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LONDON, ONT.

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The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY JULY 24, 1900.

1605

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1900.

THE DANGER OF ALCOHOL.

Dr. MacNicol a scientist of repute says there is not a case in which alcohol is used in medicine that science has not found a substitute, if not an actual equivalent, which is as good if not better than alcohol.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

In the increase of criminality, the decadence of national spirit and virility and decrease of France's population, the bad book and newspaper have not been unimportant factors.

4. The Cultus or Worship (hyperdulia) of the Blessed Virgin; 5. The Invocation of Saints; 6. The Immaculate Conception of St. Mary; 7. Purgatory; 8. Indulgences; 9. The Denial of the Chalice to the Laity.

At the Council of Trent the Church of Rome finally formulated the doctrine on the subject of images which is still of authority within its communion.

The iconoclastic spirit of the Puritan reformers once rampant within as well as without the Anglican Church, is rapidly disappearing.

In England nine hundred years before the Reformation, Now it is worth while remembering in this connection that our English forefathers so exalted in the cultus of the Blessed Virgin that England was known in all Europe as "Mary's Dowry."

Our readers will find the whole subject ably treated in "The Blessed Virgin and All the Company of Heaven," by Dr. Theodore Wirgman, Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral and Archbishop of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, one of the most distinguished theologians in the Anglican Church today.

When Mr. Partridge speaks of "the Roman theory of Purgatory concerning the intermediate state" he would seem to imply that there is a true doctrine of the intermediate state, which is to be distinguished and differentiated from "the Roman theory concerning it," commonly called Purgatory.

At the Council of Trent to find out just what the Roman Church authoritatively teaches concerning Purgatory we find that beyond affirming "that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained there are assisted by the Sacrifice of the Mass," very little is defined in regard to it.

Now we shall quote a passage or two from a popular Anglican work, "Catholic Faith and Practice," by Dr. Alfred G. Mortimer, Rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia:

THE INVOCATION OF THE SAINTS. Mr. Partridge not only limits the doctrines he mentions as "exclusively" belonging to the Roman Church, but by adding the word "modern" would seem to imply that these were the peculiar "Papal doctrines" which he claims Rome has "added to the ancient and apostolic faith of the ages."

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. No doubt Mr. Partridge is as strenuous as is the Editor of The Lamp, in contending that no new Church is founded by Henry VIII, but that the Anglican Church of to-day is identical with the Ecclesia Anglicana that was

THE WITHHOLDING OF THE CUP.

It only remains to consider the Roman custom of withholding the chalice in Holy Communion from the laity, and as this is brought up again in the second part of Dr. Partridge's letter, we will deal very briefly with it here.

There is only one way in which to read the Scriptures, and that is to do as the saints did before us, says Father Exuperius, writing in the current number of Etudes Francaises (Paris).

THE PROPER KIND OF CATHOLIC.

HE SHOULD GO FREQUENTLY TO HOLY COMMUNION AND CULTIVATE A LOVE FOR THE REALIZATION OF HIS DUTY, AND IMITATE THE SAINTS IN THE STUDY OF HOLY WRIT.

There is only one way in which to read the Scriptures, and that is to do as the saints did before us, says Father Exuperius, writing in the current number of Etudes Francaises (Paris).

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS. VIEWS OF A NON-CATHOLIC WRITER ON THE SUBJECT OF PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD. HE ARGUES IN FAVOR OF THAT CONSOLING AND CHERISHED DOCTRINE.

Logically, how can we do without prayer for the dead? They live, and nothing that lives can be independent of God; and if not independent of God, they are a reasonable subject of prayer to God.

plan to this effect: if lost, prayer is useless; if saved, superfluous. Passing the lot of the lost, it is really blasphemous to say the saved do not need prayer, for it is saying that they have got beyond God's control.

There is only one way in which to read the Scriptures, and that is to do as the saints did before us, says Father Exuperius, writing in the current number of Etudes Francaises (Paris).

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THE BLACK-ROBE.

There's a secret of the forest That no tongue has ever spelled; There's a grave beside a river That no white man has beheld.

There he slumbers uncomplaining In the woodland's humble trust, And the simple hearts that mourned — him

At the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas in Philadelphia, recently, Bishop Prendergast administered Confirmation to one hundred adult converts.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

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Right Rev. George W. Mundelein, S. T. D., who has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn, is believed to be the youngest Bishop in America and possibly in the world.

By the will of Patrick Dunphy, a pioneer western railroad contractor who died at Pueblo, Col., a few days ago, his entire fortune of \$100,000 is left to St. Mary's Hospital, St. Patrick's Church at Pueblo and Pueblo Council of the Knights of Columbus.

Two hundred and thirty-six converts were received by the Redemptorist missionaries of one house of the Eastern Province of the United States during 1908.

IN TREATY WITH HONOR. A Romance of Old Quebec.

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. Author of "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the Straits," "Love Thru Wars," etc.

CHAPTER VI. THROUGH THE FOREST.

Madame St. Germain had come to stay with Jaquette at the doctor's house, to assist her in the care of the wounded, and at the same time play the part of chaperone.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day after the fight, and we were gathered in the living-room, Dr. Nelson sitting at a table engaged in drawing a small map of the surrounding country, Ramon talking with Mademoiselle de Ronville in the chimney-corner, and I by the window chatting with Madame.

"Ha, ha, a good story, is it not Monsieur?" laughed the widow, nodding at me vivaciously. "Jean Baptiste, showing an old French coin to Brown, the Yankee medicine-vendor, said proudly, 'My ancestor was made a chevalier by the king whose picture you see here.' And the trickster would-be leaver of our people replied, 'What a coincidence! My ancestor was also on the Indian whose portrait you see on this American cent.'" "Ha, ha!"

