Robert, hand the reins to Mr. Whately. Quick, sir; and you, Mr. Johnson, help him to gag this blundering fool, while I go in and see what the matter is."

Bad luck to him every day he rises." By this time Captain Petersham succeeded in making his way through the kitchen over broken plates and dishes...

"What's the damage, major?" said the Yankee, shaking up the silver, as the captain approached him; "what's the damage? I'll foot the bill. Scissors! such a country!"

"Yes—hold on, though; you ain't boss of the shanty—are you?"

"Well, yes, I guess I'm that particular individual."

"No, sir, it ain't—Ducksville, if you please."

"Well, never mind—it might have been worse. Come, I've a horse at the door to carry you to Castle Gregory. You'll dine with us, of course."

"Ha, ha! you're not accustomed to our Irish horses yet," observed the captain, laughing.

"Well, never mind—it might have been worse. Come, I've a horse at the door to carry you to Castle Gregory. You'll dine with us, of course."

"Thank you. Come then, I'll settle all this for you to-morrow."

"Just so, Mr. Weeks. Excuse me, my dear fellow; I'm the most confounded blunderer imaginable. Hang it, I'm always blundering about that name some how, and can't tell how it happens."

"Never mind the name, Mr. Weeks," said one of the ladies on horseback; "mount this horse here, and come with us to Castle Gregory; and the speaker, touching the spirited animal she rode on the flank with her riding whip, broke through the crowd, and prancing up to the door, stretched out her hand to the American; "come, sir; I've been long wishing to see you; and now you and I must ride together and have a chat in advance of the party."

"Who is she, captain?" whispered Weeks, after he had touched the lady's hand.

"That's my sister—Kate Petersham."

"Never saw her before, I presume."

"No, I thank you; I should rather not at present. That's a pretty piece of horse flesh she rides—ain't it?"

"Yes, sir; that's the best mare of her inches in the province of Ulster. I'll back her against any thing of her age and weight in Ireland, for a thousand."

"Should like to own the critter."

"Excuse me, madam, for a moment; I'll be with you presently."

"Make haste then, urged the captain; "the lady will feel quite offended if you keep her waiting."

"Here, my good woman," said Weeks, taking a couple of sovereigns from his purse, and handing them to the farmer's wife; "here, take these, and replenish your shovels."

"You seem to be in a great hurry to repair the damage," observed the captain.

"Well, I guess it's just as well—ain't it?"

"To-morrow had been time enough."

god woman; let me have something to cover my head. Hillo! what's that?" he demanded, as she handed him a rabbit-skin cap. "What the thunder is this? Hain't I seen that cap before?"

"No matter; put it on," entreated the captain, impatiently, "and let's be off."

"Wait a minute—what's this in the bottom of it, eh?—a letter, I s'worn it is—and to Miss Kate Petersham, too. Why, how's this?"

"Who owns the cap?" demanded the captain.

"Lant, I own it, sir."

"Let me have the cap, sir—here's one to replace it," said Lant, handing Weeks another of nearly the same description, and taking his own without the least ceremony from the hands of the astonished Yankee.

"Well there—say, captain, can you tell me how many duplicates of this individual are to be found in the district, or, in other words, is he really the old gentleman himself?"

"Lant Hanlon, how came you by this letter?"

"Don't trouble yourself about it, captain," replied Kate; "it's only a love letter. Hand it here, Lant. I'll meet you at the place you know, this evening. Be punctual now, or I'll discard you."

"I see, captain, you know that fellow."

"O, yes; I have known Lant for years."

"Well, he's a tarnation villain; let me tell you that."

"Lant—ha! ha! O, no, he's not a bad fellow. Fond of playing tricks, that's all."

"Tricks—he's the darnedest rascal unhung."

Weeks now mounted the groom's horse, which proved to be a gentle, well-disposed animal; and with the captain on one side and Kate on the other, rode in front of the procession, his rabbit-skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and his hands and feet jerking and swinging as before, to the no small amusement of the party.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN IRISH LOVE STORY.

Spring came into the woods of Margy, and the leaves uncurled. On the twisted bows of the oak and the elm, and through the silvery bark of the beechen trunks, they burst and spread. They shut out the sky, and the rain from the darkening cloud, and the hot sunbeam of the noon that stole the color from violets growing by wayside banks in the open. In this green shadow the long stalks of the hare-bells grew fat with moisture, and the inky buds opened and shook out their beautiful petals, and made a glow in every brake and hollow. The cranesbill spread its odorous plumes by bubbling lins and streams. Bright-eyed rabbits leaped across the moss; and wood-doves cooed in upper branches, hard by to which the busy crows were repairing their nests after the winter storms had wrought their will upon them.

In the green woods of Margy, Kathleen Holohan was gathering twigs and brambles for the kindling of the morning fire, when she heard the first call of the cuckoo. It came to her, as it were, from over the broad fields of Martin Keogh's farm, out beyond the fringe of the wood. Great as was the hurry upon Kathleen to kindle the fire, and to set to the milking of her father's one lean cow, she laid her bundle of brushwood down upon the ground, and slipping off her foot the unheeded brogue, turned her sole upward to see what she might chance to find beneath. If it were that she would be wed, then a hair of the same color as that of her future husband would be found sticking to the sole of the shoe. Kathleen's dew-drops looked with care from heel to toe. After much search, she came upon a wary dark hair. She laughed, and put the shoe back upon her foot, and took up her bundle of firewood from beside the bluebells. The tint of red roses was in Kathleen's cheeks, but it was not fast like the color of a rose; it brightened and dimmed, like a flame in the wind. She put her foot forward to go on her journey.

"More luck to you, a-hang!" said a cracked old voice close to her ear. The young girl turned and saw Moll Devereux, the match-maker of the county, watching her closely. "Is it seeking the shade of your true love's locks you be?" said Moll, shrilly, for she was never very long about guessing at the truth of things. Moreover, she, too, had heard the cuckoo only a minute before.

Kathleen laughed, and bit her soft red lip.

"There's no use tellin' you a lie," said she. "For 'tis you that could see through the same, just like as if you were looking through glass. I was seeking to know the color of my true love's hair, and, what's more, I found it!"

roxy red; and far off rose the thatch of Martin Keogh's roof, and his stacks of corn and ricks of hay, that were scarcely diminished by the usage of harsh winter.

"Oh, that, indeed!" remarked Moll Devereux, seeing the direction of Kathleen's looks. "Well, not a mile away from here, lives a boy with hair just of the shade you mention. Musha, tell us in what ear did you hear the cuckoo?"

Kathleen lent her golden head sideways, and put her hand to her left ear. "This one," she said. Now, the left ear was towards Martin Keogh's fields.

"Why, then, you may take it for Gospel that you'll be residin' in that direction by this time next year," said Moll Devereux. "But in troth, 'tis not I that tell you so, but the cuckoo, when you hear her in the left ear. No liar is the cuckoo, Kathleen a hagar!"

"Musha, God send it!" cried Kathleen, with a laugh like the ringing of silver bells. And then she made haste home to her father's cabin on the right side of the woods of Margy, and she milked the lean cow, and readied the breakfast with a lighter heart in all her work, for the cuckoo had announced good news to her and the same was no liar.

Meantime, Moll Devereux took her way over Martin Keogh's fields, and in by the haggard to his door. The smoke was rising from the morning fire, and the mother of Martin had swept the kitchen clean, and was setting the breakfast things on the table. Moll Devereux bid her the time of day.

"Then now, is that yourself, Moll Devereux?" said Mrs. Keogh, hospitably. "It is early that you are afoot this morning."

"Bad news is brought abroad before the crowing of the cocks," said Moll Devereux. "Where is your son Martin?" She sat down upon the stool Mrs. Keogh drew out from a corner and set before the fire. She spread her two wetted hands upon her knees.

"Martin is still in lavender," said his mother. "He was weary after the market of yesterday, and I forced him to day, and needs to be rested."

"What may his business be, ma'am?" asked Moll Devereux, with her gaze bent upon the hissing greenwood that the flame was slowly consuming on the open hearth. The kettle, hanging from the iron bar set across the mouth of the chimney, began to hum like a bee.

"Well, since you ask it, I'll tell you, and no lie. He's going down to the priest in Ballinacree—that's where he's going," said the mother of Martin Keogh. She did not tell why he was going to the priest, for that was the business of the young man—and no other. It had no concern with Moll Devereux.

"You can give him my word to stay at home, then," said the old woman by the fire. "For I come to tell you that Margaret Barrett has run away before daybreak, with her father's cow-boy, and left written word that she would be wed with him before the sun was above the hill."

Martin Keogh's mother sat down upon a stool and rocked her body to and fro, and wrung her hands together. "God look down upon my boy!" said she. "And where did you hear that?"

She sat there bewailing herself, while the kettle boiled over on the pale flames of the greenwood on the hearth, and quenched the fire. A little rattle of the water ran to the feet of Moll Devereux; then she became aware that the breakfast was in danger, and she lifted down the great kettle, though it was far beyond her strength, for she was very old. She let the vessel down heavily upon the ground, and turned to answer the poor woman who was wringing her hands.

"It happened that the girl's mother got a sudden turn of sickness in the night, a weakness, and her man ran to my door and waked me up. I rose from my bed and went to the woman—sure, there wasn't a thing upon her, but just a little weakness; but she's a fearsome creature, and full-up of fancies. I sat a while with her, until she was herself again, and I asked where was the daughter, being surprised that I had faced her of a sudden. 'O, she's the lazy creature!' made answer the father. 'I called her to rise, and I running out for you, Mrs. Devereux, but sorry the sound I heard from her room since then.' Myself, I thought it more than strange that a daughter should be lyin' abed, and her mother sending round for the neighbors with the fear of dyin' upon her; and I went into the colleen's chamber. But not a living soul was to be seen there, and I wasn't long before I laid my hand upon a letter left upon the window-stool; and what was in it I've told you already. Well, the house was in an oryury all in a minute; but when I got the chance I slipped away, and I up through the wood of Margy to bring the word to you. Let you tell Martin. 'Tis the tongue of a mother can best speak of such things to a young boy so disgraced!"

Then she bade the mother of the young farmer get ready the breakfast and wake her son from his sleep, and let him eat his good comfortable meal before he heard the bad news. And she gave a hand in the preparations, and fried the rashers of thick white bacon, and wet the tea in the big black pot, and put a smile upon her face when Martin came down the ladder-stairs that was set in a corner of the wide, comfortable kitchen.

"Morrow at you," she said briskly. "It was a pretty girl I met this morning, and she picking coal-black hair from under her brogue after hearing the cuckoo. A pretty girl, I'll warrant you, with a head of yellow curls upon her, and two eyes that you might light a candle at! My word! Many a young boy's heart that girl will be breaking!"

That at the table, and Mrs. Keogh got out the fried bacon and the tea and the bread and butter.

"'Tis Kathleen Holohan you're talking of now," said Martin Keogh, fixing his blue eyes on the old woman.

"And right enough; no girl in the country is handsomer than herself—but

only one." He let his eyes droop, and smiled to himself. But Moll Devereux did not let the matter go with him.

"In troth, you needn't be so exception at all!" said she, turning up her eyes round and round in her saucer. "This is a partial eye you have at present. Maybe you'll find out, by-and-by, who is the better woman, in heart as well as face."

But the young man only laughed at her foolishness, for who had a heart to equal that of his proud, fair Margaret Barrett, with whom he was to be wed before a fortnight was out? When they had made an end of their meal Moll Devereux departed to her home. Then the mother of Martin Keogh made him sit down by her side and she took his hand within hers, and she told him all, crying over him.

He spoke no word either of sorrow or complaint. He got up from beside his mother, and he went back upstairs by the broad ladder in the corner of the kitchen. The poor woman sat as he left her, listening for a long time, yet bearing to follow him, lest she might only torment him the more, and yet fearful lest he might do ill upon himself. At last she crept up after him, and found him lying stretched upon his bed under the eaves, with his face turned to the wall. He lay there after that fashion for days and nights, and his misery was very great, and the heaviness of death was upon him.

It was one evening when the red sun sent a long beam through the window in the gable that he turned his face about and opened his eyes. His mother and Kathleen Holohan were standing together near him, and the room was full of a sound of weeping.

The young man looked from the girl to his mother.

"Why is she crying, mother?" he said. "It hurt him somehow, to see her tears."

"Lanna machree, it's for your sake—to see you lying so low and lost in your trouble. A kindly heart the colleen has, indeed!"

Martin Keogh let the lids fall down over his eyes.

