



PALMS

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AUTHOR OF "COANA," "FLEMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV. CONTINUED. PAGAN GRIEF—ONCE MORE AT HOME—A SENSATION.

This new phase of his child's misfortune increased the poignancy of Nemesius' grief, and filled his mind with sad misgivings of her future; but he was impotent to remedy it—as impotent, he bitterly thought, as were the gods themselves, who had not made the least sign in answer to all the prayers and costly sacrifices that had been offered to propitiate their compassion and help.

The next day, mounted on Grillo, and accompanied by the Princess Vivia and Zilla, Claudia, in sweet content, wandered with them through the beautiful gardens, from one favorite spot to another; while the varied odors from spicy carnations, orange blossoms, Damascus roses, and violets seemed to welcome her presence with their incense. Along the shaded alleys and avenues, where the golden sunlight drifted and flickered through tall, feathery plants, to the fountains, the frothy of Silenus, and the cascade, all steeped in the brightness of the Roman sky, they strolled and rested, and talked, until Symphonius appeared to announce that the grandial-repast was spread in the luxuriant grove.

The Princess, charmed by the lavishness of beauty outspread around her, was gracious, and as genial as comported with experiences as sad as hers had been; but the great city lying below somewhat awed her by its size and splendor—she had not dreamed of its extent—and the more distant view she had caught of the Alban hills, where her old gray villa nestled among its groves, reminded her so vividly of her vineyards, her peasants, her chickens and olives, that for a few moments she felt quite homesick, but not enough so to impair her appetite, or make her indifferent to the luxuries which invited it.

While life at the villa that was like a scrap out of the Golden Age, in the peace and beauty that filled it, the magnificent city below, standing out in its superb proportions, its lofty conceptions in marble, its temples, statues, capitol, and the stately palaces crowning its seven hills, bathed in sunshine and almost tempting the belief that the gods who resided over its destinies had built it, was agitated by rumors of strange things that had just taken place at the house of Hippolytus. The place seemed all at once to have become the scene of exciting and wonderful incidents, which formed the topic of conversation on the street, at the baths, the Forum, the theatre, and other public resorts; while like a strain of sweetest music it stole through the dark galleries of the Colosseum, making glad the hearts of the dwellers therein. In the great, sinful city above, men discussed what had happened with fury and dread; in the city of God, far down in the depths of the earth, it swelled into a holy song of triumph.

What, then, were the events that stirred Rome with a new sensation? Stripped of the false and malign rumors with which pagan superstition invested them, the simple facts—in reality miraculous manifestations of the Divine power—were as follows:

One day previous, when Laurence, the Christian deacon, was cast into the dungeons of Hippolytus, the first object, as before related, that, by the flame of a torch, he saw, was the old blind beggar and his son, who had preceded him by a few hours into those abodes of gloom. The sight of misery that it seemed impossible to connect with guilt, appealed instantly to the divine charity which inflamed his heart, and moved him to offer help and consolation not only to them, but also to the unfortunate slaves, whose violence and curses added to the horrors of the place; for nothing less than their conversion would satisfy his zeal.

His eyes presently grew accustomed to the dim light that, from a distant window in the corridor, stole faintly through small, iron grating high up in the wall, and made the inmates of the prison look like dark, grotesque shadows. Approaching the blind beggar and his son, who still supported him on his breast, Laurence knelt upon the uneven, rock-hewn floor beside them, and in compassionate tones inquired the cause of their sorrow. Accents of human kindness were new to them, but now, when despairing of all help, and only certain of a horrible death, those low thrilling tones of sympathy, those words expressive of pity, fell upon their ears like that strange music that sometimes visit the dreams of the wretched, their moans ceased, and they related the sad story with which we are already acquainted.

Laurence did not waver with to appease their hunger; he could not give them freedom or life; but in burning words he imparted to their benighted minds the knowledge of Jesus Christ and all that He had suffered for their salvation; and with such unction did he speak, that, enlightened by the mysterious operation of divine grace, they believed.

The slaves, attracted by the strange voice that rang through the darkness above the tumult they were making—that uttered words such as they had never heard before—grew silent, then gathered as near as their chains permitted, to listen. At this moment the holy deacon, raising his arms towards heaven, and with faith nothing doubting, asked God, in the holy name of His divine Son, to open the sightless eyes of the old beggar, that those present, beholding the miracle, might believe in Him. Swiftly sped the prayer, to be as swiftly answered. A cry of joy announced that the blind eyes were opened, and, rising up, his strength renewed, an eagle, the old man gave his testimony for Christ. His son also declared himself a Christian, and together they rejoiced; their bonds, the

sad fate that awaited them, and the miseries of the past, all swallowed up and forgotten in the light of the new faith, and the eternal hope that had risen upon them out of the darkness.

Then Laurence addressed the slaves, who, having witnessed the miracle, stood grouped around, awed and silent, hearing for the first time of the true God, Who had given His only-begotten Son to suffer unto death for their salvation, and of the eternal reward in Him, which awaited those who believed in Him. His words fell like refreshing rains on a thirsty land, which straightway yielded a miraculous harvest; faith and hope sprang up together in those hearts that had so long sat in darkness; they were Christians, who but an hour ago were worshippers of devils under the guise of gods—Christians, except that they were unbaptized.

There was no water; their prison allowance was drunk up hours ago, and they would have no more until the morrow. Suddenly a trickling, rippling sound was heard: a miraculous fountain had gushed from the flinty, rugged floor, settling in the uneven places in limpid pools, then losing itself in the darkness through some natural outlet. Filled with joy, and giving thanks, Laurence baptized his converts, twenty-three in number, including the old beggar and his son; then, all unwearied, he continued to instruct them in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, in language as simple as it was strong.

At sunset, the servants who came to bring food to the prisoners, instead of confused sounds of fury and malediction through those gloomy depths, which had before made them afraid to enter, heard now only sounds of rejoicing. They descended cautiously, and by the light of a torch borne by one of their number they beheld peaceful, smiling faces, instead of countenances distorted by rage and despair, and asked what had happened. The preaching of Laurence, the blind man's sight restored, the miraculous spring, their conversion to Christianity, were all told with joy that could not be repressed. Some questioned the old beggar, whom they had long known blind; others gazed at never seen before, while some ran to inform Hippolytus of the wonderful things that had taken place.

Hippolytus, endowed by nature with many fine qualities, and by education a pagan, instead of falling into a blind rage at the report, hastened with his family to investigate the remarkable events. The result was that the truth entered his soul; grace completed the triumph, and, throwing aside the fest of Laurence, he asked to be made a Christian, and was baptized with all his family. (Acts of St. Laurence.)

The morning after the events described had taken place, converting the dungeons of Hippolytus into the very gates of Heaven, Nemesius had gone early and been detained late at the camp of his legion, by some important details connected with the weapons of his soldiers, many of which he discovered were defective, and numbers of them useless for actual service. This was, in his opinion, a matter sufficiently important to require his personal and immediate attention, war being imminent at any hour, when it would be too late to remedy the evils of defect and inefficient arms, however brave the men who bore them. Determined that his command should not be found unprepared in the least particular, instead of returning to the villa he rode out to the Nomentian Gate, to see and give orders to a skillful artificer of military weapons, whose work-shops were in that quarter.

Having satisfactorily transacted the business that had brought him there, Nemesius remounted his horse, and was proceeding homeward, when a thunder-storm, which had been threatening all the sultry afternoon, burst over the city with unusual violence. It was dark, and he saw his way only by the vivid flash of lightning that scored the blackness with veins of fire; the wind howled, and rain, mingled with hail, poured in floods from the riven clouds, when a broad white flash revealed just before him the massive arches of the Aqua Virgo, under one of which he immediately took shelter.

A few moments later, evenness sought the same friendly refuge, and seated themselves on a block of travertine near where Nemesius stood leaning against his horse. Under these solid arches of stone the crashing sound of the thunder was deadened, and heard only in dull reverberations, and the two strangers began to converse with each other. One of them was a soldier, as the gleam of lightning on his armor revealed; the other a civilian, whose voice and speech indicated a person of education. They were talking of what had taken place the day before in the dungeons of Hippolytus; the soldier, who was on guard there at the time, being evidently well acquainted with the facts, while the tenor of their conversation declared them to be Christians.

When he related how the blind beggar had been restored to sight by the prayers of Laurence, Nemesius listened with keenest interest. Had he not seen him, and all the circumstances of his pitiable story, and himself pleaded for a mitigation of his punishment, before he was dragged away, and cast with his son into prison? Blind many years, and yet by the prayer of a Christian restored to sight! Then the other related how a child born blind had received sight, by the power of Jesus Christ, through the prayer of the holy Pope Stephen, and that the only son of the Senator M. Clodius had been raised from the dead by the same miraculous intervention. Light flashed into the heart of Nemesius, and with it the thought: "He by Whose power such wonders are wrought must be in truth the Son of God. If He will give sight to my child, then will I too believe. But where shall I find this holy man Stephen?"

He was agitated by a thousand new emotions; the Spirit of God was moving over the darkened chaos of his soul, but he did not comprehend. That Hippolytus—knowing him so well as a

devout worshipper of the gods, and not backward in persecuting the Christians when it fell his way,—that Hippolytus and his family should have been suddenly converted, among his imprisoned, refractory slaves, to the new belief, by the influence and prayers of Laurence the Deacon, filled him with the inexpressible amazement; but the miracle by which the blind beggar was restored to sight was what reached the innermost recesses of his heart. And then to hear that the Pope, Stephen, had given sight to a child born blind, filled him with passionate longings, and made him willing to sacrifice dearly his honors—riches, life, all,—if he could obtain this coveted boon for his own Claudia.

The storm was subsiding; already faint glimpses of white moonlight shone through the cloud-rifts, and the men arose to go, when Nemesius approaching them, said courteously:

"The storm drove us accidentally to the same shelter. I have, without intending to do so, overheard what ye have spoken of, and I would know how I may get speech of the holy man Stephen, of whom ye have related wonderful things."

They saw by the gleam of his armor and his military bearing that he was an officer of rank, and, knowing that a price was set on the Pope's head, they answered, reservedly: "We can not inform thee."

"And yet the words I have just heard disclose the fact that ye are both Christians."

"We are, by the grace of God, Christians," they answered, firmly.

"Can it be that ye fear evil at my hands for Pope Stephen, that ye refuse the information I ask?"

"Thou art a stranger to us, and we know thee a price set for his destruction."

"Yet mistrust is natural, but no evil shall reach him through me. I have heard the wonderful things ye have related of him, and I seek him as a suppliant, to obtain a small share of the favors he gives so freely to the poor and the unfortunate—favors which gold cannot buy, or I would have had my wish long ago."

"The men hesitated, impressed by his manner and words, but felt it necessary to exercise caution. They whispered apart for a few minutes, then said:

"If thou wilt concede thy name to us, we may get a message conveyed from thee to our Holy Father, Pope Stephen, and find means by which his answer can reach thee."

"I am Nemesius, commander of the Imperial Legion, whose word once given is known to be held as sacred as a vow," he answered, proudly.

"That is what men say of thee. The Holy Father shall be informed of thy wish, and his answer shall be conveyed to thee without unnecessary delay," replied the one who had spoken.

"The communication can be sent to my villa on the Aventine. I am usually there morning and evening," said Nemesius.

"There shall be no failure. May the grace of God enlighten and bless thee!" Farewell! he responded, as they passed out of the shadow of the arch, their receding forms quickly lost sight of in a turn of the narrow street they had entered.

"Aye! for the love of thee, my child, I will seek this Christian Pope, and at his feet, if need be, will implore him to give thee sight. Thy innocency and the misfortune will surely move him to pity."

"Full of the new hope that had dawned upon him, Nemesius rode slowly homeward, while, like a low undertone, as of the echo of the sea in a shell, the question kept sounding with impressive insistence in the depths of his soul: "By Whose power are these wonders wrought?"

He heard, but could not answer; he cared only for the accomplishment of his hope, let the power by which it was wrought be what it might. And when he reached home, and found Claudia waiting to welcome him, no pang shivered through his heart as he embraced her, and gazed into her fond eyes; his voice had a ring of gladness, and his expression of cheerfulness, that Zilla, who could read all its changes, thought, "He has heard good news," and thanked the gods for the happiness it diffused in their little circle that night.

The drill and equipment of his legionaries continued to occupy the attention of Nemesius, who was too honorable a soldier to relegate to subordinates details on which the efficiency of his command in the field would largely depend; and he had no time to cast more than a fleeting thought on his adventure at the Aqua Virgo, and the conversation that had passed between the two strangers at the time. But when, the day's duty over, he left the camp, and rode homeward through the quiet, beautiful suburban ways, it all returned to him—their words, the vivid hope that had taken possession of his mind, their promise, followed by the sweet thought: "Perhaps their messenger awaits me, and all time is near at hand when my child will receive her sight, and with her own eyes behold the faces she loves, and the indescribable beauties of nature. He who performs such wonders as those men related must be above the gods."

His first words to the porter at the bronze gates, as he rode through, were to ask if one had come with a messenger for him. The man informed him that no one except a grand lady from Rome had been there that day.

Nemesius felt a chill of disappointment, and passed on in silence towards the portico where Claudia waited, counting the hoof-beats of his horse on the grass-green earth, and thinking that never had he come so slowly. Very tender and almost sad were his caresses and words when he reached her; he felt that she was defrauded by every hour's delay, although she was all unconscious of the hope which had so exalted him by its promise of fulfillment.

By and by, when they were alone together, she related how happily Claudia had spent that day; told him of

the beautiful girl and the way she had woven for the household gods; and how Grillo had terrified her doves by making that dreadful sound which Fabian had pretended was meant for a laugh; but it did not frighten her as it did the first time she heard it; she was only startled, then she laughed; for it seemed to do the best so much good. And the shepherd had brought her a young lamb,—such a pretty, soft little thing, that had eaten out of her hand; and the golden pheasants had come down to them a visit, and the Princess said she was very beautiful; "but—"

"What, my dear one?"