Madame's black eyes shone like the gleam of the will-o'-the-wisp in the dusk of a summer's night. Truly, the buxom widow of thirty might still turn the head of many a man.

"Though I professed to be amused at the jest, as in duty bound, I made but a poor listener, for my thoughts were with the pair by the fire."

Ramon stood looking down at Jaquette, who sat on the chimney-bench, and the two youthful figures seemed to stand out like a picture against the bright background of the chimney's glow.

He spoke in a tone so low that his words were evidently intended for her alone, his manner was eloquent, his smile brought an answering smile to the lips of the girl as she looked up at him. Not only his features, but her sweet face seemed illumined. Was it but by the light of the fire? "Ramon loves her, and she is, at least, interested in him," I said to myself. "I love her too, God knows. But I have sworn to be his friend. Would it be acting the part of a friend to try to win her heart, when from the first he has laid siege to it? His chaff as he has laid siege to it? Will leave him a fair field. But I shall never cease to love her, even though that love must be hidden in my own breast."

As my eyes dwelt upon them and my thoughts ran on thus, Jaquette's mood suddenly changed. "Ah, Monsieur Ramon," she cried aloud, "you ask for a chanson? How, then, does this please you?"

"Du joli lai, gai le rosier. Du joli lai, gai le rosier. Du joli lai, gai le rosier."

Like a spell upon me was the lilting tune, the refrain, the merry abandon of her voice.

"Bien cherie, give us the rest of the song," said the doctor, laying down his pen as she paused.

We added our entreaties, and with a shrug of her pretty shoulders she continued:

"Par derrier chez ma tante. Lu y'a-tan bon jolle. Le rossignol chante. Et le jour et la nuit. Qui lon lai, gai le rosier. Qui lon lai, gai le rosier."

"Du joli moie de mai," joined Madame St. Germain in a rich alto.

Patting her little white hands together to mark the rhythm and smiling as she sang, Jaquette appeared the very embodiment of the spirit of the music, a river sprite or a nymph of the Richelieu forests.

Singing and motion are allied. She rose to her feet, and, slowly swaying to and fro at first like a young white birch wooed by the breeze, began to dance to the music of her song.

"Le rossignol y chante. Et le jour et la nuit. Qui non point de mai. Qui lon lai, gai le rosier."

The freighth shoe upon her gray frock, upon her charming face and the dark curls that stirred as she danced; it made a gleaming path on the oaken floor for her dainty feet.

For the moment, there in that pleasant room as we watched her, the warlike happenings of three days earlier were forgotten.

But dancing is contagious. Presently Ramon was treading a measure with her in lively fashion. Anon, lured by her witchery, I found myself bowing to mademoiselle in courtly fashion, while the dance slackened to the tempo of the minuet, and again, as I clasped her delicate fingers, raising my arm above her head in order that, wheeling gracefully, she might pass under the arch made by our clasped hands.

Of a sudden, however, our mirth was interrupted by the call of a habitant outside. Pausing, we all looked toward the window.

Every day the silver current of the river had grown narrower, for the ice forming along the strand daily reached out farther into the stream, like the relentless grasp of Old Winter himself, covered the sunny shore with the rays of sunshine touched with glory the tinnocence and brought out into relief the dark pines of the Island of the Stags.

"My word!" I cried. "Here comes a man on a pony galloping down the road from St. Charles."

While I spoke he drew rein at the gate. The doctor hastened to the house door, and returned directly with Jean Baptiste, the scout.

"You may tell your story here," said Nelson, grimly. Pale as death Jaquette went over to her uncle, and linking her arm in his stood waiting to hear the news. Ramon and I drew near the messenger, and Madame St. Germain rose from her chair.

"The soldiers from Chambly marched down the cote two nights ago," began Jean Baptiste, dolefully. "Yesterday morning they reached St. Charles, where two of three hundred patriots were gathered. Knowing the redcoats would promptly fire up on them, they opened fire themselves, but their powder and bullet soon gave out. The soldiers charged upon them with the bayonet, killing many; they set fire to a barn in which others had taken refuge, and drove the remainder into the river, where they were drowned like rats in a trap."

"And Brown, the Yankee quack, who posed as their leader and insisted that the villagers should decline our offer of assistance?" inquired the doctor, who had heard the tale with working features and clenched hands.

Jacquette fled, sobbing, from the room, and Madame hastened after her.

When the scout had withdrawn to repeat his tragic story in the kitchen, our host, after some minutes, said, turning to Ramon and me:

"Gentlemen, two days ago I felt we had taken the first step in the path that was to give freedom to Canada; but this rout has opened my eyes. Until we are better prepared, we must avoid another meeting of the troops. I will send a messenger to our American friends at St. Albans. An express must also ride post haste to the Two Mountains, where the people are preparing to resist. They have heard of our success. They must also be warned of the defeat at St. Charles."

"I ask the privilege of going to St. Albans," cried Ramon impetuously. Surprise kept me dumb. He had made haste to choose the better mission. The journey would indeed be long and wearisome, but the messenger to the States would go as the representative of the patriots, would address Jaquette, of the people there, even as Jaquette, a spirited daughter of the chevaliers as she was, had advised us to do. If successful, he would not only serve the cause but, as at one stroke, win prominence and distinction.

This opportunity my companion with a selfishness new to him, demanded for himself.

Disappointed for the first time in his friendship, and flinging voice at last, I hotly contested his claim.

"No, I will go," I declared. We were on the verge of a dispute, when Dr. Nelson interposed.

"Gentlemen, we must not waste time in idle arguments," he protested. "Count Rycewski, since you were the first to speak, you shall have your choice. Mr. Adair, you will not refuse to carry a letter from me to Dr. Chenier at St. Eustache?"

"Sir, I have joined you, and I will decline no service you require of me in the name of the cause," I answered sullenly enough.

