

The Catholic Record.

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

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Bellman, Speed These Up the Stairway.

Bellman, see: the hour approacheth—
Speed these up the stairway
Of the beauteous and solemn
And the bells of rapture waken

Bellman, tell them of the story
Wonderful, though entry seldom
Beautiful, though oft narrated
Through a thousand times recited

Spell them with the annual golden
Thrill them with the legend truthful
Of the jubilation—
Of the miracle of heaven.

Bellman, tell them of the Mighty
Of mankind the great Creator—
King of whom all things are fearful:
Of the Spirit eye existing—
Of the God of all the ages!

Tell them how this God all potent
Took the flesh of His created:
How with a stable manger
When the stars, like lamps suspended
From the firmament, glowed calmly
In the stillness of the night time

When the snow wreaths on the mountain
Glistened like the dew's trembling
On drift of spray and blossoms
How, when everything that bursters
How, when the world was new
Steam and leaf, and flow' and blossom
Wind and wave, and bird nocturnal
Heard that in the wild tracks
Provehc salw, at every motion
Brambles were and dry leaves crackling—
Seemed as silent as the nation

As it lay in fear prostrated
Waiting the Divine pronouncement:
Tell them how, when earth and heaven
Voiceless hung in expectation
Christ the Saviour was born—
He, the promised One, was born.

Then, the magic tale recited,
Cry, O Bellman! full and solemn—
Cry in accents loud and ringing:
"O, ye bells! ring out your rapture
In a flood of music thrilling
In a psalm of heaven suggestive,
In a myriad vibrations!"

"Till they, from their trance of wonder
By thy tone, are breathing roused,
Ring in caustics delighted:
Or, as the work of God's hand!
He hath sent to all the nations
Peace long promised and redemption!

Blessed be this God who saves us—
He hath sent His Son to save us—
He hath sent the Child Redeemer—
Glorious to the world's end
Glorious to the height of Ages!
Glorious to the Aye Extending!

Bellman, see: the hour approacheth—
Speed these up the stairway
Of the beauteous and solemn
And the bells of rapture waken

—T. C. Murray, in Cork Examiner.

A STARLED JOURNEY.

A little Maine poet had written a star-song. A shimmer of stardust was in it, perhaps—she did not know—but she sent it to the local paper, as a Christmas offering.

The editor, on receiving it, growled out something a good way from gratitude. But then, there! Christmas was coming and his readers expected something for the season, he did not care what! So down it went to the printers. To say truth, his literary larder was pretty empty, as its like are apt to be.

The shabby hotel of this eastern town had less its summer smartness. Kept especially for tourists, its winter patronage dropped with the mercury to zero. Therefore, the sudden appearance there of a Philadelphian, young, handsome and apparently wealthy, with his fine clothing and city ways, drew more notice in December than it could possibly have done the preceding August.

"Name's Ashton. Been here before!" drawled the lean landlord. "Business? Yes. — Ice business. Goin' down the Kennebec." And a puzzled lot of native inquirers were pacified.

The young man had strolled into a side room to avoid embarrassing inspection and look for a paper. The *Boston Journals* were all old ones.

"A very ancient and fish-like smell," muttered the would-be reader, flinging them down, disgusted with the literal aspect of his quotation. A cleaner sheet lay beside them. He opened it—and lo! the *Star Song*! His wrath rose; no news, no anything, in this snow-buried hole! Trains cancelled on the new narrow gauge road!

"Snewed up at Mattabumpus," they told him. He raged inwardly; then, suddenly, laughed at the mix of things. What could he expect of a Maine poet, snowed up at Mattabumpus? But he had not come down into Maine to be grinned at by the natives and read local "poems." Not he! He would drive over to the next station, take Antoine, the silent Canadian, to guide him, and foot it, if need were, through the woods to the nearest point on the Grand Trunk. English and broad gauge that, with sure trains!

Comforted by this, he took up the paper again, looking for time-tables. Alas, time and trains were missing; but there was the *Star Song*! This time he read it:

The Star of Fame, it shineth out
Sharp on the wintry sky
Yet, through the pale rifts of doubt,
A fairer descends
For ah, the poor and lowly!
What softly blesteth them?
But the star Divine that to earth came down
And shone on the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Star of Love, it gazeth down
With sweet entrancing eyes
It proffers earth a passion-crown
Of roses born to die
Too soon their slender stalketh
O' changeless diadem
'Tis this I seek—I would journey on—
I too—'er the sands of Bethlehem.

The Star of Gold will never cease
To lead our steps astray;
The fount of grace, the palms of peace
Light up the narrow way
O'er desert's bare and burning
Lead on, celestial King
Till the earth-bells ring and the angels sing.
He hath bowed to the Christ, at Bethlehem!

When he had finished, Paul Ashton stood still a moment. Nor did he laugh at the little poet.

He set out for the next narrow gauge station as he had planned, not without some natural discussion on the part of mine host, who did not fail to improve the occasion for the usual group, gathered to see the stranger start.

"That goes a feller that don't know where he's goin'." Drifted down to Bumpus past all tellin'; Joe sez! Jerusalem! hem cokerels dew take resks—big ones!"

"He's goin' after Antoine, he sez. That's boss sense, anyhow," retorted a sharp lauffer, who read the situation in the landlord's crest-fallen face. "I tell ye, Antoine knows our road better'n Parson Stubbs duz that to heaven!"

At which hit arose some protest, but more laughter.

The young Philadelphian found the road better than he expected. With careful driving his spirited nag overcame a few big drifts triumphantly, and for most of the way he had leisure to look about him. He beheld a world in white. Long, exquisite, shadows lay in pearly tones on the snow-crust. He devised a fairy tale wherein he could put the shining road, and the silver fields, the hills of pearl and the enchanted pine forest. Now and then the wind sweeping in gusts, would toss the fir-boughs and pine tassels high in the air, whirling down their snow wreaths in dazzling, stinging spray.

Their giant limbs sprang into intense relief, black against white; each cluster of needles proffered its tiny tuft of glitter. Here and there in the woods a sheltered spot, nearly bare, was beautiful with running evergreen and the miniature ground pine. Paper birch leaves still clung to their tough boughs tinting the white with a russet brown that was close to gold. He thought him how he had once heard a keen critic say, "No wonder the Russians crown their cities with gilded domes and gilded spires. They know, with true instinct, that snow should be wedded with color."

The intense purity of it all was only deepened by these stray color-touches. And what was like it? A white dove? A gull's wing? A child's innocence? Yes, a babe—the Holy Child Jesus! And His whitest ever known on this stained earth. The *Star Song* came back to him and with it a melody, a repeated chorus,

I, too—I, too—I, too, 'er the sands to Bethlehem.

He caught himself up sharply. Why, that was a prayer! And he was not ready to pray.

At the next town he found Antoine, his old guide, who reported the drifts deep in the railway cuts and gorges, but not impracticable across open country. So they set out again, with fresh horses, for the longer ride.

They fairly flew over the snow. The outlines of walls and fences took on a blurred roundness as they passed, every angle vanished, a pale, unearthy softness held the world. It strengthened the nearness of the skies; the steadfast blue seemed close over his head. He was restive, as under the felt approach of One invisible.

They came to a small river, now a pale ice floor, the wind having swept of the snow. Pearly, translucent and silent, it lay outspread, and yet that calm crystal was vitalized by a sense of tidal throbbing below, swinging on surly to the sea—a felt undertone in depths of darkness—one with the other unseen forces drawing round him. As the horses sped on, it seemed to him like a leaving behind him of life, this winged flight into the great white silences.

Still that melody haunted him. It came from somewhere in a very remote past, when he was a small boy and his grandmother "toted him off" to prays or meetings, as he absurdly told himself. But all the same, laugh or not—it was melody.

"I, too—I, too," it sang with strange pathos in the remembered strain. And why not he, too? He pushed off the idea, but it came back.

That Oriental journey was purposeful, he owned that. How unlike his own projected tramp of wilfulness, into these woodlands! They were men of wisdom.

But the sharp cold began to penetrate his fur-trimmed overcoat, despite its weight. "They were, at least, warm, on that palm tree journey!" he said to himself, "but I am half frozen. It is cold out in space"—his thought ran on—cold everywhere away from God. He is the centre of life, warmth and glory. They were wise, who journey thitherward. But he—he was journeying away—into polar regions, into great desolation! And he shivered again.

"Confound this ride!" he shouted to the silent Antoine, who gazed at him in pitying wonder.

"We shall arrive, in a little moment," answered the man in his soft patois. Then, by way of encouragement, he shyly added, "And it ees soon the blessed Christmas."

There it was again! The taciturn Canadian had brightened at the word. This poor fellow, in all his poverty, knew its warmth and light. It was he—the wealthy, the cultured, the elegant—who was suffering. Here was physical cold, and gold would not warm him! He jingled some coins in his pocket with an angry sense of their worthlessness. He had journeyed into Maine for gold!

Much of his time had been spent abroad. He remembered the Italian peasantry and how the children's faces glowed at the mention of the Crib and the Bambino. It was a world-wide

warmth. And he was shivering—actually and spiritually Blessed Mother! That was purity—alone, here in the wilds of Maine—and it was all his own fault, his own wilful fault and folly!

A pathetic figure seemed to rise before him and a voice, like none other, cried in sadness—"Ye would not come to me that ye might have life!"

Other men heard and came, men and throngs. He thought of the English cathedrals, the crowded churches in Catholic Europe. "I, too, merciful Lord! I cannot live alone, in Thy universe. I, too, would come!" It was his first soul aspiration, his first cry to heaven.

Then other thoughts came, thick and fast. They, the wise men, carried gold—well, he had gold to offer! But he was unworthy to present any sacrifice—he knew his own past! Yet a remembered prayer came to his aid. "We beseech Thee to accept this, our bounden duty and service." Duty—yes, he could do that! And what else did the Christians say? "Not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences through Jesus Christ, Our Lord." A swift Amen flashed out of his heart and was caught by the recording angel.

He turned to his companion with a swift thought of human brotherhood. They were journeying together toward the Christ of the Christmas, perhaps some of the gold might be offered now. He remembered that his comrades had called him impulsive—well, perhaps he was!

A few kindly questions brought out the tale of Antoine's patient endurance of hardships and poverty. And the telling brought quiet gold of swift relief.

"It is for the blessed Christmas, Antoine," said with native feeling the guide saw that words were needless.

The rest and comfort of the little inn, where he stopped for the night, brought unutterable cheer. A strange brightness had come over everything and a strange, new warmth. "Yes," he said to himself, "I have indeed journeyed!" How little he had dreamed of this when he left home!

How little even when snow-bound in the wilds! He knew the charm of the Maine woods; but this was different; to reverse his whole life, as it were in a moment, in what seemed such an absurd, improbable way looked at from his old standpoint, but which now came to him as a white, star-lit experience, not without power peculiar to itself. He had journeyed, heaven had led him on and the Christ was found—as of one and sought! Him not!

The blessed Christmas had come to meet him. Was it not beautiful and gracious?

Early next morning he took train for the nearest junction; thence, making his way down the Kennebec. But he finally reached the great white ice-houses, sources of easy income to their owners and representing well invested capital. All around clustered small, rough cottages for the permanent "hands" and big boarding-houses of the rudest sort for the great gangs of Canadians, employed in the season of cutting and harvesting.

A couple of sharp lads drew near to inspect the stranger, true New England gamins, with a certain lean poverty clinging to them as if by right of inheritance. The older one pointed to his overcoat.

"Do see him, Bill! Ain't he a daisy, though? Hush, don't you know? I tell ye he's the Ice Company, the chap is!"

Paul Ashton also took in details, on his part, but with kindly scrutiny; the shabby clothing of the lads, so poorly protecting them from the sharp river-wind, their worn shoes and pinched faces.

"My pa's lame. Awful! Got hurt on the ice," said the older, in reply to a word of questioning. "And ma's sick, too," chimed in the other, yet without excitement, as if both facts were of the sort to be expected.

"I'm glad I came," muttered Ashton. Our superintendent means well, but I shall have to supervise these cases."

It was again the call of human brotherhood, and, this time it definitely called him. This was his field; these were his own men, his own direct responsibility.

He went at once to the superintendent, a genial man, whom he had met and been pleased with. "A kindly optimist—a good manager and money-maker for the Company" thought Paul as the personage in question proffered cordial welcome, glad to see him and glad to talk about the men.

"Poor fellows! We have to turn a great many away. Tough to do it, too! They come crowding down from Canada, more than we can possibly employ! I had, of them without a cent, mostly ill clad, not a few feeble—totally unfit to go on the ice. It's rough work, you see, and desperately cold. The river-winds whistle, and they have to work in snow-storms and run risk of an ice-bath, if at all clumsy. Sick men have to send off!"

"But where do they go?" inquired Ashton, suddenly roused.

"Can't tell," snapped the other, dryly. Paul suggested charity. The answer was prompt. "We are giving charity, now, and in the best way. Work and good wages are Godsend to

all these. They get money they could earn in no other way, and at the very time of year when they most need it. When other work fails, ice is sure! And it supports their families. Yes, we pay well and try to encourage good men; there are plenty, though, that gamble and drink and make their pay a curse."

"I see," answered Ashton, and turned away. It all shone out, luminous, before him. "I do see," he repeated to himself—"Here is poverty, sickness, hardship—and vice super-added. My work is here—and wider than I thought. Broader and deeper and higher, like all the thought of God! I must be about my father's business!"

The superintendent was plainly a good man, and from his point of view—that of a sensible man of affairs—the Ice Company was doing its full duty to its employees. But did he think so? That was the question. And would the Christ think so? At the Bar of Divine Judgment, he standing on one side and this mob of workmen on the other, how would it be?

"And over yonder is my Father's house!" he whispered, as a tiny mission chapel came in sight, its golden cross flashing in the transfiguration of the sunlight. Some servant of God was laboring in this cold, dreary field; would he not be glad of gold for charity and of a helping hand? He bent his steps thitherward. The divine star was marking his path, moving straight before him. The good priest gave him royal welcome. What could be more opportune than this wondrous visit, for the poor of his flock?

"Come to us, my son, for divine service," he said cordially, "To-morrow is the Eve of Christmas and we all rejoice!"

The young man gave glad assent. It was too late to reach Philadelphia; besides, his duty was here. Yet the good missionary clung to him with scrutinizing gaze, as of one anxious; was this another like the rich young ruler, who came to Christ, but went away sorrowful? At last, he spoke:

"Thou knowest I am glad of thy gift—but what of the giver? The good tone touched the Philadelphian. He answered frankly:

"I did not journey into these snowlands to find the blessed Christmas! Indeed, no! Far from it!—But, my Father, I have found it."

The face of the other shone with sympathy as his benediction fell,—
"The Lord be merciful to thee, my son!"

To his life's end Paul Ashton never forgot that Christmas spent with the Lord's poor, the first his own bounty had helped to brighten. Again, he heard the poet's song,

But ah, the poor and lowly—
Who seek us, my son, for divine service,
But the star Divine that to earth came down
And shone on the Babe of Bethlehem!

The Angelus rang out the seraphic greeting of peace on earth, good will to men, from the little chapel; the late-rising sun flung gleams of tender rose among the snow-tins, and on poor Antoine and the mission priest, the little poet and the wealthy Philadelphian, that Christmas blessing had alike fallen, in a new form of unexpected joy. Caroline D. Swan in *Donahoe's Magazine*.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Among the pretty observances recorded in Mr. Janvier's *Century* article on Christmas observances in Provence is the adoration of the shepherds, which is interpolated in the Mass. He says:

By some means only a little short of a miracle, a way was opened through the dense crowd along the centre of the nave from the door to the altar, and up this way with their offerings real shepherds came—the quaintest procession that anywhere I have ever seen.

In the lead were four musicians, playing upon the tambourin, the gaitanet, and the bagpipe like *carlasmus*; and then, two by two, came ten shepherds wearing the long, brown, full cloaks, weather-stained and patched and mended, which seem always to have come down through many generations and which never by any chance are new; carrying tucked beneath their arms their battered felt hats browned, like their cloaks, by the long warfare with sun and rain; holding in one hand a lighted candle and in the other a staff. The two leaders, dispensing with staves and candles, bore garlanded baskets: one filled with fruit—melons, pears, apples and grapes—and in the other a pair of doves, which with sharp, quick motions turned their heads from side to side as they gazed wonderingly on their strange surroundings, with their bright, beauriful eyes.

Following came the main offering—a spotted lamb. Most originally, and in a way poetically, was this offering made. Drawn by a mild faced ewe, whose fleece had been washed to a wonder of whiteness and who was decked out with bright, colored ribbons in a way to unning with vanity her sheepish mind, was a little two-wheeled cart—all garlanded with laurel and holly, and bedizened with knots of ribbon and pink paper roses and glittering little objects such as are hung on Christmas trees in other lands. Lying in the cart placidly, not bound

and not in the least frightened, was the dazzling white lamb, decked like the ewe with knots of ribbon and wearing about its neck a red collar brilliant to behold. Now and then the ewe would turn to look at it, and in response to one of these wistful maternal glances, the little creature stood up shakily on its nudly long legs and gave an anxious baa. But when a shepherd bent over and stroked it gently, it was reassured; lying down contentedly again in its queer little cart of triumph, and thereafter through the ceremony remaining still.

Behind the cart came ten more sheep heads, and in their flock, each with a lighted candle in hand. There is difficulty indeed, in keeping this part of the demonstration within bounds, because it is esteemed an honor and a privilege to walk in the procession of the offered lamb.

Slowly this strange company moved toward the altar, where the ministering priest awaited its coming; and at the altar steps the bearers of the fruit and the doves separated, so that the little cart might come between them and their offering, he made complete, while the other shepherds formed a semicircle in the rear. The music was stilled, and the priest accepted and set upon the altar the baskets; and then extended the paten that the shepherds, kneeling, might kiss in token of their offering of the lamb. This completed the ceremony. The tambourin and gaitanet and palets and carlasmus all together struck up again, and the shepherds and the lamb's cart passed down the nave between the files of candle-bearers and so out through the door.