"Tell me," she spoke almost in a whisper—"what death means?"

"Who has spoken to thee of death?" he asked, softly smoothing her hair.

"No one spoke to me of death, my father. I heard the Lady Laodie telling my cousin, the Princess, of a beautiful boy who was to be executed yesterday by a panther in the Amphitheatre, to amuse the Emperor. What is death?"

"Death is a riddle, little one, that none may solve, although it is the twin sister of life."

"I do not understand."

"Why shouldst thou care, my child? What hast thou, in the morning of thy life, and crowned with its roses, to do with death? Come, my dear one, let us go out and listen to the nightingales, who are pouring out all the treasures of their hearts to thee."

"Listen! they are calling thee," said Nemesius, leading her into the moonlit gardens, she went content to go whithersoever he would, and with sensitive tact avoiding further question of that which he seemed so unwilling to explain.

"I shall hear to-morrow," was the last thought that crossed the mind of Nemesius that night before he fell asleep.

But the morrow came and went without a sign. "They fear that I will betray them, and so this hope, like the rest, will be defeated," was the conclusion of his dejected mind.

He did not reach home the following evening until a late hour. The time Fabian had come out to tend the afternoons, and say good-bye. He was "going up among the Umbrian hills to hunt for a few days," he said. It was not so much to hunt, however, as to try and rid himself, by exhilarating exercise in those wild solitudes, of his secret grief for Evaristus, whom he wished to ensure in his memory like the statue of a god can reach to a form of sorrow more worthy of him than unavailing regrets.

His visit was well-timed, for the Princess Vivia intended to leave next morning. She would have been glad to prolong her visit, but had a presentiment that everything at the Alban villa was going to destruction, which nothing but her return could avert.

Fabian not only wished to see Nemesius, to say farewell, but was anxious to recommend to his reading a certain correspondence between the Emperor Trajan and Pliny Secundus, when the latter was Governor of Bithynia. In relation to the punishment of the Christians of that country, as offering a favorable contrast to the violent measures of Valerian, and as an addendum to their recent conversation in the ilex grove. He devoted himself as usual to the entertainment of Claudia, and before he went away had the young peasant choristers brought together, led by Admetus, to serenade her. She called them "Fabian's birds," dejected their hearts by waving her hand and clapping her hands at every pause, and finally threw a handful of small silver coins among them, which they scrambled for with fun and laughter, just as boys of the present time might do on a like occasion.

"Come back, soon, Fabian," said the sweet child, as he kissed her forehead. He promised gayly, said farewell to the Princess Vivia, and rode away to the white moonlight.

It was past midnight when Nemesius arrived at the great bronze gates of the Villa. No message. Oh, how time was passing! This was the fourth day; surely those men had had time to fulfill their promise if they meant to keep faith with him, and every hour's delay meant a day; for he knew that, should the war begin, at any moment he might be ordered to march away with his command to the actual scene of hostilities.

The next morning, when about half-past ten the road, where it winds above the Villa, was the attention of Nemesius was attracted to a slender youth, dark and beautiful, who stepped out from the shadow of the trees, and stood with a letter in his hand awaiting his approach. Halting, he glanced at the youth's face; then, taking the letter which he presented, proceeded to open and read it. It contained few words, but they were enough:

"He whom thou wouldst see will receive thee. The bearer of this will conduct thee to-night."

Nemesius raised his eyes and saw the messenger still waiting. "What is thy name?" he asked.

"Admetus," was the modest reply. "Who art thou?"

"A Christian."

"I know thy voice—ah! I remember, the choragus of the choral welcome. Who sent thee and for what?"

"One who knows. I am to be thy guide."

"Thou! At what hour?"

"When it grows dark. The moon rises late to-night; I will await thee at the Villa. Admetus, with manner both gentle and reverent."

The courage of Nemesius was not of a sort to be restrained by suspicion, although his military training had taught him vigilance; he did not, therefore, waste time by further inquiry, but said simply, "I will remember," and rode on, undisturbed by doubts, and hopeful of results.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMPRESSIONS IN A STORM.

By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. in The Dolphin.

We had a terrific magnetic storm last night. Wise people who understand the eternal laws of Nature, and the marvelous interdependence of sun and planets, foresaw it. For there were, all in the photosphere here and there, into whose horrible jaws you might fling thousands of pebbles, such as this little earth of ours, without the chance of satiating them. So I told my little children in the convent schools here.

They received the information with a smile of pitying incredulity. Then there were some magnificent Auroras, up there in hyperborean regions—great plumes of light cast up from an unseen cauldron in the blazing heavens, and stretched out in a great fan of colors, frail and iridescent as a rainbow's. So we said to ourselves: Something is coming. This is but the stage scenery. When will the performance commence? Sare enough, yesterday afternoon there were some deep grumblings in that half-brown, half-copper sky, which always holds in its hollows untold terrors. These were the prelude to the mighty nocturnal oratorio of the heavens. It commenced, as oratorios do, ever so softly and gently, mere susurrus of sound, echoed down along the bases of the black mountains and fading away to invisible distances. But every two seconds the sky was a sheet of blue flame, fitful and flickering, and yet broad and deep and permanent enough to show every outline—leaf, and bough, and trunk, of the belt of forest trees opposite my window, and every ripple in the river beneath. There was no sleep now. I arose. So did every child in their innocence, who slept right through the storm; and a tramp, who was drunk. I lighted my candle, and tried to read. It was useless. Those broad, blue flashes, flickering in swallows' wings across my windows, lit up the explosion in fire and fury of the elements of heaven.

Then it struck me that my tables were in danger. I passed out into the yard to examine them; and so powerful is the force of imagination, I distinctly saw fire flickering across the ridges of some thatched roofs outside my garden walls. Next day, I was surprised to find that these cottages were not burned to the ground. I returned, and sat patiently watching the play of the electric fluid across the heaven and adverting the landscape. Hitherto, no rain had fallen; but about 2 a. m. the flashes became more frequent, as if the whole heavens were a tremendous battery, belching out blue flame at every moment. And the deep diapason of the thunder came nearer, and broke in deeper and longer volleys reverberating against the black mountains far away. The strain became severe; and I prayed for one drop of rain to certify that nature was melting away in its own terrific anger. But not a drop, only the swift wings of light beating across sky and earth, and the deep growl of the thunder coming nearer and nearer. Up to this the town was as still as death—still with the silence under which all souls are hushed in terror, as if there were no escape, and nothing remained but to wait and pray. About three o'clock, however, as the storm deepened in intensity, a poor half-demented creature rushed wildly into the streets and cried: "The town is on fire; the town is on fire; that lonely cry in the stillness and dread."

It was so like the cry of the angels who abandoned Jerusalem in the crisis of its fate: Let us go hence! Let us go hence! But a more startling sound struck the ears of the trembling people. Two poor jennets, who had been out footing on the highways in defiance of the law, tore madly across the bridge and into the streets, screaming maniacally in terror; and their cry resembled so exactly the wail of women, despairing and stricken, that it seemed for a moment as if the whole town had gone mad from fright and rushed like maniacs abroad. At last, about 4 a. m., a few drops of rain fell and I said, thank God! But the storm was reaching its climax. The blue flashes, broad and gleaming, gave way before the terrific artillery that now broke right above our heads; and great blood-red and forked javelins of fire stabbed here and there through the inky blackness. It was horrible—those fire missiles flung at us we know not from where, and running zigzag now in the heavens above, now on the earth beneath, and every flash such a crash of thunder that one could well believe that the end of all things had come; that the fountains of the great deep were broken up; and that Earth and Heaven were rushing together pell-mell into chaos. And the one hope was that the rain was now pouring in a deluge from the skies; and the splash from roof and housetop and gully was almost equal in horror to the wondrous music in the heavens. At last, about 4.30 a. m., there was a flash of blinding light, as if hell had opened and shut, then a moment's pause; and then such a snarl of sound overhead, such a malignant fiendish growl as of a thousand maddened beasts, that I involuntarily put my fingers in my ears and murmured: "Election! It was the last bar in the great oratorio of the heavens. The sounds rumbled and died far down on the head of the horizon; the skies cleared; and nought was heard, only the unseen cataracts pouring down their floods from the broken reservoirs of Heaven.

A few days later I read, with surprise, that the lightning-rod system was limited to a narrow belt of atmosphere, not half a mile in height. Beyond and above, the eternal stars shone peacefully.

About six o'clock the evening before the storm, a tramp came into my garden, where I was reading. My servant said: A gentleman wanted to see me! So I said: Send him up! We are so polite in Ireland that everyone is a gentleman or a lady, when they are not noblemen. I saw at a glance at his boots that he

was a tramp. Now, I like tramps, just as I like everything planetary and wandering. It is because I am such a precisian, that I could not sit down to dinner if a picture was hung away, or a book misplaced on a shelf, that I love irregularities in others. A piece of torn paper on my carpet will give me a fit of epilepsy; but I can tranquilly contemplate the awful chaos of another's study, and even congratulate him on his splendid nerves. So tramps, comets, variable stars, wandering lights of philosophy, stars of the outer darkness, no sam and jetsam of heaven and earth—I have a curious sympathy with them all, as fate or fortune blows them about in eccentric orbits. This sympathy of mine was from my native town (which was a lie); that he was a tradesman out of employment (which was another); that he was hungry and thirsty (which was half-and-half). I gave him sixpence, which he instantly transmuted into whiskey. Then he lay down under an open archway; and slept all through that terrific storm. I have no doubt that the electric fluid shot through that open arch again and again during the night; but the Eudaemon, who presides over drunken people, warned off the bolts. He woke next morning, stiff, but sound and whole; and was utterly amazed at the universal consternation. And there are people in the world still who say that drink is an unmitigated evil!

A TRUE STORY.

ST. LOUIS PRIEST VIVIDLY PORTRAITS TEMPERANCE WORK.

From the Western Watchman.

"How well Maurice—looks," said a young man to a prominent St. Louis clergyman with whom he was conversing on Olive street the other day, speaking about a mutual friend who had just passed them by with a friendly nod to the one and a respectful salutation to the other. "He looks ten years younger than he did a year ago, and his prosperity is evidenced by his appearance. He's evidently in luck."

"Yes, you are right; he is in luck, great luck," replied the priest. "You know, for years Maurice went the pace that destroys and kills. He drank hard. He couldn't hold a position. He became a bar-room loafer. He was, figuratively speaking, in the gutter. Some of his former friends pitied him; others passed him by in silent contempt. He was declared a failure, and it was prophesied that his last resting place would be potter's field."

"His father, who had been so proud of him when he was developing into manhood, bowed his head in shame at his once promising son, a miserable victim in the shambles of drink. As you know, he is a man of great dignity of character and much family pride, and he cared not to meet his friends and acquaintances because of their sometimes over-zealous sympathy at the downfall of his boy."

"And his poor old mother! Her heart was broken. As she lives a thousand years, Maurice can never repay her with a wealth of the most tender affection and deep filial love for all the pain he caused her in his wild days. He will never know of the many nights of anguish she spent when he was off with his drinking companions; he will never know that her hair whitened prematurely as a result of his unhappy conduct; he will never know of the scalding tears that coursed their way down her cheeks as she prayed nightly at her bedside that God in His goodness would turn her wayward boy's footsteps back to the narrow path; he will never know how often she made the Stations of the Cross that his manhood might be restored; he will never know how many times she requested her pastor to remember him in the Solemn Sacrifice. No, Maurice will never realize until he, too, becomes a parent how much pain and sorrow may be occasioned by a child that is traveling the downward road."

"But God in His mercy did listen to that broken-hearted mother's prayers and supplications. A year ago Maurice was induced to make one more effort to brace up and be a man. One of his old-time friends, one who never failed to give him the grasp of friendship in his most forlorn and wretched days, sought him out and implored him to turn over a new leaf. This friend was an active worker in the cause of Father Mathew. After prolonged insistence he persuaded Maurice to permit his name to be offered for membership in the society. It seemed as if it were God's way of answering his mother's prayers."

"From the moment he consented to become a member of the Knights of Father Mathew Maurice made a most heroic effort to resist the demon temptation of drink. He went to his pastor, who was overjoyed to see him, and told him of his resolution and asked his aid in his hour of trial. He was counseled that his only and permanent strength would lay in Divine assistance."

"However, to be brief, Maurice went to confession and communion and became a member of the Knights of Father Mathew, a stalwart member, too, as his brethren in Council No. 1, know. Dozens and hundreds of hands were immediately outstretched to help him along the happy and smiling avenue of temperance. He now has a fine position, enjoys the confidence of his employer and, as you said, is in luck, great luck indeed. His father's head is no longer bowed, and smiles are in his mother's eyes."

"God bless the Knights of Father Mathew," said the priest as he bade his friend good-day: "may they grow stronger and stronger until their influence in behalf of temperance is felt in the highest councils of the nation."

In Time of Temptation.

There seems to be a general consent amongst spiritual writers that an aspiration said in time of temptation makes deliberate consent morally impossible, and with good reason. Temptation, however strong, vivid, naturally seductive, or persistent, are not acts of the will, and if not allowed to pass on their face, cannot be sins.—Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.

OCTOBER 10, 1908.

THE PAPACY.

WHAT BECOMES OF IT WHEN THE SUPREMACY OF THE PONTIFF DIES.

Father Coppola's letter in the "Living Church."

The following letter was published in the Living Church, the organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country:

To the Editor of the Living Church: My attention in a late number of an article printed weekly, headed with the title of "What has Become of the Papacy?"

Perhaps a sufficient answer might be given by asking another question: "What became of the presidency of the United States when McKinley was shot?"