When my comrade and I retired to the room we shared, Ramon did not explain his motive in standing by his claim but strove by all other means in his power to break down the barrier of coldness I had erected between us.

At last it yielded, as a snow fort yields to the sun. How could I be angry with him when I realized that the next day we were to separate, perhaps I never could I shut my heart against him who, in the weeks we had shared, had never failed me except in this one instance?

"After all," I said to myself, "had he not a right to choose this mission? Was I not selfish in turn to desire it? Thus reproaching myself, I gladly accepted his advance toward reconciliation, and we talked far into the night.

The name of Jaquette was, however, not mentioned between us.

The next afternoon, after a long consultation with Dr. Nelson and a parting tête-à-tête with Jaquette, Ramon set off on his journey. I rode out with him a few miles, and most unwillingly took leave of him when we were about halfway to St. Charles.

An revoir, my dear friend. Always think kindly of me, he said, reaching out to me across the rough mane of the sturdy pony with which the doctor had provided him.

"Au revoir," I repeated, clasping his hand, "and may good fortune lead your horse by the bridle."

Neither of us dared trust ourselves to utter the word "good-by," and yet we felt only too keenly that we might never meet again.

"God keep you, for I love you more than I have ever loved any woman," I broke out passionately.

His smile was singularly sweet as he answered me. "And I you."

Then, after pressing my hand again, he withdrew his own, spoke a word to the pony, and rode away, while I, reining in my mount, followed him with my eyes.

When he had gone a short distance he turned in his saddle, waved a last adieu, and cantered across the unfenced fields, avoiding the river road lest he might be intercepted by one of the bands of soldiers now marching up and down the country.

It was the last day of November, and I was thankful that the plain was rough and brown, since, had it been covered with snow, the tracks of his horse's hoofs might have aroused inquiry and led to his arrest.

Thus I watched him ride on toward St. Charles and St. Hilare, whence I knew he would pass around behind the great solitary mountain Belœil, which in its armor of steel-blue mist seemed to be a figure of the genius of the Richelieu arisen in its might.

When I in turn set about making my adieux to Mademoiselle Jaquette, she was in so contrary a mood, I dared not tell her what I wished to say, which was simply that, since she had unwittingly taken possession of my heart, I would find her accept the devotion of my life as well.

"Be my wife," I meant to plead. "So soon as there is again peace on the Richelieu I will make a home for you, perhaps in the abandoned seigneurial house across the river at St. Antoine, which I hear can be bought."

Instead of appearing downcast over the prospect of my speedy departure, she chose to be, I thought, unbecomingly gay.

"We shall be grave enough to-morrow, let us be merry while we may," her manner said.

As we sat together on the settle in the living room, she would not meet my eyes, but persisted in looking out upon the river, which for once I did not care to do, for I found more interest in studying her sweet face and trim figure.

Was it that her plain homespun gown made her look still slighter than had the white frock in which I first saw her? Or had the anxiety of the last few weeks caused her young form to lose something of its roundness? At least she appeared thinner than on that October day at the huskings.

"Ma foi, monsieur," she exclaimed, shaking her pretty curls in a way to turn the head of any hapless lover. "What shall we do for a protector while you are absent? But no, when all the men are gone, we shall, of course, have peace. It is not the women who stir up wars. Why must men be forever fighting?"

"That women may live in quiet and contentment," I answered, not in hope to cheer her since I could not hope to change it.

"Still it is a great pity Monsieur Papineau and Monsieur Brown, who are so much better as talkers than fighters, cannot arouse the sympathy of the people of the States for us," she went on. "Since they were in such haste to cross the border, why must Count Rycewski be sent upon this errand?"

"Because he can better tell what happened at St. Denis and St. Charles than those who did not wait to see it," I replied dryly.

"Ah, yes," she laughed. "I have noticed that some of those who would sacrifice their last drop of blood have been very sparing of the first. But why cannot the inhabitants of St. Eustache manage their own resistance, as our people did here?"

"They are only too ready to do so," said I; and forthwith I explained to her why Dr. Nelson wished me to go.

"Oh, if you go to spare any one anguish or suffering, then go without delay, in the name of God," she exclaimed, serious at once; "he who risks his life to save others is a greater hero than he who faces the enemy's fire."

"Pascal is saddling my horse. I delay only for it and to take leave of you," I said.

My mare Feu Follet had been mysteriously returned to me at St. Denis by a habitant, who at the same time brought us news that Desmarais and Davignon had safely crossed the border.

A silence now fell between Jaquette and myself. The girl watched the church spire of St. Antoine as if she feared it would suddenly take wings and fly away, while I fortively continued my study of her face. Despite her bantering tone of a few moments before, she was piqued at something. I could see; and presently a solution of the enigma flashed upon me. It was because Ramon had gone so willingly upon his distant mission, had so carelessly ridden away out of her life. Here she was, urging me to hasten upon my errand, but she would fain have had him stay at St. Denis. What an idiot I was to venture a hope that I might have awakened an emotion warmer than friendship in her heart, that she would give a second thought to me, when a man so handsome, so altogether lovable as Ramon had been with her lately!

"You madhaua," I said to myself, "isn't it as plain as the nose on your face that the girl loves him? Don't show what a fool you are by pouring the store of your love into her pretty but unwilling ears."

At this moment the voice of Dr. Nelson called me from the hall. Jaquette followed me to the door-stone, where Pascal waited with my horse.

"Since you must leave us, may you go under the guard of God," exclaimed my kind host.

"Alas that in life one must so often travel toward sorrow," said Jaquette, as I held her hand in mine a few seconds longer than was necessary. "Don't forget that you love her, whatever road of life you take, may I travel only toward joy," I said, raising the little hand to my lips.

Then I turned away, sprang to my saddle, and rode off.