Within the last sixty years or so this naive ceremony has fallen more and more into disuse. But it still occasionally is revived—as at Barbentane in 1868, and Rognonas in 1894, and repeatedly within the last decade in the sheep-raising parish of Mansane—by a Cure who is at one with his flock in a love for the customs of ancient times. Its origin assuredly goes back far into antiquity; so very far, indeed, that the story played by the musicians in the procession seems by comparison quite of our own time; yet tradition ascribes the composition of these airs to the good King Rene, whose happy rule over Provence ended more than four centuries ago.

A CANADIAN RELIGIOUS ORDER.

Final Approval of the Order of the Sisters of the Precious Blood—Celebration in Toronto.

The unusual sight of a convent illuminated from every window might have been witnessed by the wayfarer whose steps led by the convent of the Precious Blood on St. Joseph street, Toronto, on the evening of December 23, the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The illumination was but a small part of the manifestation of joy over the most important event that can occur in the existence of a religious order—the final approval of its Rule by the Holy Father.

Most of our readers are aware that the community of the Sisters of the Precious Blood is—as all things Canadian—of comparatively recent origin, having been founded in 1861 at St. Hyacinthe, Que., by the present superior of the order, Rev. Mother Catharine. Of those associated with Mother Catharine at that time there is but one left, Mother St. Joseph, superior of the order in Toronto. It seems a special mark of divine favor that the rule of this community should have received so soon the final approval of the Supreme Pontiff, and it is a great happiness to the members to receive the Rule almost as it was presented to His Holiness.

Three days of special prayer, of praise and thanksgiving have been devoted in every house of the order to the celebration of this auspicious event—at the mother house in St. Hyacinthe, Que., at Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Three Rivers, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oregon, U. S. A. and the last foundation, Nicolet, Que. The manner of celebration in Toronto may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The triduum began on Sunday, Mass being celebrated with Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Benediction being given at the usual hour in the afternoon—4:30. The same ceremonies were repeated on Monday. On Tuesday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, at 9 o'clock, solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kelly, C. S. B., with Rev. Father Montreuil, C. S. B., deacon, and Mr. Sullivan, sub-deacon. The Sisters' choir furnished the music, which was a most devotional character. The sanctuary was most elaborately and artistically decorated, yet in such manner as not to distract but rather to fasten one's attention to the solemn ceremonies. At 1 o'clock Grand Vespers were sung by the Reverend Fathers of St. Basil's with five ecclesiastics, Rev. Father Kelly, C. S. B., officiating. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given, and in presence of the Blessed Sacrament the forty assembled nuns pronounced aloud and with one voice the solemn renewal of their vows.

Immediately afterwards a procession

A Flower of the Manger.

Did you ever hear the story of the little Morning Glory? How it always bloomed on Christmas when the world was young and fair. White its calice was, and slender its whose depths a glowing flame of Nestled, waiting for the advent of the baby morning air.

Just one day it bloomed—then faded. But that happy day it shined. Drooping o'er the baby's cradle where the fate first laid his head. Planted there by angel fingers, Watched by lightest wind that flutters Just between the earth and Paradise, when summer days are dead.

Happy task and happy dower! Blooming there to make a tower For the highplace of the Saviour—just one little day of earth. Then to fold its silver calice Leave a world of sin and malice. To return a gain to Paradise where beauty gave it birth.

But an all a win came stealing While the Christmas bells were pealing Whiskered to the dropping calice of the world so wide and fair. And the soft, luminous story, Touched the little Morning Glory And it wished for one brief instant, that its place might, too, be there.

Just as wish! The answer meets us, Where the Morning Glory grows us Variegated in its splendor, now no longer pure and white. And the dainty winds, whose story Lured the little Morning Glory, Kiss no more its tender blossoms as they open to the light.

—Nellie Moriarty in *Catholic Columbian*.

was formed to visit the different shrines that had been erected in every part of the convent. Processions seem to be the most natural means of expressing publicly the feelings of the heart. They appeal directly to us, they affect us, they elicit our sympathies with their object as nothing else can, and a religious procession is wonderfully calculated to inspire devotion. The procession of the day was no exception.

The Sisters filed out of the chapel preceding the procession, their soprano voices chanting as they passed on through the house the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, while the refrain "She labors concepts" was taken up with wonderful effect by the deep voices of the priests and ecclesiastics at the head of the procession which was making its way through the cloister.

As they moved up the staircase, the statue of the Sacred Heart standing in a niche effectively surrounded by ruby-tinted gossamer clouds through which glowed the red ligas eloquent of burning love, was passed. Up into the corridor out of which the nuns' cells open, a shrine was met from which hung scrolls bearing every invocation of the Litany and gleaming with lights. On the procession moved to the extreme east end of the corridor, where another shrine is erected, where two more brilliantly-lighted shrines are visited at either end of the corridor. The procession now returns downstairs; a visit is made to the Refectory, thence upstairs again to the novitiate. Here the centre of the shrine is a representation of the Blessed Virgin as a child of three, when presented in the Temple by her parents. In the corridor outside stands an effigy of the Holy Father in full canonicals holding out the Decree of Approval of the Rule. Finally the community room is reached, and here the procession ranges on either side of the beautiful shrine erected at the end of the room. Hymns are sung, one being the composition of a member of the community in commemoration of the event. Then back to the chapel, where the last prayer is said, the final hymn sung. No all the shrines erected in the house have been visited by the procession; that would be impossible, for in every single room used by the community shrines have been erected, and before them lights are burning.

But the great day must end even though prolonged for the nonce by the very special permission to the community of remaining up till 10 o'clock. Down at the mother house in St. Hyacinthe, in Catholic Quebec, the day closes with a great illumination of the convent, with wonderful transparencies of the Pope and the founders of the Order. There can be no such display here, but a voice asks why not some echo of such demonstration? The word is given and from roof to basement, from turret to turret, the convent for one brief hour is ablaze of lights, and then the celebration is over—History has been made.

\$100,000 for Bishop Keane's Sermon.

Since Archbishop Keane retired from the rectorship of the Catholic University, Mr. P. B. O'Brien, a prominent Catholic of New Orleans, has died, leaving \$150,000 to the university. The *Baltimore Sun* thus explains how the bequest came to be made:

"When Mr. O'Brien drew up his will six or seven years ago, he left in it \$50,000 to the university, and this, to all appearances, was the full amount he intended to leave to the institution. Later on he was present at St. Patrick's Church, in New Orleans, when Bishop Keane preached a sermon. Mr. O'Brien was so forcibly impressed by the preacher that he added \$100,000 to his former bequest."

Then (in the day of judgment) the poor and humble shall have great confidence, and the proud shall fear on every side.—The Imitation.

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A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID. Author of "Armine," "Phillip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III. AN OCEAN ACQUAINTANCE.

"Now," said Cecil, "is not this delightful? And do you not feel better already?" She spoke to a lady who leaned on her arm as they stepped together on the deck of the great ocean steamer, which, with wings spread to the favoring breeze, was cleaving her way through the outspread liquid plain toward the Old World.

"Oh," she said, "I really cannot stand it! You must let me go down again."

"No, no," said Cecil, inflexibly. "Now that you are here, you must stay. I will make you very comfortable, and you need not look at the waves if you don't like. But where is Mr. Marriott? He ought to be here to arrange your chair."

"Can I be of any assistance?" he asked, courteously.

"Please look among those deck chairs"—pointing to a row folded up, standing on end—"for one that has 'Marriott' or 'Lorimer' written on the back, and place it for this young lady."

"My dear Cecil, I can never stay!" remonstrated the latter.

"Oh, yes, you can!" Cecil answered, with a cheerful positiveness. "That is one of our chairs," she added as the gentleman who had volunteered his services drew one from the ranks.

"Now I will kindly open it?" He not only opened, but found a secure, sheltered position for it; and when a maid came up with her arms full of rugs and wraps, he assisted very deftly in arranging them for the pale girl, who, finding remonstrance useless, resigned herself, and sank into the seat, provided for her.

"Now I am sure that in a little while you will feel better," said Cecil, covering her up. "If you do not, of course we must submit to let you be miserable in your own way; but even for misery I think this is better than that close state room."

Then, having folded the soft wraps all around the passive figure, she turned to the gentleman who had come to their assistance.

"We are very much obliged," she said, graciously. "You have been very kind."

"I am happy to have been of use," he answered, lifting his hat. As he walked away, he smiled a little—a smile that was for Miss Lorimer's princess-like tone. It was neither naught nor patronizing, but simply that of one who condescended a little in addressing her fellow-creatures—a tone that might have been offensive had it not been so evidently unconscious.

But, recognizing this unconsciousness, the man whom she had just addressed thought that the manner suited her appearance—the appearance which he had admired during the two or three days they had been on shipboard together.

He was alone, and not very sociably inclined, so he had the more leisure to observe the beautiful, stately girl, who had indeed been followed by many eyes beside his own, as she walked up and down the deck during the first day or two out, when she was almost the only lady visible.

He was himself a man at whom most women would have glanced twice, and to whom they might have been gracious in a different fashion from Cecil's. Tall and slender, with a firmly-knit and admirably proportioned figure, there was a look of distinction about him which was quite unmistakable.

The stamp of race was set upon him from the top of his slender yet muscular-looking hands. Under favorable circumstances he would have been a handsome man, but just now he looked worn and ill; his refined features were sharply outlined, the pallor of his skin was perceptible even through the bronze which the sun had laid upon it, and there was a shadow of sadness or care in his dark, somber eyes.

He found his own chair, and established himself with a book in a quiet corner; but it was impossible not to glance now and then toward the invalid whom he had aided in establishing, and the graceful, elastic figure that hovered around her—now sitting down for a few minutes, then taking a turn or two on the deck; but whether sitting, standing, or walking, ever full of life, movement, ease and grace.

In truth, as Cecil was at that time remarking, the air of the ocean had upon her a stimulating effect.

"It is so strange to see you lying there pale and indifferent," she said to her friend. "This air acts upon me like a divine nectar and tonic. I do not feel as if pain could exist in the world."

"Do you not?" observed her listener, languidly. "Then I only wish I could give you my sensations for a time."

"Poor Grace! I wish I could take them," was the quick answer. "If I only could, you would be on your feet in five minutes, enjoying all this glorious day and scene."

"And you would be lying here? I cannot fancy that. I am sure your will would be strong enough to overcome even a rebellious stomach."

Cecil laughed. "You are getting better," she said. "Until I brought you up on deck you had not energy enough to be sarcastic. But indeed I always felt great sympathy with the character in one of the eerie stories of Poe, with which I used to curdle my blood when I was a child, who declared that 'man does not yield himself to death save through the weakness of his own feeble will.'"

"Then I shall expect you to be a female Wandering Jew," said Cecil.

"Am I so very strong in will? Every one accuses me of it; but it is not an amiable or a desirable characteristic."

"It is not unamiable—in you," said Grace Marriott. "Most willful people are very selfish, but I do not think you would insist upon having your own way if it would injure any one else."

"I hope not," said Cecil, seriously. "But one cannot be sure. One is always liable to be betrayed by the defects of one's qualities. I suppose I ought to cultivate humility and deference to the opinions of others, but nature is very strong in me."

"Nature is strong in most of us," said Grace; "but perhaps"—with a glance at the spirited profile beside her—"stronger in you than in most people. If it is true that we can gain happiness and peace only by subduing nature, I am sorry for the struggle that is before you."

Cecil glanced at her with a slightly startled look. "The struggle!" she repeated. "Is there a struggle before me? I am not sure that I care to subdue my natural impulses. So long as they do no harm to others, why should I?"

"The answer to that would lead us very far," said her companion, "and I am hardly in condition either to argue or expound. You remind me of an untired soldier, my dear Cecil—all bravery, ardor, and self-confidence. I am afraid the last, at least, must be a little shaken. But here comes John—in time to put a stop to my prophecies."

There was a great contrast between the pale, delicate speaker and the stout, good-looking man on the sunny side of middle-age, with his general air of prosperity and satisfaction with life, who now came up. But they were brother and sister, nevertheless, though with a wide gulf of years between them—one being the eldest and the other the youngest of a large family—and a wider gulf of different tastes and sympathies. Sensitive, intellectual, artistic to her fingertips, Grace Marriott was now on her way to Europe to complete her studies in art, while her brother was crossing over to visit his family—his wife finding it more entertaining to live abroad than in America, and having an excellent excuse in the education of the children; while Mr. Marriott was himself one of the obliging husbands who spend their days in the accumulation of means to support an establishment in Paris or Dresden, where they are received as guests once or twice a year.

"So, Grace, you are out at last, are you?" he said as he came up. "I hope you are feeling better? I knew you would once you were on deck. You ought to have let me bring you up yesterday."

"Yesterday was too rough," said Cecil. "She would not have enjoyed it. But I am sure she is better for being out to-day."

"You brought her up, did you?" said Mr. Marriott, regarding the speaker with an admiring smile. "I would have been on hand if I had known; but I fancy you were the best person, after all. You were made to carry everything before you, Miss Cecil."

"So Grace has just been telling me," said Cecil. "But I looked for you when we came on deck. I wanted you to arrange the chair and settle her comfortably. I could not leave her to do it, and Maria has not got her sea legs at all."

"I should think not," said Mr. Marriott, with a laugh—for Maria (Miss Lorimer's maid) had been so far from speaking helplessly. "I went to the smoking-room, and I stayed a little longer than I intended," he added; "but of course you had no difficulty in finding somebody to arrange things for you."

"Oh, not the least!" said Cecil carelessly. "There is always a man to do such things; but one prefers not to accept services from strangers."

"That depends on the stranger," observed Grace. "This one was very kind, and evidently a gentleman."

"Without doubt," said Cecil; "but one prefers an acquaintance. Now, Mr. Marriott, what do you think of a turn up and down the deck?"

Mr. Marriott replied that he would be delighted, having the usual restlessness of masculine humanity on board ship, and being not at all averse to the pleasure of such a companion. So, after enquiring if there was anything Grace wanted, or was likely to want, and having received an assurance in the negative, Miss Lorimer walked away with him.

They had not been gone very long before a pair of observant eyes perceived that Grace's position had become less pleasant. Her chair had at first been placed in shadow, but the sun in travelling towards the meridian had found her out, and shone down

upon her with uncomfortable brightness. She looked around when she became conscious of this, but neither her brother nor Cecil was in sight. Then she pulled a veil over her face, but the glare was still disagreeable. To rise, however, was impossible: she could not have trusted herself on her feet for an instant without support, apart from the fact that she was wrapped like a mummy in folds from which she could not have disembarrassed herself without assistance. She closed her eyes, therefore, and resigned herself to the position—but only to be startled the next moment by a pleasantly-modulated voice saying over her head:

"Pardon me, but I think you are uncomfortable. Shall I not move your chair?"

She looked up to see the same dark, clear but face that bent over her before. Its kindness and courtesy were alike unmistakable.

"You are very good," she said. "I do find the glare disagreeable; but it is so troublesome to rise, and my friends will be here in a short time."

"There is no reason why you should rise," said the gentleman. "I can draw your chair into the shade without disturbing you."

He laid his hand on the back as he spoke, and drew it, evidently with ease, a few feet towards the shaded part of the deck.

"I hope that did not discompose you," he said as he paused.

"Not at all," answered Miss Marriott, smiling. "This is vastly more pleasant. Thank you very much. How kind of you to have observed that the sun had found me out!"

"Oh, I felt myself responsible for your position since I had arranged it." Then, after a brief pause, and encouraged by her pleasant manner, "I hope you are feeling better?"

"Yes," she replied. "I must acknowledge that being on deck has helped me. I fought against coming, but my friend brought me up whether I would or no."

The stranger smiled a little, as he had smiled at Cecil's tone in thanking him. He was not surprised by this report of her arbitrary proceedings, but he made no comment—only remarked that it was always best in case of sea sickness to remain on deck as much as possible. "Especially when the weather is fine," he added; "for in what sailors call 'dirty weather,' ladies at least, must stay below."

"I hope we shall have no such weather," said Miss Marriott, anxiously.

"Oh, the Atlantic is certain to give us at least one rough tossing before it lets us go," he answered. "At this season we are certain of nothing but uncertain weather, you know."

"And icebergs. All our friends had something cheering to say about them before we started."

"It is too early for any serious danger from ice, I think. The bergs have hardly set out on their travels from the Arctic regions yet."

"Apart from the danger, I should like to see some of them," said Grace, with the artist shining in her eyes.

"They are really not much worth seeing," answered her companion, "except in extraordinary cases. If you ask our captain, I am sure he will tell you that there is nothing he would not rather see."

"Oh, of course!" she replied, with a laugh. "By such easy and commonplace steps these two were advancing toward acquaintance, when Cecil and Mr. Marriott returned. They were astonished to find that Grace's chair had shifted its position, until they perceived the young man who stood talking to her. As they approached, Grace said:

"Are you surprised to see that a mummy can move? But the sun invaded my corner, and this gentleman came to my assistance a second time, and drew me into the shade."

"Very kind of you," said Mr. Marriott, turning to the stranger, who on his part bowed and walked away. He did not wish these people to fancy that he desired to make their acquaintance. But Mr. Marriott followed him. "My sister has been twice indebted to you," he said. "Then he opened a passenger-list in his hands. "When people are shut up on shipboard together they should be sociable," he added. "This is as good an exchange of cards. Here is my name; will you point out yours?"

It was impossible to resist this frank friendliness, and indeed the other had no wish to do so. He indicated his name, and Mr. Marriott read it aloud. "Tyronnel. Ah, yes! A fine name—historical association and all that. Proves Irish descent."

"Naturally," was the reply. "I am an Irishman."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Marriott again. "Curious this thing of national types," he went on the next moment. "I see now that you could not be anything else."