The difficulties suggested by the Bishop arise from his misconceptions of Catholic doctrine. He first asks: "Does the Papacy (at the death of a Pope) revert to heaven, or does it lapse into the College of Cardinals, or into the body of the Church, which is the Cardinals represent?"

Again he writes: "To the Bishop of Rome is one thing in which we gladly recognize his historic position; to the Supreme Head of the Catholic Church and Vicar of Christ is quite another thing."

In Catholic doctrine, therefore, there is no difficulty as to the subject in whom resides the power of Peter or the primacy in the Church. It resides in the Bishop of Rome.

Now it is time to ask, how does a person become Bishop of Rome? He becomes a Bishop by consecration, receiving the sacrament of holy orders in its plenitude from another Bishop.

The Bishop is then mistaken when he writes that the Pope holds his authority from a twenty-ecclesiastical gentlemen assembled in conclave, who, representing the whole body of the Roman communion, elect a certain other ecclesiastical gentleman, elevate him into an office which they themselves have created but do not hold.

The Protestant Bishop himself compares the succession of the Popes to that of the President of the United States, and says: "President Roosevelt is the successor of George Washington; but no grace from George Washington has descended through the long line of presidents, nor in any other way, from George Washington to the present incumbent, entitling him to rule."

The Knights of Father the priest as he had today: "they may grow stronger until their infatuation of the nation."

of Temptation. To be a general consent to writers that an aspirant of temptation makes morally impossible—reason. Temptations, vivid, naturally seductive, are not acts of the allowed to pass on to sins.—Rev. N. Walsh,

as the provision made by the Lord for this purpose.

For detailed proofs of these doctrines I need only refer the reader to any Catholic work on the matter; for instance, to Father Hunter's "Outlines of Dogmatic Theology," Volume I, treatise V, "On the Roman Pontiff."

CHARLES COFFENS, S. J., Creighton University, Omaha, Neb., Aug. 17, 1908.

THE HOLY ROSARY.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER IS DEDICATED TO IT.

The holy rosary occupies among the devotions of the Church a remarkable place. It unites the two great forms of prayer, mental and vocal. The entire rosary consists of fifteen mysteries, five joyful, five sorrowful and five glorious. The joyful mysteries refer to the infancy of our blessed Saviour, and are as follows:

- 1. The Annunciation. 2. The Visitation of St. Elizabeth. 3. The Nativity of our Blessed Lord. 4. The Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple. 5. The Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple.

The five sorrowful mysteries present Him to us as the Man of Sorrows, taking upon Himself the redemption of the human race. They are:

- 1. The Agony in the Garden. 2. The scourging of our Lord at the Pillar. 3. Jesus Crowned with thorns. 4. Jesus Carrying His Cross. 5. The Crucifixion and Death of our Lord.

The five glorious mysteries treat of the victory of our blessed Lord over death, the descent of the Holy Ghost and the glory of the Blessed Virgin. They are:

- 1. The Resurrection. 2. The Ascension. 3. The Descent of the Holy Ghost. 4. The Assumption of our Blessed Lady into Heaven. 5. The Coronation of our Blessed Lady in Heaven.

While meditating on each of these mysteries, we recite the Our Father once, the Hail Mary ten times, and Glory be to the Father. In an entire rosary we ponder over the chief events in the life of our Divine Lord and His blessed Mother. The rosary intertwines these two lives. In the Gospel history the Son is never separated from the Mother—where Jesus is, there is Mary.

These evils afflict modern society according to the late Supreme Pontiff: (1) Aversion to a humble and laborious life; (2) horror of all that causes suffering; (3) forgetfulness of future happiness. Meditation on the mysteries of the rosary is an excellent remedy for these evils.

The joyful mysteries teach us contentment with our lot, even in poverty. Meditation on the sorrowful mysteries removes the horror of suffering which is the lot of humanity.

And the glorious mysteries remind us of our immortal destiny and remove the danger of being entirely absorbed in worldly pleasures.

The holy rosary reminds us that there will be a time when God will wipe all tears from our eyes, when there will be no more mourning nor any sorrow, when we shall be forever with the Lord, like God because we shall see Him as He is, inebriated with the torrent of His delights, fellow-citizens of the saints and consequently of the Blessed Virgin, our Mother. How should not a soul nourished with such thoughts feel itself burn with a holy flame and cry out with a great saint: "How vile the earth seems to me when I look up to Heaven!"

THE REV. WILLIAM DOLLARD.

Rev. Wm. Dollard was yesterday appointed by Bishop Casey to the important parish of Johnville, said the Daily Telegraph of St. John, N. B., on Sept. 17. The reverend gentleman's many friends in St. John and St. Stephen heartily congratulate the Catholics of Johnville on their good fortune.

Father Dollard is well-known in New Brunswick and the eastern states as a brilliant writer and an eloquent preacher and lecturer. The handsome church and house he built during his residence in St. Stephen, and his record as professor of rhetoric, lecturer and preacher in the university chapel during his connection with St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, have demonstrated his standing as a able and scholarly priest. The hosts of friends he possesses in this diocese among all his respects and affection still cherished by the Catholics of the diocese towards his saintly grand-uncle, the first Bishop of New Brunswick, the Right Rev. Wm. Dollard. The late Rev. James Edmond Quinn, whose memories are still fresh and green in the hearts of the older generation, and the Rev. J. B. Dollard "St. John's man" of the Archdiocese of Toronto, whose name is a household word in every Irish home, is a younger brother.

COMING TO THE FRONT.

SERMON UPON "TRAFFICKING FOR ETERNAL LIFE," BY REV. D. S. PHELAN, L. L. D.

On a recent Sunday the Rev. D. S. Phelan, L. L. D., of St. Louis, delivered a most powerful and highly instructive sermon upon "Trafficking for Eternal Life." In the course of it, after showing the natural desire of each one for a home on earth, and also the desire each should have for a home in heaven, the learned preacher made use of the following graphic language, in conveying a great truth:

This unjust steward said, "To dig I am unable; to beg I am ashamed. This is the characteristic of all the enemies of God. They go down the line of the fate of all foes of the Catholic Church. They deteriorate physically. They are sometimes, bolstered up by a devilish pride, and are unwilling to submit to the conditions of our common lot. They degenerate physically and cannot work; and they deteriorate morally, and are ashamed to perform the duties of a life. Herein lies a great principle. People wonder why it is that Catholics are always coming to the front. Not because of their numbers; it is not because of their education; it is not because of anything the world can understand. But in spite of adverse conditions Catholics are coming to the front everywhere. Catholics are advancing in power and influence in Protestant countries. Catholics are ruling England to-day. Catholics are ruling the German Empire. Catholics in this country have the upper hand. All the best offices, all the most far-reaching influence, is exercised by Catholics in the world to-day, even in the Protestant world. And people wonder, and say, Why, we thought we were rid of those Catholics. We provided that they could not get an education; we legislated against their prosperity; we robbed them of their earthly goods; we leveled them to poverty and ignorance; and still, in spite of everything, they are coming to the front in everything, all the time, and everywhere.

"Well, brethren, it is this way. Men rise to prominence just as the waves rise out of the sea. They lift up their heads, make a little noise, a little froth, and disappear. A little of the world is the history of the rise and fall of great names. Now, the world has the waves; but the Church has the sea. Men inspired by ambition, men desirous of making a name for themselves, rise as the waves, make a little noise and disappear; but beneath them all is the great, rolling sea of humanity, and this is the Church; the great multitude which no man counts. Therefore, when these waves drop out of sight, the great sea remains; and ever and anon from its bosom rise up new billows to challenge the attention of the world; and if there were no other law, this mere fact would guarantee to the Church the future.

There is something truly sublime in the consolation and encouragement that such thoughts and such sentiments impart. We need not dread death, nor feel sad, nor poverty, nor reverses; after all they are but waves on the sea, and they are tearing us on the haven where God stands awaiting us. Our health may give out, our money come to an end, our prospects vanish. Our years pass away; but still are we drifting toward God, and still have we the great consolation that God alone can impart. We have often good reason to feel sad, often great cause for worry; but our sadness should only be when we have lost opportunities of salvation, and our worry should only be for our own souls.

THE MIRACULOUS CONCEPTION AND THE MIRACULOUS BIRTH.

There is a great confusion in the minds of those outside the Church, as well as of some ill-instructed Catholics, as to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the miraculous birth of our Lord. For instance, a person recently said to a Catholic friend of ours: "I can not believe in your doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; it seems to me that the Virgin Mary must have had a father." Of course our friend surprised the objector by telling him that the Blessed Virgin did have a father, and that he, the objector, had entirely mistaken the meaning of the Catholic doctrine. The Catholic Church teaches that the Blessed Virgin was conceived and born like the rest of mankind except that, by a special favor and grace of Almighty God, she was preserved from the stain of original sin in which all the other descendants of Adam were born. John the Baptist was sanctified in his mother's womb after his conception. But Mary was sanctified at the very moment of original sin so that no stain of original sin could possibly adhere to her.

The object of this wonderful gift was to prepare the Blessed Virgin to be the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, true God and true Man. He was born of her in a miraculous manner. He had no earthly father, but was conceived in her immaculate womb and united to the Holy Ghost, as is clearly and unmistakably described in the Gospel.

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary is one thing; the miraculous birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ is another thing—both separate and distinct, very simple and easily understood by those who have been properly instructed, and very reasonable when properly understood.—Sacred Heart Review.

CHRIST'S OWN WORDS.

The Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence cannot be more fully stated nor more accurately described than in these words by which Christ instituted the Sacrament of the Eucharist. This doctrine cannot be stated in fewer, in plainer, in stronger, in more unmistakable words than these words of Jesus Christ: "This is My Body. This is My Blood." To believe the doctrine of the Real Presence we have only to believe the words of Christ; as Cardinal Wiseman says, we have only to say: "Amen," to say: "Yea, yea," to what Jesus Christ says; to say: Because Thou, O Lord! declarest it to be Thy Body, we believe it to be Thy Body; because Thou declarest it to be Thy Blood we believe it to be Thy Blood." No argument can make the testimony of these words clearer. The true meaning of these words shines forth in their own simplicity, their own clearness, their own plainness. To try to make their meaning plainer through any light which argument might reflect on them would be just as idle to take a candle on the brightest noonday in order to prove by its light that the sun shines.

The animosities are [mortal, but the humanities live forever.

LIFE EVERLASTING.

In the twelfth and last article of the Creed, "And Life Everlasting, Amen," we make profession of the end for which we were created, namely, life eternal. It is enunciated the doctrine of a future existence after death. Briefly stated, this is meant that all who die in the state of grace enter into the never-ending enjoyment of God, while those who die in mortal sin must live forever in the torments of hell.

Man's last end is the enjoyment of God. It was for this end that we were all created, and those who fail to attain it must charge the failure to their own willful transgression of God's law. To every man God grants sufficient grace to reach this end. Only by failing to correspond with this grace can man be deprived of eternal happiness.

But an increasing school of modern thought enters protest. It says no to such doctrine. Some of its scholars admit the truth of eternal reward, but Others scoff at existence beyond the grave. The first would have us believe God to be too merciful to impose such a penalty. But they fail to see that they are denying to Supreme Perfect Being the attribute of justice. Aside from this fact, we have the words of our Saviour: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." There are also many other proofs equally forceful.

As to the second class, it is difficult to believe them sincere in their denial. It is certainly a most degrading thought that man, the boasted master of things, should sink to the level of the brute in death. A thousand things, however, teach him this cannot be true, for in his very nature rests an element which rebels against the thought. It is the desire for perfect happiness never attained in this life. Man is composed of spirit and matter, soul and body. He has been fashioned after the image of his Creator. But that which is spirit cannot be subject to death, the general law of nature. Hence there must be for it another existence. Further proofs are found in abundance in divine revelation.

Finally, by the word, Amen, with which the Creed closes, and which means "So be it," we not only profess our belief, but give full confession to all the doctrines therein contained. These were the doctrines taught by our Lord, promulgated by His Apostles and handed down to us by the one, holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church, Christ's earthly spouse, whose mouthpiece is Pope Pius X.—Church Progress.

EXPERIENCE OF 1500 YEARS.

These are strong words, deserving study. We now direct our readers' attention to the reason given for the Papacy's continual success in regaining the temporal power. "If we seek a reason for the recurring success of the Papacy in recovering a modicum of temporal power, we shall find it in the indisputable fact that throughout a large part of Christendom public opinion sees in the Catholic Church a beneficent agency, and accepts the plea that for an effective exercise of his functions the Pope needs political independence. It may be said that, if ever we have the spiritual functions of the Papacy been more efficaciously discharged than they were by Leo XIII., although he, like his predecessor, called himself a prisoner in the Vatican. The truth, of course, is that he never was a prisoner in any odious sense of the word; but his freedom from physical and moral restraint was due to no lack of power on the part of the Quirinal, but to the sagacious self-control exhibited by its excessive vigilance and deference with which the currents of opinion in Catholic Europe were watched and heeded by Victor Emmanuel II., by Humbert I., and by the present ruler. What guarantee does the inmate of the Vatican possess that the successor of Victor Emmanuel III. will not be an infidel or a degenerate? What assurance has he that an outbreak of the civil power in Italy might not be coincident with such a state of disturbance in Europe as would preclude the hope of success from any Catholic or friendly power? To say that the exercise of the Papal functions does not require political independence seems from the view-point of pious Catholics to be unreasonable, because it contradicts the experience of fifteen hundred years, to which no real exception is presented by the wariness and self-repression temporarily evinced by the House of Savoy, which itself is in a precarious condition."—Sacred Heart Review.

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For Ireland's Sake. His Grace Archbishop Kelly gave some wholesome advice at the opening of a new school at Drummoyle, Australia, when he said: "Let Irishmen stand to the honor of their country, and give no countenance to those men who are fond of drink and spend their lives in public houses. There are Irishmen who said they would lay down their lives for the words of a Bishop who said: 'Give me the man who will lay down his glass for Ireland, and he will do more for her at home and abroad than the man who would go shouting and say, 'I will give my blood.'"