But I carried in my mind a picture of a girl whose dark curls hung down upon the shoulders of her russet-colored frock, over the dainty capelle white collar I had recently watched her comb, a girl whose eyes glistened with tears as they at last met mine.

CHAPTER VII. THE TOWERS OF ST. EUSTACHE.

Three days later, as the sun was setting and from the twin towers of the old Norman church the bells were ringing the Angelus, I rode into St. Eustache, one of the most picturesque and important of the rural settlements situated on the banks of the broad Canadian rivers.

As I entered the Square which was then, as now, sentinelled by the beautiful elms that in summer inclose the place in a cordon of shade, I beheld a group of gray stone buildings that in the middle season must have been overgrown with vines. Here were the manor of the seigneur, the newly completed convent and beyond, on the bank of the River of the Thousand Islands, the church and the rectory.

"Baptiste, can you direct me to the house of Dr. Chenier?" I called out to a passing habitant.

"My name is Jacques," retorted the man with less of urbanity than is usually found among this people, who, in spite of their humble station and isolated lives, retain something of the courtliness of ancestors of higher position who, in the long ago, sought to retrieve their fortunes in the wilderness.

His curtness made me realize at once that the village was seething with unrest.

"Conte qui conte, my friend," I said tersely. Jacques' surliness vanished.

"Ah, m'sieur, you are one of us," he blurted out with an attempt at apology.

"M'ieur le docteur's house is just over the bridge, but you will not find him there, for a reward of £500 has been offered to any one who will deliver him up to the law."

"And does no one know where he is?" I asked, debating how I was to accomplish my errand.

The man misunderstood me. "M'sieur Chenier can lay his head upon his pillow and sleep securely among the patriots of Two Mountains," he replied; "there is no one who would be so base as to surrender him to his enemies. Many would die for him, his wife is still in their home; friends keep guard over it for her."

"Ah! then, madame will send him the letter I bring," said I.

Nodding my thanks—I would not offend the man by offering him a coin—I crossed the bridge, turned down a path to the left, and halted before the cottage on the river bank.

It must have been a pleasant place in summer with its overshadowing trees, its troilled gallery, and the bit of sward that lay between it and the rectory, scarce more than a stone's throw distant. And it commanded a charming view both of the Square and the little islets of the river.

The latter was now a gleaming road of ice, so that from where I dismounted I might have crossed over to the church in about two or three minutes. I mention this because of what happened later.

My knoeck brought to the door a sturdy French Canadian who wore a knife in his belt.

My name is Adair and I am come with a message from Dr. Nelson of St. Denis to Dr. Chenier, I said.

"Dr. Chenier is not to be found here," he answered gloweringly.

"Then perhaps some one will carry the message to him," I persisted. "It is of the utmost importance."

While he still hesitated to admit me, I caught sight of the room beyond. Before the fire stood another habitant, cleaning a musket, and by the opposite side of the hearth a comely young woman sat rocking a cradle.

At the sound of voices the man who was burning his weapon wheeled around and came to the door.

"What is this?" he inquired. The grace of his manner cost asted oddly with the homeliness of his clothes. At once my mind leaped to the conclusion that these were a disguise. I repeated my name and errand, adding, "So, perhaps, monsieur, you will see that Dr. Chenier gets the letter."

As he took it from my hand and drew me into the room I noted that he was about thirty years of age, with an erect carriage, a handsome head crowned with brown, wavy locks, a smooth-shaven, intelligent face, and flashing gray eyes.

"Monsieur Adair, you are welcome," he said, embracing me with Gallic ardor. I am Jean Olivier Chenier, and, as you see, I am forced to remain in hiding, since they have already searched this house, it is as safe a place as any. This lady is my wife."

He turned to the woman beside the hearth. She smiled at me and spoke a few words of greeting, but did not cease the rhythmic swaying to and fro of the little basket nest in which a rosy baby lay asleep.

"You bring us news of many victories on the banks of the Richelieu?" said Dr. Chenier, confidently, as he unfolded the letter.

"Parbleu! I have ridden hard across the country to inform you of our defeat."

His face clouded as he bent his eyes on the closely written sheet.

"We cannot withdraw now," he cried with reckless fervor when he finished reading it. "Take this back as an answer to St. Denis. For yourself, monsieur, my advice may seem inhospitable, but so soon as you have bread with us, you will better get away from St. Eustache."

"What, turn my back on a fight?" I cried, putting aside his earnestness with a laugh. "I am an Irishman, and have never deserted a friend. If you and the people here insist upon making a bold stand against the troops, I shall remain with you."

Dr. Chenier's voice shook with emotion as he accepted my adherence.

"The help of a brave man is like the aid of a sword of truest steel," he said, "it being thus settled that I should stay, I crossed the ice to the rectory."

Monsieur Paquin, the cure, received me in his study. He was a stout man with a large, square face, thick black hair combed up high from a broad brow, and a strong mouth and chin. He presented a striking figure in his black cassock with its little tabbed collar edged with white, worn outside the high linen collar with points running up each side of the chin, in the fashion affected by the gentlemen of the period.

At first I thought him cold, for he was altogether opposed to the plan of resistance, but as we talked I discovered that his was a warm and generous heart torn with anxiety for his flock.

"Monsieur Adair, if you come to encourage my people in their folly, be off again without delay, I adjure you," he cried, striking his hands together.

"I would not deny liberty to the French! Who knows their grievances better than I? But because I love my people I wish to save them from the sufferings of a vain struggle."

"Friends, I, for one, prefer to sell my life dear rather than to be tamed and struck down. Even if left alone, I shall still remain here."

His ardor stirred the hearts of all who were present.

"We will fight for liberty and to protect our families," shouted the patriots. The cure was cast.

"But some of us are without muskets, monsieur le docteur," called a young man at the edge of the little company.

"Then you must take them from the soldiers," replied the leader. "You have pikes and cutlasses. Many had no more at St. Denis."