"The world is too full of tears," he said bitterly. "Why don't people let their children go with the Rath people? For God's truth, the world is too full of tears!" They went away then, these two sad women, thinking he had no desire for them. But he felt the loneliness when they had gone.

Upon the next morning he rose early, and he went about his farm work as he had been wont to do before his grief came upon him. He ploughed in his fields, and after that he walked up and down the furrows, with a linen sheet bound upon his shoulders, and making a great plentiful apron for him, and he scattered the handfuls of seed oats upon the wind. One day, as he was thus, Kathleen Holohan came into Margy woods to gather the kindling; and she saw the young man in the ploughed field, that was next to the green meadow with the daisies. She went out to him by a gap in the ditch where, under the briars, the primroses grew among the moss. Martin Keogh came up to her along the fresh, brown furrow.

"God save you, sir!" said the girl. "It's myself that is glad to see you up and about again!" And she stole a look into his sad blue eyes.

"'Tis to please you that I am so," said the young farmer. Then he left her there, standing with her gold head drooping, and a reddening cheek. He said to himself that she was angry and no wonder. "For what girl is going to take up with the leavings of Margaret Barrett, who had run away with a cow-boy?"

The cats had sprung up, and were covering the red soil thinly with pale green shreds and blades, when Martin next met with Kathleen Holohan. It was in the breen that led to Keogh's house, and the day was over, and the twilight was as blue and gray as Kathleen's eyes.

"My mother does be lonely often evenings," said Martin. "Maybe, you'd turn in and keep her company?"

"Does her son never want company?" asked Kathleen, and caught her red lip under the little white teeth.

"In troth, it's want would be his master, if so," said the young farmer. "For who'd take up with other people's leavings?" He turned round and faced her, of a sudden. "I'm thinking of going to America," said he. "What would you advise me to do?"

At first the blood went back upon Kathleen's heart. Then she set her gaze upon him, and read in his countenance something which she thought it very good to see.

"Let me tell you a story before I advise you," she said. "There was a colleen in Margy woods one April morning, and she heard the cuckoo in her left ear, that was a-towards the farm of Martin Keogh. And she looked under her shoe to find the color of her true love's hair, and it was very wary and coal black—like—like Martin Keogh's!"

A MODEL COMMUNITY

EXEMPLARY FAITH EXHIBIT BY BAMA COLORED PEOPLE

Rev. Francis J. Tobin Union and Times with a account of a community Catholics. The settlement is on the west shore of Mobile from Alabama mainline River, thus forming a called Mon Louis, and known as the "Island of Father Tobin writes as

The people of the community are also strictest kind. As for faith the testimony here of a small writer but also Bishops of the Mobile and the missionary priest different times attended, on calling, this model community will never be forgotten of the exemplary faith of the people of the Mobile before witnessed in any of his missionary career.

The first trip the writer place will never be forgotten of the exemplary faith of the people of the Mobile before witnessed in any of his missionary career.

off the train some feet from Mobile City for a small station. There were drive through the woods Catholic settlement to get to say Mass. Meece men near the railroad learned from them that their destination, and knowing no team on hand to go young men generously the priest in their neighborhood they called "settlement" was hot, there was no launch, and no breezeboat. The reader can imagine of a traveler in Alabama such an occasion.

After an hour we reached at the mouth of the Mobile river, where the house in the distance directed his steps across was joyfully welcomed by family of Mon Louis Island was at work, but the family, came to the kneeling asked his blessing and her children. It was the most welcome priest could desire.

As it were, the outposts, which was ready through the working of our point proper, forward and with glad the priest and asking the houses are getting, not, however prevent each family from yard for garden. From the priest went, simply and entering another where opened each in her yard most convenient where neatness and noticeable. The count down good people reflected their hearts. Coming shaped building, the was the "Oratory," small-sized stations, front and the station Virgin and St. Joseph of the building was by each bespoken their first church these good some seventy years ago was the Cross and never present this so-called used for daily prayer. Every morning at six people to morning prayer the Angelus is rung o'clock in the evening round; the third by everyone for the beads.

After highly commendation to the Queen of the writer was told faithful in the daily beads. During the e federate forts at the Bay were in danger man was taken away island to defend them had to go. It is necessary this occasion Jesuit Father who place at the time was people could turn to And he, to comfort led the way to the cited the beads. He stricken flock to say day, that the Mother tect those in war of the hour of death. war, particularly the swampy camping ground hope in the hearts wives and sisters for beloved one.

One evening, the o'clock as the people of the Oratory after beads, their hearts to God's will. They cheering which re-woods. "Before they realize the situation strong voices of the brothers and husbands ing a hymn to the This was sufficient, folk joined their s was certainly a beautiful r and set up whole community; they had, too, for ing. The forts which defend had been to forces the day before the mouth of Mobile were allowed to rest in Mon Louis. The cited every day of Christian colored giving to the Blessed return of all their Some years ago was built by the direction of Father ary of the Mobile or first church, how ing and is used daily The new church is from the settlement of this church, d give manifestation Catholic faith of the Island colored pe

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MAY 7, 1904.

A MODEL COMMUNITY.

EXEMPLARY FAITH EXHIBITED BY ALABAMA COLORED PEOPLE.

Rev. Francis J. Tobin furnishes the Union and Times with an interesting account of a community of colored Catholics. The settlement referred to is on the west shore of Mobile Bay, cut off from Alabama mainland by Owl River, thus forming a small island called Mon Louis, and is commonly known as the "Island of Straits."

Every Saturday night at 7.30 all go to this church and sing most devoutly the litany of the Blessed Virgin. After this, prayers are said for the Pope, the Bishop, the poor souls in purgatory and for the conversion of sinners. At the close of this pious exercise the De Profundis is slowly recited, and the church bell is tolled as if there were a funeral. This tolling is called the "De Profundis bell," and all who are unable to attend at the church silently recite prayers for the dead.

The first Saturday the writer was there he heard about seventy penitents—all that could possibly get there—and to say the confessions were a source of edification is only to express the fact mildly. If the priest remain a few days, Mass is attended by the people at 6 o'clock. Some of the men work their farms, some are engaged on the river, others in the woods and at the shipyard. The women and girls have all that Christian modesty and refinement about them, which is so characteristic of a good Catholic maiden or mother. Sunday is a typical Sabbath resting day wherein all are happy. The children are delighted to receive a holy picture or medal from the priest. Their little rosary beads are entwined on their fingers or hang around their necks. In every house is the crucifix, holy water, blessed candles, religious pictures and very often the photos of missionary priests who have visited the place during the last seventy or eighty years. The chalice used by the writer when saying Mass was one presented to the Mon Louis people by Bishop Quinlan, the second bishop of Mobile.

Never has the writer elsewhere ever met people more grateful for Mass, benediction or sermon than he has found these good people of Mon Louis Island. The last, though not the least, fact to be recorded in favor of this model community is that they follow their religious practices now and have ever done so, without the assistance and encouragement of a permanent pastor. They simply have the benefit of the travelling missionary priest, who calls at their good settlement once a month.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

The freshness of May, And the sweetness of June, And the fire of July In its passionate noon. Monument August, September serene, Are together no match For my darling Queen, O Mary! all months And all days are mine own, In these hours of joyousness When they are gone. And we give to thee, MARY, Not because it is best, But because it comes first. And we sing of the rose.

Thus wrote Cardinal Newman, who, like all "new Catholics," was devoted to our Blessed Mother. It is a well-known fact that converts to Catholicity are ultra-Catholic; dogmas and practices utterly at variance with the "spirit of Protestantism" seem to have the strongest attraction for them. Devotion to the Mother of Christ is essentially Catholic; so, too, is confession. These, vitified as "Marianity" and "priestcraft," are often the chief stumbling-blocks to conversion; once surmounted, however, they are not only not neglected, but are pedestalized, enshrined. Who frequents the sacraments so often as the new believer? Who has greater veneration for the Mother of the Mother Church?

That gentleman and saintly scholar, Rev. Benjamin F. De Costa, now in Rome, where he was recently ordained, another eminent convert exalted in his devotion to the Queen of May, voices his veneration in tributary verse:

Ave Maria, the sweet bells are chiming, They sound on the mountain, the lake side and down, And up through blue ether the echoes far chiming, Melodious ring o'er the charmed turquoise flames.

Ave Maria, the soul knows the power Of mystical bells in the campanile high, Whose notes wake the day and the rose in her tower, And earth with the lark at the Angelus.

Ave Maria, we hasten to render The honor God's Mother immaculate claims; Thy heart, the pure seat of love, radiant and tender, The love of thy children with ardor in flames.

Ave Maria, with deep veneration, We ever would come to thy privileged shrine; Devoutly presenting the truest oblation, Hearts worth to thy Son more than gems of the mine.

Ave Maria, the chiming is ended, And jewel-tipped tapers Thy altar adorn; May the prayer rise as pure, with the sweet incense blended, As dew on the rose or the breath of the morn.

Even among professed Protestants there is apparent a gratifying increase of respect for "our tainted nature's solitary boast," the One Woman whom our Lord chose from all the world in all its ages to be blessed among women forever as the Mother of Divinity. Many Lutheran and Episcopalian churches are named for "St. Mary the Virgin;" some very "high" sections of sects go so far as to select a name from the Rosary Mysteries, "St. Mary of the Annunciation," etc., and in their churches are recited the Rosary and Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

A writer in a Protestant journal (The Outlook), although he mistakes veneration for "adoration," has a very Catholic appreciation of Catholic piety as manifested in devotion to the Mother of God. "Our brethren of the Roman faith," says this kindly Outlooker, "have given expression to a deep instinct in their 'adoration' of the Holy Mother, and in the worship of the world there is nothing more touching than the love of children for the Madonna and the sweet trustfulness of their approach to her shrines and the simplicity of their prayers. She seems to take them by the hand and lead them up the great altar steps of the world to Him Whose awful purity and stainless love make Him remote

and almost inaccessible to a multitude of striving and sinful men and women. The Catholic instinctively recognizes what the Protestant too often fails to comprehend."

Kipling, Protestant poet though he is, pays Catholic honors to the Mother of God in his beautiful hymn:

Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow, The soul that comes to-morrow Before the God that gave, Since each was born of woman, For each an utter need— True comrades and true foes— Madonnas, interests!

In the days before "Morrie England" acknowledged Harry the Gross as Vicar of Christ and founder of a new religion, devotion to Our Lady flourished apace. Long after the Lady Chapels had been wrecked by the Deformers of the Deformation the wild flowers of English meadows preserved in their common names as they do to this day—a perpetual remembrance of the time when English hearts delighted in paying honor to the Mother of the World's Redeemer.

In recognition of the beauty of this perennial floral litany a Protestant Englishman was moved to write of "Mary's Flowers" in the Westminster Gazette. Most of these ancient and pious names are more names to us on this side of the water; our native flora is entirely different from that which brightens the byways of England:

Slag how Mary lived on earth In simplicity, To give to God's Son virgin birth, To man fidelity.

And to a name that Heaven adores, One tribute man has paid, Her path that once was set in thorns Is now in flowers laid.

For Mary buds and Lady's keys Her tresses fragrance, Our Lady's beads, her beads of beads, Heart's ease and Rose-Mary—

Our Lady's smock and Golden Stair, Bright things that know not blaine, These children of the meadow bear Remembrance of her Name.

And fitting praise is this, that one Of such fair fame in Heaven, From fairest of earth's store alone, Should have remembrance given.

Here we have none of these Mary-blossoms, not even Rose-Mary for so acclimated, however, is the Marygold (marigold). Our May flower trailing (arbutus) is not even a relative of the English and Irish May flower, "sweet as Blessed Mary's breath."

Much vaunted in the heraldry of codfish—the name of a vessel which bore to "the stern and rock-bound coast," so many plebeian ancestors of present-day American aristocracy. It one of life's little ironies that the Mayflower, whose "passengers, crew, and captain too" were to found the most intolerant of Protestant communities, should have been a ship named indirectly in honor of our Blessed Lady, a successor to the pioneer ship in American waters, the Holy Mary (Santa Maria) of Columbus. Prophetic, perhaps, of the prayer for time when the land discovered and explored by Catholic heroes, sanctified by the blood of Catholic martyrs, will come into the undivided inheritance of the faith of the ages in a recurrence to the spring of Christianity—the May of Mary, the blossom whose fruit is Christ.