THE INCENSE OF PRAYERS. At a solemn Mass the priest incenses the altar immediately on ascending. No prayer accompanies this ceremony. From the Apocalypse we learn that burning incense is a figure of prayer. "And when he has opened the book, the four living creatures, and four and twenty ancients fell down before the Lamb, having everyone of them harps and golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of the faithful and offers to God the prayers of the faithful and begs that his sacrifice and theirs may ascend as the odor of incense. He first incenses the cross and then the altar. After this, the censer is passed to the deacon, who incenses the celebrant.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF ASKING THESE DIVINE ASSISTANCE, AND OF CONFIDENCE OF RECOVERING GRACE. And without doubt it is more expedient for thee and for the rest of My servants that thou shouldst have all things according to your inclination. I know that it is very expedient for thy soul that thou shouldst sometimes be left without consolation, lest thou shouldst be puffed up with good success and shouldst take a complaisance in thyself, imagining thyself to be what thou art not. What I have given I can justly take away and restore it again when I please. When I give it, it is still mine; when I take it away again, I take not anything that is thine; for every best gift and every perfect gift is mine. (James I. 17).

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1903. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Dallas, Anst. Deless.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1903.

SIR WILFRED IN IRELAND.

The following appreciation of Sir Wilfred Laurier's speech at the Montreal banquet to the Delegates of the Mercantile Congress in July last will be read with interest by all classes of Canadians. Nor will the parallel drawn as between the propositions referred to by Sir Wilfred and a somewhat similar proposition made to the Irish (Grattan's) Parliament be found without its point.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal says in a recent issue: "Sir Wilfred Laurier's powerful and magnificent declaration that for no commercial advantages that Great Britain could offer would Canada, 'even for the maintenance of the British Empire,' consent to the surrender of 'any of her political rights' or part with any of her 'legislative independence' must revive in the recollections of Irishmen the noble action of the Irish Parliament, in the main instigated by the patriotism and genius of Grattan, in rejecting Pitt's proposal in 1785, embodied in the series of resolutions known as 'Ordinary Commercial Propositions' whereby there was to be a complete 'fiscal union' between Great Britain and Ireland, on the condition that when the gross hereditary revenue of Ireland should rise above a fixed sum the surplus should be appropriated towards the support of the naval force of the Empire, and that whatever Navigation laws were then or should thereafter be enacted by the Legislature of Great Britain should also be enacted by the Legislature of Ireland.

These proposals were quickly perceived by the patriotic party in the House of Commons and by the Opposition in the English House of Commons, led by Fox and Sheridan and Burke, to be an insidious encroachment on the great Charter of Irish Legislative Independence won after so severe a struggle only three years previously. The expressions of some of the leading Statesmen on both sides of the Channel are, after the lapse of a century and a quarter, well worthy of reproduction. 'We are to agree,' said Grattan, 'to subscribe whatever laws the Parliament of Great Britain shall prescribe respecting navigation, we are to have no legislative power. Here is an end of your free Constitution! This is a Union, an incipient and creeping Union, establishing one will in the general concerns of commerce, and reposing that will in the Parliament of Great Britain.'

Fox, in the British House of Commons, was as strong in his denunciation of the fraudulent trick. 'I will not,' he said, 'barter English commerce for Irish slavery. This is not the price I would pay, nor is this the thing I would purchase.' Sheridan's illustration of the proposed 'fiscal union' was very striking. 'Ireland,' he exclaimed, 'newly escaped from harsh treatment and severe discipline, is treated like a high-mettled horse hard to catch, and the Irish Government is to return to the field soothing him and caressing him with a sieve of provender in one hand, and with a bridle in the other, ready to slip over his head while he is snuffling at the food. But this political jockeying will not succeed. Ireland will spurn at any offer to which such a condition is attached.'

But Pitt and Castlereagh never lost sight of their "quarry"—of the advantages to be gained by a "fiscal union" with Ireland. Their scheme failed for the time, but corruption at length succeeded where cajolery had failed; the "Rebellion of '98" was forced on Emmett and the other leaders

—and the Union (?) of Great Britain and Ireland was accomplished—the Union of the Lion and the Lamb!

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

In New York and in some cities of the West the question has been recently seriously discussed whether the Catholic Parochial Schools should not be placed on the same level with Public or Common Schools in regard to the receiving of State aid.

The matter was discussed at the last meeting of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, and it was held by the delegates that Parochial Schools should receive State aid. Two plans which are in substance nearly the same, but which differ in the mode of application, were suggested. The first plan, as Bishop Messner explained it, was that Parochial Schools should be made similar to the Public Schools in all essential particulars, by subjecting them to the same tests of excellence of work, and by having the teachers undergo the same examinations as Public School teachers, so as to be awarded certificates of qualification attesting their degrees of proficiency according to the standard laid down for Public School teachers. The Parochial Schools would under this arrangement, be subject to Government inspection in the same way as the Public Schools, and would receive similar aid from the State for their secular work only, leaving the religious or doctrinal work entirely to the control of the local authorities of the School, of the clergy, as the case may be.

The second plan proposed is simply to exempt from State taxation the parents of children who attend the Parochial Schools. The money thus saved by the taxpayers could then be applied to the maintenance of the Parochial Schools.

It would appear to us that unless it were made sure that the money saved under the second plan were made secure to the Parochial Schools, the plan would not be effective. The first plan is substantially that which rules in Ontario and Quebec, and it is found to work very well. It is true that at first sight it might appear that the second plan is that followed in Ontario, as, in fact the supporters of Separate (Catholic) Schools are by law exempt from all Public School taxes; but this provision is modified by the fact that the taxpayers thus exempted are bound to pay the tax levied by the Catholic School Board, in the same way as they would have been obliged to pay the Public School tax, if they had remained Public School supporters.

We believe that Catholics who are interesting themselves in the matter of claiming State aid for the Catholic Schools of the United States might learn something useful on the subject by studying closely the Separate School system of our Province.

The magnitude of the grievance under which the Catholics of the United States labor in having to pay a double tax by being obliged to pay the Public School rates, even where they send their children to and maintain Parochial Schools, may be conceived from the fact that about a million Catholic children attend the Parochial Schools of the whole country, the cost of their education being over twenty-five million dollars. This amount is paid freely for Catholic education by the Catholics of the United States, though they have at the same time to support the Public Schools to which they do not send any children. This burden ought, certainly to be taken off their shoulders; but to the present date the Protestant, or rather the non-Catholic portion of the population have not manifested any disposition to remove it.

ALCOHOLISM.

The general administration of Paris has issued an official poster, over the signatures of the director of the administration of the city and the Prefect of the Department of Seine, warning the workmen engaged in exhausting labors against the habitual use of alcoholic beverages, from which permanent poisoning of the human system results even when such use does not produce actual drunkenness.

The poster declares on the authority of the best physicians in the land that "it is a mistake to suppose that alcohol is necessary for workmen, or that it gives them any strength to work or repairs waste. On the contrary, it causes an artificial excitement which is followed immediately by nervous depression and loss of strength. The habit of drinking spirits leads rapidly to permanent alcoholic poisoning."

The drinks which are especially supposed to be healthful, such as wine, cider and beer, contain alcohol, and the only difference between these and spirits is declared to be that these are somewhat less harmful merely because the amount of alcohol in them is less

great. On the other hand, the drinks which are said to be appetizers, such as absinthe, vermouth, bitters, and aromatic liqueurs, are the most dangerous and mischievous because, besides alcohol, they contain essences which are violent poisons.

It is pointed out that the use of alcohol produces the most varied and fatal illnesses, paralysis, insanity, stomach and liver complaints and dropsy, and is one of the most frequent causes of consumption. Further, attacks of typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas which a sober man would soon be rid of, and which would not do him any permanent injury, would soon kill those workmen who use alcohol.

The habitual use of alcohol by parents is sure to have a most injurious effect upon their children who either will not survive beyond a few months after birth or if they do, will be liable to be afflicted with idiocy or epilepsy, or they will be carried off later on by tubercular meningitis or phthisis. The poster concludes with the warning that "for the health of the individual, the existence of the family, and the future of the country, alcoholism is one of the most terrible of scourges."

As our municipal authorities would never think of issuing such a warning as this to the public, this method of educating the people to the evil effects of alcohol may strike our readers as something very novel, but it is none the less beneficial, and though the information given was directly intended for people of another climate and nationality than ourselves, our own workmen will be wise to profit by it. There is no doubt it is founded upon careful investigation made by the most eminent medical men of France.

THOUGHTS ON SOME CURRENT TOPICS.

There is no more alert paper in our Dominion than the Montreal Daily Witness in getting from prominent ecclesiastical personages of Great Britain their views upon politico-ecclesiastical subjects which are of special interest at any particular moment, and when such personages are visiting Montreal, we are sure to find that the untiring representative of the Witness has succeeded in obtaining an interview with him in regard to highly interesting events which are being briskly discussed in the old world, and which usually bear upon the relations between Church and State.

The Venerable Archdeacon Madden of the Anglican diocese of Liverpool is visiting Montreal, and the active representative of the Witness has had, as usual, an interesting chat with him on several subjects the general nature of which we have indicated. The Archdeacon states that Liverpool has improved to a wonderful degree during the last few years in the matters of Temperance and social virtues. This is a consoling piece of news in view of the fact which he also states, that Liverpool was before that time the worst city in England for immoral solicitation on the streets and as he implies, though he does not make the statement so directly, for intemperance likewise.

This change for the better has been effected, according to Archdeacon Madden, through the vigilance of an extra-official committee which has for several years looked after the enforcement of the law. As a consequence of the vigor with which this committee carried on its operations, the number of the public houses in Liverpool was reduced by three hundred, the number of persons arrested for drunkenness was brought down from fifteen thousand to five thousand, and the police force was reduced by one hundred men; and all this was done in the face of a constantly increasing population. And how was it done? The Archdeacon says: by unceasing effort, by stimulating the bench of licensing magistrates, by enlisting good men on the side of reform; by inspiring the indifferent."

In fact, so effectual do the operations of the vigilance committee appear to have been in so great a city that we would be glad to see similar committees of prudent men instituted in this country for a like purpose. We have no doubt our laws restricting the use of alcoholic beverages would thus be made more effective also.

The Archdeacon is an "Evangelical" or Low-Churchman; yet he makes the strange admission that the Evangelical movement in the Church of England began only at the close of the eighteenth century.

Could anything damage more the Evangelical cause than this admission? If Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the late Canon Farrer, John Kensit, and the whole tribe of the Kensittes had any excuse for the violence of their attacks upon Ritualism it was that they wished to maintain the Evangelical or ultra-Protestant character which the Church of England had taken on during

the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. But now we are assured by one who ought to know that this was a fictitious plea, and that Evangelicalism, and not High-Churchism is the modern article.

In addition to all this, the Archdeacon admits that the term "ritualism" signifies a revival of aestheticism, which means not alone the ornamentation of the Church, music, and surpliced choirs, but even the wall paper in one's room—taste in all departments of life, the languor of the lily, decorative effects on the wall, and the life of the people.

We must say we cannot understand how the Archdeacon, while holding such views, can enroll himself in the ranks of the Evangelicals who oppose with ostentatious violence a ritualism which is admitted to arise out of that natural longing for what is beautiful which God Himself has implanted in the human soul, and which contributes so much to man's happiness on earth.

God made man aesthetic, and under the old law He ordained that His worship should be carried out with the surroundings of glory and beauty, as in Ex. xxviii. 2, 40.

"And thou shalt make a holy vesture for Aaron thy brother, for glory and for beauty." "Moreover for the sons of Aaron thou shalt prepare linen tunics, and girdles, and mitres for glory and beauty." "And with all these things thou shalt vest Aaron thy brother, and his sons with him. And thou shalt consecrate the hands of them all, and shalt sanctify them, that they may do the office of the priesthood unto me."

Thus God Who reads unmistakably the hearts of men, desires that they shall render Him homage by a worship which makes use of what is beautiful; and in the New Testament, when Christ manifests Himself to St. John in the Apocalyptic vision, He appears in the midst of seven golden candlesticks clothed with a long white garment which is encircled with a golden girdle. His person is described as radiantly beautiful: in His right hand are seven stars, His countenance shines as the sun shineth in full strength.

All this is declared to be a mystery of symbolism, and we must infer that worship by symbolism is and has always been in accordance with the will of God. The Catholic Church for this reason uses symbolism and beauty in her ceremonial, and the Ritualists of the Church of England are to some extent imitators of the Catholic Church in a matter which is both lawful and laudable.

Archdeacon Madden speaks also of the passive resistance offered by the English Nonconformists to the Education Bills. We have already shown by the narrative of what has occurred on occasion of this passive resistance as it was shown in the court rooms, that it amounted to a cheap way of enduring martyrdom. The Archdeacon describes it in similar terms. To the objection offered by some Nonconformists that Parliament had no mandate to pass these bills, he answers:

"Well, when had you a mandate? You might have a mandate on the Home Rule question, on the fiscal question, but how many measures were passed by the party in power without a special mandate?"

The Parliament knew well from the general support given by the people to the voluntary schools, or those which taught religion, that it was their will that these schools should be properly maintained, and that was mandate enough. We cannot regard the non-conformist opposition to these schools as arising from any other motive than a desire to force their own ideas of a purely secular system of education upon the majority of the people whose settled convictions differ from theirs as regards the basis on which a system of education should rest. The new education law establishes freedom for both parties to educate the children on the plan the parents deem best, and we believe this to be the true solution to the problem, on general principles at least; and even if there are defects in some details, taken as a whole, it secures just treatment to all classes.

Archdeacon Madden states that he does not take the passive resistance theory seriously. We also believe that the good sense of the people of England will soon prevail to convince the passively resisters that they are: vainly endeavoring to inflict serious injustice on those who wish to give their children a proper religious training, and who constitute a great majority of the people.