After garrisoning the manor, the cure's house, and the convent (which the nuns had not yet occupied), Chenier, with the rest of his men, less than a hundred, took up his position in the church.

The women and children of the village were hidden in the crypt below. Enthusiastic at being in action once more, I lent a hand in barricading the doors and removing the sashes of the windows that the openings might be used as portholes.

Before long the beating of a drum and the blare of brass musical instruments warned us of the approach of the soldiers. Presently the lookout in the church tower called down to us:

"They are coming, and they have several field-pieces."

Within a quarter of an hour we heard the clatter of the horses of the cavalry and the tramp of the infantry, and those of us who were so posted as to be able to watch, peering out, beheld a sea of crimson overspreading the snows of the common.

I will not describe the battle. Chenier had expected at least a demand for surrender, but there was none—not a moment of concession nor offer of any terms. That a handful of men dared resist a strong military force was marvellous enough. We even compelled our first assaults to retreat. But it was impossible to hold out against such numbers.

Those among us who had ammunition kept up a sharp musketry, but before long we saw the manor and other buildings sacked and a fire burst.

Though the shots from the field-pieces battered the walls of our fortress it staunchly withstood the attack. Even the heroes must sometimes succumb to their wounds, however, and so at last a great rent was made in the side of the hoary old church, and through the breach the besiegers thrust flaming bales of hay while, as we were driven back by the smoke, others among them cast burning brands through the windows.

The women and children were still secure in the cellar.

"To the sacristy!" cried Chenier. Fighting still, he obeyed.

"All is lost!" he exclaimed. "We have fought like patriots, let us die, not like dogs smothered by fire, but like heroes, battling to the end."

He sprang upon the bench that extended along the wall, waved his sword, and after a glance into the chureyard through which the redcoats surged, leaped through the open window down in the midst of them, calling out to us to follow.

A few died so, I among the number. At once I was in the heart of the melee, slashing to right and left with my sabre. I saw Chenier fall and fought my way towards him. But before I reached the spot where he lay, a bayonet thrust from a redcoat struck me to the ground, the hoarse cry of "no quarter" re-echoed in a brutal chorus, and the enemy rushed over the field.

In my ears were the oaths of the victors and the shrieks of dying men. I myself was fast losing my hold on life.

The churchyard was quiet again; the soldiers were pursuing the fleeing habitant. As I opened my eyes to take a last glimpse of the world, I saw that I was in the shadow of the little bridge that spanned the river. If I could roll my body the distance of a few feet I might lie concealed beneath the timbers of the weatherworn structure and perhaps live to fight another day.

Slowly I turned upon my side, then paused, exhausted. Could I ever reach the bridge? I tried again. A dark object lay in my path. It was the body of a villager already stark and cold. I could not go around it, so I drew myself over it, scarce heeding the chill of repulsion at the contact with death.

Did the enemy believe they had left only dead men in the churchyard, or were any of the soldiers watching me, amused at my antics and ready to pin me to the earth with their bayonets in the moment when I should gain my haven?

I did not care. My strength was giving out. It would be so much easier to die than to live, to bivouac here on the snow rather than to make any further exertion.

As I was about to give up, a thought flashed upon me—Madame Chenier. The patriot had committed her to my care if he should fall and I survive.

"I must live to find and protect her," I moaned as I lay face downward on the snow.

The coldness upon my forehead revived me momentarily; by a final trial I gained the shelter of the bridge. Then, spent by the effort, I felt that I was dying. And presently—it seemed to me—I died.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HUMANE SOCIETY'S AGENT.

A TRUE STORY, WRITTEN FOR THE MISSENIARY BY REV. RICHARD ALEXANDER.

It was a sad call the Humane Society's Agent had that day. It was a call to an alley, in a poor, but quite respectable neighborhood. A woman, lonely, self-supporting, but reserved as to her own affairs, had died in a little room, high up in a tenement house.

There was unfinished, fine needlework, on a table near by; every appearance of respectability and even taste, in the meagre furnishings of her poor little room, and the mark of gentle blood in the delicately cut features of the little orphaned boy who sat terrified in a corner.

The boy sat at a distance from the bed on which his dead mother lay, but his face was set, and his brown curly hair lay uncombed on his forehead. His eyes

were red with weeping, and his chin rested in his hands, as he leaned his elbows on his little knees and stared at everything with the terrified look of one who never before seen death.

"That's the boy," whispered a neighbor, "he doesn't understand. He is only six years old, you know; he's the only child."

"Come here, my boy," said the Humane Society's Agent.

The boy rose slowly, and with frightened face came over to the Agent, who reached out his hand. The small hand was laid in it, and the blue swimming eyes looked steadily into the man's kind face.

"Mother's dead," said the child, solemnly. "She hated to leave me alone—I have nobody now." The sweet little voice, the neglected look of the little lad went strangely to the Agent's heart.

"What is your name, my little son?" said he.

"Arthur Maxwell, and I'm six years years old, and father is dead, too. I was added as if a fresh sorrow had made its way back to his memory."

The Humane Society's Agent was a kind man. His duty had not hardened him, and he was strangely drawn to the little fellow, who showed marks of gentle training and better days.

"Would you like to come with me to-night? It is lonely here for a little boy. I'll bring you back to see mother to-morrow."

"For answer the little fellow threw his arms around Mr. Benjamin Brown's neck, and the Humane Society's Agent felt a throbb of genuine love stir his heart as he pressed him close, and thrilled with the joy of the little soft cheek laid against his own.

"Will you come, Arthur?"

"Sure!" said Arthur, smiling, breaking into the blue eyes as he wiped the tears from his little sleeve, and took possession of his new friend's hand.

The two or three women who were present, smiled at their approval. Mr. Brown said a few words about the funeral, finding there was not a single friend or relative to step forward to bury the poor woman, who had evidently worn out her life trying to prolong that of her little son and to keep them both from the charity of the city.