When he rejoined his sister and Cecil, he explained his meaning more fully. "Any one who is at all cosmopolitan in his knowledge, can generally tell nationality at a glance," he said. "I have observed that man several times—there's a remarkable distinction about him—and I could not quite decide what he was. He has a foreign look, but I saw that he did not belong to the Continent, and he has too much grace and fire about him for an Englishman. But the matter is plain now—he is an Irishman, and every one knows that there is no finer type of gentleman in Europe than the Irish gentleman."

Mr. Marriott cultivated his new acquaintance after this, and when Cecil came on deck in the afternoon, for a promenade before dinner, he had

further information respecting him to give.

"I advise you to talk to that man," he said. "I think he would interest you. He is very cultivated, and has seen a great deal of the world; he is on his way from Australia to Ireland now."

"Then our voyage is only the end of a long journey for him," observed Cecil. "But one cannot talk to a man who does not give one the opportunity to do so."

"I'll provide the opportunity," said Mr. Marriott.

Not many minutes later he perceived the man of whom they spoke standing by the taffrail, looking westward, where the sun was going down in the tossing waves with a good deal of sunset pomp, and the long track of foam which the vessel left behind her was gilded with its parting rays. He started a little when Mr. Marriott, with Cecil on his arm, suddenly drew up near him.

"Promise of many more charming days in that," said the former, with an easy nod toward the sunset.

"I am not sure of it," answered the other, lifting his hat to the young lady. "It is not exactly a sky that sailors like, and I observe that the breeze is freshening in the northeast. I fear we shall have bad weather soon."

"You seem to be something of a sailor yourself," said Cecil, looking at him.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I have only the familiarity with the sea of one who has been on it a good deal."

"I have never been on it for a long voyage before," she said; "and I do not feel now as if I could ever again be content to be away from it. In fact, I want to take the longest voyage practicable—to go around the world."

"Very easily done in these days," said Mr. Marriott.

"But hardly worth doing unless with sufficient time," remarked their new acquaintance. "One should take two or three years for such a journey as that."

"Two or three years!" repeated Mr. Marriott. "Well, if you wanted to take out naturalization papers in every country on your route, perhaps so. But I could do the thing—"

"In eighty days?" asked Cecil, smiling.

"I should not care to attempt that, but in ten months with ease."

"I suppose it would be very easy to put a girdle around the earth in ten months," she said. "But, you see, my delight would be in the voyage, not in the end of it; so I would like to prolong it as much as possible. I wish there was some way to prolong this voyage! Why are people so anxious to reach the shore, where all their cares lie in wait for them? I should think that every one would be glad of the respite of being at sea, and would like to prolong such a period of rest."

"You forget that some of us have people on the shore whom we are very anxious to see," said Mr. Marriott; "and the rest are in a fever to take up again those cares of which you talk, as if you could know anything about them!"

Cecil lifted her head with the haughtiness which was always a natural impulse with her. What did this man know of her, that he should venture to take such an easy and familiar tone?

"If I knew nothing of human cares I should be a very extraordinary person," she said, coldly. "But here come the sailors to shift the sails. It is all a mystery to me, but I like to watch it."

While she watched it, the man leaning against the side of the ship watched her—the changing expressions of the beautiful, noble face—and wondered a little what the cares could be which she was anxious to prolong her voyage to escape.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

Il Santo Bambino Dell' Ara Cecil.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. (Mark x, 14.)

In the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome is a figure of our blessed Redeemer as a little helpless Child, which is held in great veneration by all devout Christians. For numerous favors have been obtained through invoking our blessed Lord in this holy spot, especially among the sick and infirm, and among the dear children of Him who had not whereon to lay His head—the poor.

Every year at Christmas tide Il Santo Bambino dell' Ara Cecil is honored by processions, devotions, and votive offerings; and inasmuch as He called the little children unto Him and blessed them in honor of His childhood, little children sing to Him and speak His praises at this festive season before the Santo Bambino.

For miles around the Eternal City, the people in the villages love and honor this devotion, and at Christmas-tide flock to Rome to obtain grace and blessing from their Infant Redeemer.

In a little village several miles from Rome, called Sant' Antonio dell' Alhermonte, lived a little boy with his grandmother. He was a good little boy, gentle and pious, and most unselfish—poor little Todo. Many and many a time he gave up his play-time to run messages for his grandmother, to go out into the woods and pick up sticks for the fire, or to fetch water, or to run messages for the richer neighbors to gain a few soldi for his Nonna. He never went to school without having heard Mass and paid a visit to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, and his

sweetness and modesty of demeanor won the love of all hearts for il piccolo Todo.

One winter, however, when he was nine years old, Todo fell very ill, and his grandmother was obliged to put him to bed and call in the doctor. The child was shivering, and yet burning hot. He could hardly breathe, and a racking cough gave him no rest. The doctor gave him some medicine and the grandmother did all she could to keep him quiet and help him to get well; but on Christmas Eve, Todo lying still as a mouse, the grandmother and the doctor thought he was asleep, and Todo heard the doctor tell the poor old woman that he would not be able to save her darling; that he could not last many days longer. The old woman cried and begged the holy Child Jesus to spare her little grandson, but as the hours went by there was no change for the better, and she could not believe there was the least hope of Todo's recovery.

Now Todo lay in bed thinking, and he was very sad. He loved his grandmother very dearly. He had meant to work very hard for her when he grew up, and had decided that when he grew rich she should have a pretty house, nice clothes, and rest all the time and amuse herself while he worked for her.

"Nonna," he called gently to her as she came near the bedside, "why are you crying? Is it true I am so ill?"

"Ah, Gesu! Maria!" she cried, the tears running down her cheeks. "The doctor says you are indeed ill, most ill, my Todo."

"Nonna," he said, after a long fit of coughing, "will not the good Gesu hear our prayers, and let me get well? Did you not tell me about the Santo Bambino dell' Ara Cecil? Tell me it again, Nonna mia."

"Ah, Il Santo Bambino," cried the grandmother. "Ah, truly, if we could go to Rome. And now since the wicked woman to whom it was carried when she was ill stole it, Il Santo Bambino is no more carried to the sick at their own homes."

"Perhaps if we prayed He would come to us," said little Todo, his eyes full of tears. "Dear Nonna, He loves us, so we will pray with all our hearts, and who knows?"

The old woman cried bitterly. Little Todo was her all. She had had one daughter only, who, dying, had left her the little dark-eyed baby to comfort her, and the old woman loved the sweet little grandson better than anything else in the world. Now she was going to lose him; and the thought of her lonely life pierced her heart like a sharp sword. Her little Todo, with his winning ways, his loving thoughtfulness, was he going to leave her? Must she see him carried out to the cemetery and laid in the ground, and drag out the remainder of her life in solitude? But it was Christmas Eve, and she must now go to confession to prepare for the great feast day, and drying her eyes she put little Todo comfortable, and promising to hurry back from church, she went out into the cold night air.

As soon as she was gone, Todo sat up in bed, breathed a prayer from the depth of his heart, and at last slipped out of bed. Then with a great deal of coughing and gasping for breath, he dressed himself, put his little bed tidy, making a heap in the middle to protect what he was lying in bed covered with his clothes, and wrapping a sheepskin cloak around him, he opened the door of the little cottage and looked out.

It had been snowing, and the ground was white and dazzling in the bright moonlight; many golden stars were twinkling in the deep blue sky. They smiled upon him as the angels of God, poor Todo thought. The cold night air brought on a terrible fit of coughing which nearly cost him his life, and for a moment he stood deliberating on the doorstep, thinking he could not carry out his heroic plan.

But down in the village he saw the lights of the church shining through the colored windows, and he remembered the picture on the window over the altar of Jesus blessing little children. The thought of his grandmother armed him with supernatural courage, and he stepped out into the cold night to trudge to Rome to visit the Bambino dell' Ara Cecil.

The snow was not very deep; it was crisp and hard, but very slippery; in some places it was smooth as glass, for it was a very hard frost. Todo knew the way perfectly well, for in the summer he came very often to sell flowers or fruit from his grandmother's garden in the city, and his gentle manners and pretty face with its large wistful eyes brought him many customers.

But it was very different trudging along the hard, slippery snow, the north wind blowing against him and making him cough at almost every step, to running along in the bright summer mornings, now and then riding in the cart of one of the market gardeners, now walking in company with other boys when the air was cool and fragrant, and the sun was just beginning to dry the dew on the grass by the wayside.

"O Gesu," cried little Todo, "Thou wast a poor child also. Dear Gesu, bring me safe home to the Nonna, my own Gesu, I beg of Thee."

Todo had to sit down many times by the wayside, until a fit of coughing had left him. But after two or three hours' walking he found that his strength was beginning to fail him, and when at last he came in sight of the great city, and the twinkling lights seemed to mock at him for his weakness, he sank down on the ground and in an agony of grief and pain sobbed:

"Ah, Gesu! must I die and leave

the Nonna all alone? Maria! by the love loved each other, help He crawled on his

for a little while, and ward on his face, utter go on. His breath see his eyes closed, a chill over him. He had a ing that this was dead

"Thy will be done," Lord Gesu, reed Gentle arms raised sweet fragrance reviv boy. He was able to look at his deliverer.

"Ah, dear Gesu," hst heard my prayer, thank thee with all m For he was in the ful angel with robes of ness, on whose count smile of celestial sympathy which comfort

Swiftly and noise passed on through t great city. The bell for midnight Mass through the windows the faithful were hur with joy and thankg the Saviour of the w passed on with his Church of Santa Mari entering, he laid the in the place of heav right before the Divi

With the deepest Todo thanked the heard his prayer, and made quite well for sake.

Oh, marvel of strength was infused aching little body y Todo stood up—yo strong; he could n cracklings in his breathe, his poor, to ache, the fever no his veins.

Then as he knelt his ardent prayer o our compassionate took his hand, led the little boy by deliverance, while t by a witness of th And the priest bade Holy table, at the Mass, and as he kn altar and the priest the most Holy Comm the little boy as if rounded by throngs his heart almost br and love.

And when he had into his soul he was vine love, and he k to heart with Jesu and joy.

But as the day be the voice of the joy heaven, calling an brate the birth of thought him of his he left the church a homeward. He w heart so light and reached home as his out of the six o'clock not missed him; a heap in the centu she had fancied th and the doctor ha and, refreshing sl for the sick, h him come dancing street, she cried ou the ground.

"Ah, Todo," sh want to kill thse ter evan?"

"Nonna mia," singing for very j the Santo Bambino cured—I am cured! The neighbors f Todo told them of had borne him in and laid him at the Bambino in Santa

"Ah, Gesu!" mother—she was is the little child that Thou dost lov

Amid cries and tions Todo was bo to tell the Fra American monk, w boys of the village

"And," said T estness, clasping cifix in his hand, First Communion yes, I promised when I grew up I teach other little trust in Him, the

the Nonna all alone? Ah, Gesu! ah, Maria! by the love with which you loved each other, help poor Toto.

He crawled on his hands and knees for a little while, and at last fell forward on his face, utterly powerless to go on. His breath seemed to fail him, his eyes closed, a chill faintness came over him. He had a dim sense of feeling that this was death.

"Thy will be done," he tried to say. "Lord Gesu, receive my spirit." Gentle arms raised him tenderly, a sweet fragrance revived the fainting boy. He was able to open his eyes and look at his deliverer.

"Ah, dear Gesu," he sighed, "Thou hast heard my prayer. Dear angel, I thank thee with all my heart."

For he was in the arms of a beautiful angel with robes of dazzling whiteness, on whose countenance played a smile of celestial sweetness and compassion which comforted the sick boy.

Swiftly and noiselessly the angel passed on through the streets of the great city. The bells were ringing for midnight Mass, lights shone through the windows of every church, the faithful were hurrying to celebrate with joy and thanksgiving the birth of the Saviour of the world. The angel passed on with his burden to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and entering, he laid the sick child there in the place of heavenly benediction, right before the Divine Child.

With the deepest gratitude little Toto thanked the dear Lord, who had heard his prayer, and he begged to be made quite well for his grandmother's sake.

Oh, marvel of marvels! A new strength was infused into the weak, aching little body and feeble limbs. Toto stood up—yes, he was quite strong; he could no longer hear the cracklings in his chest when he breathed, his poor, tired head ceased to ache, the fever no longer burned in his veins.

Then as he knelt and poured forth his ardent prayer of thanksgiving to our compassionate Lord, the angel took his hand, led him to a priest, to whom the little boy told the wonderful deliverance, while the angel stood by as a witness of the truth of his tale.

And the priest bade him draw near the holy table, at the solemn midnight Mass, and as he knelt before the high altar and the priest approached with the most holy Communion, it seemed to the little boy as if he saw his Lord surrounded by throngs of holy angels, and his heart almost broke with gratitude and love.

And when he had received his Lord into his soul he was wrapped up in divine love, and he knelt for hours heart to heart with Jesus in an ecstasy of love and joy.

But as the day began to break, and the voice of the joyous bells rose up to heaven, calling an all the city to celebrate the birth of Jesus, Toto bethought him of his grandmother, and he left the church and wended his way homeward.

His heart so strong, his heart so light and buoyant, that he reached home as his grandmother came out of the six o'clock Mass. She had not missed him: seeing the clothes in a heap in the centre of the little bed, she had fancied that he was asleep, and the doctor had told her that a long, refreshing sleep was most needful for the sick boy. When she saw him come dancing along the village street, she cried out, and almost fell to the ground.

"Ah, Toto," she cried, "dost thou want to kill thyself? and how canst thou dance, thou who wast dying yesterday?"

"Nonna mia," he cried, his voice singing for very joy, "I have been to the Santo Bambino, and see I am cured—I am cured, Nonna carissima."

The neighbors flocked around, and Toto told them of the holy angel who had borne him in his arms to the city and laid him at the feet of the Santo Bambino in Santa Maria Maggiore.

"Ah, Gesu!" sobbed the grandmother—she was weeping for joy—"it is the little children who trust in Thee that Thou dost love so dearly."

Amid cries and tears and exclamations Toto was borne off to the church to tell the Fra Antonio, the kind Dominican monk, who taught the little boys of the village to read and write.

"And," said Toto, with deep earnestness, clasping his little wooden crucifix in his hand, "I have made my First Communion, and I promised—yes, I promised our dear Lord—that when I grew up I shall be a priest and teach other little boys to love Him and trust in Him, the dear Gesu."

Toto kept his promise. From that Christmas Day he spent all the time he was not working for his grandmother in study or prayer. With a noble generosity, he gave up everything that pleased him to serve God and his neighbor. He was duly ordained priest, and obtained leave from his superiors to begin work that had lain at his heart since his First Communion day. He took a house in the city and established a retreat for the poorest, most ignorant boys of the city. There they spent three months preparing for their First Communion, learning at the same time some useful trade. When he was obliged to send them away to make room for more little waifs, he sought among the pious tradespeople to apprentice them or place them. He never lost sight of any boy who had once been under his care; he was the father and the friend to thousands of little boys who had never known a word of kindness before. In spite of the cares and hard work with which he was overburdened, he lived to a good old age and was revered almost as a saint by all who knew him. Many and many a holy priest owed his vocation to the influence of the Padre del Poveri, as he was called. Many and

many of the most neglected, placed by the Padre in an honest calling, rose to be prosperous and respectable.

And at last, weighed down by the cares of so many souls and bodies, the Padre del Poveri fell ill himself. Still he worked to the very last. On Christmas Eve all his boys met in the little chapel attached to his house. All those who were able came from their homes or situations, and the Padre prepared them to receive the holy Communion on the great feast day. The last Christmas Eve he was on earth he was very weak, but he gathered his boys together and spoke to them with burning words of the love of Jesus. At last he fell back in the pulpit quite exhausted, and the young priest who assisted him begged him to take a little rest and not to tire himself by singing Mass at midnight.

"But," said the Padre, "I must give my children Communion for the last time."

The young priest begged him with tears in his eyes to take his advice for the sake of those who could ill spare their Padre.

"It is finished," said the Father of the poor, smiling. "I am going home to-night."

He came down to the little chapel at midnight, sang the Mass, gave Communion to his dearly loved children, and then knelt in the choir to make his fervent thanksgiving. The hours went by: the priests, who knew he spent all the night in prayer very frequently, took no heed until 6 o'clock, when the Father was used to say morning prayers with his boys. But when they went to call him, they found it was even as he had said. His dearly loved Lord had called his faithful servant to receive his everlasting reward.

Father of the poor.

AT A COUNTRY TEA PARTY IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A broad winding ribbon of dull Indian red, edged on each side with soft green sward, such is the appearance of the road leading westward from the little town of Summerside, and which, taking a few miles further up country, the name of the Great Western Road, leads to the North Cape, the extreme western limit of Prince Edward Island.

During a holiday visit to the little sea-girt Province last August, it was suggested that we should "take in" one of the country "Tea Parties," which have become quite an established institution in the Maritime Provinces. And it was on a very lovely summer morning, in the most comfortable of carriages, and driven by no less a person than the Mayor of the town, that we started on a drive to the Acadian parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the settlement of "Fifteen Point," where a Tea Party was being held.

The road along the shore of Bedeque Bay, famed for its oysters at one time, as Malpeque Bay, which, although on the north side of the Island, is but four miles distant, this being the narrowest part of the Province. The oysters, alas! have, through carelessness and waste on the part of the fishers, become scarce, and are now both rare and expensive.

After skirting the dancing waters of Bedeque Bay for a short distance, the road turns north passing through the almost deserted village of St. Eleonor, and then west through the model Acadian village of Miscouche.

All this part of the country of Prince Edward Island is of interest to the student of the early history of the Catholic Church in the Maritime Provinces for it was in olden days, the cradle of the Faith in Prince county. Sturdy Acadian farmers here abode in log huts, protected and encouraged in their faith by the Lord of the Manor, one Colonel Compton, who resided in St. Eleonor, and who, though, not himself a Catholic, and whose frequent and honored guest was the celebrated Abbe de Calonne, brother to the Finance Minister of France, whose career reads like a long romance, and who lies now at rest under a sanctuary in the old French Canadian city of Three Rivers, where he breathed out his holy soul in 1823.