MOCKERS OF CHRISTIANITY.

A couple of weeks ago, on a Sunday afternoon at Coney Island, an infant of three weeks old was christened in a den of twenty-seven lions, by a Protestant clergyman before an immense throng of spectators who laughed and chatted, cheered and yelled and hooted while the ceremony was going on.

The cries of the child and the noise of the audience so enraged the lions that they were on the point of springing upon the helpless infant and the

sacrilegious clergyman who performed the ceremony, but the keepers after much trouble, and by the use of hot irons and whips succeeded in controlling and cowering the animals, and the ceremony was made complete.

We have had occasion before now to condemn a practice which has been in vogue from time to time for some years, the making of a show of the same kind of the marriage rite.

Marriages have been performed as an attraction at picnics, in the windows of furniture dealers, and more recently in lion's dens. This is certainly a prostitution of a divinely instituted rite to which are annexed religious obligations. Marriage, according to Catholic belief, is a sacrament, and most Protestants admit in theory, at least, that it is a sacred rite, even though they do not call it one of the sacraments of the Christian religion. There is no other reason than its sacred character which can justify the clergy in claiming to be the proper officers to celebrate marriages, as all Protestant ministers do.

Scripture confirms the sacredness of marriage. It was originally a blessing conferred by Almighty God upon the human race, for "God blessed Adam and Eve saying, Increase and multiply and fill the earth." Marriage was a religious rite under the old law, and under the new law, Christ said: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." In Ephesians v, 32 St Paul declares "This marriage is a great sacrament: but I speak in Christ and in the Church." The Protestant Authorized Version translates by the word *mystery* instead of *sacrament* but this is the word which is used in Scripture for the most sacred rites and teachings of religion, as is evident from S. Matt. xiii. 11; 1 Cor. iv. 1, etc. We hold that the turning of the rite into a means of show or of amusement or profit is a profanation, as is shown by St. Peter's rebuke to Simon the magician.

Simon attempted for money to obtain the power exercised by the Apostles of Christ, to bring the Holy Ghost upon those on whom they imposed hands; but Peter said to him, "May thy money perish with thee; because thou hast esteemed the gift of God to be purchased with money. Thou hast no part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Do penance, therefore from this thy wickedness."

These public exhibitions of which we speak, are undoubtedly got up for "filthy lucre's sake," and fall under the condemnation of the Apostle whether they are exhibitions of marriage or baptism. We hold, however, that even if these were not intended for lucre's sake, there would be a like profanation if it were merely for the amusement of the public, or for show. It would be the "casting of pearls before swine" which is forbidden by Christ in His great sermon on the mount.

"Give not that which is holy to dogs: neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turning upon you tear you."

Among these sacrilegious exhibitions there was one at the Pan-American exposition similar to that we have described as having occurred at Coney Island, but it was a marriage, not a baptism. Of the two, we consider this latest specimen of Simon Magician or Kindy as worse than anything of the kind we have ever heard of.

Marriage is a sacred institution, as we have already said; but there are some people who are not aware of its sacred character. They have been educated in the notion that it is a mere temporary contract between a man and a woman to live together for so long a time as they can agree to lead a life in community of interests, but no longer. This is really the theory which Protestantism has always favored in practice, notwithstanding that protests against it have been uttered by individual ministers or even certain local synods.

Luther and his leading co-reformers of the sixteenth century signed the document by which Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, was allowed two wives at the same time. Every one knows that the Church of England was established for the express purpose of sanctioning the divorces and remarriages of Henry VIII. as often as he might need the kind offices of the new Church to this end; and at the present day ministers of every sect are ready at any moment to re-marry those who have been divorced by the civil courts.

Under the teaching which these facts imply, it is not to be wondered at that all respect for the sanctity of marriage should have disappeared among Protestants, and after this the descent is easy to the regarding of marriage as a state in life which has no serious obligations attached to it, or is a mere farce which may be enacted wherever it will produce most amusement to the farcically inclined public and most gain to the managers of the show.

But it is a sign of still deeper degradation and of the decay of faith when

the rite of Baptism is made the object of ridicule. Baptism is purely a religious rite, even in the estimation of those who profane it, and the public profanation of it could only take place where respect for the Christian religion has been utterly destroyed in the minds of the profaners. From this we infer that though there may have been a few who took part in the disgraceful Coney Island parody on religion, without thought of the utter indecency of the act, certainly those who had any share in the act itself, and those who encouraged it by their plaudits, were guilty of a desecration of God's ordinances, without any palliation, unless gross ignorance of God and of man's duties to God be considered as some degree of palliation. We can scarcely think that the ministers of religion who took part in these ceremonies could allege that this excuse was applicable to them, unless they could assert that in their case "Ignorance is the mother of Devotion."

Protestantism cannot shake off the responsibility for such proceedings, which are the direct result of the teaching of the system, which is to the effect, that every man is authorized to draw his religion from the Bible as he himself understands it, without his being subjected to any higher authority, and also because it has inculcated a total disregard for the traditions of Christianity, even though they may have been handed down from the Apostolic age, and from the Apostles themselves. Common sense should show that at least in those cases where the Bible is silent in regard to details, the meaning and intention of Christ and His Apostles can be ascertained only by Tradition, which, to say the least, must frequently have come from the Apostles, and are therefore properly interpretative of the meaning of their teaching. If the ministers had followed Apostolic Tradition, they would never have taken part in the disgraceful scenes we have described.

OUR MARRIAGE LAWS.

A despatch sent from London, Eng., by the Canadian Associated Press states that the London Leader says that the case with which marriage licenses can be procured in Canada is one of the pitfalls awaiting the unwary girl emigrants from England to Canada. This expression of opinion is given in connection with the statement that a young couple met on the voyage out to this country, and romantically fell in love with each other. They were presumably married on their arrival in Canada.

It is very true that marriages are often hastily contracted in Canada as well as elsewhere, and frequently the parties thus marrying in haste have leisure afterward to repent their rashness. But in the present instance it is not asserted that any disaster followed. An honorable marriage contracted between two parties, even though they met each other only aboard ship for the first time is not necessarily to be condemned.

We may well reserve our indignation for the unlawful abduction and seduction of young girls, and for their desertion after marriage, but the mere fact that they were married after reaching the shores of America, having met each other for the first time while crossing the Atlantic, does not seem to be a matter unreservedly condemnable.

We are not aware either that marriage licenses are, as a rule, too easily obtained in Canada. The Canadian laws lay down very safe conditions under which licenses are granted. They are not granted to minors without the consent of their parents, and some precautions are taken to prevent parties who are already married from being married anew. The laws seem to us to be very effective as a rule in preventing marriages from taking place wrongfully, though they do not throw serious obstacles into the way of parties desirous of entering into honorable marriage. As a matter of course, if certain persons have determined to defraud the law by contracting marriages when they should not do so, they may by cunning deceive the officials into granting the license. It is not clear, however, that frauds of this kind could be absolutely prevented by any legal restriction which might be passed. There are penalties, however, which can be enforced against transgressors guilty of such misdemeanors.

On the whole, the sacredness of marriage is as well enforced in Canada as in almost any country in the world, and the London Leader may assure itself that whereas in Canada we scarcely ever hear of a divorce being legally granted, and as this happens frequently under the English divorce laws, we have every reason to believe that the sacredness of the marriage tie is at least as well if not much better recognized in Canada than it is in Great Britain.

Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

A NOBLE LIFE.

On August 31 there were a series of articles by the early life of Pius X. who has personally visited there are many still living personally Joseph Sartorius, curate, parish priest, arch and Cardinal. These articles appear in September 14. It describes the writer saw and heard Riese, the birthplace of the Father.

We have a picture of the one-story house in which Pius X. was born. The rooms were of the most simple principal room, corresponding might be called the parlor without a carpet or furniture. Everything is when the boy Sartorius had led him to the position that mortal man X. was born the writer says: "It was the father John Baptist Sarto, a picture of the Holy Father above the bed when he housekeeping. It was the Pope, Margaret Sarto on the opposite wall, the Assisi. The niece of the latter, a Franciscan, mother belonged to the St. Francis'."

Joseph was the first Baptist Sarto and mother. The parents possessed the world's goods. They house in which they lived to make both ends meet held a small municipality which he derived a me the mother eked out by doing sewing. It was battle that John Baptist make to support his father. His poverty was to grant permission to now Pius X., to begin the priesthood. To L'Univers article: John Baptist Sarto never his consent to Joseph's studies, not that the fully appreciate the priestly vocation, but oldest of his children supporting the family. Doubtless John Baptist paternal solitude, said to himself that would be ended before dren would be old themselves. Was it to make sure that children should be in which later on would for what he himself said: "The mother ple born should be permitted the Church. Her pite the end, and Joseph of eleven, began his to the school in C was two or three Riese. The poverty made the most rigid life necessarily. Little did not wear his shoe Castelfranco. To kee ing out too quickly h his hand until he w where he went to so them on. A piece Indian corn porridge in a small bag, cons meal. "During his Castelfranco school, who furnishes these day got a meal at Finazzi, who was a way of paying for t fellow, who was then old, gave lessons i grammar and arithm of his host. Ma sister of the Holy F herself."

Later on, when student attended Padua, he still fell erty. Thanks to t he succeeded in ob able to get along. breakfast consisted piece of bread. school in which go ter was being gote When the father eldest of the family Anne, the young stout-hearted mot efforts to win bread. As the daughters her in her trade of on she gave lessons girls and soon had on.

The cup of Wido was filled to ove Joseph, who had be curate at Tombo he was appointed zano, she earnestly never receive any the Church, as she of the great resp upon members of t

That his mother place in his heart by an incident wh in the L'Univers readily understand Pius X. entertain the profoundest v was created Car was confined to h ties of old age. her son went in As a mark of re delicacy of wh by those who kne new Cardinal, he house the magnif of the Church, an upstair to his wished that she much should so it was with her so

These details a reason that they idea of the char Christendom. H life. From the d had to confront mount them. S its impress on victims in life's

not throw stones.

A NOBLE LIFE.

On August 31 there began in L'Univers a series of articles descriptive of the early life of Pius X. The writer has personally visited places where there are many still living who knew personally Joseph Sarto as boy seminarian, curate, parish priest, bishop, Patriarch and Cardinal. The latest of these articles appear in L'Univers of September 14. It describes what the writer saw and heard on a visit to Trieste, the birthplace of the Holy Father.

We have a picture of the interior of the one-story house in which Pius X. was born. The rooms and the furniture are of the most modest sort. The principal room, corresponding to what might be called the sitting room, is without a carpet or expensive furniture. Everything is just as it was when the boy Sarto began the career which has led him to the most exalted position that mortal man can occupy.

In describing the room in which Pius X. was born the writer in L'Univers says: "It was the father of Pius X., John Baptist Sarto, who placed that picture of the Holy Family on the wall above the bed when he began his modest housekeeping. It was the mother of the Pope, Margaret Sanson, who placed on the opposite wall that of St. Francis of Assisi. The niece of Pius X., referring to the latter, said to me, 'La nonna era francescana' (our grandmother belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis)."

Joseph was the first born of John Baptist Sarto and Margaret Sanson. The parents possessed very little of this world's goods. They owned the little house in which they lived and a small plot of ground. Each had to work hard to make both ends meet. The father held a small municipal position from which he derived a mere pittance, and which he worked out this petty income by doing sewing. It was a hard uphill battle that John Baptist Sarto had to make to support his family of eight children. His poverty made him very loath to grant permission to his eldest son, now Pius X., to begin his studies for the priesthood. To quote from the L'Univers article: "It appears that John Baptist Sarto very reluctantly gave his consent to Joseph commencing his studies, not that the good man did not fully appreciate the sacredness of the priestly vocation, but Joseph was the eldest of his children and the burden of supporting the family was a heavy one. Doubtless John Baptist Sarto, in his paternal solicitude, must have often said to himself that his earthly career would be ended before all of his children would be old enough to support themselves. Was it not, then, his duty to make sure that the mother of his children should be in receipt of a sum which later on would be a substitute for what he himself earned?"

But the mother pleaded that her first-born should be permitted to study for the Church. Her pleadings prevailed in the end, and Joseph in 1846, at the age of eleven, began his daily journeyings to the school in Castelfranco, which was two or three miles distant from Riese. The poverty of the Sarto family made the most rigid economy an absolute necessity. Little Joseph, when he did not wear his school trappings, went away from home wearing only a pair of trousers and a shirt. To keep them from wearing out too quickly he carried them in his hand until he was near the village where he went to school, when he put them on. A piece of bread and some Indian corn porridge, which he carried in a small bag, constituted his modest meal. "During his last two years at the Castelfranco school," to quote the writer who furnishes these details, "he every day got a meal at the house of Mr. Finazzi, who was a school teacher. By way of paying for this meal the little fellow, who was then only thirteen years old, gave lessons in reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic to the children of his host. Madame Parolin, the sister of the Holy Father, told me this herself."

Later on, when the young divinity student attended the seminary at Padua, he still felt the pinch of poverty. Thanks to a scholarship which he succeeded in obtaining, he was just able to get along. In those days his breakfast consisted of an apple and a piece of bread. Such was the hard school in which young Sarto's character was being formed.

When the father died Joseph, the eldest of the family, was eighteen, and Anne, the youngest, was two. The stout-hearted mother redoubled her efforts to win bread for her little ones. As the daughters grew up they helped her in her trade of dressmaking. Later on she gave lessons in sewing to young girls and soon had a little shop of her own.