Such was the dream of mariner and missionary; Columbus in his frail ship chanting the "Salve Regina" to his heavenly mistress; Ojeda traveling through the wilds of South America, often footless, shoeless and ragged, but never once failing to carry the picture of his beloved Madonna, which he hung above his head at every rest. "I place," Pere Marquette asking Our Lady as a child might ask his mother to guide him to the discovery of the Mississippi, and dedicating the mighty river to the purity of the Virgin Mother; of other Catholic explorers and missionaries honoring the mother of their Lord, their help of Christians, their Guild of the Wilderness, their Star of the Sea.

And they to the Christ were the truest, And those love to His Mother was true! —Busyboddy, in Catholic Standard and Times.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

On Good Friday, Premier Combes ordered the Crucifixes removed from all the courts of justice in France. The despatches state that this iniquitous order is causing "agitation" throughout the country. At Havre and Lyons the workmen refused to take down the sacred effigies, in the latter city the removals were effected by the bureau of public architecture. In Paris the work is being done behind closed doors—but the Parisians know that it is going on.

Doubtless we shall be again invited to weep and pray for the poor, old French people, who are being thus outraged in their most sacred sensibilities by the wicked Free Masons and Jews. We beg to be excused. The Catholics of France needed not the gift of prophecy to see that this blasphemous act must follow on the abolition of religious education, and the proscription of the men and women who, in the exercise of their rights as citizens, chose to consecrate themselves to God. Two years ago, in Arles, Mr. F. W. Parsons tells us, in the first paper of his series on "The Religious Crises in France," in the Dolphin, the Municipal Council ordered all the Crucifixes in public places removed. The order was partly complied with, when the women protested, and a temporary stay of proceedings was obtained while the Mayor resubmitted the question to the council.

The Catholic men of Arles apparently were not heard from at this time. The council denied the women's petition, and the iniquitous work was consummated.

Writes Mr. Parsons: "Crosses which even revolutionists of the Eighteenth Century had respected, were torn down. . . . A search was instituted for the remnants of all these symbols of our salvation. Fragments of them were picked up from the sewers and from the waters of the Rhone. One twisted image of Christ

our Lord, that had been wrenched from the cross, was fished out of the mire by the Pont-dos-Planiers. Several thousand persons . . . gathered to remove this image of the Saviour whom French Radicals and Socialists repudiate. These benighted Catholics carried the distorted image, in impromptu procession, past the house of the Mayor. . . . So boisterous did they become, in their wild, unreasoning protest against the reign of 'free thought,' that gendarmes and police feel compelled to restrain them, particularly when some of the crowd tried to force an entrance into the Mayor's house. Several 'free-thinkers,' who had taken part in the outrage of the night before, were rather roughly handled. The Mayor decided to wash his hands of it, after the fashion of Pilate, and had posters placed in conspicuous localities, expressing his disapprobation of the act of the iconoclasts." But the Crosses were not restored.

But why did not the Catholics of Paris and the other cities of France emulate even the above slight protest when Combes' edict was made known? Why did not they stand like walls of adamant about the attacked convents and monasteries at an earlier day? What has God given them their strong right arms for?

When Pope Leo XIII. was on his death bed, the French Cardinal Mathieu besought the blessing of His Holiness for France, and assured him that country was not hostile to religion. "It is only a small number of men who persecute," said the Cardinal. "Yes," said the Pope, "but they are the masters, and the people let them do it. Why? Where is the vaunted faith and chivalry of France?" —Pilot.

MECHANICAL RELIGION.

As a man is a being composed of both soul and body both must render to God the supreme honor which is due Him. This the soul does by interior and the body by exterior worship. With our separated brethren this exterior worship is made a matter of their own convenience. It is optional not compulsory. The Catholic, however, is conscience bound under the penalty of grievous sin to such worship. With the non-Catholic the child soon inherits the option of the parent whereas the Catholic child inherits the obligation of conscience. Thus from their most tender years they are taught the obligation of exterior as well as interior worship. In maturity their lessons are not forgotten.

It is to be feared, however, that in many constant repetitions of the act has prompted a mechanical religion. They attend Mass regularly on Sunday and approach the sacraments at respectable intervals. But their acts seem to be wanting in fervor. Their devotions are without warmth and their demeanor gives the impression that they are reluctantly present in compliance with the law of conscience. They engage in useless conversations, assume irreverent attitudes and are a cause of scandal. Convinced that they possess the true faith they cast themselves upon a good act for their salvation.

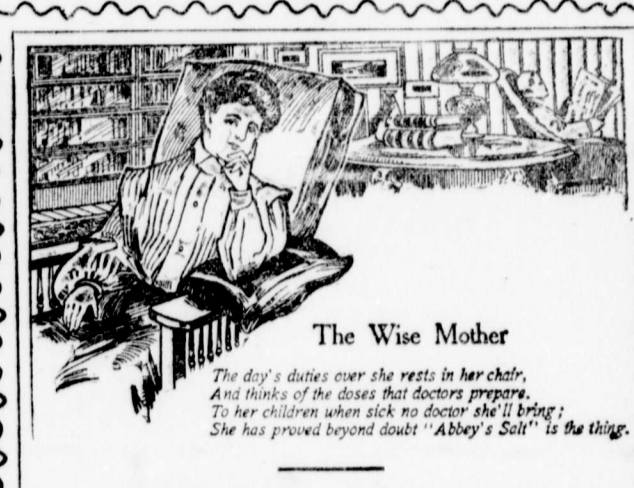
All this, however, is undevotional. It is not intelligent worship, and, therefore, not pleasing in the sight of God. Few laymen have taken the trouble to train themselves to follow the Mass unthinkingly without a prayer book. Yet many are seen without one. Neither have they a rosary. How they manage to keep themselves free from distractions is a serious problem. Others far better versed in their religion would not venture it.

Now these individuals are deceiving themselves if they imagine that they are complying with the obligation of rendering exterior worship to God. For this demands attention and reverence. Giving one knee to God is not reverence, neither is a posture that is half sitting and half reclining. Such attitudes are unbecoming the parlor, and no gentleman would be guilty of them there. How much less then should he be given to them in the Real Presence! Such demeanor provokes the impression that those given to it have substituted a mechanical religion for real devotion. Without reverence of posture all exterior worship is empty show.—Church Progress.

THIS CHURCH CHAINED TO EARTH.

Of the many strange places of worship she had visited during her world travels, Jessie Ackerman, "Housekeeper," says: "It is remarkable how much one can tell of a creed or religion by the appearance, exterior and interior, of its places of worship. The Catholic Church in every part of the world is designated by the sign of the cross. The missionaries of this faith have always been most energetic in their work at the outposts of civilization, and go where you will find their little missions flourishing. The most interesting, though probably the smallest of their outposts, is on the northern shores of Iceland. Most of the people of Iceland belong to the Lutheran Church, and for many years it was the only denomination represented on the island. During the visit of a wealthy Icelandic and his wife to the continent of Europe they became conversant with the Catholic faith, and upon their return home erected the present church on the northern shores. It is situated on a spot where the winds have full sweep from the northern seas, and for fear the little church might be borne away by some of the mighty blasts of winter, it is made fast to posts driven deep in the earth, by a great chain, one of the heaviest ever constructed. On a cold night in January it is a weird experience to sit in this church and try to listen to sermon or song while outside old Boreas is howling and his blast cause the tiny shrine to sway like a ship at sea. But it is firmly anchored and the danger is more imaginary than real."

Hope for the best, be ready for the worst, and take what God sends.



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CARDINAL MANNING AS A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

"It is a peculiarity of those who throw themselves most eagerly into temperance work," says C. Kegan Paul in his sketch of Cardinal Manning, "that they are as a rule slow to adopt it, while many do not understand, for a long while, how in fact it is at the root of almost every philanthropic movement. Even the Cardinal himself had been seven years Archbishop before he gave himself wholly to the cause. His tentative steps were these: In 1866 he appointed a Committee which recommended the formation of a Temperance Society, binding to total abstinence only those who had given themselves over to the habit of drunkenness. A little thought showed him and others, who had begun in the same way, that this would never do. Such a plan is to make all those who sign the pledge write themselves down as at least, potential drunkards, and draw a hard and fast line between the virtuous and vicious. In 1867 he endeavored to bring about a 'Truce of St. Patrick,' and a promise from men and women not to enter a public house on Saturday or Sundays. In 1871 he spoke in support of the Permissive Bill, and in 1872 he took the final plunge and signed the temperance pledge. He did this on the only true ground for every moderate man, that he had no right to ask a man to do that which he was not ready to do himself. By the very fact of his asking an assembly of working men in Southwark to be total abstainers, which was to them a matter of great and serious mortification of the flesh, he was bound to do that which was to him no serious difficulty, but only the renunciation of a trivial luxury. Had it been much more, he would have been bound to carry it through, on the principle that St. Paul adopted, who was ready to eat no meat while the world stood, if it caused scandal to his brethren.

The next step was to establish the Temperance League of the Cross for Catholics, a great and living organization. In his eightieth year the Cardinal used these words, 'I have for years, I say it openly and boldly, been a fool for Christ's sake in the matter of intoxicating drink, and so I hope to die.' On his death-bed he charged his doctors to give him no alcohol."—Sacred Heart Review.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904.

THE SYMBOL IN SERMONS

By the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D., V. G., of the Diocese of Antigonish, N. S.

"The Symbol in Sermons" is a companion volume to "The Symbol of the Apostles." We are pleased to welcome another testimony to Dr. MacDonald's ability as an exponent of Catholic truth.

The present volume contains twenty-five short sermons on the articles of the Creed. It sometimes happens that sermon literature which comes under our notice is not plain, pleasing and convincing, which, according to St. Augustine, should qualify it.

The sermon that is plain and practical will be always relished by the faithful. And in this connection the author has succeeded in giving us a book that is a veritable storehouse of light and strength.

Another thing we notice in these sermons is that the author is at no pains to interlard them with novelties or with any undue display of learning. What he strives to do is to teach—to unfold a truth, to show wherein it rests, and then to drive it home.

In the first sermon "The Very Rev. author says: 'To believe and to do, these are the two things needful to salvation: to believe what God teaches, to do what God commands. Faith comes first; duty, conduct, good works come after.'

The two must go together, but in the order named faith first, and then conduct; for the works which avail unto salvation are such only as are good in God's eyes, pleasing in His sight, and we have His own word that they cannot be so unless they rest on the foundation of faith."

After showing how faith is not only beyond the reach of human reason as regards the truths which we believe, but also above nature as regards the act itself, the author defines what is meant by an implicit and explicit act of faith.

We quote the following because it will be of service to our readers who study the history and dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Dr. MacDonald says: The act of

THE STURGEON FALLS PETITION FALLS FLAT.

The Sturgeon Falls Public School Trustees have been making frantic efforts to obtain the moral support of the Orange lodges and Public School Boards in all parts of the Province to their deceitful course toward the Separate School Board of their town.

The Orange lodges, which have never been known to view anything from the standpoint of justice or equity, when Catholics are concerned in a matter, have in several localities passed resolutions endorsing the breach of faith of the Public School Board of Sturgeon Falls, but only a few of the School Boards of the Province have endorsed the attempted act of treachery.

In St. Catharines, at a meeting of the City Public School Board, a letter from the Sturgeon Falls Board was read asking their assistance "in the struggle to preserve the integrity of the educational institutions of Ontario."

We recommend this volume to our readers for their use and as a most appropriate gift to the enquiring Protestant. We also trust that it will have a place on the premium lists of our converts and colleges.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

At a public meeting held in March in connection with the London United Temperance Councils, the question was asked, "Is the Temperance movement losing interest among the public?"

The Rev. Canon Periera, Bishop of Croydon was the principal speaker, and he declared that there are undoubtedly some very discouraging elements in the present situation.

Notwithstanding these discouragements, he was convinced that there is in the country a spirit of growth and progress which will lead to another great outburst of temperance enthusiasm.

The Rev. John Wilson, President of the Baptist Association, expressed a similar hope and stated that there are eight hundred thousand drunkards in the country and it is for their emancipation from the slavery which degrades them that temperance workers should fight strenuously.

In the United States and Canada, the conditions of both countries being very similar, the temperance sentiment is undoubtedly much more general than in England, yet the official figures of the drink bill in both countries are alarmingly enormous.

The drink bill of Canada is not so large as this in proportion to the population, still it is much too large. During the twenty-eight years ending with 1897, the total number of gallons of alcoholic liquors consumed per head of population averaged 4.076 or 4 gallons, being about 20 1/2 gallons for each family.