The Abbe de Calonne came out to Prince Edward Island towards the close of the last century to see about some property there of which his brother was the proprietor. This property, now known as "the Warren Farm" lies across the river from Charlottetown—but the devoted Abbe de Calonne, when he saw the spiritual needs of the colony to which he had come, applied for and received the necessary faculties from the Bishop of Quebec, and, leaving a nephew in Charlottetown, to look after his property, started on a missionary tour throughout the whole Island. He had come from England in the same ship with Colonel Compton, and so well improved his time that the son and daughter of the gallant Colonel embraced the Catholic religion. Colonel Compton himself, though admitting himself "almost persuaded," refrained from taking the final step on account of the political extinction which his so doing would entail upon him, and remained an adherent of "Church and State," an adherent to a liberal and generous protection to Catholics.

The Abbe de Calonne was frequently a guest at the Manor of the Comptons; and then, tradition says, that he had a little log but built on the estate for himself, where he passed Lent leading a life of great austerity.

From the Compton estate the Acadians gradually migrated westward,

settling Miscouche, Fifteen Point, Egmont Bay, and the various French parishes which culminate in Tignish, the largest and most populous parish of the diocese, whose homesteads extend even to where the North Cape juts its rocky promontory into the tossing waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Miscouche, the first settled of these, is an extremely neat and pretty village, with a church and presbytery which reflect credit upon the taste and management of the young parish priest, the Rev. John A. Macdonald, under whose superintendence they have been built. Miscouche has also enjoyed for many a year the privileges of a convent school for its little girls, taught by Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, the mother house of which is in Montreal.

As we drove through Miscouche on the morning in question, it presented a rather deserted appearance, everybody having gone west to the "Tea Party." There was not much variety in the country through which we passed—but oh! the fertility of the land, the beautiful fields of grain waving on all sides—the warm coloring of the red soil ground, and the yellow corn, and then the bright green banks that skirt the road-way all along, these were all very far to see.

We had a good many stoppages on our way, for the Mayor is fond of mushrooms, and those fungi abound in this locality, so that every few moments a tempting patch of them would be espied, and a rapid descent and gathering would follow.

The tea, that had in the local papers been advertised to be "On the Tables at 10 o'clock," must have been several times replenished when we finally drew rein at Fifteen Point, and the tea grounds presented an animated scene. The entire parish was present, together with the greater number of Miscouche people, and a fair sprinkling from other parishes in the vicinity.

These Tea Parties began their existence as gatherings held with the view of raising money for parochial wants. As such they were patronized by so large a portion of the country population that politicians conceived the idea of utilizing them in carrying on their campaign. So, of course, the rival candidates for the coming Dominion election were at Fifteen Point, and so were the various senators and chief dignitaries of the county, and, of course, a goodly contingent of the diocesan clergy.

The picturesque national dress of the Acadian women was well represented on the grounds. In former times all the "Acadiennes" wore this dress. Now it is only seen on the old women— and very quaint and pretty it is. Many of these old ladies were smoking, and to the amusement of my little daughter, who struck up an acquaintance with one of them.

The old woman, delighted to meet with a stranger who spoke her own tongue, grew confidential, and told us for how many years that identical pipe had been her solace!

The tea party was held in a large field upon a cliff of red sand stone overlooking the Straits of Northumberland. There was, near the edge of the cliff, a goodly tent in which were tables provided with well-cooked viands calculated to tempt the hungry.

Table number one was the dinner table: it was generously garnished with hot meats and their appropriate condiments, and here one could get an excellent dinner for five cent tables, and others were "twenty five cent tables," and the fare thereon was limited to cakes and candies.

On the grounds were many booths—a one, a dancing booth, wherein the country lads and lasses faced each other, and went through the steps of a country reel with the saddest cast of countenance imaginable.

Another booth was for the sale of ice cream; it was presided over by two pretty girls, the daughters of the newly appointed Acadian Senator for the county. Another booth was for the sale of ginger beer, fruit syrups, soda water and the like. Here it was that the rival candidates were oftenest to be seen, thoughtfully ministering to the thirst of bevies of exhausted dancers.

These poor candidates were themselves somewhat in danger of starvation, as neither could make up his mind to leave the field clear to his rival while he went to refresh the inner man. They would have gone dinnerless had it not occurred to the fertile mind of one of them to invite his rival to dine with him, which was a happy and peaceable adjustment of the difficulty.

The "Merry-go-round" attracted many. So favorite a diversion is this in that part of the world that the proprietor of a flourishing grocery store in Summerside recently sold his business and purchased a Merry-go-round, he being pretty certain of finding the latter more profitable.

In the centre of the grounds was a band stand, where the Miscouche brass band discoursed sweet music.

Here, early in the afternoon, mounted two young men with a black board, one of whom announced that an election would take place to elect a leader of the Government at Ottawa, or the leader of the Opposition. The price of a vote was five cents, and at this election the women had the privilege of the franchise. One of the rival candidates was a bachelor, and a wealthy one; and naturally the returns showed a majority for the leader under whose banner the bachelor member fought.

The Catholics of Prince Edward Island are divided into three pretty equal portions of French, Irish and Scotch; and these nationalities were

all fairly represented on the tea grounds, together with a small sprinkling of the Indians from their reserve on Lennox Island, which lies in Malpeque Bay. These Indians are of the Mic-Mac tribe, and are peaceable, and for the most part well conducted. There is among them a local celebrity named Frank Snake, of whose knavish ways and quick wit many a joke is told.

In bygone days when a certain great clerical dignitary was a parish priest in P. E. Island he worked hard to obtain the salvation of Frank Snake, more especially to cure him of his love for intoxicating liquors. On one occasion the priest met Frank in a semi-intoxicated condition, and stopped to remonstrate with him. Frank promised amendment and even submitted to having the cherished bottle that he carried in his pocket, emptied out into the snow. Just one week later the *pallias* (1) met Frank on the same road. The Indian was even more under the influence of whiskey than on the former occasion, but his wits did not desert him. Looking sadly into the priest's face, he said: "Some odd drunk, Father, some odd drunk!" Needless to say that His Grace does not enumerate Frank Snake among his Temperance converts. At the tea Frank was in low spirits. A few days previously Miss Pauline Johnson had visited Summerside, giving one of her beautiful entertainments. Society had made much of Miss Johnson, and one of the leading families of the place had shown the talented young Indian lady much attention. Frank became jealous, as the family in question were his benefactors in the matter of tea and warm clothing. Being asked why he sulked he replied: "O! Frank of no more count now—Mehawk woman come. Mr. — take her for a drive—no more give tea and flannel to Frank—Mehawk all the go now—Mie Mac nowhere."

During the course of the afternoon we took a walk on the sands, and visited the lobster factories then closed for the season, greatly to the disappointment of my little daughter who had been promised the sight of a real live lobster. The beach here is hard and firm, in fact the schoolmaster of the parish was disporting himself on his bicycle, which skimmed over the shining sands without difficulty. The shore rises in high cliffs of red sand stone in which antiquarians discover marks from the moles of the sea-cows or walrus, for those extinct animals were at one time quite common in these parts, and used to disport themselves playfully in the sunny waters of the straits of Northumberland.

Some years since there was some talk of a discovery of gold dust in the vicinity, but the rumor died out, and so did the gold dust, and as far as I know the value of land in the neighborhood has not gone up.

The history of the little parish of Mount Carmel is in itself rather interesting, as told to me by some of the oldest inhabitants and by those silent witnesses, the parish registers.

The emigration of Acadians from the estate of Colonel Compton continued until 1815, when the last of the St. Eleonor's fisher farmers left the banks of the little river Platte, crossed to Bedeque Bay, shipped their goods and chattels in *pirrogues* (2) and, paddling off to sea, made for the point of land, joining into the Straits of Northumberland on the eastern side of Cape Egmont. This small cape takes its name from the township in which it is situated and is called Fifteen Point. Here they disembarked and at once set to work clearing the land. They erected temporary shelters which they afterwards replaced by good, warm, log houses. For the first few years the dwellers in the settlement of Fifteen Point attended Mass in the little chapel in the charge of the Abbe Beaubien Cecile succeeded by the French Missions in the Gulf, and on the 7th of June of that year he arrived at Fifteen Point, and took up his abode at Firmin Galanis house, where the missionaries were in the habit of lodging until such time as a presbytery was built for their accommodation.

On the 23rd June two worthy parishioners, Thomas Richard and Suzanne Ancoin, his wife, signed an agreement in which they bestowed upon the Mission of Fifteen Point, otherwise called "The Village of Our Lady of Mount Carmel," a piece of land "thirty yards square," to be used as a site for a church and cemetery. The first church was built of logs, and was pulled down after a few years to give place to one of superior workmanship, which was built by the Rev. Bernard D. Macdonald, afterwards the second to wear the mitre of the diocese of Charlottetown.

Father Macdonald was replaced by Father Perry (Poirier) who added to the church a sacristy, which served both as a vestry and a residence for the priest. Father Perry, who was for many years in charge of this mission, was the first of his nation to be ordained for the diocese.

At intervals other priests served the mission, one, a French Canadian named Quevillon, erected a large building, in which he hoped to establish a Christian Brothers' school. This project not being feasible, the building was given to the people of Summerside, and was hauled there (a distance of about six miles) on the ice. Parochial tradition says that the abode of one Sam the roak was the first resting place on the road. Some member of Sam's family had been married that morning, and just as the huge house halted in front of the humble log hut, the family were

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sitting down to a wedding breakfast. The tired teamsters were welcomed with true Acadian hospitality, and invited to the banquet of which, so say the oldest inhabitants, they ate every crumb.

Another story of olden days here, is that of some men from an adjacent parish, who, about seventy years ago, crossed over the Straits of Northumberland to New Brunswick in an open boat. Returning late in the fall they were caught in the floating ice and could not make the shore. The ice was not strong enough to bear them, and they were in danger of drifting out to sea. Their friends at Fifteen Point saw them, and after devoutly praying Our Lady of Mount Carmel, they laid their boards upon the ice, crawling out on each and adding another until they succeeded in making a platform by which the sufferers succeeded in landing. An old man still living tells of walking home from New Brunswick on the ice, when he was a boy—but then, he says, the winter was very cold and I was very home sick.

The Father Quevillon above referred to erected a beautiful shrine to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This was a pillar about forty feet in height, surmounted by a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin.

The statue was a very fine one perfect in outline and with a face of exceeding beauty, the head crowned with a golden crown. The column stood within an enclosure beside the church and could be seen far out to sea. Many a storm-tossed fisherman in the straits owes his safety to the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and many a prayer has gone up to God suggested by the beautiful figure which seemed to bless the boats passing to and fro.

Unfortunately during a great storm which raged on this coast in the autumn of 1882 the statue was torn from its pedestal, and fell to the ground in fragments. It is now in one of the outbuildings awaiting either repairs or annihilation whichever the Fates and a resident priest may have in store for it.

The parish of Notre Dame de Mount Carmel is now served from Miscouche. The parish priest is a Scotchman—a near relative of the Bishop. A large proportion of the clergy of the diocese are Macdonalds; in fact they are so numerous that it is the custom to speak of them by their baptismal names, and we hear of "Father Ronald," "Father Gregory," "Father John," etc.

Father John of Miscouche preaches in French as well as in English, and devotes himself to the interests of his Acadian flock. He certainly showed a good deal of administrative ability in the management of his tea party, which was a very successful affair and realized nearly one thousand dollars.

The shadows were beginning to lengthen when we drove away from Fifteen Point, and as we passed through Miscouche the Angelus rang out; while just in the sunset rays two figures repeating their evening prayer, in a field near the church, suggested Millet's great picture. Our attention, however, was distracted by familiar white objects along the roadside, and the day of the Fifteen Point Tea closed for us with moonlight and mushrooms.

A. M. P. Berlinguet.

1. Mic mac for priest.
2. A sort of boat made of a log hollowed out so as to allow of its floating, called in some places a "dug out."

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Advertisements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, Dec. 26, 1896.

A NOBLE CAUSE.

The Catholic people of Manitoba are now obliged either to send their children to the Public schools or establish and maintain, with their own funds, a system of Catholic schools. This entails a double tax, which is not only a great injustice, but will cause considerable hardship. Indeed, so slender are the resources of many of our people in the prairie provinces that it will be almost impossible for them to bear the burden thus placed upon their shoulders by Mr. Greenway's tyrannical legislation. Catholic education in Catholic schools is the object aimed at by the ecclesiastical authorities of Manitoba. To carry out this purpose assistance is sorely needed, and Catholics throughout the Dominion ought surely contribute of their means to assist their brethren in the West in this their time of need. We shall be happy to receive contributions from our subscribers, all which will be duly acknowledged in the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and the money forwarded to Most Rev. Dr. Langevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface.

CHRISTMAS.

On Friday the Catholic Church will observe the great festival of Christmas with the solemnity usual on that joyful occasion. It is easy to understand why the Nativity of our Lord is commemorated with an annual feast, reckoned to be one of the two greatest festivals of the year. It is because it is instituted in honor of the event most important to us in the great work of our Redemption, the incarnation of the Son of God, and his coming into the world for our salvation.

Our Saviour was born in an obscure stable, the place of shelter of animals, in order to teach us to be content with poverty and suffering, and to bear patiently the tribulations of life; but the event was of too much importance to the world to be entirely concealed, and so it was announced to the shepherds of Judea by an angel of the Lord, around whom shone a bright light, at which they were much afraid, but they were encouraged by the celestial messenger to lay aside their fears, as the tidings he brought to them were such as should cause joy and not fear.

For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David; and suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly army praising God and saying "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

The shepherds as they were watching their flocks being further told by the Angel where Christ was to be found, namely, in a manger, made haste to find the truth of what had been told to them, and on discovering the infant in the place described they offered their homage and praised Almighty God for having shown His mercy by sending the great teacher and king who had been foretold by the prophets as He through whom "transgression may be finished, and sin may have an end, and iniquity may be abolished, and everlasting justice may be brought, and vision and prophecy may be fulfilled, and the Saint of saints may be anointed." (Daniel ix.)

We have all the same cause for joy which these shepherds had, for it was not for them alone that Christ was born, but that the whole world should rejoice in receiving and welcoming our Saviour who came unto men on so important a mission. We should, therefore, celebrate the great feast of Christmas with joy, and should profit by the graces which Christ came to confer on all mankind.

To receive these gifts in a proper manner all Catholics should be careful to put themselves into the state of grace, and should receive the sacraments, which are the most powerful of all means for obtaining the grace of God. Especially should every one receive the sacrament of penance and reconciliation with God, from whom we

have been separated by sin. A good confession and a worthy Communion are the best preparation for the due observance of the great festival we are about to celebrate, and we desire to express our earnest hope that all our readers will celebrate it through these means.

It is also the pleasing custom for families to hold a reunion on Christmas day, however distant from each other their individual members may be. We hope there will be among our readers many such happy reunions, and all have our cordial wish that they may spend a happy Christmas both now and for many years to come.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC FRAUD.

We have from time to time earnestly warned our readers against the spiritualistic fraud, but notwithstanding repeated warnings in our columns, and in those of other journals, spiritualistic mediums are still to be found especially in our cities, and in some places they have established regular weekly, or more frequent meetings for the purpose of propagating their principles and making their superstitious rites take the place of a religious worship, and even the sacred Lord's day is profaned by the holding of such meetings.

Not long since it was announced that regular meetings would be held in Toronto for this purpose, and we understand that though they are not largely attended a certain number of people are in the habit of assembling on these occasions. Very few, if any, Catholics are to be found among those who attend habitually, but some do so at times, probably rather through a desire for amusement or curiosity than from any other motive. Whatever may be the motive, however, this is wrong and dangerous.

The Apostle St. Peter warns those who "as irrational beasts naturally tend to the snare and to destruction, blaspheming those things which they know not, shall perish in their corruption." (2 Peter, ii., 12.) These words are certainly very applicable to those who take part in spiritualistic seances, which have become a species of religion which, it is supposed by their promoters, will supersede Christianity. Attendance at such seances is, therefore, a real danger to a Christian, and a co-operation in the evil object proposed to be attained.

There are two elements which are possibly combined in these seances, imposture certainly, and probably also diabolism.

If they consisted merely of tricks of acknowledged prestidigitation it would be no worse than foolishness to take part in them, provided the performances were only for amusement, and not for a deception on the public, but they are claimed to be a revelation from the other world, and so they come into the category of blasphemous exhibitions, and it is a grave crime to countenance them. It is an undoubted sin against the first commandment to consult fortune tellers or the dead, and it was punished severely under the Old Law in which it was commanded, "neither let there be found among you any charmer nor any that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead."

A former spiritualist, E. F. Hanson, of Maine, in a book on spiritualism says:

"Although I have shown that a certain per cent. of manifestations are fraudulent, yet the greater part is the work of demons, and those who think they can meet spiritualism with the cry of fraud, and make it down at their bidding, will find their lance shivered in the first onset, for they will meet foemen worthy of their steel, and nothing but truth can stand."

We shall not enter upon the enquiry how much of Spiritualism is Demonology, but we have here the declaration that it is a combination of the two elements we have described, and whichever element predominates its seances should be avoided. That fraud has a large share in it, however, is undoubted. A few days ago evidence of this was given at a meeting in a spiritual Temple at Boston, where at a preconcerted signal six stalwart young men suddenly came forward to the stage at the moment when a spirit form appeared enveloped in a white robe, and with a lace drapery about its head. When the onslaught was made the spirit made a sudden exit from view, but was seized by the young men and found to be the medium himself dressed for the occasion, but he was seized just as he had denuded himself of his spiritualistic trappings.

Before the appearance of the supposed spirit attention was called by the

manager of the seance to the dress which the spirit would wear. "The color of the spirit robes," he said, "is of silvery white, and is of such an appearance as cannot be produced by material means."