Mr. Brown learned that Mrs. Maxwell was a Catholic, and although he was a staunch Presbyterian, did not hesitate to give orders that she should be buried in the Catholic cemetery with all the ceremonies of the parish priest himself to that effect. He learned that little Arthur was the only child of his mother, who had come to poverty, no one knew how, as she had not been long in the locality, and was evidently well born and well bred; this was further evidenced by the papers she left behind, among which were her marriage certificate and the record of the boy's birth, and his baptism in an English Catholic Church six years before with all the ceremonies of the parish priest himself. In fact he called on the parish priest himself to that effect. He learned that little Arthur was the only child of his mother, who had come to poverty, no one knew how, as she had not been long in the locality, and was evidently well born and well bred; this was further evidenced by the papers she left behind, among which were her marriage certificate and the record of the boy's birth, and his baptism in an English Catholic Church six years before with all the ceremonies of the parish priest himself. In fact he called on the parish priest himself to that effect. He learned that little Arthur was the only child of his mother, who had come to poverty, no one knew how, as she had not been long in the locality, and was evidently well born and well bred; this was further evidenced by the papers she left behind, among which were her marriage certificate and the record of the boy's birth, and his baptism in an English Catholic Church six years before with all the ceremonies of the parish priest himself. In fact he called on the parish priest himself to that effect. He learned that little Arthur was the only child of

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grew and became a sturdy fellow, yet ever gentle and devoted to his "Uncle Ben." He knew no other name for him. The Sisters reported him remarkably pious and religious for a boy. And now, in his twelfth year, "Uncle Ben," whose love for the boy never diminished, looked about for a college in which to begin his course.

"It must be a Catholic college," he mused, "for I gave my word to the priest." We can judge from this what manner of honorable gentleman was Mr. Brown.

And so it came to pass that Arthur was sent to a Southern college under the care of a great religious order, his beloved "Uncle Ben" defraying all the expenses of his wardrobe and tuition.

The years passed by. Arthur was a grateful boy. His letters, regularly sent, were the one great joy of his so-called "Uncle Ben," who watched his growth with pride and hope. Now and then Arthur would speak of his happiness in his faith, and in fervent words would express the wish that his benefactor knew something of the one true religion. But Uncle Ben would only shrug his shoulders and say: "It was enough for me to be a good Presbyterian."

Arthur's graduation day came and Uncle Ben was there. He was proud of his boy. There was something noble and pure and altogether inscrutable in the appearance of the young man to his guardian—something that rather awed Uncle Ben, he could hardly say why.

After the exercises, Arthur and his benefactor took a walk under the College trees, and Uncle Ben praised him for his record, and then sprang the question: "What do you want to make of yourself, my son?" Arthur paused, then placing his hand on the arm of his adopted father, he looked him straight in the face while his eyes brimmed with unshed tears.

"Uncle Ben, a life-time would be too short to thank you for all you have done for me, my heart swells when I think of your noble, generous goodness. I can never, never repay you."

"Tut, tut," said Uncle Ben, hastily, but deeply touched; "don't say that; you have been a reward in yourself, Arthur. My greatest joy in life these fourteen years has been your affection, your gratitude and your success; but your real life is ahead of you; what shall it be?"

"Uncle Ben," said the young man solemnly, "day and night have I thought of it these two years past; it is no hasty notion. I may disappoint you, for you cannot look upon it as I do; I shall be a priest of God, and pray for your conversion." Mr. Brown became ghastly pale, stared at him, and then sank down upon a bench near by, without a word.

We cannot portray the scene that followed. It was continued the next day, and it was long before Arthur obtained permission to follow his heart's desire.

He won, however, and although his heart bled at the wound he gave his benefactor, he was strangely exultant. It was decided he should remain and go into the Seminary.

A pale, broken looking old man, wrung his hands in silence a few days later, as he boarded the train going North, and Arthur noticed he did not once look back.

That was some years ago. Yesterday only yesterday—as I write, Mr. Brown called to see me. He had a photograph in his hand. "Father Alexander," said he, with a note of pride in his voice; "I want to show you my boy, Arthur. He writes me that he was ordained a priest last Sunday, and said his first Mass on Sunday, and said it for me; and he has sent me his photograph."

I looked at the photograph; it was a tall, slender figure with the pure eyes, open face, and Roman collar of the young priest; it was good to look at. I told him so, and his gratified flush assured me that my praise was music to his ears.

"You may be proud of him, Mr. Brown," I remarked; "and he said his first Mass for you? There is no danger of your remaining out of the Catholic Church long now—so get ready to come right in."

He smiled. "I guess you are about right, Father. But I've held out a pretty good while. It broke me all up, when he wanted to be a priest, but I have got over that now, and I am glad. I have seen a good deal of your faith, Father, in my position, and the Catholic priest is God's gift work. I honor him. Won't you give me a book to read? I want to know what your Church teaches."

I gave him "The Faith of Our Fathers," and he promised to read it as he went home.

He will come back, reader, and I ask your prayers that it may be soon. Untiring with the prayers of his adopted son, we may be sure that Heaven will soon delay the moment of grace for this good man, who has glorified his life by his noble and unselfish kindness to a desolate orphan boy.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

A DE-CHRISTIANIZING PROCESS.

Dr. Aked, an important English Baptist minister, is the pastor of what is commonly known as Rockefeller's church which is on Fifth Avenue, New York. Last Sunday he preached a sermon on what he pleased to call "Heresy Hunts." Its tenor may be judged by the head line in the New York Herald used in reporting it. Here it is: "Dr. Aked hunts heresy hunting." We have it on the authority of the New York Herald that the sermon was pronounced generally by the congregation to be the most stirring pulpit address the pastor has delivered in New York. The refusal of the Baptist Executive Council of Chicago to expel Professor Foster of the Chicago University for advocating anti-Christian doctrines and the admission to the ministry by the New York Presbytery of three young men who denied the resurrection of our Lord, furnished Dr. Aked with texts for the sermon he preached to the wealthiest congregation in the United States.