The figures for Canada show that there was a gradual yet rapid falling off in the consumption of spirits and wines and a corresponding increase in the quantity of beer used. Thus in 1869, there were 2.39 gallons of beer and 1.239 of spirits and wine used per head, whereas in 1897 the number of gallons of beer per head was 3.469, and of spirits and wine, .807.

ABRAHAM WAS SHOT BY THE TRAGEDIAN JOHN W. BOOTH

Abraham was shot by the tragedian John W. Booth for attending a theatre on Good Friday in 1865, as to accuse the brave Cappadocian martyr of the crimes of an Arian Bishop who died sixty years later.

Certain false memories of St. George, which were invented and published by the Arians, were condemned at a Roman Council held under Pope Gelasius in 494; but the true St. George in a real person whose memories are attested by authentic historical monuments and writings of early date, such as the historical works of Adamnan and Gregory of Tours.

We may add that the name of St. George the Martyr was deliberately retained in the Anglican Calendar of Saints, which ought to be a very respectable authority, at least for members of the Church of England, and even for those of other denominations which are at the present moment agitating for a closer union of sects, and which for the sake of consolidating their forces would willingly accept without a very searching enquiry the whole Anglican hagiography, St. George and all.

We may here say that the slaying of the dragon by St. George is not at all a matter of history. It is a mere legend which became popular as a symbol of the victory gained by the great soldier martyr over the devil, by his refusal to abandon Christ and adore the false gods of pagan Rome.

At a meeting of the Kingston Public School Board the letter of the Sturgeon Falls Board was read, and the universal opinion was that the Sturgeon Falls communication was inflammatory in tone, and not worthy that any attention should be paid to it.

In Toronto a resolution was passed by a minority of the Board, which was a mere majority of a quorum, that the Lieutenant Governor be requested to veto the bill. Very properly, no attention was paid by the Lieutenant Governor to this request.

ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR.

Propos of the celebration of St. George's day in Hamilton, the Herald of that city gives editorially a ridiculous fictitious life of the illustrious Saint and Martyr who has been honored since the days of Richard the Lion-hearted as the patron saint of England.

The Englishmen of Hamilton met at a banquet according to the usual manner of celebrating the feast, which occurred on April 23. "It was," says the writer, "in honor of Old England, and not of England's patron saint."

Poor George of Cappadocia, patron saint of England for many centuries. No Englishman who knows his history feels proud of the patronage of his saintship.

He continues: "George, however, is an impostor as a saint. He has no right to be in the saint's calendar at all. He never slew any dragon—that is a medieval myth. He was a rascal who succeeded in life by the arts of the hoodler and grafter and ward politician."

Emerson and Gibbon, the latter of whom is well known as the maligner of the Christian religion in all its forms, are quoted in support of this account of St. George, and the Magdeburg Centuriators might also have been quoted to similar purpose.

The Herald admits that Gibbon "seems to take delight in pouring insult upon the memory of his country's patron saint."

There was a George of Cappadocia who was, as the Herald states, an Arian Archbishop of Alexandria, but the St. George who was adopted as the patron Saint of England was quite a different personage.

The Arian Bishop George was indeed the usurper of the See of Alexandria, and the persecutor of the illustrious St. Athanasius. He was killed by pagans in the reign of the Apostate Emperor Julian about the year 362, on account of his cruelties and wicked conduct; but St. George, who was a noble Cappadocian, was a colonel under the Emperor Diocletian, and one of the first, if not the very first, who was put to death for Christ's sake in the tenth general persecution which was begun by Diocletian in 303. It would be as rational to assert that the patriarch

THE GALICIANS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

The Ruthenians of the North-West, who are chiefly from Galicia in the Austrian Empire, are said to be greatly in need of priests, as there are fifty thousand Catholics of the Ruthenian rite in Manitoba, Assinobia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, whereas there are only seven priests who are capable of attending to their spiritual wants, whereby it is meant that there are only seven who know their language.

These settlers are said to be industrious, frugal and sober, and, unlike the Doukhobors, they have no fads which will make them disagreeable neighbors. Residents and visitors to the North-West report them to be a very desirable acquisition. They easily accommodate themselves to Canadian ways, and are anxious to obey the laws. They are nearly all Catholics, but their liturgy differs from the Latin, approximating to those of the other Oriental rites.

The view formerly taken that the Church of Christ should consist of many independent organizations is now fast disappearing, and it is conceded that Christ's intention was that His Church should be visibly one. Yet the Presbyterians and Methodists have already absolutely refused to entertain the thought of union on such terms as have been offered them.

"Union on that basis (reordination) is pure moonshine. To ask union by submission is an insult. There never can be union, and never ought to be, except on the basis of inclusion of those who hold varying views."

This paper, however, endorses the suggestion of the Christian Advocate for a union by federation, and asks: "Where union is impossible, may not federation be feasible?"

The Christian Advocate's suggestion is as follows:

"It would be a most glorious spectacle for Protestantism, leaving out, of course, those who deny the deity of Jesus Christ, (for all who deny that practically declare all who admit it to be idolatry,) to raise the banner of genuine Christian unity; presenting thus to the Pagan world, to the Roman Catholic, the Greek, the Russo-Greek Churches, and to Mohammedanism, a body thoroughly united, representing Christianity free from what they believe to be yokes that had their origin in many elements which do not spring from the seeds planted by Jesus Christ, but from the love of power, organic and individual. It might then claim to be the Catholic Church."

This can be accomplished only by federation, and such federation is one of the crying needs of our Protestant churches. We recommend this proposition to those of every denomination who are interested in the visible unity of the Christian Church.

Organic unity is desirable, but it is admitted that under the state of things called into existence by the palmary principle of Protestantism, private judgment on the interpretation of Scripture, they must be contented with a federation of Churches as the next best thing; in fact, the only alternative possible.

The united Christian Catholic Church, then, is not to be formed on the basis of what Christ commanded, but on the exigencies of the situation in which Protestantism finds itself through the adoption of a fundamental principle for which no authority can be produced either from Scripture or Tradition!

There appears to be two distinct movements going on, of which one may be considered to have proved abortive in its inception, while the other seems likely to prove effectual for its purpose, unless some unforeseen difficulties arise to prevent the plan partially or wholly from coming to a successful issue.

It has, until late years, been held that it was Christ's intention in establishing His Church to have it consist of various denominations, with a diversity of creeds, and we have frequently seen the boast made that Protestantism, with all its contradictory teachings, is the one Church which Christ established. We were even told that Christ's declaration that there must be one fold and one shepherd, does not apply to visible unity under one visible head, but to a unity of hearts believing in one Christ, and acknowledging Him as the one Head and King over the whole Church, notwithstanding differences of belief on most important dogmas.

A few months ago sixty American Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church met in what was called "a Pan-American Council." The question of what was called "organic union" with Presbyterians and Methodists was seriously discussed, with the result that it was decided that a union is possible, provided the ministers of these two denominations should consent to be ordained by Bishops of the Episcopal Church, thus practically recognizing that Episcopacy is an essential feature of the Church of Christ, and that Apostolic succession through a continuous line of Bishops reaching from the Apostolic to the present age is necessary to the claim of a Church to be the one or the part of the one which Christ instituted. It is easy to see that such a condition unchurches the other parties who were expected to accept the terms of union. It would

HIGHER CRITICISM AND CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

We gladly insert the following letter received from Mr. W. F. P. Stockley, of the Faculty of The Seminary, Halifax, in regard to the discussions which have taken place in recent years with reference to so called "Higher Criticism."

In the main, we perfectly agree with what our correspondent says, and with the opinions he quotes from various sources which are thoroughly Catholic, and which are certainly not intended in any degree to lessen the authority of the Sacred Scriptures.

We have many times in our columns referred to the ravages made by so-called higher criticism, on the faith of Protestants in the truth and inspiration of Holy Scripture. While using the name "so-called higher criticism" we have never intended to condemn thorough and reverent investigation into the claims of Holy Scripture to the belief of Christians that it is truly the word of God. Hence, we have always carefully distinguished between true higher criticism and that flippant investigation which on insufficient grounds has dared to cast aside as spurious in history or science whatsoever is contrary to what he imagines to be correct history, or whatever may not coincide with the fanciful philosophical systems invented by Hindoo, Persian, Greek or Roman sages who had no knowledge of the true God.

The "old cosmogony" referred to in one of the extracts given by Mr. Stockley, by which is meant the interpretation which was formerly put upon the account given of creation in the first chapter of Genesis, was certainly erroneous but we must not infer that Genesis itself is inaccurate. We are informed that "in the beginning God created heaven and earth." We thus learn that the universe is of God's creation, but we are not told that this creation took place on the first day when the preparation of this earth began for the dwelling-place of man. Science shows that this creation took place long before man began to dwell on the earth, and Genesis does not contradict this truth, for there is room for millions of years between the creation of heaven and earth, as spoken of in the first verse of the Bible, and the preparation of man's dwelling-place as narrated in the subsequent verses. But the wrong interpretation of this chapter was never part of the Chris-

FAITH.

We are not to accept what science recent times, and the ine even freshwaters might prove that just pretation as modern us to accept might correct one.

When the science got unknown, man co in the dark on cosmog what he did, not ds interpretation of v correct. Huxley's on behalf of what is criticism," assert f wrong; but it was n interpretation of ind wrong. True high not go further than and it would also ad Scripture alone of philosophy has rev the mystery of co universe is the wor powerful and wise C such nonentities a Nature or Fate, as fad del philosophize have ever spoken "so called higher c such criticism as t foundation in truth, As regards the ology" which is als man extract, we v Butler's Catechism use it as 'the chro epted; that is to first parents occu thousand years" b man.

More recent dis have shown that t in Genesis occur the "common c them. There is n or Holy Scripture merely shows that prove that a curs sacred text left th mied that the even cent occurrence reality.

We may here re which the false has been refuted covers. In 3 Kir 2 Par. xii. 2; (P Chron.) we are i Shishak of Egypt and carried away t temple and of the l The infidels c clared that they Shishak, and proved the Bibl time, among the e pollion at Karnak, tian king's pictu name was Sheshc the hair a crowd t slaying. One bears a shield w Jehuamelech, the Sheshchon is i Shishak of Scrip of the historian M twenty-second Thus false and futed, and true and this occurs stances, which w ate here.

Professor S "HIGH CRITICISM To the Editor of the Sir—Is there dawning the Sai we rail at all "hi Bible? St. Jerome ha "many things a according to the he it noted, whic eyclical on the s adopted as the c commended to s students.—The Jesuit Review, "where Believers' lean Prior, Pathe As in the sam French Archbishop "Our faith we by the word fa collection of so lies, received v tion; it would stance, with man to stick to the common chronol chism seems to popular notions integrity, mode books, their dat sidence they d history or scien The English reviews the Angl "The Book of G "In an impo author express to the time wh cent critical adv to the young, so to teach the Old Testament reached the ag that when they they may have the ground of e He goes to ad practically de directly contra learnt from an work of secular equally felt by oles in France Why only in is felt in Canad "I should be

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tain faith. We are free, therefore, to accept what science has taught us in recent times, and the great St. Augustine even foreshadowed that the future might prove that just such an interpretation as modern science has forced us to accept might prove to be the correct one.

When the science of geology was as yet unknown, man could only speculate in the dark on cosmogony, and this is just what he did, not doubting that this interpretation of the sacred text was correct. Huxley and others, speaking on behalf of what is now called "higher criticism," assert that Genesis is wrong; but it was merely the private interpretation of individuals which are wrong. True higher criticism would not go further than to say this much, and it would also admit that the Holy Scripture alone of all the systems of philosophy has revealed this much of the mystery of cosmogony, that the universe is the work of an infinitely powerful and wise Creator, and not of such nonentities as Chance, Law, Nature or Fate, as the heathen and infidel philosophers pretend. If we have ever spoken disparagingly of "so-called higher criticism" it is of such criticism as this, which has no foundation in truth, that we so spoke.

As regards the "common chronology" which is also referred to in the same extract, we would point out that Butler's Catechism does no more than use it as the chronology commonly accepted; that is to say, the fall of our first parents occurred "about four thousand years" before Christ became man.

More recent discoveries in Egypt have shown that the events recorded in Genesis occurred further back than the "common chronology" places them. There is nothing against Faith or Holy Scripture in all this. It merely shows that laborious researches prove that a cursory reading of the sacred text left the impression on the mind that the events were of more recent occurrence than they were in reality.

We may here refer to one event in which the false "higher criticism" has been refuted by more recent discoveries. In 3 Kings, xi. 40; xiv. 25; 2 Par. xii. 2; (Prot. Bible 1 ki.; 2 Chron.) we are informed that King Sishak of Egypt invaded Jerusalem and carried away the treasures of the temple and of the King of Juda.