The cup of Widow Sarto's happiness was filled to overflowing when her Joseph, who had been ordained, became a curate at Tombolo. Afterwards, when he was appointed parish priest of Sulfano, she earnestly hoped that he would never receive any higher preferment in the Church, as she realized the nature of the great responsibility that rests upon members of the Hierarchy. That his mother always held the first place in his heart of Pius X. is shown by an incident which is thus described in the L'Univers article: "One can readily understand that His Holiness Pius X. entertained for such a mother the profoundest veneration. When he was created Cardinal Madame Sarto was confined to her room by the infirmities of old age. After the consistory her son went immediately to Riese. As a mark of respect, the exquisite delicacy of which will be appreciated by those who know the modesty of the new Cardinal, he put on in his father's house the magnificent robes of a prince of the Church, and thus dressed he went upstairs to his mother's room. He wished that she to whom he owed so much should see with her own eyes how it was with her son."

These details are interesting for the reason that they enable us to form an idea of the character of the Father of Christendom. He has been no easy life. From the dawn of boyhood he has had to confront difficulties and surmount them. Such a training leaves its impress on those who have been victims in life's struggle. We know

how Lincoln and many another distinguished American battled for the success that crowned their efforts. Pius X. went through similar experience with the added advantage that he was encouraged and sustained by religious motives of the most exalted nature. As student, priest, bishop, patriarch and Cardinal he showed qualities of the rarest kind. To day, as pastor of the Universal Church, he is in a position to benefit all. He has the widest possible scope in which to exercise these qualities.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CHARITY AND CONSISTENCY.

We are in receipt of a letter from a very estimable lady who takes exception to statements in our editorial of last week touching the new St. Ann's Foundling Asylum. We are charged with condemning outside charities in championing the cause of this most deserving institution. In this it is urged we do the poor missions a serious injustice, and the hope is expressed that by another article we might retract the harm done them.

As the charge, however, is without foundation, there is neither harm done nor necessity for correction. On numerous occasions we have warmly urged support of our foreign missions. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith will attest our loyalty in this particular. Future utterances of like character when occasion requires will not find us wanting.

But inconsistency in the distribution of aid is excusable on no grounds whatever. On the contrary, it is well-directed, intelligent charity must be consistent. And that is just what we argued for when we said that hundreds of dollars are sent annually from this city to support outside institutions, to build churches in foreign lands, to support missionaries in heathen countries and to rescue children from Chinese brutality. Where the consistency in such action when similar work at home is neglected and like institutions are languishing for proper aid?

Is it intelligent action or intelligent charity to aid in the liquidation of debts of outside institutions when those at home are crumbling under like weight? Is it intelligent action or intelligent charity to be sending aims abroad for the erection of churches when the pastors of our own are tottering under greater financial burdens? Is it in compliance with the fifth precept of the Church to support foreign missionaries and deny proper tithes to our own pastors? Is it consistent to extend aid to rescue Chinese children when we do not give enough to care for those abandoned in our own streets? Charity is a duty, not a whim or a pleasure. Where it begins is a matter of axiom. Where it ends is not the point we raised.

Our correspondent, a benefactor of St. Ann's Asylum, asks the question, "Is it not an injustice to build such a magnificent palace for foundlings? Our own homes cannot commence to compare with it. \* \* \* The money is needed far more for our intended 'Boys Industrial School,' where souls can be saved. The poor boys of our city need a home and an education far more than babies need a mansion."

This is both illogical, inconsistent and begging the question. Bare floors, bare walls and a scant larder are the trappings of a "magnificent palace." It is to such sentiments that the lamentable condition of all our local institutions of charity may be justly attributable. Whether the home for foundlings or industrial school for boys is the greater need is a matter of opinion. But if the latter, then why not begin to build it with the charity sent abroad? Are those engaged in sending the funds away from home not in some measure responsible for the souls that are lost because it is not in existence? But this and kindred institutions of priceless value should, according to our correspondent, remain things unaccomplished in order that foreign charities might prosper.

FRENCH SISTERS STARVING.

Anna Seaton Schmidt in October 2nd. It is not so much the closing of the Sisters' schools that has aroused the people's indignation, as the insults and petty persecutions to which these noble women are subjected. Each day the papers recount some act of injustice perpetrated against them by the government officials in the small towns of France. In one case the daughter of a postman, who had been driven from her convent, returned to her father's home. He was immediately informed that he would lose his place if he harbored a secularized religious. The poor man could not see his other children starve, and so was obliged to turn this daughter from his door. A baker taking pity on a poor Sister, who had no home nor any means of support, hired her to deliver his bread. The officials declared that he had engaged her to teach his children. In spite of his protestations he was arrested and compelled to dismiss her. Four Sisters were engaged as domestics by a wealthy lady. She was obliged to turn this daughter from his door. A baker taking pity on a poor Sister, who had no home nor any means of support, hired her to deliver his bread. The officials declared that he had engaged her to teach his children. In spite of his protestations he was arrested and compelled to dismiss her. Four Sisters were engaged as domestics by a wealthy lady. She was obliged to turn this daughter from his door.

Among some of the noted converts who have been received lately may be mentioned the Countess Canaverro. Some years ago, when some of the Swamis who came here for the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair were going about the country lecturing, the attractive exposition of the doctrines of Buddha awakened the Countess's deep religious sentiment, and she made public profession of Buddhism. It did not take her long to realize that "all that glistened was not gold." She made a renunciation of the Oriental shrine-worship and came into the Catholic Church, where alone she found the truth. She entered a Catholic convent at Benares with the intention of devoting her life to the mission in India. Her husband, who now is dead, was a representative of Portugal at the Hawaiian Islands, and was related to the royal family of Portugal.—The Missionary.

Everything is possible; but without labor and failure nothing is achieved.—George MacDonald.

"ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."

FALLACY CONTAINED IN THE COMMON BOAST CONCERNING OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Catholic Telegraph.

Rev. P. J. Lochman, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Marinette, Wis., has come out strongly against the indifference of parents who allow their children to run about the streets at night and indulge in the practice of courting before they have reached the proper age. He says:

"After twenty years' experience in the confessional I have come to some definite opinions on the question of dancing and courting among the young people. I know that the practice of keeping company, as they call it among children below eighteen, promotes immorality and leads to intimacy that ought not to exist. Boys should be by themselves and girls alone. I am interested as much with the spiritual as the mental welfare of the children, and I am taking the action that I consider necessary."

"I believe that if the testimony of teachers in other schools was taken they would coincide with me, and, lastly, there is another practice which I condemn strongly, and that is that of school children running the streets after dark. They ought to be home at that time, and it is on the streets that many of them learn the things which result in their moral downfall."

Father Lochman has hit at the very root of nearly all the sins of which young people are guilty. The absurd notion of American liberty which pervades this country has removed all supervision from our youth. In fact, it is a common boast that the spirit of American independence makes the young people of the United States amply able to take care of themselves.

Our boys, almost as soon as they don the bifurcated garment of the stronger sex, are permitted to roam about the streets and choose any of our companions irrespective of any supervision by their parents. When they get into their teens they soon become wise (?) in the ways of the world, and long before they reach their majority the devil finds he can rest and allow the world and the flesh to continue the work.

The idea of a chaperon for our girls has been relegated in many places to the attic for old fogy notions. Our girls are American for a goodly measure, and they know how to get through the world without a guardian. Foreigners are horrified at the license with which American young ladies go about unattended. We assure them, with our breasts swelling in pride, that our girls are different from the common human clay, and that they are able to take care of themselves. "But if they are," the foreigner might ask, "how is it that there is so many scandals in their papers every day of the year? Why do you not rescue them? Why are your large cities troubled so much with the social vice? Why so many divorces? Why so many wrecked homes?"

It is about time for the people of this country to wake to a realization of the fact that they are made of the same clay as the average human being the world over; that they have the same passions as other nations, and that there is nothing in the atmosphere of the United States that conduces to a higher morality than exists in other places; that morality flourishes just as well in one country as another as far as the kind of government is concerned, and that religious and not civil principles are the bases of morality.

OFFICIALLY DETERMINED.

Dissension having been provoked as to the need of continuing the prayers ordered by the late Supreme Pontiff, to be said after Low Mass, is now terminated by the following letter to the Bishops of the country from His Excellency, the U. S. Apostolic Delegate:

Apostolic Delegation, United States of America, Washington, D. C., September 18. Your Lordship—Since the death of Leo XIII. I have been asked more than once whether the prayers prescribed by him to be said after Low Mass were to be continued or not. Though in each particular case I have answered in the affirmative, yet in order to remove any doubt, I thought it better to apply for a decision to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. His Eminence Cardinal Gotl, Prefect of the said Sacred Congregation, by a letter of the 7th inst., No. 6,691, has been pleased to answer as follows: "As a universal law is binding not only during the life of the legislator but as long as said law is not revoked, thus the recitation of said prayers prescribed by Leo XIII. must be continued."

With sentiments of highest esteem and profound respect, I beg leave to remain, your obedient servant, in Christ, Archbishop of Larissa, Apostolic Delegate.

NOTED CONVERTS.

Among some of the noted converts who have been received lately may be mentioned the Countess Canaverro. Some years ago, when some of the Swamis who came here for the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair were going about the country lecturing, the attractive exposition of the doctrines of Buddha awakened the Countess's deep religious sentiment, and she made public profession of Buddhism. It did not take her long to realize that "all that glistened was not gold." She made a renunciation of the Oriental shrine-worship and came into the Catholic Church, where alone she found the truth. She entered a Catholic convent at Benares with the intention of devoting her life to the mission in India. Her husband, who now is dead, was a representative of Portugal at the Hawaiian Islands, and was related to the royal family of Portugal.—The Missionary.

Everything is possible; but without labor and failure nothing is achieved.—George MacDonald.

PRIESTS AND PRELATES OF THE PAST.

A FEW OF MANY INCIDENTS.

By Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, D. D.

The completion of the Cathedral, and the opening of St. Bonaventure's College by Bishop Mullock, may not inaptly be regarded as the beginning of the modern history of Catholicism in Newfoundland. These two events marked with decision the subsequent course of church work. The erection of the Cathedral had aroused Catholic spirit to the highest degree, whilst the opening of the College was the remedy of education which has, in our days, reached such a point as to augur greater progress in the future.

These were truly notable achievements; but they were only expressions of that spirit of sacrifice in the cause of the Church which had been sedulously cultivated for more than one hundred years, and which had its roots in that far-off time when Catholicity was first preached to the race. It has been well said, that "the Cathedral came the Basilicas." After the trials and difficulties of the early Catholic Church she covered Europe with those marvelous time-defying shrines which must remain for ages as masterpieces in the world of art.

The same is, in a measure, true of our Island church. After laboriously propagating the faith along our shores she addressed herself to the work of raising these visible institutions, which would be the same time monuments and temples—monuments to the all-conquering zeal of the pastors and people by whom they were built, and temples of religion and education for those who came after them and who are animated to the full by their spirit.

The story of Newfoundland Catholicism, from the earlier years of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century, was a record of constant effort and the most successful of the pioneer missionaries was not as apparent in their own time as now. But their unwavering faith and self-sacrificing devotion prepared the way for the greater results of later days. Their fidelity and the responsiveness of the scattered flock, to which they ministered, stimulated Catholic enterprise and made possible those schools and halls, convents and colleges, cathedrals and parish churches which stand to-day in this country. Nearly half a century has passed since the coast line has its traditions of work done for the church, and each succeeding year tells its tale of progress.

It would indeed be a gratifying task to give even a faint sketch of the persevering zeal of those priests whose labors live and whose names are enshrined in a people's memory. Gladly would we write the incidents of their missions and pay tribute of praise to their apostolic works, their pastoral vigilance, their devotion—even unto death—in the service of the Master. But to do so is impossible in the course of a review so brief as this. We must then be content to make notice summary of the lives of a few of our missionaries without attempting the larger task of giving detailed accounts of each and every one. Looking back to the earliest times we find in Bishop Hooper of Ecclesiastical History the names of the following priests given as being the first Irish missionaries to the country: Fathers Cain, Lorrigan, Dally, Bourke, Whelan, Hearn and Andrew Cleary. In the same learned work we find brief, but intensely interesting biographical notes of these priests.

Father Cain of Wexford, was at Placentia as Pastor for six years, dating from 1770. Father Edmund Burke, of Tipperary, came in 1786 and ministered at Placentia, building there the old Rectory and Chapel. His mission included all Placentia Bay—and westward as far as Burin. He was twelve years on the Newfoundland mission.

Father Patrick Whelan, of the Harbor Grace Mission, lost his life in 1799 by the swamping of his boat at Grates Cove. He was returning at the time from a missionary voyage. He was recovered from the waves still holding his breviary and vestment portmanteau. Also, he was supposed to have been first for the Blessed Sacrament with him at the time. He was interred in the old Catholic graveyard at Harbor Grace, and a monument was erected commemorative of his apostolic zeal and noble pastoral qualities.

It is not long since that the fate of Father Whelan was brought to memory—one hundred years after his death—by the loss of Rev. Dr. O'Regan, of Codroy, who with a crew of five men also died in a sea-storm. Separated as the two priests were by the breadth of a century, yet, in the circumstances of their death and in priestly zeal, they were not divided. Both lived and died for the flock; and both they and the ever faithful fishermen, who died with them, deserve whatsoever tribute we can pay their memory. I have lately seen some very sympathetic lines from the gifted pen of Father Walker, of Brigus, written in memory of Father Whelan and Dr. O'Regan. Father Walker dedicated his poetic gifts to the service of Faith and Fatherland and the verses to which I refer have true dramatic force.

In 1810 Rev. Andrew V. Cleary came to Newfoundland, and was stationed at Placentia until his death in 1829. He is interred there in Mount Carmel Cemetery. He was uncle of the late Dean Cleary of Southern Shore. Rev. Fr. Devoreaux, about the same time, was stationed at Burin, where also he died. Father Hearn, Curate of Father Cleary, succeeded him as parish priest of Placentia. Father Hearn performed extraordinary missionary journeys, by land and sea, in the southern and western parts of the country. An old man of Argentina, in Little Placentia district, used to relate, concerning Father Hearn's travels, many incidents which he knew from having gone with him to show the way and help to bring his vestments. Often when overtaken by night in the heart of the country the priest and his guide would have to improvise a camp unless they reached some stationary tilt left by other travellers. Father Hearn and Father

Cleary now rest side by side in the Placentia graveyard. It is nearly seventy-five years ago since they labored together on the Placentia Mission. Many changes have occurred since then. The dark brown slab which covers their grave has grown discolored with age; the time in which they lived seems to us of to-day interminably distant—but their memories are still sacredly cherished.