The young men obtained the spirit robe, which was without sleeves, and made of imitation silk. It covered the whole person of the medium, and among the paraphernalia for personating various dead people there were other devices, as a wig, whiskers and a moustache.

It will be readily understood as a matter of course that the spiritualism which is demoniacal is much worse than that which is merely fraudulent.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S TESTIMONY.

The Presbyterian Review announces with quite a flourish of trumpets a glorious victory obtained by the notorious apostate "Pastor" Chiniquy, at Oban, Scotland, by occasion of a lecture which he delivered there on "his favorite theme," which is abuse of the Catholic Church, and misrepresentation of her doctrine.

Mr. Chiniquy had said in a lecture that "when I was in the Church of Rome, I had to repeat every day the following prayer from my Breviary: Mary, thou art the only hope of sinners. That is not Christianity, it is paganism and idolatry."

The Rev. Father Bague of the pro-Cathedral of Oban thereupon published a letter in which he challenged Chiniquy to give the place in the Roman Breviary where that prayer is to be found, and offered to hand over a cheque for £150, all that he possessed in the world, if Chiniquy could prove his assertion.

The challenge was accepted, and at a crowded meeting in Oban the parties appeared on the platform to settle the dispute.

A large number of Protestant ministers accompanied Mr. Chiniquy, among whom was the Rev. Ambrose Townsend, who read from the Breviary the words "because thou art the only hope of sinners."

These words occur in the Breviary, not as a prayer, nor are they daily repeated as Chiniquy had stated, but they are part of a sermon by St. Augustine, and are read on the 9th of September as part of the sermon from which an extract is given, the sermon being mentioned from which they are taken.

Father Bague called upon Mr. Townsend to read the title, but he refused to do this, and maintained that Mr. Chiniquy had proved his point. Hence, the Review tells us that "Mr. Townsend declared the victory lay with pastor Chiniquy." It will be seen from our plain statement of facts that Chiniquy's assertion was proved to be a falsehood, and that Parson Townsend declared in his favor simply because he was a partisan.

But, it may be asked, how could St. Augustine use such words, and why have they found a place in the Catholic priests' Breviary? To this we answer that we must discover the sense in which they are used to ascertain whether or not they are justifiable. They are certainly not used to exclude God as the Great First Cause, and the only ultimate hope of sinners and of all Christians. But this does not exclude the intercession of either pious persons on earth or saints in heaven. We have even God's own assurance that there are occasions when He will not hear the direct prayers of the grievous sinner, so that recourse must be had to saints as intercessors, and therefore He refers Eliphaz and his two friends to Job as an intercessor for them, and: "My servant Job shall pray for you: his face I will accept that your folly be not imputed to you: for you have not spoken right things before me, as my servant Job hath." (Job, xlii., 8)

It is a common and allowable opinion among Catholic theologians, though not asserted by the Church, that under the New Law the grace of repentance is to be obtained from God only through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The passage in question would lead us to believe that St. Augustine was of this belief, and the great doctor adds:

"By thee (Mary) we hope for pardon of our sins, and in thee is our most happy expectation of rewards."

We incline to the opinion that this was St. Augustine's meaning, and the passage would then signify that without Mary's intercession sinners cannot expect to obtain the grace necessary to enable them to return to God.

If this was not St. Augustine's meaning, we should be compelled to admit that his words were an oratorical figure of speech, in fact an hyperbole.

But even as an hyperbole they are not to be austere construed and condemned, but to be regarded as a form of speech which orators frequently use to signify the great power of Mary's prayers to her divine Son.

St. Augustine was a very early and a very learned Father of the Christian Church, and we know that it is the custom of Presbyterians to claim him as belonging to them. It is for them to show how it occurs that St. Augustine, who only pronounces the received doctrine of the whole Christian Church in the fourth century, has such a high estimate of the power of the Blessed Virgin's prayers in heaven, if the Christian Church were Presbyterian at that time, as members of that Church would have us believe.

THE SO-CALLED SETTLEMENT.

The Globe of the 18th inst. has another editorial on the proposed Manitoba settlement, which is in part intended as a reply to recent articles on the subject which appeared in our columns.

We are told in the first place that we should be satisfied with the agreement between Messrs. Laurier and Greenway because: "The School law of 1890 put Catholics in as good a position as they occupy all over the United States of America, where they do not complain that they are suffering an intolerable grievance." Hence we are given to understand that in the proposed settlement Manitoba is not "in the position of a repentant culprit" endeavoring to atone for an injustice inflicted.

We admit that the injustice perpetrated in Manitoba is also inflicted upon Catholics in the United States, but two wrongs do not make a right, and there is this difference between the two cases, that there was no solemn compact entered into in the United States, such as was incorporated into the British North America and Manitoba Acts, for the purpose of bringing about the Confederation of the diverse populations of Canada under one Government. This makes the Manitoba Acts of 1890, which are so highly esteemed by the Globe, a gross violation of honor and good faith, holding up Canada before the world as a country where promises are but words,

"And words but wind,
The feeble instruments to bind."

The Globe finds it convenient to shut its eyes to the fact that these promises were made, but it is undeniable that the fact has been plainly declared by Sir Donald Smith, it was acknowledged by the members of the Government and of the Parliament which passed the Manitoba Act, and it has been recorded in the second judgment of the Privy Council, wherein the existence of a grievance has been recognized. It was in consequence of this promise that the Manitoba Act was accepted unanimously by the Manitoba Legislature among the first Acts passed by it on its being called into existence, and without recalling now the dispute concerning the Bill of Rights, which appears to have contained the demand of the people of Manitoba, it cannot be denied that the passing of the School Acts of 1871 constituted a compact between the people of both religions in that Province that Separate schools should be a permanent institution therein, whether the contingencies of the future should decide that the majority in the Province should be Catholic or Protestant, and this is the basis of the decision of the Privy Council that there was a compact which put it into the power of the Dominion Government and Parliament to intervene.

THE LETTER OF CAUSIDICUS.

We publish in another column a second letter from Causidicus in reference to the Manitoba school question. It will be noticed that the esteemed writer no longer disputes the sole point in our articles on the proposed settlement, which gave occasion to his previous letter, which was to the effect that the settlement falls far short of restoring to the Catholic minority in the Province the most important privileges they enjoyed previously to the school legislation of 1890.

As we are not the political advocates of either the present or the late Government, we shall not follow Causidicus' arguments regarding the course the late Government ought to have taken. Neither have we ever maintained that the Remedial Bill was a perfect measure, though we believe it to have been far preferable to the proposed settlement, which is no settlement at all.

Our correspondent takes pains to show that the "authorities" in making any settlement are not bound to re-enact the entire School Act of 1871. We admit that the Parliament and Government of the day are the judges of last resort to decide what redress should be given, but we may point out that they have the jurisdiction to deal with the matter only in the case when constitutional rights have been violated. As the Privy Council declares that they have jurisdiction in the present case, it follows that Constitutional rights have been violated, and they are bound by every principle of honor and justice to restore them fully. If one Parliament, or one Government fail to do its duty in this regard, we are perfectly justified in looking for

applies, and with equal force, to Upper Canada and the other provinces, for in Lower Canada there is a Protestant minority, and in the other provinces a Roman Catholic minority. The same privileges belong to the one of right here as belong to the other of right elsewhere. There can be no greater injustice to a population than to compel them to have their children educated in a manner contrary to their own religious belief.

According to the Globe's reasoning, Sir A. T. Galt was wrong. These educational guarantees were to be employed only for the protection of the Protestants of Quebec, and Messrs. Laurier and Greenway have made the happy arrangement with the Globe's approval, that the Catholics of Manitoba are to have no consideration under them.

But should not the Manitoba Catholics be contented with the Public schools and with a modicum of religious instruction where the trustees are kind enough to grant it, as the so-called settlement provides? We say decidedly not. We do not deny the right of the State to insist upon it that the children be properly educated, but if the Government insists upon excluding religious teaching from the schools, or hampers the schools wherein religious teaching is given, by conferring undue advantages upon godless schools, or State schools which have little or no such teaching, it does a gross injustice to conscientious parents. Thus Lord Salisbury said in one of his speeches given on this very subject:

"Numbers of persons have invented what I may call a patent compressible religion which can be forced into all consciences with a very little squeezing; and they wish to insist that this should be the only religion taught throughout the schools of the nation. What I want to impress upon you is that if you admit this conception you are entering upon a religious war of which you will not see the end. There is only one sound principle in religious education to which you should cling . . . and that is that a parent, unless he has forfeited the right by criminal acts, has the inalienable right to determine the teaching which the child shall receive upon the holiest and most momentous of subjects. That is a right which no expediency can negative, which no State necessity ought to allow you to sweep away."

The Globe declares that in this matter the hierarchy of the Church are not to be regarded in any sense as a party to the union of the Canadian Provinces, and that they are not to be the judges before whom this cause must be tried. We say that they have authority to speak on the conscientious obligations of Catholics, and they are besides representatives of Catholic sentiment on the subject of religious education. They are not to be silenced in so important a matter by any bullying, and if they had been consulted the unsatisfactory measure which the Dominion and Provincial Governments have agreed upon would never have seen the light, and Mr. Laurier would have been spared the mortification of seeing his agreement rejected by those whom it most concerns.

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another which will fulfil its natural obligations.

We shall make a remark on one other point in our correspondent's communication. He takes issue with us on our statement that Mgr. Langevin was not consulted in regard to the settlement. He quotes Mr. Tarte to prove that he was consulted, but we have the assurance of His Grace himself that such was not the case. It appears from statements made in Western papers that Mr. Tarte called upon Archbishop Langevin twice after the whole matter had been announced to have been substantially settled. One of these visits was merely formal, and the school question was not even spoken of, and as the second visit lasted only about fifteen minutes, there could have been very little done by way of consultation.

Causidicus appears to be somewhat sore because we made any allusion to "political leanings." We meant no offence, but we think the political leanings were manifested in his letter plainly enough to justify the expression. They are still more plain in the second letter.

A VOICE FROM HONAN.

Some months ago we had occasion to notice a statement which appeared in the daily papers to the effect that Catholic priests at Honan, China, were guilty of seducing converts to Presbyterianism to become Catholics by objectionable methods.

Other communications have indicated that these methods are the furnishing of the converts with money, clothing, or food, or by representing that by joining the Catholic missions they would be under French protection, which claimed to be more powerful than English or American, and by other false representations of various kinds. The communications making these announcements came from the Presbyterian missionaries at Honan, and it was said that the members of the Foreign Mission Committee, which has its headquarters in Toronto, were very indignant at the conduct of the priests.

We pointed out that it is not customary for Catholic priests to follow such methods as were attributed to them. It is well known, however, that these are exactly the methods commonly pursued by Protestant missionaries in their attempts to evangelize Catholics. These means were extensively employed in Ireland, bowls of well-made soup from the proselytizing soup-kitchens being the usual inducement used there to induce the Irish in time of famine to abandon their religion. The Indians of the West were tempted by like means, and even by the misused authority of the United States Government to take their children from Catholic schools, and in the Province of Quebec similar efforts are made, especially by the Presbyterian French Evangelization Society.

It behoves the Presbyterian missionaries of Honan to complain of the success of the priests there in converting the Chinese from Presbyterianism, as they themselves do not hesitate to attack Catholics and Catholic doctrines with the greatest virulence, and even by gross misrepresentation, as we have frequently proved in our columns.

We may be sure, however, that no such unworthy methods as those indicated are employed to bring about conversions, though it may be inferred from the complaint made that many who have been Presbyterians have become Catholics. There are other reasons for this than the employment of means which Christian missionaries ought not to use. Protestant missionaries themselves have frequently told us that the inconsistencies of Protestantism, and the multiplicity of contradictory doctrines taught by the Protestant sects, is a most serious obstacle to the progress of their work. It cannot be doubted that many of the quick-witted Chinamen readily see through the fallacy of a system which is based on incongruous principles, and to this fact may be attributed their abandonment of Protestantism for the purpose of adopting a consistent Christianity, if they wish to be Christians at all.

We do not mean to deny that Catholic missionaries would willingly receive Presbyterians into the Church, but it would be only after due preparation, and on their being satisfied that the converts applied for admission to the Church from conscientious motives. Catholics believe that there is but one true Church, the Catholic Church, and it would be a palpable lack of regard for their duty to refuse to instruct in the Catholic faith and to receive into the Church those who desire it from reasons of conscience.

We are led to recall this matter, as

it has been announced by a Presbyterian office in Toronto received a letter from our missionaries in which charges are virtually made though on very false grounds without any specification would sustain the charges.

The Catholic Register had also repudiated the charges and assertions of the Register in the which the following statement:

"The Catholic Register Foreign Mission Committee dignat at the conduct of Honan and seeks to write against the charge of but it is impossible that how the priests could China. There are no work published, nor write to the newspapers as the Protestants mis-

The missionary who very ill-informed, as a gross of Catholic missionaries regularly by the priests the Propagation of the Catholic journals, and journals of those countries the missionaries have appear frequently journals of this country.

EDITORIAL.

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one of last resort, a necessity in order strict discipline upon a parliamentary party be hope for the success. There is but little Mr. Healy will yield that he return to a has endeavored to Dillon's efforts to obtain a general subscription the Nationalist Party. To effect this object counter-subscription to obtain sum in this way greatly diminish it would be contribution-ist fund.

The Baptists claim report on the Evangelists to have gregations in the E with stationary pre evangelists working an opportunity to o only twenty five ba during the year, it the reported p exaggerated, thou as quite correct, remarkable showing efforts. There has ment during a nu Baptists and Pres in different fields seemly rivalry.

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It has been announced that the Presbyterian office in Toronto has received a letter from one of its Honan missionaries in which the former charges are virtually reiterated, though on very false grounds, and without any specification of facts which would sustain the charges.

The Catholic Register, of Toronto, had also repudiated the false suggestions and assertions of the missionaries, and this accounts for the mention of the Register in the recent letter, in which the following statement is made:

"The Catholic Register objects to the Foreign Mission Committee feeling indignant at the conduct of the priests in Honan and seeks to defend them against the charge of proselytizing; but it is impossible that it should know how the priests conduct business in China. There are no reports of their work published, nor do the priests write to the newspapers and magazines as the Protestants missionaries do."

The missionary who thus writes is very ill-informed, as reports of the progress of Catholic missions are sent regularly by the priests to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith and to Catholic journals, especially to the journals of those countries from which the missionaries have come, and they appear frequently in the Catholic journals of this country and of the United States.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It has been announced that as soon as the Irish members of the British Parliament assemble in London for meeting of Parliament, Mr. John Dillon as leader of the Nationalist party will formally summon Mr. T. Healy and those who follow him to return to their allegiance to majority rule, and if they persist in their schism they will be expelled from the Nationalist party. This step will be one of last resort, but it seems to be a necessity in order to preserve the strict discipline which is so needful to a parliamentary party that there may be hope for the success of its cause. There is but little expectation that Mr. Healy will yield to the demand that he return to submission, as he has endeavored to circumvent Mr. Dillon's efforts to obtain by means of a general subscription, an increase of the Nationalist Parliamentary fund. To effect this object he has started a counter-subscription. He cannot expect to obtain any considerable sum in this way, but he may greatly diminish the amount which would be contributed towards the Nationalist fund.

The Baptists claim in their recent report on the Evangelization of French Canadians to have nine French congregations in the Province of Quebec with stationary pastors, and twelve evangelists working wherever there is an opportunity to obtain proselytes. As only twenty-five baptisms are recorded during the year, it would appear that the reported progress must be exaggerated, though even if taken as quite correct, it is not a very remarkable showing for sixty years' efforts. There has been an arrangement during a number of years that Baptists and Presbyterians shall work in different fields so as to avoid unseemly rivalry. It appears to matter little to either denomination what form of belief their converts take up, provided they only succeed in weakening the Catholic Church; but that their success is very dubious is clear from the complaint made that their converts are obliged to emigrate from the country, owing to social persecution. This is a lame excuse to cover up the fact that the ratio of Protestants of all denominations is decreasing in the Province from year to year.

It is but a few years since the idea of a divorce was universally regarded with horror, but the divorce legislation, which was at first intended merely to give relief in cases wherein one of the married couple had been guilty of grievous crime which made it almost impossible for them to remain together as husband and wife, has by rapid steps become so lax in the United States that decrees of separation are now granted on the most trivial pleas. Evangelist Moody announced a few days ago at his New York revivalist services that there are now twenty-five thousand divorces per annum in the country, and so readily are the decrees obtained that last week one was issued by a judge in Chicago just twenty-five minutes after the suit was entered. The lowering of marriage to be a civil contract only has destroyed the sacredness of the marriage tie, and the only remedy for the existing evil is to restore it to the position it occupies in the Catholic Church as a sacrament and a religious bond which

cannot be dissolved except by death. To this position it was raised by Christ, who declared that what God hath joined together no man should put asunder.

HERMAN WARSZAWIAK, a convert from Judaism to Presbyterism, who has been for some time in charge of the American mission to the Jews of New York, has been refused ordination to the ministry by the Presbytery of the city, on the plea that he objects to having the Presbytery control his work. He declares that he will have no master but God. While we do not dispute the right of the Presbytery as a merely human institution to make its own terms with its officials, we cannot see any reason why Mr. Herman should not enter into the ministry of his own accord without any ordination from the Presbytery, which has no pretence to any more ministerial authority than merely human assumption of the office. If Mr. Warszawick should claim to be a divinely appointed minister, the Presbytery has not the shadow of a right to dispute his claim, as his self-appointment would be just as valid as that of the Presbytery clerics, who pretend to have the right of the keys in their possession.