The infidels of a century ago declared that there was no such king as Sishak, and that profane history proved the Bible wrong. Since that time, among the discoveries of Champollion at Karnak, in Egypt, an Egyptian king's picture was found whose name was Seshouk, and he holds by the hair a crowd of captives whom he is slaying. One of these captives bears a shield with the inscription *Jeouhamelck, the King of Juda*. Thus Seshouk is identified with the Sishak of Scripture, and the Sesonchis of the historian Manetho, a king of the twenty-second Egyptian dynasty. Thus false and hasty criticism is refuted, and true criticism vindicated, and this occurs likewise in other instances, which we need not enumerate here.

Professor Stockley's Letter. "HIGH CRITICISM" AND TRUTHFULNESS. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD. Sir—Is there not a danger of condemning the Saints and the Popes, if we rail at all "higher criticism" of the Bible? St. Jerome has laid it down that "many things are said (in the Bible) according to the truth of fact"—words, be it noted which Leo XIII, in his Encyclical on the study of Holy Scripture adopted as his own, and specially recommended to the attention of Catholic students.—The Month, the English Jesuit Review, Jan. 1904—reviewing "where Believers may Doubt," by Dominican Prior, Father McNabb.)

As in the month of this year, a French Archbishop wrote: "Our faith would be in jeopardy if by the word faith we understood the collection of so-called traditional beliefs, received without any examination; it would be in jeopardy, for instance, with many intellects if we were to stick to the old cosmogony, the common chronology (as Butler's Catechism seems to stick to it), to the popular notions about the authenticity, integrity, mode of composition of our books, their dates and authors, the confidence they deserve when touching history or science."

my conscience this responsibility of teaching my children such views (about the age of the world and other matters) with this very same insistence and authority with which they were taught the vital truths of this faith—I know that in a few years' time they will find the one set of statements to be quite untenable, and will therefore be placed in obvious risk of doubting the other statements also."

It was said openly and emphatically at the Fribourg Catholic Congress that repetition in common manuals... of statements which no educated statesman now maintains must involve for the pupils grave danger when they go out into the world." (The reading of the Scriptures, by B. F. C. Costello, M. A.; Catholic Truth Society.)

The Tablet Reviewer adds: "This is indeed a serious matter, affecting though in different degrees, Catholics and Protestants alike; and it will soon be calling urgently for some united plan of action."

W. F. P. STOCKLEY. TO CORRESPONDENTS. SUBSCRIBER, Fitzroy Harbor, Ont., enquires: "Is it necessary to genuflect on entering or leaving a church where the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved in the tabernacle. Mass being celebrated there only at intervals?"

The genuflection is prescribed when we pass before the Blessed Sacrament, but only a low bow should be made to the cross when we pass before the altar, the Blessed Sacrament not being in the tabernacle. The low bow is made by bending the body so far that the hands would touch the knees if extended toward them.

The U.S. Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency the Most Reverend Archbishop Falconio, D. D., has kindly consented to be present at the Commencement Exercises of Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, on June 14th—a favor of which this young and prosperous Institution is justly proud.

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LETTER FROM THOMAS O'HAGAN. The following interesting letter from Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, poet and litterateur, was received by T. J. Murphy, Esq., barrister, of this city: 28 Via Milano, Rome, Italy, April 18th, 1904.

Father Beninger—a Bruce boy—a member of the Fathers of the Resurrection—and these good Fathers stand for kindness and hospitality everywhere—whether at St. Mary's in Kentucky; St. Jerome's, Berlin, Ontario; or Rome—I was not able to be present at the Pontifical Mass celebrated by Our Holy Father in St. Peter's on the 11th inst., but was also among those who the following day were granted a special audience by the Holy Father.

Pope Pius X. in appearance is the ideal Father of the Faithful, and no when in audience he moves among his children to receive their homage and bless them.

In St. Peter's as the Holy Father was borne up the aisle on the *Sedia Gestatoria* he gave me the impression of being somewhat abashed, but the following day in audience he had lost this and the tinge of sadness had given away to smiles.

Rome is unquestionably the most interesting city in the world. It certainly is the most inspiring, and it goes without saying the most cosmopolitan. At the functions in St. Peter's the unity and universality of the Church impress you for the whole world—*ubi et ubi*—was really represented there. I need not shock you when I say there is not much chance for devotion there, as very many of the people have to stand, and the curiosity to see notable people always elicits piety and devotion to the wall.

Around me I heard nearly every language of Europe spoken. To my right, the language of Dante—to my left the language of Moliero—hard by the language which Shakespeare spoke, while a few steps in the rear an old lady bitterly complained in the largest volubles of Goethe that her bonnet—a Berlin pattern—was being crushed.

With assurances of my best wishes to your family, I am, Dear Mr. Murphy, Sincerely yours, THOMAS O'HAGAN.

CATHOLIC NOTES. It is estimated that Reverend Mother M. Katherine Drexel has expended \$1,000,000 in building Catholic Indian missions.

It is asserted that in the last twelve missions to non-Catholics in Chicago, seven hundred and ninety-nine converts have been received by the Paulists.

Judge Warde died at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, on Sunday, April 27th, the last of the Paulist Fathers in Canada. He had been a Catholic for the past twenty years. R. I. P.

Mr. Egbert Cleave, formerly a Protestant minister, and lately identified with the movement to start a reformed Episcopal church in Columbus, O., has entered the Catholic Church.

The Paulists received into the Church sixty converts at a mission in the Milwaukee Cathedral and forty-four converts at a mission in Minneapolis. In other places there were corresponding large numbers of converts.

A monument in the form of a school is to be erected in Limerick, Ireland, to the memory of the Irish novelist and playwright, Gerald Griffin, who died in Cork as Brother Joseph of the Irish Christian Brothers.

Rev. Mr. Evans, who until his late conversion was rector of the Anglican Church at Shoreham, England, and very distinguished convert, will receive the priesthood at Rome during the early summer.

CARDINAL MANNING, THE LABORING MAN'S FRIEND.

When early in 1892 the great Cardinal of Westminster closed his weary eyes upon the fleeting scenes of this world, there rose around him remains a wall of universal lamentation, and all true hearts of England and mankind generally mourned the loss of the pure-hearted and noble-minded shepherd whose long and glorious episcopate had been one unselfish devotion to the Church of the Crucified and one tireless labor for God's poor. So bold and daring was he in his attacks on greedy capitalists and in his defence of the rights of labor, that certain over-sensitive Catholics feared that he would become a real Socialist.

He recognized the continual intervention of the State between capital and labor; he claimed the right of laborers to get work; the right to assistance; the limitation of working hours, and the determination of the minimum wage. He asserted that the workman should be remunerated, not according to the law of supply and demand, but, like other functionaries, according to the ability and importance of his social function. If the State protects the rights of individual property, it must necessarily protect the rights of labor, since nothing is more strictly his own than his labor.

If the great end of life were to multiply yards of cloth and cotton twist, and if the glory of England consisted in underdressing the nations of the world, well, then, let us go on! But if the domestic life of the people be vital above all; if peace, the purity of mind of wives and mothers, the duties of husbands and of fathers, be written in the natural law of mankind, and if these things be sacred far beyond anything that can be sold in the market—then, I say, if the hours of labor resulting from the unregulated sale of man's strength and skill shall lead to the degradation of domestic life, to the neglect of children, to the turning of wives and mothers into living machines, and of fathers and husbands into—what shall I say?—creatures of burden—I will not use any other word—who rise up before the sun and come back when it is set, he deems to rest; the domestic life of man exist no longer, and we dare not go on in this path."

THE MONTH OF MAY. May, the month set aside by the Church for special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God, is once more at hand. The lessons inculcated are too numerous, even to be summarized in a few lines. It would be better, therefore, to let us recall the many and most excellent books which have been written on the subject. This, however, should not imply that nothing whatsoever should be said. On the contrary, it should be the great pleasure of all Catholics to make the Blessed Virgin the subject of frequent conversation.

In keeping with the spirit of the Church, a word at this time concerning the devotion will not be out of place. It is a matter little understood by our separated brethren, and one which at times leads them to make some very severe and untruthful charges against us. These we most frequently hear in that ignorant and senseless term, *Maryism*. By this they would have their co-religionists and all not of our faith believe that Catholics worship the Blessed Virgin in place of God. Nothing could be more removed from the truth.

Moreover, were the devotion attended with any such conceptions it would, indeed, be regarded as most reprehensible by the Church herself. Those of her communion so believing would be guilty of severe censure. In fact, if, as Catholics, we, in our devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in any way detract from the supreme worship due to God, we are guilty of a most grievous charge, we are to place the Mother of God on an equality with God Himself, we would be that very act cease to be Catholics.

The trouble is not with us, who have had the devotion handed down to us from the earliest ages, but with our sectarian friends. The fault is wholly theirs. It arises either from a failure to understand what we do believe, or from the acceptance of our supposed doctrines from those who do not know or willfully misrepresent. The devotion which we show the Mother of God is an honor, not a worship. And all capable of understanding the distinction will understand the devotedness to the devotion and prayerful appeals to the Mother of God find a counterpart in our daily life. It is even one of the greatest factors in society and commerce. We see it illustrated in him who desires a favor from another, and secures the latter's assistance because of his greater influence with the one who is to grant it. He is not obliged

UNUSUAL CONVERSION.

The Catholic doctrine of Purgatory and prayers for the dead, won the Church a convert the other day down in Alabama. Nathan Brown, a Methodist, living in Huntsville, heard through a non-Catholic mission of the Catholic practice of praying for the dead and was much taken with it.

Not long ago he fell sick, whereupon his physician sent a Methodist minister around to see him. Mr. Brown received him kindly, but informed him that his services were not needed, as he wished to see a Catholic priest. "The Catholics pray for their dead," said he, "and I shall need prayers after I am gone."

Father Burns, of Huntsville, was sent for, and the sick man's contentment fairly lighted up with joy as the priest entered the room. Being in immediate danger of death, he was conditionally baptized and anointed, but later rallied sufficiently to be instructed in the catechism and receive Holy Communion when he passed peacefully away, not to purgatory, as he expected, but to Heaven, as we confidently hope and believe.—Church Progress.

Socialists Retreat From Discussion With Father Hickey at Niagara Falls.

Rev. J. W. Hickey, C. M., of Niagara University, recently delivered a scholarly lecture at a public meeting of the Central Labor Council of Niagara Falls on "The attitude of the Catholic Church towards Socialism." The large audience was composed principally of non-Catholics, socialist leaders, principals and teachers of the high schools and ministers of the denominational churches of the city.

It was previously announced that the lecturer would be ready to defend the position of the Catholic Church towards Socialism, and many of the socialist leaders came prepared for a discussion. The arguments of the reverend lecturer were so convincing that not one of the many adherents of socialism attempted to attack him on their favorite topic. The Father, the local organ of Socialism, as well as the other local papers, highly commended Father Hickey for the mastery with he handled his subject. It was a case where truth silenced prejudice.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. COUNCIL.

We will examine some passages in one or two Provincial religious papers that have been sent us, beginning with the Presbyterian Witness, of Halifax. We will take first a letter from Mr. Murdoch Mackinnon, protesting against the Protestant propaganda in Canada. He felicitates the Witness on its growingly friendly relations with the Roman Catholics, of whom he rightly says, that "they are doing their part, and a very great part it is, of the Master's work in the world."

This is all excellent. The Protestant propaganda in Canada does seem rather scant of results. As Mr. Mackinnon says, ignorant and worldly Catholics may best be incited to a higher life by their own clergy. Yet the collision of varying opinions often strikes out sparks of faith and knowledge which otherwise might have lain dormant. The rich fruits of the Counter-Reformation appeared after the tremendous shock of the Reformation had started the spiritual energies of Catholic Christendom out of their slumber. See the late Bishop Hurst's admirable article in the Methodist Review.

Mr. Mackinnon compliments the Canadian Catholics on the patience with which they tolerate the Protestant propaganda, and questions whether the Protestants would endure a Catholic counter-movement. Under favor, it seems to me that neither the complacent nor the censorious is fully deserved. The Canadian Catholics love the law, and so, no doubt, do the Protestants. Either party, in tolerating a propaganda of the other religion, is simply complying with good citizenship. Canadian, like American, law, under certain precautions for the public peace, guards the right of every man to express his religious beliefs, and to win as many adherents to them as he can.