In 1784 the Catholic Church of Newfoundland took shape as a regular organized body under the leadership of Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell. After his Episcopal consecration in Quebec—1799—Bishop O'Donnell made an extensive visitation of Placentia and surrounding district. One hundred and seven years before, 1689, when Placentia was possessed by the French, the Bishop of Quebec came there on an Episcopal visit, so that Catholicity was organized in Placentia nearly two hundred and forty years ago, and though the flag of England has replaced that of France, the banner of Catholicity has not passed from the old town, but waves there still triumphantly. At present an elegantly designed Church of the Sacred Heart, a spacious convent with schools attached, a large Star of the Sea Hall, and a fine Presbytery, affords evidence of the zeal of pastors and people. One of the chief works of Bishop O'Donnell in St. John's was the building of what has been remembered for a half century as the "Old Chapel." In his time, also, arose the Benevolent Irish Society—a body which, for closing a century, has been doing yeoman service in the cause of charity and education. Many of our best citizens have come from that ancient Society—Sheas, Littles, Kents, Fenelons and scores of others.

Here, too, we may mention that other noble Society, which was organized in the interest of Temperance and inculcates the practice of Total Abstinence, viz.—The St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. This Society was inaugurated at a later date in the last century. We associate with its rise and progress the distinguished and venerable name of Father Kyran Walsh. This clergyman was a typical Newfoundland missionary. In St. John's, St. Mary's, Holyrood and Harbor Main, he labored unceasingly for the upbuilding of the Church. The structures which he planned and executed remain as models of taste and finish, and the temperance movement continues to exercise its influence broad and deep on the city and country.

Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, our first Bishop, took in his day an active part in forwarding the general interests of the Colony. Wise, conservative, and zealous, he was looked upon as a "Master in Israel." Able was he seconded in his efforts by the small band of clergy who shared his labors, and by none more zealously than by his Vicar-General, Very Rev. Thomas Ewer, Pastor for seventeen years of Ferryland, and then of Harbor Grace. Father Ewer was a man of many gifts—a polished scholar, an active administrator, a church builder, and an organizer of the highest capacity. He died at Harbor Grace in 1833, in the forty-fourth year of his missionary labors in Newfoundland and in the eight-fourth year of his life. As an ecclesiastical Father Ewer was scarcely second to the Rev. Dr. O'Donnell in his influence on our church and in the fortitude and firmness with which he grappled with the difficulties of the period—difficulties of which we of to-day can form but an idea. One of Father Ewer's letters is quoted by the Bishop in his Church History. The letter, though brief, bears the unmistakable impress of a gentleman and a scholar.

The missions of the priests who aided Bishop O'Donnell lay in Placentia, Ferryland, St. John's and Harbor Grace. Along the coasts intervening between these places, as also to the West and North, they had to travel mostly by boat, or, with still greater difficulty, on foot through the woods and along the shores. Slide racks, cut by the settlers, afforded some kind of bridle paths. Forty or fifty priests are to-day stationed along that route, which, less than an century ago, had to be supervised by seven or eight. The beginning was weak in point of numbers, but strong in the determined zeal with which the pioneers entered on the work. It involved labor of no ordinary description to visit the sick, to administer the last Sacraments to the dying, and generally to exercise Church ministrations along so extended a seaboard. As we look back on the perils and fatigues of these standard bearers of our faith; as we remember them on the storm-tossed bay, or in the depths of the trackless forest, or on the still more trackless tundra; as we think of them facing the ice and fog-covered seas in spring, the binding snow blizzard in winter and the weary foot journey in summer, going fifty or, perhaps, one hundred miles to bring the last consolations of religion even to one soul, we must say that such men were well fitted to be the founders and fathers of our Catholicity.

The Episcopates of the Right Rev. Prelates—Lambert and Scallan—were fruitful of good to the Church, and after them the reins of ecclesiastical government were taken by Bishop Fleming, who proved a tower of strength to Catholicity. One of Bishop Fleming's first works was to organize the priestly staff, and so divide the great labors and responsibilities of the Mission. This was necessary, partly because of the numbers of the Catholics and partly because of the extent of the field—Newfoundland being then one diocese—comprehending congregations separated by hundreds of miles. Bishop Fleming was a missionary of the most active type. He travelled all over the Newfoundland coast—a work of no ordinary magnitude in the then imperfect state of communication. There was no railway or steamer to speed the missionary on his voyages. The sole dependence was the sail boat, and by its means Bishop Fleming performed his coastal journey from Avalon to the Straits of Belle Isle. Foremost amongst the priests, who aided Bishop Fleming, we recognize

Father Troy—a name deeply graven on our church annals. For forty-one years Father Troy bore the heat and burdens of the day ministering at St. John's, Mercedes, Torbay and Portugal Cove, and everywhere performing apostolic labors. In physical and mental energy he had few equals in all the stirring and strenuous history of our Island Church. His every faculty was devoted to the progress of the Church—and as to results achieved by this marvel-working man, we may say, that on his day and generation he helped to stamp that sturdy individuality—that uncompromising firmness—which is the essence of the Catholic spirit.

Another venerable pastor of earlier time was Rev. Pelagius Nolan, who ministered in Placentia Bay. He was forty years on the Newfoundland Mission, and eighty years old when he died. It is now over thirty years since Father Nolan passed away, but his name is as familiar as a household word amongst the faithful people of Placentia district. He was the pastor of the type that Longfellow would have drawn in his tale of Acadia—zealous, kindly and self-sacrificing; even in his sternest moods the people only saw the paternal old priest. He is interred in the old graveyard at Argentina, and his grave marked by a monument raised by the people to whom he so faithfully ministered, whilst the quaint wit and homely anecdotes of this pious pastor have often been quoted by those who knew him. He won not merely the respect of the people, but their undying affection.

In later times Placentia and Cape Shore were administered by Father Condon, who is interred with his predecessors in the graveyard at Placentia. Over the district administered by Father Nolan and Father Condon there are now four or five pastors. The pastoral enterprise of Father Condon are still remembered with appreciation by the people of his parish. Dean Cleary shall long be remembered as the "Grand Old Man" of the Southern Shore. Zealous and progressive he helped to lay the foundation of the work that, in our days, has been carried on so successfully by Father Nicholas Roche and by the late lamented Father O'Driscoll. Dean Cleary was a strong advocate for road construction. It was his aim to have the settlements of his extensive parish joined by good carriage roads. This was necessary in order to make it easy for the people to get to the churches, and for the priest to make his pastoral visitations.

There was also on the Southern Shore, in those days, another most apostolic clergyman named Father Murphy. This venerable pastor administered several settlements, and made long and difficult journeys in carrying the aids of religion to the various parts of his parish.

A WARNING FROM WITHOUT.

In a recent non-Catholic mission given in a fairly large and aristocratic Southern town we have the rare joy of talking to a parlor-full of intensely interested non-Catholics from 9 o'clock on our closing night till the stroke of 12. In any joy comparable to that of God-fearing souls pouring out their questions, difficulties, misunderstandings, to have the light of God's truth shed upon them! What a sacerdotal joy those priests have missed in whose life there is no similar scene!

But what we wish especially to bring out is a remark dropped at the close of our three-hour rapid-fire engagement by the most intelligent gentleman present. "Father," said he, "there would be no end to your converts but for two reasons. In the first place, Catholics hide themselves and bury their doctrines from our eyes. The Church is lacking as an aggressive public force. We Protestants are more or less directly given to understand that you do not want us; that we have no concern with Catholic doctrine. Politeness is displayed towards us, but not zeal. And the second reason is, that Catholics are in some places numerously connected with the rum traffic." While non-Catholics of the best class see Catholics sinful, it will never come into their minds to imagine that the religion of those people is divine.

Let us laugh at the reasoning of these remarks as we will; but they state facts which it behooves us speedily to recognize: "Catholics hide themselves"; "Catholics are so numerously connected with the rum traffic." And the coming of the Kingdom of God is hindered and delayed and frustrated because we have too little zeal and are not sufficiently active enemies of drink! Wherever there is a movement for morality, for social betterment, for charity, it is well for Catholics to lead. We have learning with which to commend ourselves, and a self-sacrificing vocation with which to compel respect. It is good to make use of these and all other natural and supernatural advantages to make the Church a public force; to show Protestants that with us are the best gifts of God, and that we want all men to share those gifts. And, furthermore, we declare it a positive duty—and every day of missionary experience burns that word Duty deeper,—a duty to immortal souls outside the Church, as well as within, to declare a relentless war of aggression on the abuse of intoxicating drink. Zeal for conversions is spreading. The laity, men and women, as well as priests, are entering heart and soul into the non-Catholic Apostolate. But it is well to know and never doubt it, not for an instant, that to win the best class of converts a moral attack on the fortress of Rum is almost as necessary as a doctrinal assault on the citadel of Error. This is no new lesson; we had long ago learned it; but coming to us this time from the mouth of a Protestant, it is good to ponder it more deeply than ever. This little mission brought six to baptism, and left more than that number convinced of the Church's truth.—The Missionary.

Sincerity and pure truth, in what age soever, find their opportunity and advantage.—Montaigne.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

OCTOBER 10, 1908.

SECRET HEART REVIEW. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

On page 169 Dr. Foster surprises us by giving Calvin's doctrine of the Eucharist as the original Lutheran doctrine. He gives Luther's doctrine as being this, "that the body of Christ is really, though spiritually, present in the sacrament!"

In truth, there were three original Protestant doctrines of the Eucharist. The Zwinglians taught that the Supper is simply a sign of the Lord's Passion. The Calvinists taught that in the Eucharist Christ is efficaciously, though not corporally, present.

His language is as coarsely clear as possible, although horrifying to Catholic piety. Says he: "In the sacrament, at least in the reception, the Lord is given to be chewed with our teeth."

Has Foster ever heard of the Lutheran doctrine of Ubiquity? The Calvinists urged that Christ's humanity is essentially circumscribed in space, although widely present in power.

Foster highly respects the inclusion of Mormonism among Protestant sects. Here he is right. Yet we cannot deny that its founders were vagabond Protestants, living among Protestants only, and that its proselytes are drawn wholly from Protestant countries.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

THE ROBE OF JUSTICE. My dear Brethren: The Gospel of this Sunday is a parable intended to impress upon our minds the great truth that God has called each and every one of us to the marriage-feast of His eternal Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Each one of us is called to be present at this feast. Each one of us has accepted that call. Each one of us has made His Church have failed to accept that call and invitation. Of these the Gospel declares they are unworthy.

For instance, says he, if a priest values his salvation, he must respect other men's wives. Such a sin would shock his conscience so much as to overthrow his assurance of salvation.

And as Luther began, so Lutheranism went on. A century later, Calixtus reluctantly owns, that while Lutheranism highly commends love and good works, it does not absolutely insist upon them, "in life or death," as indispensable to justification.

TRAGIC DEATH OF A FRENCH PREFECT.

STRIKEN AT BANQUET TABLE AFTER HAVING OFFICIATED AT EXPULSION OF GOOD SHEPHERD NUNS. On the 4th of August, early in the morning, the nuns of the Good Shepherd were expelled from their convent in Pau amidst the bitterest sorrow of the Catholic population and of the poor and miserable homeless and refuge that convent had been.

The three original differences, therefore, still subsist, and so far as I can see as irreconcilably as ever, though more courteously expressed. Especially is there still a gulf not easy to bridge between those who sympathize with the contemptuous language quoted above, who believe in no gospel but one digested into formulas as easily apprehensible as the nine digits, and those who believe that God and Christ convey themselves to the soul in a great many more ways than the smart self-conceited acuteness of the every-day Yankee understanding condescends to allow.

Foster highly respects the inclusion of Mormonism among Protestant sects. Here he is right. Yet we cannot deny that its founders were vagabond Protestants, living among Protestants only, and that its proselytes are drawn wholly from Protestant countries.

AT THE VATICAN.

A TOUCHING MEETING—THE GREGORIAN CHANT, AND THE JERIBLE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. ROME, Sept. 9.—Last Monday evening a very touching meeting took place in the Vatican concerning the Holy Father and his three unmarried sisters.

Have we, then, that spirit? If we have, we are filled and moved by the Spirit of God at this moment. His Holy Spirit is in our hearts, uniting us to Him as our Eternal Father and our Brother.

But if we have not this spirit there is but one other to possess our minds—the spirit of the seven deadly sins, of pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth.

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Start Right To-day

and you will find the world very much brighter to-morrow. A good complexion—the bloom of perfect health—bright eyes, clear brain—these are within the reach of all who take care of their digestive organs.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a glass of water every morning and you will find that bottles and clean skin. Throw away the powder-puff and rouge-pot—they are counterfeits of nature.

AT THE VATICAN. A TOUCHING MEETING—THE GREGORIAN CHANT, AND THE JERIBLE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

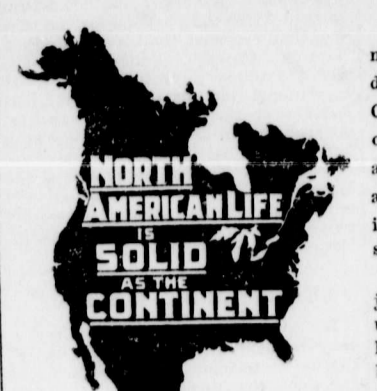
Then We shall know. One day, when the conflict will cease, and angels will minister to you, and God will crown His servant, you will perceive and understand that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that awaits those who, in their deepest misery, dare still to await their God.