The Catholics of the Dominion will all be grieved to learn of the serious illness of his Grace the learned and venerable Archbishop Fabre of Montreal. Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface is now visiting the invalid prelate, to whom he is especially attached, as it was from Archbishop Fabre he received his sacred orders, both as priest and Archbishop. It is said that the Bishops of Quebec will take the occasion of Archbishop Langevin's presence to meet to consider the course they will pursue in regard to the Manitoba school settlement. It is understood that they are of one mind in condemnation of the compromise agreed upon by the Dominion and Provincial Premiers, and it is expected that they will unite in a pronouncement of their unsatisfactory character. Some journals have asserted that it is their intention to pronounce plainly against the capitulation of Mr. Laurier. We have little doubt they will do this if they make any pronouncement on the matter, but we are certain they will do nothing to justify the fears that some journals express that it is their intention to enter upon a partisan political campaign.

BUFFALO'S NEW BISHOP.

We learn from the Buffalo Union and Times that Rev. Dr. Quigley has been appointed Bishop of that diocese. In its last number that paper made the following reference to the new Bishop:

Exceedingly agreeable to the Catholics of Buffalo was the announcement made on Monday morning, that the Very Rev. James E. Quigley, D. D., irremovable rector of St. Bridget's Church, had been chosen by the Holy Father to succeed the late Rt. Rev. S. W. Ryan as Bishop of the diocese of Buffalo. It told that the long widowhood of the diocese had practically come to an end, and that the Bishop-elect was the idol of the priests and laity of the diocese, and more especially of the city of Buffalo, where his boyhood days had been chiefly spent, and where he had labored long and fruitfully in the cause of God and humanity.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

Antigonish, Dec. 8, 1896. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir—Permit me to thank you for giving space in your issue of the 5th inst., to my communication of the 23rd ult. While I do not complain of your criticism of my letter I beg to say that the construction put by you upon some of the passages used by me, is not warranted.

1. The word "legislature" in the second sentence of the third paragraph should be "legislation," and was so intended in the manuscript, otherwise the sentence would be meaningless.

2. I submit if it was necessary to make any reference to "political leanings," I had hoped that both of us might discuss this question without imputing any political predilections to one another.

3. I did not state that the Catholics were deceived by Sir Charles Tupper's government into the belief that the Act of Union secured them Separate schools; but I did state that they were so deceived when they were given to understand that the provision in the clause referring to education met their desire on this score. This point I shall be able to prove further on.

4. The quotations from the Hon. Mr. Foster's campaign speeches were not intended by me either to suggest or imply that Catholics desire inefficient schools. They were merely to show that the Remedial Bill did not afford the desired remedy to the aggrieved minority, as acknowledged by

members of the government that introduced the bill as a government measure.

5. "Causidicus" does not believe that an army would be required to enforce the law if Catholic grievances were redressed by a Remedial Bill. But Mr. Amyot, an ardent supporter of the Bill, and a hater of the Greenway government, and whose views I quoted, affected to believe that the sanction of the law could not be enforced while friends of the Liberal party in the House of Commons led the Manitoba government.

6. You endeavor to make the point that "it was this school law (Act of 1871) which Mr. Greenway's Government repealed at the suggestion of the bitter enemies of Catholic education, and here is the grievance which Catholics wish to be remedied and the remedying of which the Privy Council declares to be within the power and right of the Dominion Government and Parliament." Your view is correct in the abstract. But to what extent the grievances can be remedied involves difficult legal questions which cannot be discussed within the limits of an ordinary newspaper article. The Privy Council in their judgment say: "The sole question to be determined is whether a right or privilege which the Roman Catholics previously enjoyed has been affected by the legislation of 1890. Their Lordships are unable to see how this question can receive any but an affirmative answer."

On the point of jurisdiction the Privy Council say: "Their Lordships have decided that the Governor General in Council has jurisdiction, and that the appeal is well founded, but the particular course to be pursued must be determined by the authorities to whom it has been committed by the statute. It is not for this tribunal to intimate the precise steps to be taken. Their general character is sufficiently defined by the 3rd subsection of section 22 of the Manitoba Act."

Here comes the difficulty when the said "authorities" begin to act by virtue of the general character so defined by the Act. What do the Privy Council mean when they say right after this decision: "It is certainly not essential that the statutes repealed by the Act of 1890 should be re-enacted or that the precise provisions of these statutes should again be made law?" If it would seem to me as if the Privy Council entertained doubt as to whether or not the Governor General in Council and the Parliament have power to re-enact the repealed statutes. This phase of the question might require another reference to the courts.

In your editorial reply the point is conceded that the School Act of the Manitoba Legislature passed in 1871 practically became the basis of the Constitutional guarantees. No Constitutional guarantees were secured by the Union Act. But if the Catholic members—and particularly the French Catholic members—of Sir John A. Macdonald's government which framed and passed the Act, were as solicitous for the educational privileges of their co-religionists and co-patriots in the North West as the Protestant Sir Francis Hicks was for his co-religionists in the Province of Quebec Separate schools would have been secured to the former by the Act establishing and providing for the government of the Province of Manitoba, as well as had been secured to the latter by the provisions of the Confederation Act. Subsection 2 of section 93 of the last named Act reads thus:

"All the powers, privileges and duties at the union by law conferred and imposed in Upper Canada on the Separate schools and school trustees of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects shall be and the same is hereby extended to the dissentient schools of the Queen's Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects in Quebec."

By substituting the word "Manitoba" for the word "Quebec" and placing the subsection so amended after (1) in section 22 of chapter 3, 33rd Vict. (1870), the rights of the minorities in Manitoba as regards education would have been completely secured. But when one recalls the circumstances and troubles then connected with the obtaining the consent of the Red River settlers to the admission of the North West Territories and Rupert Land into the confederation such a distinct declaration of educational privileges might embarrass the government of the day. Hence the reason for deceiving the Catholic settlers into the belief that the trifling amendment of adding the word "practice" after the word "law" in subsection 3 of section 93 of the B. N. Act and incorporating the amended clause into the Manitoba Union Act was sufficient to ensure them the educational privileges they so much wished to have secured. The Privy Council in Barrett vs. The Queen decided that this amended subsection was of no practical benefit to the minority in their contention.

As the same rights and privileges were not secured to the minorities—or different denominations—in Manitoba as were secured to the minorities in Upper and Lower Canada, why were not the rights and privileges, afterwards acquired by succeeding legislation of the Province, protected by the Dominion government when the School Act of 1890 came before the Minister of Justice for examination? The Act of 1890 was only amending and consolidating the School Act of Manitoba, passing the School Act and its amending Acts. The rights and privileges of the Catholics acquired under the provisions of the Act were materially circumscribed four years after its passage by the amending Act of 1875, which took away one-half the sum appropriated annually for education

by the Legislature, and gave them only instead a portion of said grant proportionate to the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen years in the various districts. On account of the large increase of the Protestant population of the Province as compared with the Catholic population, the appropriation was, comparatively speaking, considerably reduced.

I admit the share to the Catholic section of the School Board became disproportionately large for that reason. However, legally speaking, this reduction, so to speak, was a grievance. Therefore, when the further amending Act of 1890 was received at Ottawa it should have been carefully examined, and the Governor General should be recommended to disallow it. This course would afford the Roman Catholics of the Province of Manitoba the relief prayed for by the petition of Archbishop Taché and over four thousand other Catholics presented to the Government in September, 1890, five months after the passage of the Act. The Government of the day has been blamed, and I think, justly so, for not adopting this course. The power of disallowance was conferred by the Confederation Act on the Governor General manifestly to meet cases of this nature; and the exercise of the power in this instance would preserve to the Catholics of Manitoba their rights and privileges, and cause less irritation than the course which the Government saw proper to adopt. There is no doubt but that the request for the disallowance of the Act was made of the government. Sir John Thompson, the then Minister of Justice, referring to the matter says: "There were at that time before Council and referred to me for report two different classes of petitions, the one asking for disallowance of the legislation, and the other asking for remedial legislation."

You seem to think that a bill declaring the readiness of the Dominion Government to protect minorities against oppression is preferable to an arrangement which largely removes this oppression: that it exempted Catholics from taxation for schools which they would not use, that it would in time have the effect of securing more complete justice. If such a declaration solemnly passed into the form of a legislative enactment which could not receive the sanction of law is the highest object at which the aggrieved party was aiming to attain, their sympathizers in the Maritime Provinces have been entirely misled. As to exemption from taxation for the Public Schools I do not think the Federal Parliament has the power to pass such a law and thereby oust the exclusive power of the Provincial Legislature in relation to direct taxation within the Province in order to the raising of a revenue for provincial purposes. As to the effect of securing in time more complete justice I think it would have the contrary effect. As the Parliament of Canada having no jurisdiction in the first instance, only acquired power to pass a remedial law upon the happening of certain events, upon the power being exercised in doing so it is exhausted.

It is contended that the settlement of the difficulty should have been submitted to His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, who is the guide and spiritual adviser of the minority, especially on matters of education. Hon. Mr. Tarte says His Grace was consulted on the subject of the proposed settlement. Members of the Dominion Government seem to think that representative men in the Province, where the difficulty arose should also be consulted. Sir John Thompson when he was the chief legal adviser of the government gave more importance to the opinion of the representatives of the people in parliament than he did to the representations and statements of the late Archbishop Taché. The latter wrote the Minister under date of 4th January, 1894, in reference to the school ordinances of the North-West Legislature. The Archbishop said: "I therefore strongly urge the disallowance of the school ordinances of the North West Territories enacted in 1892, also of the amendments of said ordinances passed in 1893 and No. 23."

"May I be allowed to add that this trouble in the North West is the result of what has happened in Manitoba." The letter from which I quote the above extracts was read on the floor of parliament during the debate on the motion for papers, etc., in reference to these school difficulties; and Sir John Thompson, speaking to the motion, said: "Now the first series of complaints relate to grievances which are said to exist by reason of certain regulations in the territories. I do not propose to deny that those exist. We have here hon. gentlemen representing the territories; they have as good constitutional right as any man in this house to say whether complaints are rife there, become they represent immediately the people of the Territories, they have their confidence now, and they are responsible to them for any mistatement which they may make with regard to the state of affairs in their constituencies; we have statements made by these gentlemen that they have never heard a complaint until they came to listen to the debates in this house during the present session, or until they read of these grievances in the press, published in other provinces. I do not intend to discuss that question. I appreciate very highly that statement by these gentlemen, but I do remonstrate strongly against assertions which have been made here, and I admit made upon pretty high authority elsewhere, that Separate schools have practically ceased to exist in the Territories." Sir John Thompson remonstrated strongly

against the assertions made upon pretty high authority elsewhere than on the floors of parliament. This high authority is no other than the late Archbishop Taché.

If Sir John Thompson had lived and was in parliament in 1895-6 no Remedial Bill would have been introduced by the government. The late Minister had too high a sense of the functions of Parliament to impose on that deliberative body such a measure. Were he at the head of affairs during this period he would have pursued the same policy that is pursued by the present Prime Minister, Hon. Mr. Laurier. Neither would the present Minister of Justice, Sir Oliver Mowat, who has, beyond doubt, established for himself the reputation of being one of the first, if not the first, constitutional lawyers in Canada, as well as one of the most just and most statesmen and tolerant citizens, stultify himself by advocating in parliament a measure similar to that introduced by the late Government under the name of the Remedial Act (Manitoba).

Yours, etc., Causidicus.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

The missionary work of the Paulist Fathers has been so successful that it is not surprising to hear that they are to devote themselves almost constantly to it in future. Others of the secular priests are announced as about to enter the same field, among them Father Price, of North Carolina. The missions of the Paulists have been directed very largely to Protestants and have undoubtedly accomplished an enormous amount of good. In dealing with those separated from us by a different faith much ignorance of the Catholic Church is to be met and much prejudice to be removed. The most absurd things are believed by some Protestants about Catholics—due solely to the fact that they have never had an opportunity of knowing differently.—Baltimore Mirror.

The Dublin Nation, organ of Mr. T. M. Healy, pretends to think that Hon. Edward Blake is in need of financial aid as a "recompense for his prolonged and unsuccessful efforts in behalf of his party." Mr. Blake fortunately is above any danger of want. His devotion to Ireland is perfectly selfless. As a Canadian, honored by his countrymen, and as a Protestant in a nation where religious lines are drawn over closely, he might have attained any reward of ambition, but he chose the part of an Irish patriot; and he receives from men like Mr. Healy the usual recompense for that thankless duty. If there is any Irishman in public life who is entitled to pecuniary compensation it is Mr. T. M. Healy himself; and, the exact sum, following precedent, should be thirty pieces of silver.—Boston Pilot.

The Athenaeum is usually good-natured when speaking of things Catholic, but there is a suggestion of displeasure in this announcement, made in the current number: "A Roman Catholic—Mr. F. Urquhart—has been elected to a Tutorial Fellowship at Balliol. This is the first instance of a Romanist being elected to such a position. Strange to say, he is to be a tutor in History." "Romanists" were once plentiful enough at Oxford. They founded the University, taught in it and studied in it until an English King fraudulently deprived them of it with other Church property. But it seems they are getting back into it by slow degrees. For a few hundred years history has been very badly taught at Oxford, but the selection of Mr. Urquhart seems to indicate a disposition to amend.—Ave Maria.

No father would tolerate that a filthy-spoken reprobate should go into his home in his absence and tell stories giving exhaustive details of infractions of the sixth and ninth Commandments to his young sons and daughters. But, we regret to say, that Catholic parents see no harm in permitting their children to read the secular press, the columns of which reek with lubricity. Such fathers who permit this class of printed corruption in their households and do not encourage the reading of Catholic books and papers amongst their offspring will remember that they are the direct cause of giving scandal to their little ones, and that it is written in the Gospel: But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.—Michigan Catholic.

"My experience," says Cardinal Gibbons, "is that the confessional is the most powerful lever ever erected by a merciful God for raising men from the mire of sin. It has more weight in withdrawing men from vice than even the pulpit. In public sermons we scatter the seed of the Word of God, in the confessional we reap the harvest. In sermons, to use a military phrase, the fire is at random, but in confession it is a dead shot. The words of the priest go home to the heart of the sinner. The confessor exhorts the penitent, according to his spiritual wants. He cautions him against the frequentation of dangerous company, or other occasions of sin; or he recommends special practices of piety suited to the penitent's wants. Of all the labors that we, as sacred ministry impose on us, there are none more arduous or more irksome than that of hearing confessions. It is no trifling task to sit for six or eight consecutive hours on a hot

summer's day listening to the stories of sin and sorrow and misery. It is only the consciousness of the immense good he is doing that sustains the confessor in the sacred tribunal. He is one who can have compassion upon the ignorant and erring, because he himself is also encompassed with impurity. He is one upon whose lips is set a human and divine seal, for the words whispered into his ear can never be uttered but in human voice.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Cardinal Gibbons spoke very strongly in his sermon last Sunday in condemnation of the sensational and venal newspaper. He expressed a fervent wish that Christian and Catholic parents especially, would exclude from their homes all manner of vile literature, than which nothing is more dangerous to the moral health of the young. The abandonment of Sunday newspapers reeking with every description of literary filth scavenged from the four quarters of the earth and served up with an extravagance of detail and particularly openly appealing to the most depraved tastes and basest passions of their patrons, came in for a just scoring. It is astounding that such an admonition should be needed by people who call themselves god-fearing, knowing as they must, what fearful peril lurks in these interminable pages of printed nastiness dished up for Sunday readers.—Catholic Universe.

We take the following suggestive paragraph from the *Archieve*, the organ of the Episcopalian society called the Sons of St. Sebastian. In Anglican Churches, the Ten Commandments are read every Sunday, at Mass. A Roman paper, the *Ave Maria*, bears testimony to the value of the practice. It says: We cannot help thinking that it was not a bad custom which a good old priest introduced of reading the Commandments of God, and the Precepts of the Church, on Sundays and holy days of obligation, before beginning his sermon. The divine law was known in that parish, and no doubt it was all the better observed for being so regularly announced. The sight of the venerable pastor solemnly reading the Commandments every Sunday, must have been an impressive one for old and young.—Church Progress.

Rudyard Kipling is hardly the sort of a writer from whom one would expect a tribute to the Blessed Virgin. Yet in his latest published volume of verse, "The Seven Seas," just issued, we find this verse in the poem entitled "Hymn Before Action":

Ab, Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save,
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave
Since such was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman,
Madonna, intercede!

It is one of the prerogatives of the Immaculate Queen to elicit eulogies from all classes and conditions of men. Articles, in fact volumes, have been written, or might be written, of the praises bestowed upon her by non-Catholics. Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow and numbers of other Protestant poets have paid tribute to her, and now the best storyteller of English tales to-day, as Kipling is often called, adds his meed of praise and recognizes the potency of her intervention at the throne of grace and mercy.—Catholic Columbian.

What a sad story this is! Are you sure that your own children will continue in the faith? Is the Catholic spirit cultivated in your home? Your children go to church, but are there influences in the household which cultivate Catholic conviction, influence which interest your children in Catholic questions? Influences which appeal, both to the mind and the heart, in behalf of religion? An eminent churchman has written these words: "In an age and country characterized as this is, by indifference toward religious belief and laxity of principle in social morality—when reading of all kinds finds its way into the household, and fathers and mothers and sons and daughters meet all sorts of people in their daily associations—a religious journal is, as a necessity, absolute and positive, in every Christian home."—Catholic Citizen.

There is in every parish a man who has no family and yet he belongs to every family. He is called upon to act in capacity of witness, counsel or agent, in all the most important acts of civil life. He is a man without whom no one can enter the world or go out of it. He takes the child from the bosom of its mother and leaves it only at the tomb. He blesses or consecrates the crib, the bed of death and the bier. He is a man that children love, fear and venerate, and to whom unknown persons speak as "Father." At his feet all classes of people come to deposit their secret thoughts, their hidden sins; he is the consoler and the healer of the miseries of soul and body. Through him, rich and poor are united; at his door they knock by turns, the one to deposit his secret aims, the other to receive it without being made to blush because of his need. A man himself of no social rank, he belongs to all indiscriminately—to the inferior and superior. In fine, this man from whose hallowed lips words of divine wisdom flow is the priest.—Young Catholic Messenger.

David Hume declared that he would rather possess a several dispositions, always to look on the bright side, than, with a gloomy mind, be master of an estate of ten thousand a year.