On this side have certainly our full share of intolerance, yet we endure without remark a Catholic propaganda which expressly calls itself a "mission." How many converts it makes, I do not know; but it certainly accomplishes a great deal of good in removing misunderstandings. Even the intolerant South, where indescribably hideous slanders are diffused and received, has not yet thought of lynching a Paullist Father.

Now we, in turn, might accomplish great good if we appointed a mission, and sent out agents among Catholics to circulate such books as "External Religion," by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J., or "The Saved and the Lost," by the Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S. J., or The Encyclical of August 10, 1863, or Cardinal Manning's extended letter to Mr. Ward on the obligation of recognizing the fruits of the Spirit wherever found, or the Ave Maria's warning to Catholics not to contradict these teachings of the Catholic Church, or Rudyard Kipling's portrait of Father Victor, or Dr. Arthur T. Pierson's charming little biography of St. Charles Borromeo, or his thrilling account of the Catholic martyrdoms of Korea, or Savonarola's "Triumph of the Cross," published by Propaganda. We have more money than the Catholics; then why should we not spend a surplus of it in so excellent a colportage?

Then also what an excellent effect it would have if the Evangelical Alliance would depute its men of weight, and sound lungs, to go into Catholic districts, and in front of the churches, to proclaim with a loud voice: "Oyez! Oyez! In the name of the united Protestant world, hear and understand. All that Martin Luther says agreeably to St. Paul, we, with all good Christians, receive and believe. But there are certain propositions of the said Brother Martin which we abhor and detest. *Imprimis*: Faith justifies before love and without love. *Item*: If a man only has faith, he is not vital how many sometimes he commits. *Item* (orally reported): A Protestant ought not to be afraid of a good round lie for the good cause. *Item*: If a woman not being sought in marriage becomes a mother out of wedlock, she pleases God better than by remaining a virgin. *Item*: Unmarried chastity is a pretence and an impossibility. Whosoever shall say such things, Bishop, Reformer, or Divine, let him be Anathema. And let all the people say Amen." Now I can not but think that such an exchange of agencies would be very helpful towards establishing a better understanding between the two religions. If we will only cleanse our own Augean stables, our brethren of the other part will not be burdened with the disagreeable office of cleansing them for us.

I can not, therefore, altogether agree with Mr. Mackinnon in deprecating all agencies among the Catholics, although I will not undertake to say that the Presbyterian propaganda of which he speaks is guided entirely on the lines which I have laid out.

We will now turn to page 4 of the Witness, column 2. Here is an article on the Immaculate Conception. I need not say that, as a Protestant, I do not receive this doctrine. Nor do I entertain the prevailing Roman Catholic belief touching the relation of the Blessed Virgin to the Divine administration. Therefore I should have no occasion to animadvert upon this leading article of the Witness but for a sentence or two at its end. Thus: "The Pope says good things about Mary: so do we all. But we do not worship her."

It appears then, according to the Witness, that the Catholics worship the Virgin. If so, then of course they are idolaters. Now, as St. Paul declares, an idolater has no inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God. Then if the Catholics are idolaters, all the friendly things which the Witness, in this very number, says and receives, and its recognition of the Church of Rome as a Christian body are wholly unwarranted and criminal, and should subject the editors to ecclesiastical process. Moreover, its friendly commendation of a late article of mine in

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifth Sunday After Easter. PRAYER.

Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name. Ask and you shall receive." (St. John xvi. 24)

Our Lord does not mean by these words that His disciples had never prayed, because otherwise they would never have become followers of Him. No man could come to Jesus unless the Father should draw him, and God always makes His graces dependent on prayer. Hence they must have prayed for the graces already received. When St. Paul was announced to be a convert to the true faith, it was said as evidence of his conversion, "Behold he prayeth." A man who does not pray cannot receive nor retain the grace of God, because prayer is of obligation and necessary to the friendship of God.

What, then, does our Lord mean when He says to His disciples, "Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name?" He would have them understand that their prayers hitherto had only been weak beginnings. This is evident from the fact that even the Apostles never realized the magnitude of their vocations until they were enlightened by the Holy Ghost on Pentecost. The mysteries of redemption, the value of suffering and the glories of martyrdom, were all hidden from their eyes, lest they should become faint-hearted and falter in the course which they had to run. Our Lord, by the words of today's Gospel, begins to lead them on, pointing out to them the means by which they are to be strengthened for their work. That means, brethren, is prayer. Whenever God has a work for a man to do, He first inclines him and teaches him to pray, and when he becomes a man of prayer, and acquires the habit of constant communion with God, then he is fit to do anything for God.

We have all of us got a great work to do—the work of our eternal salvation. "For straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to eternal life, and few there be who find it." It is a mistake to suppose that we are going to be saved by the mere desire of not being lost, otherwise every one would be saved because no one wishes to be lost. But we have got to work for the reward of eternal happiness if we would attain it; and the first requisite for the accomplishment of that work is prayer. There is one thing that makes that work easy, even to the weakest of mortals, and that work is prayer. Have you done nothing as yet? Is temptation too strong for you to overcome it? Then you have not as yet learned to pray. Become a man of prayer and all will be changed with you. Good works will become a pleasure; difficulties will be conquered, and your life, instead of being wasted by sin, will be employed for God and your own welfare in time and in eternity.

Now, the grace to pray is the easiest of all graces to obtain. Because God wishes all men to be saved, says St. Alphonsus, He gives all men the ability to pray. Sinners can pray. One is not required to be in the state of grace in order to pray. And if a sinner, no matter how deep his guilt may be, prays sincerely and continuously, he is just as certain to obtain the grace of repentance as the rays of the warm spring sun are sure to drive away frost.

We have no excuse, then, for a life of sin, because we have a remedy in prayer. "Ask and you shall receive," says our Lord. The promise here given is infallible. All we have to do is to ask. And how does a man ask if he really is anxious to get a favor? He never gets weary of making his petitions. Suppose that you wished some man to give you employment. You would not hesitate to ask him for it twenty times if you thought there was the slightest chance for you to get it. So we should act towards God. We should be just as earnest as we are in seeking worldly advantage, and then God will not disappoint us, although men may do so. And how few petitioners are at His court, although He has all the riches of the universe at His disposal, but those who are most urgent and frequent in asking for His favors are His best friends.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. THAT OUR PEACE IS NOT TO BE PLACED IN MEN.

Son, if thou please thy peace in any person for the sake of thy contentment in his company, thou shalt be unsettled and entangled. But if thou hast recourse to the ever-living and subsisting Truth, thou shalt not be grieved when a friend departeth or dieth.

In me the love of thy friend must stand: and for me he is to be loved, whoever he be that appeareth to thee good and every dear in life.

Without my friendship is of any strength nor will it be durable: nor is that love true and pure, of which I am not the author.

Thou oughtest to be so far mortified to such affections of persons beloved, as to wish, as far as appertains to thee, to be without any human company.

To kneel on one knee at the rear of the church, out of sight and sound of the altar—some young men conceive that to be a proper way to attend Mass. They feel they are doing their whole duty to God if they do that every Sunday. What folly!—Catholic Columbian.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS. A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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John Craig, Kells, Ont., says: "I was paralyzed and had no power over my right arm or leg and to be lifted like a child. Dr. Williams Pink Pills have cured me, and to my neighbors the cure seems like a miracle."

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Mr. M. Coker, Lamerton, N. W. T., says: "Dr. Williams Pink Pills cured me of a severe attack of erysipelas."

Mr. William Holland, Sarnia, Ont., says: "I suffered for two years from kidney trouble. I tried many medicines but got nothing to help me until I took Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and after using them about a month every bit of the trouble was gone."

What Dr. Williams Pink Pills have done for these people—and for thousands of others—they will do for you, if you will give them a reasonable trial. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

A PILL FOR GENEROUS EATERS.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and good digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subjected to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead on their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business work of any kind. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the albumen, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

"MAN IS FILLED WITH MISERY."—This is not true of all men. The well-sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this.

You can try it. FREE. Every mother who sends us her address on a post card will receive a generous free sample—enough for eight meals—of Nestlé's Food. LEMMING, WILES & CO., MONTREAL.

MAKING CHURCHES SANITARY.

An Italian Bishop once sent out to the priests of his diocese the following circular: "1. In all churches, immediately after feast days on which there have been very large congregations, the floors must be disinfected by means of wood sawdust, soaked in a one-tenth per cent. solution of corrosive sublimate. On ordinary days they must be frequently swept, after sprinkling them with water so as to raise no dust. "2. Every week, and even oftener, the pews and confessionals must be cleaned with sponges and cloths moistened with pure water. "3. Every week, and oftener if necessary, the grills of the confessionals must be washed and polished. "4. The holy water receptacles must be emptied every week, or oftener if necessary, and washed with hot water or a solution of corrosive sublimate." That was a wise Bishop, comments Medical Talk for March, who sent out the above order. But we would like to add one more item to it, namely, that after every service the church windows and doors shall be thrown wide open and the pure, fresh outdoor air allowed to sweep through and through it, thoroughly cleansing it of the poisonous air and filling it with pure oxygen.

ONE THING DONE WELL.

THE TRUE SECRET OF A REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People do only one thing—but they do that one thing well. That is the secret of their success. They actually make new blood; just that and no more. But good blood is the best cure—the only cure—for most diseases. Most diseases are caused by bad blood. Anemia, paleness, pimples, eczema, indigestion, biliousness, kidney trouble, backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous troubles, and the special secret ailments of growing girls and women—these are different diseases but they are all due to bad blood. Ignorant people sometimes laugh at the idea that one little medicine can cure all these different diseases—but they forget that they were all caused by one little trouble—bad blood. The foolish people are those who take a different medicine for every symptom without thinking of the one cause at the root of them all. Dr. Williams Pink Pills strike at the root, bad blood and nothing else. They fill the veins with new, strong, rich red blood, which races to every corner of the body, toning the nerves and bracing each organ to throw off weakness and disease. In a brief way here is some strong proof of confirming the above statements:

John Craig, Kells, Ont., says: "I was paralyzed and had no power over my right arm or leg and to be lifted like a child. Dr. Williams Pink Pills have cured me, and to my neighbors the cure seems like a miracle."

Miss Blanche Durand, St. Edmund, Que., says: "The doctor told me I was in consumption. I had alternate chills and fever, and severe cough and was daily growing weaker. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills and my health and strength have fully returned."

Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N. W. T., says: "For many years I was a great sufferer from the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. I never got anything to relieve me until I began using Dr. Williams Pink Pills and they have made me feel like a new person."

Mrs. Albert Luddington, St. Mary's River, N. S., says: "I was a cripple from rheumatism until I began using Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Now the aches and pains have left me and I am as well as ever."

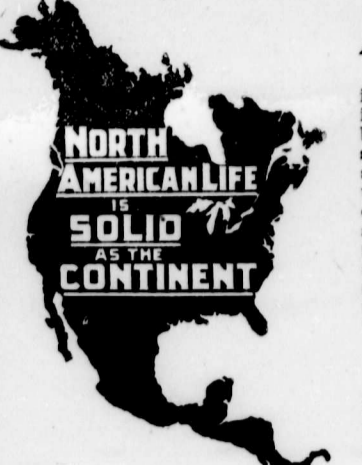
Mr. M. Coker, Lamerton, N. W. T., says: "Dr. Williams Pink Pills cured me of a severe attack of erysipelas."

Mr. William Holland, Sarnia, Ont., says: "I suffered for two years from kidney trouble. I tried many medicines but got nothing to help me until I took Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and after using them about a month every bit of the trouble was gone."

What Dr. Williams Pink Pills have done for these people—and for thousands of others—they will do for you, if you will give them a reasonable trial. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.



After the Fire

It is too late to insure the burned building. Even those most anxious for business will not inure your house if it smells of smoke; and no company insures the lives of sick men. All intelligent people realize the advantages of life insurance, and those who are insured fully appreciate its benefits. You, no doubt, intend to take out a policy some day; but now may be your only opportunity; the future may find you uninsurable. Would it not be wise, therefore, to communicate with the

North American Life at once, while you are yet in good health? It is a company with a splendid record and of unexcelled financial strength.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director. JOHN L. BLAQUIE, President. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

1903 SURPLUS — SURPLUS. The ability of a Company to give its policyholders insurance at the LOWEST COST compatible with safety depends on its PROFIT EARNINGS which in

The MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA. amounted in 1903, to \$194,783. Out of this sum it paid to policyholders in 1903, \$77,300. And it continues to distribute dividends to policyholders on the SAME LIBERAL SCALE as for the past year.