Mr. Rockefeller's pastor began by eulogizing the orthodox stand taken

by the young candidates for the Presbyterian Ministry who openly professed their disbelief in biblical teachings. Here is how Dr. Aked lauded them: "I congratulate the whole Church of God upon the future ministry of these young men, who have their eyes open to the light, who are not content to repeat the shibboleths of their elders, however sacred those shibboleths may have been in days gone by. I congratulate the Church on men who have brains and dare use them." These young men of whom Dr. Aked welcomes so enthusiastically into the Protestant ministry deny the divine birth of Christ and reject the scriptural narration of His resurrection. When they were interrogated on this vital question they unequivocally replied: "We believe in His spiritual resurrection, but cannot believe that He arose in the body from the tomb."

Over against this statement let us place the words of St. Paul: "But if then Christ is not risen again, then our preaching is vain and your faith is vain." (1st Corinthians xv. 14)

What St. Paul regarded as essential, what he declared was so essential that without it "our preaching is vain and your faith is vain," is lightly explained away as a figure of speech. And Dr. Aked congratulates the whole church of God "on the accession to its ranks of teachers who will do their best to persuade future congregations of Presbyterians that St. Paul was wholly mistaken in his view of the resurrection.

Turning to the case of Professor Foster, Rockefeller's pastor also congratulated the Church on the failure to expel from the Baptist ministry one who flatly denies the divinity of Christ and sneers at the Bible and its teachings. Within the hearing of the multi-millionaire founder of the Chicago University he declared: "I believe that I am entitled to say that the great hearted founder of the University of Chicago would be the last man in America to earmark his gifts for sectarian purposes and then to establish a rule that the teaching of his institution must be made to square with the present opinion of the smallest and the narrowest of that denomination."

It would be interesting to know just what sectarianism is in the opinion of the Baptist minister who uses these words. Does a protest against the teaching of bald atheism constitute sectarianism? Does defending the doctrine of the divinity of Christ come under this designation? If it does, what becomes of Christianity itself, which derives its vitality from the belief that our Lord was truly and really God?

Dr. Aked's comments on Professor Foster's book "The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence" would seem to imply that one may accept the rankiest sort of atheistic teachings and still remain a member in good standing in any one of the Protestant sects. I have no words of condemnation for the denial of all that at one time constituted the essentials of the Baptist Church. It is not the matter of Professor Foster's teachings, but the manner in which they are set forth which meets with my approval. We take this extract from last Sunday's sermon: "Professor Foster is accused of being an infidel and an atheist. I am not going to join in the condemnation of Professor Foster on these grounds, but because his book is an incompetent and slovenly piece of work. . . . The book is written in such a style as I hope was never on earth before. . . . He charges \$125 for the book on the pretence that it is written in English, whereas it is written in a mongrel dialect composed of the technicalities of the class room and high fangled words of German construction."

This criticism in itself shows that Rockefeller's pastor makes light of the propagation of principles the acceptance of which is equivalent to the rejection of Christianity root and branch. One who appreciates the awful consequences in time and eternity of the rejection of essential doctrines of the Faith Professor Foster flouts, would have no time or wish to indulge in criticism of the verbal style in which this is done. His soul would be aflame with the desire of defending the assailed doctrines and he would give no thought to the question whether or not the propagator of anti-Christian teachings expressed himself in good or bad English. In fact, he is not such a person. In fact, he finds something to praise in Professor Foster's atheistic work. In a published account of his last Sunday's sermon we find his attitude thus described: "Dr. Aked went on to explain that the book is an excellent work for those who have lost their faith, even though the orthodox repudiated it. He said so few people understand what religion really is."

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.
We have in our hands at the present time a series of articles from the pen of our esteemed contributor, F. D., dealing with the Church and those false systems of religion outside her fold. These articles we feel sure will form interesting and instructive reading to our Catholic and non-Catholic readers, especially the latter, for in our experience that Protestants as a general rule know very little about the Catholic Church or her teaching, and the little they do know they get from polluted sources. Roughly speaking, the Protestant world can be divided into four classes. First, there are those who look upon the Catholic Church as the real bogey man. Educated in their infancy in Protestant principles, they consider Protestantism the safeguard of liberty, and the root of all that is good and great in this world, while, on the other hand, they look upon the Catholic Church as the symbol of slavery and her doctrines rank superstition. This class, of course, profess that they know all about the doctrines of the Catholic Church. You ask them where did they derive their knowledge of her teaching, and they consider themselves in a good position to answer you. "We got it from unworthy historians, sensational preachers whose motto is "Cause a sensation and you'll fill your pocket." These people will never come and ask the priests or the other authorities of the Catholic Church if these things they read about in books or hear about are true—no, Preacher Goody or Historian One Side has held up to their gaze the abomination of the Scarlet Woman, and so you know what they say is true, the two and two make four.

There is a second class of non-Catholics who know that the Catholic is the true Church which Christ has founded, and yet for certain reasons will not join it. The first of those reasons is: their fathers and grandfathers were Protestants and, they do not like to abandon

the religion they were brought up in; it would be a slur they think upon their relations and their other Protestant friends would cut them off. Secondly, Protestants of this frame of mind belong, perhaps, to some secret society condemned by the Catholic Church, and they cannot join the Church without giving up this society, and that is a thing they cannot do.