Half the unhappiness in life springs from looking back to griefs that are past and forward with fear to the future.

THE ACCIDENT... The time to serve the place to serve such brethren, Year's Day. The point of the whole appreciate that in time, is of great right. We should proper condition, fering, the joy of a ing year; and should use the p that it is worth, this is the day of you a happy New heard and said and that is a wish don't put or even put a fa They are pleasur we repeat, they are the better if, as are likely to be

Now, many a be as good a Chr because I am too you see he takes by saying, "I u Christian." He tioned by our s one who says, L into the kingdom adds, "but he is Father who is in Saviour shows to the one who says - the good-wish Don't you see th you are putting God? Can't you think more high certain to day th whom you pur First come, fir come before G created you. G you. Is any b redemption

But somebody that is all true, true. I am too religious duties. My occupations me. I must wo family will suff must be someho Is it really poss pelled to work i positively earn a few times a y night and mos attend at Mass If so, then yo have been class situated, but th cause they rel effective mean and succeeded a tried? How to at duties? Are day's wages or love of God? tions. Be hon not blame yo yourself until quest and bee

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DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh, troublesome throat. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

GOING OVER TO ROME.

March of Anglicans Began Sixty Years ago not Ended.

Before the Cathedral Reading Circle in Hartford was read lately the following paper, which has been published in the Connecticut Catholic:

The recent pronouncement of our Holy Father, Leo XIII, on Anglican orders, recalls a chapter in the history of the English Church which marks the beginning of that institution's march towards Rome. It was not yesterday or the day before that the members of that communion turned their eyes longingly to Peter; it was neither Lord Halifax's pamphlet nor Mr. Gladstone's letter to Cardinal Rampolla that first gave evidence of the unrest and disquietude which had settled upon the minds of English churchmen. Sixty-three years ago the summons came to begin the march, and with the Oxford movement the Establishment took a first step forward on a journey in which the second and perhaps final pass has just been made.

It is well, then, at this time, to become retrospective. To night we will neglect the present and think only of the day when a brighter light began to dawn upon many sincere Christian souls.

The Oxford or Tractarian Movement began in the year 1833. Shortly before this occurred the French Revolution. The Reform agitation followed and the Whigs came in power. Immediately on the passing of the reform Bill a general attack seemed imminent on the Church of England. Her position was to be defined as the servant of the State. The Church was to be looked on as a political body of Christians whose government and discipline were in the hands of the State. It was reported that parliamentary committees were to revise the prayer-book and remodel the creeds. The moving spirits of this triumphant political party were opposed to the very existence of the Church. In fact there were serious fears afloat that Church reform might end in the actual abolition of the Establishment.

In this state of things, while the authorities of the English Church remained powerless and inert there arose from the eager and earnest thinkers of all schools a protest on one hand and on the other. Sides had to be taken for or against the Revolution.

In the midst of this general upheaval occurred what is known as the Oxford Movement.

The Movement began in a vigorous effort for the defence of the church of England against serious dangers which threatened it at the time. It was at Oxford, July 14, 1833, that John Keble preached his sermon on "National Apostasy." Among his hearers was John Henry Newman, already a well known man in his college, and destined to play an important part in the movement of which that day was the birthday. This memorable sermon was a protest against the suppression of ten Irish Bishops in defiance of Church opinion. It was a call to face in earnest a changed state of things, full of immediate and pressing danger; to consider how it was to be met by Christians and churchmen, and to watch motives and tempers.

But if Mr. Keble's sermon was the first word of the movement, its first step was taken in a small meeting at Hadleigh. From this meeting resulted the "Tracts for the Times." The tracts were short papers, in many cases mere short notes, on the great questions which had suddenly sprung into such interest. They were designed to strengthen the Anglican Church against the inroads of "Popery," and were written with hope of rousing members of the Church of England to comprehend her alarming position. These tracts were the first public utterance of the movement. The first three tracts bear the date of Sept. 9, 1833. For the most part these early tracts were written by Dr. Newman, though Mr. Keble and one or two others also helped. Afterward other writers joined in the series.

The first year after the Hadleigh meeting passed uneventfully. The tracts were steadily swelling in number, and they had begun to excite interest and give rise to questions. But they were not the most powerful instruments in drawing sympathy to the movement.

Dr. Newman was at this time Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, the Church of the University also. He preached regularly from this pulpit. To hear these lectures was the great intellectual and spiritual treat of the week. While men were reading and talking about the tracts, they were hearing the sermons, and in the sermons they heard the meaning and reason and bearing of the tracts.

The great need of the movement was the sanction of some well-known authority. Keble and Newman had at that time only a university reputation. This need was fully answered when Dr. Pusey joined them in 1835. His influence was felt at once. It was through him that the character of the tracts was changed. In place of the short and incomplete papers such as the earlier tracts had been, Nos. 67, 68 and 69 formed the three parts of a pamphlet of more than three hundred pages. The tracts henceforth were grave and carefully worked out essays.

About this time Dr. Pusey wrote his tracts on fasting. Shortly after he published his elaborate treatise on baptism, which was followed by other tracts from different authors.

A cry was heard on all sides that the tracts and the writings of the Fathers would lead the members of the movement to become Catholics before they were aware of it.

The first threatenings of the crisis were heard in 1838. At that time the Bishop in charge made some reproaches on the tracts. The Bishop, however, did not require their withdrawal and for a time all was quiet.

The following year, 1839, Dr. Newman received a serious blow to his ecclesiastical views. For the first time doubts of the tenableness of Anglicanism were beginning to dawn upon him. While he was reading the history of the Monophysites a friend placed in his hands Bishop Wiseman's article on "The Anglican Claims." In it he found the key to the Monophysite difficulty. For a moment the veil was lifted and he felt "that the Church of Rome will be found right after all." Then it darkened again, and, disgusted with himself, he resolved only to trust to reason.

He mentioned the doubt at the time to only two persons, but he could no longer speak with the same clearness and confidence as to the validity of the Anglican position. Before August, 1839, he had always strongly condemned the Roman Church. He no longer attacked Rome as schismatical. His new position was that "Rome is the Church and we are the church," and there is no need to inquire which of the two has defected most from the apostolic standard. This is the view which he puts forward in the article on "The Catholicity of the English Church," which appeared in January, 1840, and was the first result of his restored tranquility of mind.

On the appearance of the celebrated tract 90 early in 1841 the suspicions and alarms which had long been smouldering among those in power, at last flared up, and a storm burst over the heads of the party.

This tract was written by Dr. Newman to prove that the Articles do not contradict Catholic teaching, that they but partially oppose Roman dogmas, and for the most part are directed against the dominant errors of Rome. He at once wrote a letter to the Bishop expressing his readiness to comply, but vindicating the tracts in general, and tract 90 in particular, from the charges brought against them. This was the end of the controversy so far as Dr. Newman himself was concerned.

Between July and November of this same year, 1841, he received three blows which crushed him. In translating St. Athanasius, the old doubt returned. In the Arian history yet more clearly than in the Monophysites the truths lay with the extreme Church, and the thought "that the Church of Rome will be found right after all" returned. He was in the misery of this new unsettlement when the second blow came. The Bishops one after another denounced the tracts. Dr. Newman recognized it as a condemnation. At first he intended to protest, but gave up the thought in despair. But under the third blow he could not remain silent. This was the celebrated Jerusalem bishopric. He made a solemn protest and sent it to the Archbishop of Canterbury and also to his Bishop.

From this time Dr. Newman abstained more and more from taking an active share in the movement. He had to consider before all things the effect of his action on a large party which had hitherto acknowledged him as their leader, and which an important step on his part might break up and disorganize. When the Roman question became more and more pressing he was torn with conflicting attractions and motives. He could not go to Rome "on account of the honors paid to the Blessed Virgin and the saints." His great desire was for union with Rome as Church with Church. During this time he held back others from Rome for many reasons. Some, he thought, were acting through excitement, others again had been intrusted to him by their Anglican friends or guardians. Of course he could not advise others to do what he could not do himself.

During all these years a change had taken place in the movement. A new younger body of men had come into it, cutting across the old line of thought and bending it to their own. When Dr. Newman's restraining hand was removed in great measure from the extreme party it at once came more prominently forward and asserted its Roman tendencies. Dr. Newman had resigned the editorship of the British Critic, which had passed into the hands of Ward and Oakley. This review was the principal public medium through which Ward and Oakley urged their views upon the Oxford party. Ward's writings may be said to have consisted in a prolonged comparison of the English Church with the Roman Church. And in the general result the comparison became more and more in favor of the Roman complaints which did not become less fond as time went on. In 1843 the review came to an end, and its place was taken by the Christian Remembrancer, which was conducted by the more moderate party or the Puseyites.

This same year, 1843, Dr. Newman took two very important and significant steps. In February he wrote a retraction of all the hard things he had ever said against the Church of Rome, and in September resigned St. Mary's, including Littlemore.

The Puseyite Review caused a great deal of excitement and alarm among the Romanizers. Party feeling was accentuated and there were "wars and rumors of wars." Ward at once went to work and wrote his famous "Ideal of a Christian Church." This was published in June, 1844, and from that date till the following December no official notice was taken of it by the university authorities. A committee of the board examined the book. A

number of startling propositions were with ease picked out, and they submitted it to convocation. On Feb. 13 convocation met. Mr. Ward's book was condemned and he was deprived of all his university degrees.

Feb. 13, 1845, or the day on which Ward and his book were condemned, is looked upon as the conclusion of the first stage of the movement. From that moment the decision of a number of good and able men who had once promised to be among the most valuable servants of the Church of England became clear. If it were doubtful before in many cases whether they would stay with her, the doubt existed no longer. It was only a question of time when they would break the tie and renounce their old allegiance. In the bitter and in many cases agonizing struggle which they had gone through as to their duty to God and conscience a sign seemed now to be given them which they could not mistake. They were invited on the one side to come; they were told sternly and scornfully on the other to go. It was no secret what was coming. Through the autumn and the next year friends whose names and forms were familiar in Oxford one by one left it. In September Ward was received into the Catholic Church. The following October Newman asked admission to her fold. Then Faber, Manning, Spencer, Oakley, Morris and a host of others followed.

There is no sadder passage to be found in the history of Oxford than the behavior and policy of the heads of the University towards this religious movement. The movement was for its first year a loyal and earnest effort to serve the cause of the Church. Its objects were clear and reasonable. It aimed at creating a sincere and intelligent zeal for the Church. Its leaders were men of learning who knew what they were talking about, men of religious and pure and severe lives. They were not men given merely to speculation and criticism, but men ready to forego anything, to devote everything to the practical work of elaborating religious thought and life. Some could not understand how these reasonable men could become Catholics. They accounted for it by supposing a silly haughtiness from the pomp of Catholic worship. Their thoughts dwelt continually on "image" worship and the adoration of saints. But what really was a stir was something much deeper. The men who doubted about the Church of England saw in Rome a strong, logical, consistent theory of religion, not of yesterday nor to day, in full work and fruitful in great results. There was also the immense amount which they saw in Rome of self denial and self-devotion, the surrender of home and family in the clergy, the great organized ministry of women in works of mercy; the resolute abandonment of the world and its attractions in the religious life. If in England there flourished the homely and modest types of goodness, for the heroic men must look to Rome, to the rock built Church of Christ.

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countries in the world. Already thousands of people are residing in the towns of Rossland, Trail, Nelson, New Denver, Nakusp, Kaslo, Three Forks, Sandon and other localities, and their numbers are daily being augmented. New towns have sprung up, and are springing up every year, until the trade of that district is now one of the greatest in Canada. Owing to the lack of railway facilities in that section of British Columbia, the trade is largely monopolized by the City of Spokane, and other cities across the boundary in the United States. Although British Columbia has the mines, the United States cities get the benefit of the trade. It is true that the Canadian Pacific Railway, by a circuitous route, has a connection with a part of Kootenay, but the distance is so great, and the freight rates so high, that the merchants and others of the coast cities, in British Columbia, cannot compete with the traders of Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, in the United States. Consequently the greater part of this great trade is lost to Canada.

The main object of this enterprise is to bring the great mining trade of Boundary Creek, Kettle river and Kootenay, to the coast cities of British Columbia, by the shortest possible route, and thereby preserve the mining trade of that section of the Province for the people of Canada. By the shortest possible route to Kootenay, at present, either by the Canadian Pacific or the Great Northern Railways with steamboat connections on the inland waters, it takes about three days from Vancouver to reach Rossland, but by the construction of the projected road it can easily be done in twenty hours, thereby giving the cities of that Province direct communication with Kootenay, and the control of a trade which is now going to the United States—a trade which is unlimited in its extent and will increase from year to year, as new mines are developed and new districts are opened up. Under the present conditions in Kootenay the greater part of the ore is shipped to the smelters of Great Falls, Tacoma, Everett and Butte, in the United States. Any person can see that though British Columbia has every facility for doing this business, yet, owing to the absence of railway connections, they are prevented from utilizing what is their own. By the construction of this railway it is certain that a new era would dawn, and the mining trade of the Province would be kept within its own boundaries. They would then enjoy what they claim to be their heritage. The ore which is now smelted in the United States would be either smelted on the ground or in the coast cities. All the freight which is now shipped into Kootenay at an enormous expense would be taken in at one-half the cost, over the proposed road, and in one quarter of the time. The trade is now established and is only waiting to be carried to the great trade centres of British Columbia.

As projected the line passes through at least two hundred miles of magnificent farming country, one hundred miles of which is at present settled up, and the remaining one hundred miles will be speedily settled as soon as an outlet for the products is assured, while the other four hundred miles traverse a mineral and timber country without an equal on the continent. Boundary Creek and Kettle River camps are depending on this road for the opening up of that wonderful country, as with out it very little can be done for the enormous mountains of ore lying dormant in these sections of the Province. The line, after crossing the Cascade mountains, will run south-easterly about one hundred miles south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Rail-

road, and about one hundred and fifty miles north of the Great Northern Railway (in the United States). This territory, tributary to the Vancouver, Victoria and Eastern Railway, will prove to be a profitable one for traffic purposes; but without railway facilities it will not develop, as it is believed it will do once there are modern facilities afforded to the settlers and miners of the several districts it is proposed to tap, to reach the markets with their produce, cheaply and expeditiously.

In reference to the great benefits which will accrue to the farming community along this line, it may be stated that last winter hay was selling in Vancouver and other coast cities for 85 per ton, while in the towns of Kootenay it was quoted at 828 per ton; yet, owing to the enormous freight charges, it could not be profitably shipped into the mining country at this latter price. It is also a well known fact that the farm markets of British Columbia are limited, and any outlet provided for the agricultural produce of the interior will be hailed with approval, particularly when such an outlet can be found within their own Province. By the construction of this road the farming industry of the country would receive a new impetus, and holdings that are now lying dormant, would again come to life, and live and prosper on the trade which is now supporting the farmers of the State of Washington.

Along the line of the proposed railway are also to be found immense coal deposits which are believed to be the largest undeveloped areas in Canada, if not in America. In fact everything necessary to operate the mines of British Columbia is to be found along the route of the said railway, and instead of bringing coke from England, as the smelters are compelled to do at present, at an enormous cost, it could be obtained within easy reach, together with everything else which is required for smelting purposes.

The undertaking has everything in its favor, and although the construction of the road will be very expensive through the mountain regions, yet the possibilities and the advantages to be derived by the whole community are great and mean everything to the people of Canada, and British Columbia in particular.

The enterprise has been endorsed by resolutions from the Councils of the City of Victoria, the City of Vancouver and the Municipalities of Delta, Surrey, Langley, Matsqui, Sumas and Chilliwack; being nearly all the corporations interested along the line of the proposed railway. These are doing everything possible to assist the undertaking, and all join in urging that the charter be granted at this session, if possible, so that operations on construction may begin and be carried to completion without the least possible delay.

Others have found health, vigor and vitality in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it surely has power to help you also. Why not try it?

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The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month during 1897.

\$1,625 IN BICYCLES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH AND WATCHES

As Follows: 10 First Prizes, \$100 Stems' Bicycle, \$1,000 25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch, 625 Bicycles and Watches given each month... Total given during year 1897, \$19,500

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to save as many "Sunlight Soap" Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper...

COMPETITORS TO SAVE AS MANY "SUNLIGHT SOAP" WRAPPERS AS THEY CAN COLLECT. CUT OFF THE TOP PORTION OF EACH WRAPPER...

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The Celebrated Parisian and Altar B... and Baumer's Patent Finish Beeswax Candles...

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High-Class Church Windows. Hobbs Mfg. Co. London, Ont.

Objects of the New York Catholic Agency. The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

It has been established with the full knowledge and consent of Bishop Whitaker, and has at present eight novices, who have taken the vows of poverty, charity and obedience for the period of two years.

Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

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REID'S HARDWARE. For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers Superior Carpet Sweepers Sintered, etc. Wingers, Mangles Cutlery, etc. 118 DUNDAS STREET, North Side, LONDON, Ont.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Sunday within the Octave of Christmas.

THE ACCEPTABLE TIME. The time to serve God is now, and the place to serve God is right here. Such, brethren, is the lesson of New Year's Day. This day is the starting-point of the whole year, and we should appreciate that the day itself, the present time, is of greater value than the past and the future. We should start right. We should get our minds in a proper condition for the labor and suffering, the joy and sorrow, of the coming year; and that means that we should use the present moment for all that it is worth. Of course, brethren, this is the day of big wishes: "I wish you a happy New Year," we all have heard and said many times today, and that is a good thing. But good wishes don't put money in the bank, or pay off the mortgage on your home, or even put a fat turkey on the table. They are pleasant and charitable, and we repeat, they are good things—all the better if, as a matter of fact, they are likely to be fulfilled.