ONLY POLICYHOLDERS SHARE IN ITS PROFITS

A Home Dye! MAYPOLE SOAP A Perfect Dye! MAYPOLE SOAP. Made in England but sold everywhere. 10c. for Colors—15c. for Black. Book all about it free—by addressing Canadian Depot: 8 Place Royal, Montreal.

A MONEY-MAKER THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE. The 20th-Century Knitting Machine. will clothe the family with Shirts, Drawers, Hosiery, Mitts, Gloves, etc.; is simple in construction, substantially made, and easily operated. Our machines have held the highest place among knitters for over 30 years. Send for our illustrated catalogue; it is brimful of information and valuable suggestions for making money by knitting, or for those who want a thoroughly practical and serviceable machine for family use.

\$200.00 GIVEN AWAY FOR CORRECT ANSWERS TO THIS SEED PUZZLE. We are spending thousands of dollars to advertise our business. Each of these six small pictures represent a well-known Garden Vegetable. Can you think out the names of three of them? If so, the money is surely yours trying for. Three correct answers win. If you cannot make it out yourself, get some friend to help you.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS OF HIGHEST ART. REFERENCES—Rev. P. J. McKeon and others. H. E. ST. GEORGE, London, Canada.

HEADACHE. Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by HARMLESS HEADACHE-AJAX AND NEURALGIA CURE. No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no other, 10c and 50c. All dealers or direct from ARTHUR & CO., Simcoe, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

100 lbs. of Bells. Bells 10,000 lbs. McShane's. THE MARVEL BLUING CO., DEPT. 1475 TORONTO, ONT.

SOUR STOMACH, FLATULOUS LANCY, HEARTBURN. NO ALL OTHER FORMS OF DYSPEPSIA. K.D.C. THE MIGHTY CURE.

CHATS WITH YOU

It is not the sturdy, self-reliant youth who needs the helping hand of the vacillating, whose manner to be an apology for living, who is liable to every failure in every walk of life. His case is by no means less. He has either not found his point or has lost his path. A pathetic guide is found in the writer especially for the "Nester". A word to the "Nester". The strong-willed, self-reliant man must not absorb all. Let us say a word to the despondent youth who has impulses, but no more brain jelly. If I am driving a stretch of mountain road in my buggy, I do not get the stalwart youth following me, cheering and waving his arms, and falling by the wayside and footsore. This one hand or lift, will not top of the mountain; so he will jump in, and I take the hardest stage of his life. In a somewhat similar help the "Nester" would must tell you what kind of As I have said, he has not but they effect nothing. The thin, dribbling, dried mill-race that has wooden wheels, but has more it. He is easily ward influences; but it ton of dynamite to raise plane of consistent, steady life. He makes good but the first puff of them away. He promises a saloon; yet when that to come and have a drink, refuse, although he probably a drink will be his case. Then again, a week in a position that contented, long for a appointed work in a and eventually either "fired."

Is a young man of the less case, a dead failure, object lesson of incompetence to all who know means. He can make simple rules. It is such a one that he can be very stubborn. choosing a life career, all the tenacity that his him hope and strive and of checks, and sneers, and repeated failures narrow his thoughts, aspirations and longings that career. Let him hind him, nor right or straight ahead to the determined to attain. cases out of a hundred thus ultimately reaches efforts; and who will maining case is a fairly many, noble qualities struggle?

You will say, perhaps do-woe! It is incapable of effort. But he is; and that he is, if you will he insists on some trait as a reed in his wretched matter. What he wants motive.

But he must safeguard to succeed, by keeping verse influences. Old try to win him back. Brown will laugh at his sneer at him, and let him lightly, but avoid the possible. When they est they will cease and will let him go his own. He must also guide the rule of life. Such a rule to every young man necessary to one of a position. Outside his let him have some definite for every moment. Be a line with his chosen most advisable.

Above all, I would re be sincerely and unafraid. No natural firmness habit of self-control with the grit, the backbone developed by daily prayers, the Sacraments, the examination, and the spiritual books have saving thousands of "no society, the Church of Bernard Feeney, St. in Catholic Columbian.

Do Your Every Day. "A good many of Southern Messenger, realize that the faithful plain duties of every first requisite of Christ. "Obedience is better full the duties of our to obey the will of God there."

What They C. The man who will for beer or whiskey will toss a dime into foreign missions on Catholic Advance, who trails up the m twenty-dollar hat with bent on her per-b nothing at all."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is not the sturdy, self-reliant chap who needs the helping hand so much as the youth who is spiritless, trifling and vacillating, whose manner seems often to be an apology for living and who is rated a failure in everything he undertakes.

A word to the "ne'er-do-weel." The strong-willed, energetic young man must not absorb all our attention. Let us say a word to the weak-kneed, dependent youth who has many noble impulses, but no more backbone than a jellyfish.

In a somewhat similar way, I wish to help the "ne'er-do-weel"; but, first, I must tell you what kind of fellow he is. As I have said, he has no noble impulses; he is drifting, he is drifting, he is drifting, he is drifting, he is drifting.

It is a young man of this kind a hopeless case, a dead failure, a standing object lesson of incompetency and selflessness to all who know him? By no means. He can make his life a great success if he holds steadily to a few simple rules. It is characteristic of such a one that he can in some things be very stubborn.

You will say, perhaps, that a "ne'er-do-weel" is incapable of such sustained effort. But he is; and you will see that he is, if you watch how doggedly he insists on some trifle, though pliant as a reed in a much more important matter.

But he must safeguard his resolution to succeed, by keeping aloof from adverse influences. Old companions will try to win him back to old courses. Brown will laugh at him, and Jones will sneer at him, and Robinson will ridicule him.

He must also guide himself by a fixed rule of life. Sing man, is absolutely necessary to one of a pliant, easy disposition. Outside his working hours, let him have some definite employment for every moment.

Above all, I would recommend him to be sincerely and unfeignedly religious. No natural firmness of character or habit of self-control can ever compare with the grit, the stamina, the moral backbone developed by religion.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES. No. 1.—The Resurrection. AN ACT OF FAITH.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Mr. Vanderman, looking at Ida with an expression on his face she had never seen before.

"I know, father," said Ida softly, but with a firmness that she herself was astonished at, she continued, "I must ask you a little more. Are my grandparents alive?"

"I told you that we were yachting most of the time. When we were on hand she went a few times with her maid to a church when there was one for her to go to, but she did not speak much of religion, and I hoped that I had influenced her more than I discovered was the case."

"Yes, very like. Now, my dear, I think you know all that there is to know. She had no money on her marriage, and her parents left very little indeed when they died. That little is yours, as you know."

"I am afraid I don't know much about my money matters, father. I always left it to you and Robert."

"It was better so. Women had far better not meddle in money matters. I must go now, my dear, for I have a good deal to do before dinner. I have a great many letters to write, and a programme to draw up of a meeting at Newcastle. Mr. Jay, the conventual priest, I told you about, says he knows a woman who was thirty years in a convent, and only lately escaped and became a Protestant, and he can get her to speak, he thinks."

"I was able to give a little pecuniary aid, for she is very poor, and a deserving case altogether. I use Don't look so grave, Ida; it is of no use fretting over what I have told you about your poor mother, her eyes were blinded."

"Oh, father, it was not that," said Ida wiping away the tears that would arise.

"My own action I do not regret, and I don't want to discuss it any more. I hope your mother is saved in spite of the delusions in which she believed, for she believed in the Lord." So saying Mr. Vanderman left the room.

Ida sat where he left her, and she remained until the sound of the dressing gong roused her. After dinner she went to a small dance in Park Lane, and she was unable to study the books, as she was longing to do, until the next morning, when, her father having gone out to lunch with an old friend, she had the time to herself secure from interruption.

Ida was by no means a clever woman, but she could see very clearly how wrongly her father had acted through-out, and she judged him far more severely than he had any idea of.

It had been a revelation to her to hear her father speak of his broken faith to her mother. Whatever his views might have been, it seemed strange to her to think that he had promised that which he had no intention of performing. However, she supposed he acted as he did under the glamour of his love for her mother, and she turned quickly from that thought to the consideration of the books, the manuscript one in particular.

The latter was a small book begun in early childhood with notes about children's interests, holidays, etc. There was an account of her mother's first Communion following on a couple of pages describing her anticipations of that great day.

"It is so near now. I am so looking forward to it, and I pray much and offer all my work and my lessons that I may make a good Communion. I hope I shall be really devout and that I shall prepare properly in the Retreat. Our Lady will help me. I know she will. I don't want to be a nun when I leave school, but I do wish to be good, to serve God and to go to the Sacraments and to think a great deal about Him. . . ."

"I made my first Communion yesterday, Easter. I had a great many presents, but not as many as I expected. They were all very nice. Mother gave me a turquoise brooch, my friends from Cesca and Isidora a prayer-book and a bracelet, then I had a lovely horseshoe to hang at my side to match my dress—it was white satin—and Elena Nardi gave me a ring, and there were many other things too; among them a lovely rosary Padre Leonardi gave me. He made me promise to try and say ten decades every day. Oh! it has been a beautiful day, and I mean to serve God and never to offend Him again. I like the ring, it is so pretty. Oh dear, I suppose I should not care so much about pretty things! I want to remember the Retreat; it was all very nice; there were seven others with me who were all about my own age. The padre explained everything very clearly, but I found my thoughts running on my dress, and the presents I might get. It was hard to keep silence all those days. I made a great many good resolutions in my retreat, but it will be hard to keep them, for at home there is nothing to help me. Father has no religion, mamma does not often go to Mass, and she has not been, I think, to her duties for a long time. If it had not been for the nuns I should not have learnt anything. It is a good thing mamma let me come to the convent. At home, when my education is finished, it will be harder than here, however, that will not be for some time yet. I know my head is very full of dress, and fun, and amusement, but I don't want to be taken up entirely with those things. Padre Leonardi told us that saying our rosary would be a great help towards reminding us of heavenly things. He told us a great deal about the Resurrection, and he said we should rise out of the grave of slothfulness and of our faults." The diary then ceased for some years. Notes were made of leaving the convent, of plunging into society, of living a life of amusement and gaiety.

The religion of the child had not matured and developed, and she had soon, as was evident, become careless. Then came a note of her engagement, and the outpouring of her love for her fiance. "Really it is very hard even to have time to say a prayer now and then, my head is so full of my happiness. I have been very careless about my religion since I came out into society; it is all so gay and charming, prayers and church seem so dull. Sometimes I think of my first Communion; oh, how long ago it seems! It is easy to be good in a convent, in the world it is hard. Of course my conscience tells me that I neglect the means—yes, perhaps it is so. . . ."

"We are to be married soon, and Henry—ah, how difficult it is to pronounce his name!—and I are to go for a long cruise. I wonder if he will let me go to Mass when we are married! He promises me, but will not talk much about it. He is so strong and clever, I think we shall be very happy, for I am not clever, and he will teach me many things. . . . I shall put this book away in my olive wooden box, and my rosary with it, for I seldom say it now."

The next entry was just before her own birth, and Ida was much moved when she read of the uncles and aunts who were suffering of mind and soul that the writer had been undergoing. Much was written of her love for her husband—so much her senior—and the conflict between her admiration for him and her desire to return to those practices, which she had neglected so long, and which now her husband forbade to her. He had read and argued against her holy faith all in vain. He was a clever, able, controversialist, and she was a not very clever and most imperfectly educated girl, in whose soul, however, the faith, buried by carelessness and neglect, was raising again. Much was written of deep repentance for the careless years between her leaving school and the time at which she was writing.

Then came an entry dated a week before her mother's death:

"My little baby and I, how happy we are! She is such a sweet little pet, her dear eyes are so brown and like mine, so Henry says, but they will be more beautiful than mine. My little darling, she does not know how dear she is to her mother's heart, but she is so dear she will be a cause of much suffering and much unhappiness between Henry and I, for you must, oh, you must be brought up a Catholic! Henry will, I fear, be very angry when I talk to him about it, as I shall do when he returns from Edinburgh, where he has gone for two days on business. I shall tell him, too, that I must go back to my duties. Ah, *Dieu mait!* I have not been to my duties since my marriage—even at Easter. What should I have thought of that at the convent! How much this difference of faith will be to us! For I am now so sorry for all the past. He will never think I care as much as I do knowing me as he did as being such a careless girl, and still more so since my marriage. . . . I found my poor old father not doing so for a very long time. I am so grieved about the past, for I am seeing all so differently now, and Henry, though he is so good and clever and learned, is not a Catholic, and all he has said has not shaken my faith, though it seemed to do so at first. I was so madly in love with him that I listened to anything he said, though I did not half understand it all. I know all he said and all his boasting against the faith, but I had soon trust to what I was taught at the convent, for something, I do not know what, tells me that it is all true and that the other is false. . . ."