MERRY, HAPPY BABIES. There is no greater treasure on earth than a healthy, happy, merry baby. Anything therefore that will keep the little one in this condition is a priceless boon to mothers.

There is nothing equal to Mother Grace's Worm Expulsion for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Father Damien's Lectures. 1. The Private Interpretation of the Bible. 2. The Catholic Church the Only True Church of God.

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CORRECT AND INCORRECT. It is the correct thing—To stand while being incensed at Solemn High Mass.

It is not the correct thing—To march up the aisle to a front pew if one enters the church after Mass has begun, especially during the sermon.

Then We shall know. One day, when the conflict will cease, and angels will minister to you, and God will crown His servant, you will perceive and understand that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that awaits those who, in their deepest misery, dare still to await their God.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Remember that your work comes only moment by moment, and as surely as God calls you to work He gives the strength to do it.

Bear Your Burdens Like a Man. Every man must bear his own burden, and it is a fine thing to see anyone trying to do it manfully.

An Upright Intention. We should try to perform all our actions with an upright intention, having in view God's honor and the interests of truth, justice and charity.

Faithfulness. Faithfulness is the explanation of many a successful career. Opportunity, ability and the friendly assistance that may be given all tend to further one's efforts.

A Gentleman. To say with emphasis that a man is a gentleman, in our language is proverbially, so far as this world goes, the highest encomium that he can receive.

Are You a Dead One? The story of that gentleman whose graceful lounge against the outside of a grave yard was interrupted by a friend with, "Why ain't you on the inside? Don't you know you're a dead one?"

Something Lacking. There are a great many things that success depends upon which are not taught in schools or colleges. Don't think that, because you have been graduated, and have a school or college diploma, you are necessarily equipped for a successful career.

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talent was wanting in him. He could sit in his office and split hairs on the fine points of law, but, somehow, when he got an actual case, he would not know how to handle it because it did not fit his theories.

Many musical students who are graduated from conservatories with honors, and understand the technique of music and the laws of harmony, may be total failures as musicians or teachers.

What Anna Saw in the Sunbeam. "Pura's tears fell fast on the beautiful market spoil, on which Aunt Trinidad stood feasting her gaze.

"Pura's tears fell fast on the beautiful market spoil, on which Aunt Trinidad stood feasting her gaze. Never had such a provision of generous diet stood within sight of her heart!

"Pura used to bed that night as sad as the night before, for she kept saying to herself, 'Suppose the gentleman should think it is I who have been deceiving him!'

"The sprites did not forget her, Lolita. Very early in the morning—very early—they came in on the sunbeam, as bright and as beautiful as before; and in a trice they had laid the fire in the stove, and blown the charcoal into a fine red glow.

"The next day the stranger came again; and having tasted the exquisite desert, which seemed indeed to have been perfumed by no ordinary taste, he told Aunt Trinidad he hoped she would let him marry her niece at once.

"To her surprise, when she came to announce her good fortune to her niece, and to arrange preliminaries with her, she found she was anything but pleased, and only burst into tears.

"What! wretched to think a good man loves you?" "No, aunt, no; but to think that he is so good and kind, and we have been deceiving him. When he finds out can do none of the things he has fancied I am so clever at, what will he think of me?"

"Pura, used to obey, and trusting in great measure also to the sunbeams of the sun, prepared to do her usual bidding, though with somewhat mixed feelings.

"When the wedding-day was fixed, and all preparations made, Pura did not forget to go out early into the garden, and ask the sprites of the sunbeam how she should find their protégés, the three tripples of the hospital.

"Pura, used to obey, and trusting in great measure also to the sunbeams of the sun, prepared to do her usual bidding, though with somewhat mixed feelings.

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flowers, and they were the very petals of the flowers, their bright petals making so many wings, and they came and poured each its own perfumed nectar into the confection, giving it a flavor such as no confection, of earth, at least, ever possessed before.

"We have done all these things for you," said the sprites, when they had completed their handiwork; "now, we want you to do one thing for us."

"Oh, whatever you like! only tell me anything I can do!" answered Pura, with a ready grace.

"Well, it is this. We know three poor girls, very poor and very sick; they are all terribly deformed cripples. They are so deformed and ugly that they live in the hospital, and never get asked anywhere. It would be such a pleasure to them to come to your wedding-fete. They will be no ornament to it, I know; but still, will you let them come?"

"Oh, yes; to be sure, poor things!" answered Pura, with grateful and charitable alacrity; "that is, whenever I get married. But who would marry a poor penniless orphan girl, who can do nothing? More likely I shall have to go to the hospital too, when aunt dies."

"No, it is not because you are clever," answered the sprites; "it is because you are good. If you have not learned more, it is because you had not the opportunity. You have always been industrious at doing what you did understand; and as to deceiving him, that has never been your wonted intention. So cheer up; we will make it a rare hand at making sweetmeats of every kind, and from continually pounding, pounding at the almonds and nuts, my arms grew as thick as you see; and as I often knocked my forehead with the big pestle we used, I got this ugly bump."

"With greater trepidation than before, he darted, at hearing this. Some Pura's side, and taking her hand in his, required her to accompany him with the greatest solemnity that she would never touch any confectionary again.

"Encouraged by the good-natured reception his curiosity had met with in the two former cases, he soon found himself by the side of the third cripple, asking her why her eyes were so red and goggled, and her skin so scarred.

"Because I was a famous cook," was the answer. "I was married very young, and my husband was very particular about his dinner. I never could be away from the cooking-stove, there was always something to be got ready; and that injured my eyes. And worse than that, one day I had a frying-pan in my hand, full of boiling oil, and I was just about to drop in the chops, when he frightened the cat, and in he had bounded through the window, and also gave me such a start that I upset the frying-pan over the heated stove, the oil flared up in my face, and burnt me all over as you see me."

"Without retaining sufficient self-command to say the few words of sympathy and consolation which would not have failed him at another time, he hastened back to Pura, and insisted that then and there she would promise him never to touch a frying-pan any more.

"Then Pura understood why the sprites had bid her invite the cripples to her wedding; and she had her reward for her charity. And you see, Lolita, dear, how they kept their promise. So no wonder I am fond of looking into the sunbeam."

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me, seemed to take an interest in them too, and asked me to invite them, that they might have one bright day at least.

"Then, if that is the case, they have my heartiest welcome; I had rather see them here than if they were the highest duchesses of the land."

"And with that he sent the friend who attended to marshalling the guests, to put them in the best places, nearest to the bride and himself.

"Nevertheless, he could not get over his curiosity, to know why they were formed in such an extraordinary manner; and when the conversation began to get sufficiently general and familiar, he went up to the first, and after an exchange of ordinary compliments, and feeling his way by little and little, at last allowed himself to say in the politest tone—

"May I ask, dear friend, how it is your back comes to be so bent, and your arms so very short?"

"And while he waited in great perturbation, lest he should have offended or hurt the poor thing, she answered, cheerfully enough—

"By all means; I am not at all ashamed of it. I used to be a famous hand at making lace, and my step-mother, finding she could make a lot of money out of my work, kept me at it so hard that from bending over so much my back never came straight again; and my arms, from continually twisting and bobbing, got quite worn away and serowed like into the sockets, and never would come out any more."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the bridegroom, almost abruptly, for his alarm got the better of his courtesy; and with that he sprang to the side of his bride, and exacted from her a promise that she would never, never make any lace from that day forward.

"Pura gave the promise willingly enough; and his composure somewhat revived, her husband before long found his curiosity lead him to the side of the second 'scarerow' guest, to ask her why her arms were so very thick, and why she had such a bump on her forehead.

"Because," she answered, in a tone which seemed to show she was pleased to have the opportunity of explaining the circumstance, "because I sweetened to be a rare hand at making sweetmeats of every kind, and from continually pounding, pounding at the almonds and nuts, my arms grew as thick as you see; and as I often knocked my forehead with the big pestle we used, I got this ugly bump."

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SKIMMING THE CREAM.

Somebody quotes a quaint old grandmother as saying, "If you're going to give me a pan of milk, don't skim it first." Most of us would be indignant if accused of such smallness; but a recent writer shows that very much the same thing goes on in ordinary family intercourse.

"Those gloves ripped again!" exclaims Emma, when Fred wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry to get to Mass."

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Mary's request, but he grumbles at having to do so, and she protests that "it is Anthony's turn."

Thus all day long, people who love one another, and who at heart are glad to serve one another, skim the sweetness from every service they render.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

THOUSANDS OF LIVES MADE MISERABLE BY A TROUBLE EASILY OVERCOME. Thousands of people throughout this country suffer continually from nervousness—their blood is poor and watery, their nerves unstrung and jaded.

They are pale, weak, often troubled with headaches and dizziness, are exhausted with the slightest exertion, and often feel as though life were a burden. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new health and strength, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

These pills make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, and bring health, strength and happiness to those who use them. Mr. D. W. Daley, Crystal City, Manitoba, proves the truth of this. He says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with wonderful results. Before using them I was weak and nervous; my blood was poor; I was pale and suffered from pains in the region of the heart. Now after the use of eight boxes of the pills my nerves are strong; my blood is pure and rich; I have a good color and my heart action is regular. I think there is no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for these troubles."

This is the verdict of all people who have given the pills a fair trial, and those who are sick can obtain new health and strength through the use of this medicine. Do not waste money and further endanger your health by taking any substitute. See that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper and on every box. If you cannot get the pills from your dealer they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PREVENT DISORDER—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Paremore's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pills, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will prevent or cure attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fall disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

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

When all other cough preparations fail, try Holloway's Cough Cure. It's pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

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A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. An intensely interesting and romantic novel—thoroughly Catholic in tone—following closely the historical and biographical records of the early makers of Canadian history, with an account of the gallant St. Charles and his colony on the Detroit. Beautifully illustrated by Clyde O. De Land. Price \$1.50.

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DIocese OF LONDON.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, KALEIGH. On Thursday, Sept. 17, the new church at Kaleigh was dedicated with great solemnity.

The procession was headed by the children for confirmation, twenty-eight boys and thirty girls, who were presented and decorated for the occasion by Miss Helena Lohy and Miss Nellie Phelan.

The priest in robes of office and the Bishop in Episcopal robes. At 10.30 a.m. the procession issued from the front doors of the new church and solemnly and slowly moved around the exterior of the church chanting the Psalms and verses of the dedication ceremony.

The solemn High Mass was then commenced by Rev. Father McKee, pastor of the church.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Rev. Father Muga, pastor of the church, came forward and addressed the multitude.

He expressed his joy of himself and his people at seeing their new church solemnly dedicated.

He said that he was glad to see a number of his flock, who were present, and he expressed his joy in seeing them.

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Mr. H. A. Meahan. The funeral was very largely attended. A number of friends in attendance followed the body to the I. C. R. depot.

The body was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, Brockville, Sept. 19, 1935. Miss Lizzie O'Brien, a daughter of Mr. P. O'Brien, was in attendance.

Miss Lizzie O'Brien, Brockville, Ont. Died at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, Sept. 2, 1935.

The late Mr. J. H. O'Brien, Brockville, Ont. Died at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, Sept. 2, 1935.

Mr. FRANK LAPLANTE, ORILLIA. Died at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, Sept. 2, 1935.

From the Orillia News Letter of Wednesday, Sept. 2, we learn that after an illness of several months, Mr. Frank Laplante, of Orillia, passed away at his home on Thursday morning.

Mr. Laplante was born in Orillia, Ontario, on July 15, 1872.

He was married to Mrs. Mary Laplante, nee McKee, of Orillia.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BELLINGHAM. On Sunday morning last, with the sun shining in all its glory, the new building was formally opened.

The service was held at 10 o'clock and was officiated by Rev. P. G. Guerin, pastor of the church.

At the regular meeting of Branch 77, held Sept. 2nd, the following resolution was adopted.

Resolved that we, the members of Branch 77, convey to Father Phelan our sincere sympathy and condolences.

Resolved that a copy of this be sent to Rev. Father Phelan and to the Catholic Record and The Canadian for publication.

A Deserved Promotion. The Rev. Father Hauck, who for the past seven and a half years has been pastor of the church of St. Paul, is to be promoted.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL. Bless spirit from a world beyond my ken What is that woe that from thy happy sphere

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1936. We are now prepared to supply this interesting Annual to our readers.

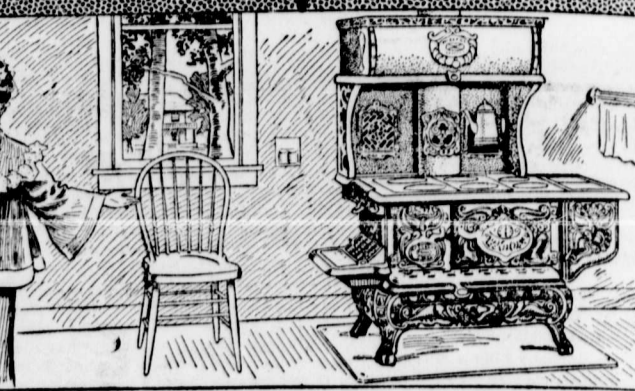
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ALL FOR 12 CENTS. Grand Introduction Offer. In order to introduce DR. JENNER'S GERMICIDE INHALER and prove that it will really cure Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness.

MARKET REPORTS. LONDON. Oct. 8.—Grain, per cental—Wheat, \$1.30 to \$1.32; corn, \$1.10 to \$1.12.

MARRIAGES. HOLDS-GALVIN. A very pretty wedding took place on Monday, Sept. 16, at St. John's church.



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Is built on entirely new and modern principles from entirely new designs—no old patterns were used to hamper the good working qualities of the new features.

Possesses labor and fuel-saving devices which are entirely new—triple, triangular grates, enameled steel reservoir and special flue construction.

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