Now, many a one says: "I cannot be as good a Christian as I should wish because I am too busy just now." So you see he takes it out in good wishes by saying, "I wish you could be a good Christian." He is one of those mentioned by our Saviour: "Not every one who says, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven"; and He adds, "but he who does the will of my Father who is in heaven." Thus our Saviour shows the difference between the one who says and the one who does—the good-wisher and the well-doer. Don't you see that by simply wishing you are putting your business above God? Can't you understand that you think more highly of the guest you entertain to day than you do of the one whom you put off till tomorrow? First come, first served; and who comes before God? God the Father created you. God the Son redeemed you. God the Holy Ghost sanctified you. Is any business equal to creation, redemption, and sanctification? But somebody might insist: Father, that is all true, and yet what I say is true. I am too busy to attend to my religious duties, and I cannot help it. My occupations force themselves upon me. I must work as I do, or I and my family will suffer. I answer: There must be something wrong about this. Is it really possible that you are compelled to work in such a way that you positively cannot receive Communion a few times a year; cannot say your night and morning prayers; cannot attend at Mass—is this really the case? If so, then you are a slave. There have been classes of men among us so situated, but they are not now, because they rebelled against it, took effective measures to remedy the evil, and succeeded in doing so. Have you tried? Have you asked leave to get off work to attend to your religious duties? Are you willing to lose a day's wages or a week's pay for the love of God? Think over these questions. Be honest with yourself. Do not blame your employer or excuse yourself until you have made your request and been refused.

The time to serve God is now, and the place is right here. That is the principle upon which our Sunday-school teachers act. They are busy, industrious young men and women. They find time, however, not only to take care of their own souls, but to help parents and priests to save the children of the parish. Much the same may be said of the members of the choir, the gentlemen of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, the Altar Society, and all others who unite themselves with us in the good works of religion and charity in this parish. To such souls, active and practical, every day is New Year's Day. They are always beginning or carrying on some good work for God, their neighbor, and their own souls, and doing it right here and just now.

It is in this spirit, brethren, that I hope all the good wishes of a Happy New Year may be received by you today and that you may be truly happy in body and soul, in your families, and among your friends. Amen.

Catholics and Divorce.

A Government inspector writing to the Protestant Church Review of the growing evil of divorce has this to say on the teachings of the Catholic Church on the Sacrament of marriage: "Large and increasing as the number of divorces in the United States is, it is an undeniable fact that were it not for the widespread influence of the Roman Catholic Church the number would be much greater. The loyalty of the Catholics to the teachings and doctrines of their Church, and the fact that one of the cardinal doctrines of the Church is that Christ instituted marriage as a holy sacrament, which when consummated can be dissolved for no other cause and in no other manner save by death, has unquestionably served as a barrier to the volume of divorces, which, except among the members of that Church, is said during the past twenty years has been assuming ever-increasing proportions throughout the country."

Blood is Life.

It is the medium which carries to every nerve, muscle, organ and fibre its nourishment and strength. If the blood is pure, rich and healthy you will be well; if impure, it will soon overtake you. Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to keep you in health by purifying your blood rich and pure.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy to cure. Cure indigestion, biliousness, etc.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Childermas.

Only three days after Christmas the Church calls us to keep the Feast of the Holy Innocents. In old times this day was called "Childermas," and is to honor the memory of those dear little children who were snatched from their mother's arms by the command of wicked King Herod. He was seeking to kill Jesus, and not knowing where to put to death all the male children in Bethlehem that were less than two years old. The Angel of the Lord told St. Joseph to take the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus into a distant country, and He was gone when the little children were murdered. This lovely band of infant Martyrs now stand before the throne of God, and thank Him that they were permitted to suffer for Christ's sake; and you, too, dear boys and girls, though you may not be called upon to die for your dear Lord, have your little sorrows and sufferings, which you may offer to Him with the sufferings of Jesus, and your offering will be accepted.

How the Christ Flowers Came.

It was Christmas Eve in the Black Forest. The whirling snow touched the tree tops; the starry flakes clung to the branches or fluttered down, pure as rose petals wafted about on the breath of angels. Soon the frozen earth was hid from view and a great white world waited, in solemn expectation, the coming of the Christ-Child. Silence lay upon the forest. The charcoal burners tended their smoldering fires and dreamed of home, or, with simple faith, listened for the shepherd's message and the angels' song.

When the midnight hour was nigh a sound broke the stillness, the wail of a child in distress. The charcoal burners crossed themselves, and huddled closer to their fires.

"'Tis the cry from Bethlehem," said Johann reverently. "The Christ-Child is born."

"No child of the Black Forest would be abroad to-night?" asked Hans, uneasily. "It might not be one of our little children?"

"Not so," asserted Michael, a sturdy giant. "No *hausmutter* in the Black Forest could be so careless. Content thee, Hans, the little ones snug in their cot dream of the angels, while thy good *frau* guards their sleep. It is, as Johann says, the echo from Bethlehem, or maybe we have nodded and dreamed."

Hans was silent, but presently stole away into the snow-wreathed depths of the forest. A voice in his heart was urging him on.

"May the star of Bethlehem guide me aright," he prayed. "If a child be abroad this holy night, lead me, dear God, to Thy little one."

Again the wail of distress smote upon his ear; a sob was the answer to his prayer; and stooping down the charcoal-burner lifted from the snow a babe, scantily wrapped in swaddling clothes. Its feeble strength was almost spent, as placing it in his breast Hans sped through the forest toward his home.

The *hausmutter* sat by her babes, her face, beautiful with mother-love, radiant in the glow of the Christmas lights burning on the humble tree.

"Human energy and will force are the levellers and equalizers of men. Their potency in material affairs has never yet been exhausted. They have elevated the patient plodder o'times above the genius. They have made the average industrious man the peer and frequently the superior of the possessors of a gifted, brilliant mind. Human energy and will, rightly employed, have shown over and over again that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. By their dogged force, persevering effort, and constant alertness, men of the common stamp have pioneered the way of human progress and development, oftentimes when the luminous intellects, which might have cleared and made easier the path, were content to conceal their light and confine their resources beneath the bushel of indifference or sloth."

"Who was born to-night," answered the mother, gently, and her love flowed out to the wail, warming it back to life.

The slumbering children stirred and awakened, and, seeing the stranger, rose from their cot, and presently the hut rang with their rejoicing. The lights on the tree twinkled like stars. The children bore their guest towards it, loaded him with its choicest gifts, and played about him merrily. Hans and Gretchen looked on, a great content in their hearts.

Suddenly a radiance not of earth illumined the humble abode; the wail was encircled by a glory that deepened and spread, till the charcoal-burner's hut became an ante-chamber of heaven. Hans and Gretchen fell on their knees in adoration. The babe they had harbored was passing from their vision, floating upward as if borne on angel's wings, his tiny hands outspread in parting benediction.

The children wept for the loss of their playmate.

"Hush, these, my darlings," whispered the mother. "Know you 'twas the dear Christ Child, who came to us, and hath returned to heaven. To morrow thy father shall show thee the spot where he found the Holy Babe."

When the morrow came Hans led the little ones into the forest, and where had been a bed of snow, low flowers bloomed, great waxen blossoms with hearts of gold and petals like silken floss.

"The Christ flowers!" cried little Greta, and kneeling before them, as at a shrine, the peasants solemnly recorded a vow to succor each Christmas Day some poor child in honor of the Holy One, who had been their guest.

And so, in the Black Forest, is still told this legend of how the Christ-flowers came. — Mary B. O'Sullivan in Donahoe's Magazine.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"The devil has planted his own special sin deep in the heart of every man; and the hardest struggle of all, in the saints' lives, has been the struggle against pride. There is no greater heroism to day than that of the man who has conquered pride and is looked down upon by everyone, as a coward and a spiritless man. For he has plucked out the sin whose roots were deepest in his heart, having, for years as many as he has lived, been fostered and watered by the breath of public opinion. How the devil must laugh to see the sin that caused him the loss of eternal happiness in the sight of God, elevated, enthroned and worshipped as the highest of all virtues by mankind!"

Looking for "a Soft Soap." "I have tried five different employments," says a correspondent, "and I haven't found one that suits me. What shall I do?"

Take a big dose of stick at itiveness. You lack persistence. You are looking for a work that has no drawbacks. If there were any such occupation, all the world would take to it and quit every other business. As there is none such, the followers of every pursuit have to endure its disadvantages as well as enjoy its pleasant fruits. Select the most congenial employment and then keep everlastingly at it until you have mastered it and gotten up at the head of the profession.

Affable Manners. There are thousands of engaging ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affective or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger who may be recommended to us, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession these will insure us the good regards of all. There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that is even more irresistible than beauty.

The Value of Opportunities.

A few paragraphs from Michael J. Dwyer's article on Opportunities in Donahoe's Magazine are worth repeating for the benefit of those who think that the opportunity to be good, or great, or useful, never comes their way, because they arrive on the scene just as it has taken its departure, to quote from the article, into the realm of the bygone, from whose bowers it will never return.

"It is a mistake to suppose that opportunities come alone to the whom nature has blessed in a superior manner for their fellows. Genius, talent, wealth, social position, are gifts that carry shining opportunities with them easily and naturally, but the experience of the world demonstrates that none of these things are necessary to enable any one to turn existence to the highest possible advantage. The best opportunities are those which a man makes for himself, and the most capable of a man can so mould his life and will and character, that opportunities will spring up around him, created by his own native energy and resource.

"Human energy and will force are the levellers and equalizers of men. Their potency in material affairs has never yet been exhausted. They have elevated the patient plodder o'times above the genius. They have made the average industrious man the peer and frequently the superior of the possessors of a gifted, brilliant mind. Human energy and will, rightly employed, have shown over and over again that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. By their dogged force, persevering effort, and constant alertness, men of the common stamp have pioneered the way of human progress and development, oftentimes when the luminous intellects, which might have cleared and made easier the path, were content to conceal their light and confine their resources beneath the bushel of indifference or sloth."

Self-Analysis.

"If people could only see themselves as others see them," is a wail that often goes up from some would-be reformer. This is, of course, impossible; but I believe we may see ourselves as we really are, whether others see us thus or not. See ourselves as others see us would be but a kaleidoscopic view at best, since all are not apt to see us alike.

But surely, we who are really behind the scenes must know ourselves better than they who judge only from appearances. We know our motives for our actions, and though we may be doing our best that seems possible to our fallible judgment, our motives are often misconstrued by others.

We often see things done by our neighbors which we feel prone to criticize, when if we had done these same things ourselves they would have appeared all right to us. And since we know this to be true, why can we not be charitable enough to give other people the benefit of the doubt and suppose they do in good faith what seems best to them?

Not to know our own characteristics can only be possible because of a lack of self-analysis. It is not a great deal of trouble to put ourselves through a course of rigid self-examination; and if we are fair-minded we will do this. Surely we all have a desire to know ourselves as we are, and it seems that none of us need be in ignorance of our faults and foibles. If we would take an inventory of these frequently we



should doubtless grow dissatisfied with our narrowness of soul, and be led to aspire to greater magnanimity.

But the trouble is, we don't do this often enough—we don't make that rigid self-examination. We all, doubtless, have a vague, ever-present knowledge of our temperaments; but we don't examine deep enough. If we did we couldn't be satisfied with ourselves, but would strive to be something nobler—to overcome selfishness, to conquer the brute in us, to subdue sensuality, to be more generous and kinder to others; and, in earnestly striving, we would eventually become so.

No one can know us so well as we might if we would but take the trouble to become acquainted with our own characteristics. If we can do this it is our own fault; but we can do it only by putting ourselves through a course of self-analysis.

Character the Chief Thing.

No matter how well or how wisely a young man plans his life, or how laboriously, perseveringly and consistently he carries out his design, or what apparent success he may achieve, he will never exert a proper influence on those about him, or give meaning and completeness to his life, if he be destitute of dignity and force of character, said Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, to the graduates of the Christian Brothers' Academy, at Memphis, a few weeks ago. Character has been the prime factor in all the great revolutions of the world, whether social, political or religious, because it is the only true and adequate expression, whether in word or deed, of man's convictions, sympathies and aspirations of truth. It is his sympathies be with the innocent and oppressed; if his aspirations rise to what is honorable and noble, then will his life possess a latent force and a gracious charm which will attract and subdue those within the range of its influence and command the respect and exert the approval of all men.

A man of sterling integrity of character will be impressed with a vivid consciousness of what is due to himself. He will be self-respecting; never doing an act in the dark that he would blush to do before the world; never sundering his love and lavishing his attentions on strangers, reserving only the poverty of his heart and vulgar side of his nature for those who should be nearest and dearest to him on earth; never afraid to avow his religious principles when the occasion requires it, openly and before all men; demanding loyalty to truth and obedience to God the highest services and the noblest and most ennobling privilege of man.

We hear it sometimes said that it will not do for a Catholic to openly avow his convictions; that his religion will close against him the avenues of honorable ambition. It cannot be denied that there exists a prejudice against Catholics; that it is active without being apparent; that it pervades our literature, our laws and our social and political life; that it hangs like a noxious exhalation in the atmosphere and poisons the air we breathe; but it may be doubted if it be as potent for evil in this instance as is frequently asserted. The world admires the man who has the courage of his convictions, and bows in deference to a pure and noble life. If a young Catholic gentleman be self-respecting; if his habits be not those of fashionable and expensive dissipation; if his associates be of the honorable, the virtuous and the wise; if he live not like a pappan, while proclaiming himself a Catholic; if his conduct be in exemplification of his profession; if his life be such that he can stand before the world with pure heart and clean hands and challenge its malignity; then I say that in these days and in this land his religion will be no bar to his advancement in any business or profession that is worthy of engaging the thoughts of the energy of man. The religion of Mr. Taney did not prevent him from reaching the distinguished position of Chief Justice of the United States; and neither did that of Mr. Charles O'Connor prevent him from respecting great emolument from his profession and winning the splendid reputation of being the first lawyer of the land.

There is nothing so commanding, nothing so enduring, nothing that shines with so steady a lustre as nobility of character. It clothes men with a serene majesty and an austere simplicity, the value of which the world recognizes as being incomparably greater than the bare possession of towering talents. That Francis Bacon was one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen there can be no manner of doubt; and there can be just as little doubt that he was one of the most despicable of characters. While Bacon is remembered partly for his splendid endowments and partly for the dishonorable use he made of them, Sir Thomas More, who was almost, if not quite, his equal in talents and ability, and whose eloquence and learning were known and admired in every country of Europe, has come down to us, not as the representative and embodiment of the culture of his age, but as a great and

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beautiful moral character, or, as Macaulay calls him, "one of the choice specimens of human wisdom and virtue," who, rather than assist at the coronation of Anne Boleyn and thus compromise by one tith the convictions of his faith, laid his head upon the block with the courage of a martyr and the dignity of a saint.

A GOOD WORK.

Every Christian must commend the work that Mr. Moody, the Protestant evangelist has been engaged in in this city. That does not, of course, mean that a Catholic can assent to Mr. Moody's opinions or beliefs as to what is or what is not the true doctrine of the Christian religion. But all Catholics acknowledge that sincere belief in and practice of any form of Protestantism is to a large extent at least Christian in its essence and therefore to be preferred to infidelity or to mere religious indifference.

The fact is that a very large proportion of nominal Protestants, for one reason or other, rarely if ever enter a church or come under any Christian influences directly once their Sunday school period has been passed. The ministers do not and cannot reach these great numbers of unattached and therefore it is that so many of these so-called "evangelizing" methods are employed—"Salvationists," "Volunteers," "Praying bands" and the like.

Now most of these irregular methods of gathering unattached Protestants, so as to bring for a time at least religion to the attention of their minds, are open to various objections, among which is that most of them tend to bring religion into ridicule and contempt because of the sensationalism that forms a part of most of these methods.

But for Mr. Moody it can be said that he is sincere, is earnest, pious, really appears to love God and the cause of Christ as he understands it, and is eminently successful through

We hear a great deal about purifying the blood. The way to purify it is to enrich it. Blood is not a simple fluid like water. It is made up of minute bodies and when these are deficient, the blood lacks the life-giving principle. Scott's Emulsion is not a mere blood purifier. It actually increases the number of the red corpuscles in the blood and changes unhealthy action into health.

If you want to learn more of it we have a book, which tells the story in simple words.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

his zeal, eloquence, and sagacity in presenting religion in a way to win his Protestant auditors back from their coldness or indifference, and induce a great number of them to attach themselves permanently to some form or other of Christianity, even though it be one of the defective forms that compose the Protestant sects. And it is to be added as greatly in his favor that Mr. Moody has all along through his evangelizing career, that has lasted now very many years, been not only courteous and magnanimous, but even cordial in his references to the Catholic Church and religion.

When one reflects how many Catholics there are in all our large cities who are to all intents and purposes as much unattached as the Protestants who make up the most part of Mr. Moody's audiences, there arises a feeling of regret that we Catholics have not some sort of agency at work corresponding to Mr. Moody and his work. If these Catholics, for one reason or other, will not go to the church, it may be well asked might not some one on behalf of the Church go to them?—Catholic Review.

Be Sincere.

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation. Say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

The Children's Enemy.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, lup diseases, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of diseases Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandall, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try DR. THOMAS' COLLECTED OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one half the bottle was used, my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Paro's Pills and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

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Vertical text on the left margin, including "1896", "1897", "SEE WITH LIGHTERS", "TORONTO", "CLASS", "ARCH", "WINDOWS", "MFG. CO.", "ONT.", "DESIGNS", "AGENCY", "OF GOODS", "LIMITED STATES", "OF THE WHOLE", "MANUFACTURING", "SALE", "FROM THE", "RECHARGED ITS", "AND GIVING", "EXPERIENCE", "ARGUED", "SEPARATE TRADED", "ONLY ONE LETTER", "AND CORRIDORS", "THERE WILL", "OF BUYING AND", "A SITUATION OF", "WILL BE STRICTLY", "BY YOUR GIVING", "EXPERIENCE AND", "YOUR ORDERS TO", "REGAN, NEW YORK", "ARE", "SWEETENERS", "North Side", "GREEN'S AVE.", "ired hearing", "throats. Even", "12 to 4."