"He has returned, and will not let Ida be baptised or brought up a Catholic. It was all very dreadful. Last night I said my rosary, and as I was saying it, a beautiful thought came into my mind, and that was that I would baptise my baby myself. I know how it should be done, for Sister Wilfred, an English Sister who was at the convent, taught us all one day: she said it might be useful to some of us. . . . I have baptized her, and my sweet baby is a Catholic. May Our Lord bless her and Our Lady take her under her protection."

To-morrow I am going to speak to Henry again. I shall use every persuasion I can think of and ask him to leave me free. We are leaving this house soon and going to London, where I shall find many churches and an Italian priest, though that does not really signify, for I speak English fairly well now. Henry used to teach me when we were yachting, and I will get him to swear that I may practise my religion and bring—"

There was no more writing in the diary. Ida knew the rest. Ida took up the beads which were close to her, and thought of the hand, now dust, which had used them last, and thought over many things. She did not know all that baptism would do for her, but she was really very ignorant, but still the thought of her mother's action filled her mind with awe and deep interest, and it all seemed to come somewhat in answer to a desire; felt latterly very strongly, to have something which would place her in relation to the eternal realities, in which she, in a superficial fashion, believed.

The mystic leadings and work of the Holy Spirit are not described by any pen, and with Him time is not, in a few hours, moments even, a marvellous work can be done. Before Ida closed

her eyes that night she had resolved, some what might, to learn all she could about her own and her mother's religion, and this without loss of time.

TO BE CONTINUED.

O MARIA, REGINA MISERICORDIA!

(From the German of Simrock) These lived a Knight long years ago. Proud, carnal, vain, devilionless. Of God above, or Hell below.

Years rolled, and found him still the same. Still draining Pleasure's poison bowl; Yet he felt now and then some shame; The torment of the "dying Worm."

A happier mind, a bolder mood. A purer spirit ruled him now; No more in thrall to flesh and blood. He took a pluck in God's hand.

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares And sought relief in God's arms; Albeit he sang no choral prayers, For his main hymn nor laud could learn, He moored his ship to some.

And thus he lived long, long, and when God's angels called him, thus he died. He seemed already glorified. His penance, his tears, his toil, Were past; and, now, with passionate sighing, Praised broken from his lips while dying.

They buried him with Mass and song. Aweh a little knoll so green; Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound, The fairest fly ever seen; And, on its petals gleam round, Relieving their translucent whiteness, Did shine those words in gold-hued bright— "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angels give thee power, Thou, dearest reader, mightest behold Clever, able, controversialist, and she was a not very clever and most imperfectly educated girl, in whose soul, however, the faith, buried by carelessness and neglect, was raising again. Much was written of deep repentance for the careless years between her leaving school and the time at which she was writing.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

Having now briefly reviewed the various ways in which one offends against the eighth commandment let us now look to the penalties attaching to these transgressions of the law. First, then, as to that of bearing false witness in the way of giving false testimony against our neighbor. Those guilty must repair the injury done if they would really secure forgiveness. How really horrible is the sin may be judged by the penalty provided under the tender Old Law, which indicated the same penalty upon the guilty party as the latter sought to inflict upon his neighbor.

Next, as to that of lying, by which we establish a relationship with Satan, who is the father of this vice. It makes us abominable in the eyes of God, for we read in the Book of Proverbs that "Lying is an abomination to the Lord." And again in Psalm v. "Thou hatest all the workers of iniquity; Thou wilt destroy all that speak a lie."

As to the sin of calumny or detraction: Those guilty of the first must recall what he has said and repair whatever injury he has thereby inflicted; and those guilty of the second must, in so far as he is able, remove the false opinions he has established. Moreover, it is our duty to check those guilty of either in our presence, and, above all things, not to become a party in guilt. This much, at least, we can always accomplish by expressing our displeasure.

In the preceding commandment we saw that one of the penalties required of the thief stole. By detraction, calumny and belying our neighbor, we are guilty of robbing him of his good name. Therefore, by the eighth commandment we are also bound to restore the same as far as lies within our power; in a word, therefore, the purpose of the commandment is the protection of reputation, the preservation of peace and the establishment of mutual confidence among mankind. How wise and ennobling the law!—Church Progress.

Thought for To-day.

Says Father Dignan, S. J.: Heaven is the home for which we were created, it is there God dwells; it is, therefore, there we shall meet Him. As we look into our Father's eyes He will look into ours, and the reciprocal looks of love will be more tender than those exchanged between parent and child.

Only a Tea Kettle of Hot Water is needed with Surprise Soap



Don't boil or scald the clothes. It isn't necessary. The clothes come out of the wash clear white, perfectly washed. The dirt drops out, is not rubbed in. Child's Play of Wash Day. Use Surprise the ordinary way if you wish but we recommend a trial the Surprise way! Read the directions on the wrapper. Surprise is a pure hard Soap.

Ramsay's Paints

For The Church and The Steeple. For homes, inside and out, for barns and fences—Ramsay's Paints are the right paints to paint right.

Heat and cold—dryness and moisture—can't affect them. They hold their color and fresh lustre in spite of the elements. 60 years and more making the right paints prove that we make them right. Write us for booklet showing beautiful homes painted with our paints. A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint Makers Since 1842. MONTREAL.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

"Keep your little ones stomach and bowels right, and they will be healthy and grow well." This is the deliberate opinion of a physician of world-wide reputation. One mother who followed this advice—Mrs Albert Boisvert, St. Claude, Que., proves the truth of it. She says:— "I have the greatest faith in Baby's Own Tablets for young children, and I always keep them in the house. Both my little ones were troubled with constipation and sour stomach. I gave them the Tablets and they are now perfectly well. Once in a while I still give them a dose to prevent the trouble coming back."

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Caused by INDIGESTION. K. D. C. and K. D. C. Pills are guaranteed to CURE this trouble or money refunded. Free Samples. N.S. & Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, Boston, Mass.

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Is not a Kalsomine, is more easily applied than old-fashioned white-wash. It hardens with age, will not rub off. Is sanitary, and its cement-like qualities will improve the wall. Write for particulars. Made in Canada by The ALABASTINE CO., Limited, PARIS, ONT.

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NO. 9 HIGH CARBON STEEL WIRE HAS AN AVERAGE TENSILE STRENGTH OF OVER 2400 LBS. Compare this with wire in other fences. All the lateral wires in LAMB FENCE are made of high carbon steel. Winnipeg, Man. The H. R. LAMB FENCE CO., Limited. London, Ont.

Fire, Life, FE, FITS, in line, WAY, ZLE, TO, ANTS, 1826 BELLS, SHANE'S, FLAT, HEARTBURN, PSPEPSIA, THE MIGHTY CURE.

DIocese of London.

REV. FATHER L. HEUREUX'S DEPARTURE. We publish with pleasure the following address which was presented to Father L. Heureux on his departure from London...

Dunn and fortified by the rites of Holy Church of which he was a firm, true member. The deceased was of a most cheerful and kind disposition, one who had many friends...

C. M. E. A.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite and inscrutable wisdom to remove by death Mr. Catherine Fleming...

ENTHUSIASM DIES NOT.

Why is it that enthusiasm never dies in the Church? It is because her enthusiasm rests on truth and on imperishable principle; and it has an inexhaustible source of new life...

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, May 5.—Wheat, per cental, \$1.90; oats, \$1.10; corn, 90¢; barley, 10¢; rye, 11¢; clover, \$2.00; timothy, \$2.00; alfalfa, \$2.00...

Sunshine Furnace. Easy to Shake. More than half the drudgery of tending a furnace is in the shaking down. Enough to break a man's back...

McClary's CHURCH FURNISHINGS. CARPETS—Special designs made for church use in Wilton, Brussels, Velvet, Tapestry and all wool ingrains...

BINDER TWINE. FARMERS' COMPANY'S RED STAR BINDER TWINE. 550 FT. TO THE POUND. "HICKORY" CAL.

Co-operation 8,000 Farmers. This is the Company that brought co-operation into Canada, and has made it an unparalleled success. For twelve years we have fought like demons to keep it anchored among Canadian agriculturists...

THE ORPHAN'S BENEFIT.

ANNUAL PLAY BY THE STUDENTS IN AID OF ST. ANTHONY'S ORPHANS. The students of St. Jerome's College gave their annual play on the St. Anthony's Orphan's benefit...

JAMES FOLEY MELANCON.

On Monday morning, April 18th, there passed away at Melancon one of the early pioneers of the township, Mr. James Foley...

MISS DANZON STRATFORD.

Seldom has there been evinced such expressions of sorrow and grief as were witnessed on the morning of April 24th, at the death of Miss Danzon Stratford...

MONTEAL.

Montreal, May 5.—Carloads of No. 3 western inspection, have been turned over to the railway...

Combes' Order Restated.

Paris, April 9.—Premier Combes' order for the removal of crucifixes and other religious emblems from court houses is causing agitation in Paris and throughout the provinces...

The Church in Scotland.

"Since the restoration of the hierarchy in Scotland in 1878," says the Casket, "the Catholic population has increased by more than 40 per cent..."

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

(Parson's Weekly). Little white lily, that on the stream, Open your tender heart, walk for your dream...

Life of Pope Pius X.

We have just received from Benziger Bros. a very beautiful and interesting "Life of His Holiness Pope Pius X." the first complete biography of the English language...

STAMMERERS.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars.

Farmers' Binder Twine Co., Limited Brantford, Ontario. JOSEPH STRATFORD : General Manager

Life of Our Lord MANUAL OF PRAYERS For Congregational Use. With a supplement containing all necessary Private Devotions. Leather Binding, postpaid, 50c.

OBITUARIES.

Mrs. H. B. QUARRY, PARKHILL. Mrs. Quarry was called upon to christen a child on Saturday morning, April 24th, 1904...

The Late Miss Trasher.

London, Ont., April 28, 1904. Dear Madam.—At a recent meeting of the choir of St. Mary's Church the following resolution was unanimously adopted...

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, May 5.—Cattle.—Receipts—100 head; good demand; steady; prime steers, \$3.25 to \$4.00...

JUST THINK OF IT! 29 Grand Varieties Vegetables & 6 Packets Flower Seeds. (One Liberal Packet of Each) also 1-2 Pt. Sweet Corn, 1-2 Pt. Wax Beans, 1-2 Pt. Garden Peas Only \$1.00. An Unparalleled Offer.

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VOLUME XXV The Catholic LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904. BIGOTRY STILL In reading from time to time of those who are surprised that the names are rarely found among the This may be due to ignorance. But we think to compile the lists delude into believing that bigot and conquer. TOLERANCE Hereabouts have agreed to their vocabulary tolerance into its place, are admonished to take utterances at their face rejoice at the burial of bigotry. It is comforting elections to hear that among all classes, and discord have been super music of fraternal concord be wise to not allow our gratitude to prevent us from that tolerance. It decoy, or as we have previous occasions, but bigotry with a veneer of deceive the unsuspecting fact is that some of the who make the sacchari speciality do so because capture the voter. It is a wise policy, and one, has not been unlearned. But we surely can at this the value of all such may be pardoned for view suspicion. "HICKORY" CA The very prudent one countenance anything that breed what they term as To them the sky is serene over because they have a government cause their devotion to "concord" is vivified of a well-lined position that the many are not in ditions as themselves, eyes glued on their own see nothing else. Incide perform feats which are of self-respecting manho people talk as if we were country in suffrance an existence depended on of our Protestant brethren We must be duly th scraps and leavings flun temple of national pro all we must be resigne suspicion that we are fairly by the hope that right bye and bye, an lars prepare us this Catholic who has "a dispenses it to the voter to relish and thrive on course, a growl of disc then, but the pruden ally it with the soo promises. Meanwhile played as menials. We interviewing of politici court to the "promi be granted a civil ser be exploited forthwith tolerance of our friend CATHOLIC PA Time was when in assigned as the cause ment. But we have intelligence to-day and bear with honor the b share of patronage. I of being ejected by o we should profit by o begin to understand organization are more our advancement the bug and honied compli is a good thing, but we grow enthusiastic wi ward as a substitute self-respecting citize Dr. Wm. Barry's advi "Let us cast off the or disabilities still I and, instead of looki mere resident alien direct and delibera establishment of a tions are heavily sat oles who have drift they found no such of their own. If m organizations were olic organization we much greater power