A third class of non-Catholics are those who imagine that it is not necessary to belong to any Church; that the Catholic Church is all right and every other Church too, for that matter. A Scotchman of our acquaintance represents this class of people to a nicety. Meeting him one day at the foot of a high mountain, the subject of conversation turned on religion and the number of those saved. "We will all be saved," he assured us in broad Scotch, and turning to the mountain he said: "Look here; it is just like this: Suppose heaven is at the top of that mountain. Well I am climbing up to it on one side, the Baptists on the other, the Episcopalians on another ledge, and you are climbing the hardest ledge of all. But you'll get there all right," and he rubbed his hands at the thought of how easy it all was. We could not refrain from saying to those who imagine that it is not necessary to belong to any Church; that the Catholic Church is all right and every other Church too, for that matter. A Scotchman of our acquaintance represents this class of people to a nicety. Meeting him one day at the foot of a high mountain, the subject of conversation turned on religion and the number of those saved. "We will all be saved," he assured us in broad Scotch, and turning to the mountain he said: "Look here; it is just like this: Suppose heaven is at the top of that mountain. Well I am climbing up to it on one side, the Baptists on the other, the Episcopalians on another ledge, and you are climbing the hardest ledge of all. But you'll get there all right," and he rubbed his hands at the thought of how easy it all was.

We wonder whether people who use such language ever stop and consider how long this emotional sentimentality would survive the destruction of belief in the teachings of Christianity. It is told of a good Sister of Charity, noted for her self sacrificing devotion to hospital patients afflicted with the most loathsome diseases, that on one occasion she declared that it would have been utterly impossible for her to do the work in which she was engaged, if it were not that, in serving those afflicted ones, she was convinced she was serving our Lord Himself. This is the true Christian spirit. Destroy faith in the divinity of Christ and you kill that spirit, and it will only be a question of time when it will be supplanted by pagan selfishness which refuses to recognize the bond of brotherhood established by Christianity when it proclaimed the fatherhood of God.

The religion Dr. Aked speaks of would not long survive the passing of the beliefs once held sacred in every Protestant sect—beliefs that are now openly flouted without provoking much comment. Dr. Aked's sermon is in itself a striking evidence of the radical change that is taking place in the Protestant sects which are fast parting with doctrines which a generation ago were considered the essentials of Christianity. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A unique institution known as "Father Dempsey's Hotel," is conducted in St. Louis by Rev. Timothy Dempsey, pastor of St. Patrick's Church. It is thus described by the St. Louis Republic: "Father Dempsey's Hotel is a unique St. Louis institution. Father Dempsey is the rector of St. Patrick's Church, which stands almost at the entrance to the city and is well situated to bring its pastor into touch with the homeless and idle men, 10,000 of whom are estimated to be on its streets every winter. Just two years ago Father Dempsey with the approval of Archbishop Glennon started his work in a small house and registered 53 the first day and over 100 the second day. Presently he secured the abandoned public school and through the press and private charity got \$5,000 necessary to remodel it. The hotel is now self-supporting. There is no religious test for admission. Ten cents a night entitles a man to an excellent bed, a bath, the newspapers and the recreation room. Meals cost from 6 to 15 cents apiece and are prepared from the best provisions. "But there are thousands who can't pay even the small sum of 25 or 30 cents a day. They are as warmly welcomed as any in Father Dempsey's Hotel. During its first year it gave free lodgings to 8,036 and for a period of six months ended April 1, 1908, 2,150 free meals were served. During December 1907, the worst, perhaps, of the winter months, 4,428 men slept on the floor of the recreation room after the 400 beds had been filled. There is an employment bureau at the hotel and through it 500 secured work the first year. Father Dempsey keeps his kindly interest in his lodgers even after they have left him for good work, and through his influence some of them have started banks, accounts, their savings totalling \$3,000."

Dr. J. Godfrey Rouppert, of London, Eng., who is engaged in the work of exposing spiritism, explains the position of the Catholic Church in regard to this cult. We copy the article from the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times. He says: "In brief, the position of the Catholic Church is this: It admits the reality of spiritistic phenomena. In fact, it always has admitted their reality. Through all the centuries, in spite of the growth of materialism, it has insisted on the possibility of these things. Some of the theories of St. Thomas are clearly applicable to explain the phenomena observed to-day. "Men high in the councils of the Church have become authorities on this subject. Dr. Joseph Lappion, late physician to the Holy Father, wrote a treatise on 'Hypnotism and Spiritualism,' and Prof. A. Lepicier of the Propaganda office of the Holy See has also written a book on the subject. The Church admits the existence of these intelligences it denies that it has been proven that they are human, and asserts that they are grave dangers to faith, to morals, and to health of mind and body connected with any attempt by the average man or woman to meddle in the matter. It is to warn against these dangers that I have come from Rome and am visiting the theological seminaries of the country and other institutions. "The Holy Father is anxious for instance, that people be not led astray by the wonders shown and be made to believe that they can communicate with dead relatives. It is considered probable that these intelligences are evil and it is certain that none of them ever has been able to identify itself as any certain deceased person. The intelligences have access to the information and knowledge in the subconscious minds of those present, and that can impersonate the dead, but it has never been shown that there was anything more than impersonation. "Other people are led away by the desire to obtain valuable information ever since the beginning of time. No single piece of valuable information ever has been obtained in this way. All the communications have either been morally bad or trivial and utterly worthless. "Another element of danger to those who tamper with this subject is with regard to the effect on their mental health. It is certain that these phenomena are obtained by the cultivation of mental passivity and consequently there is danger of obsession and possession and permanent derangement of the mental faculties. It is well known, although both spiritualists and scientific investigators are apt to attempt to hide this truth, that the greater number of mediums degenerate and eventually become insane. I know personally of many instances of this.

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Ecclesia Anglicana as a portion of the Catholic Church. Beautiful as the pageant may have been, it had only weakness in the links of its chain with which it pretended to connect the four points—the edict of Constantine, the Anglo-Saxon and Irish churches, the Anglo-Norman Church and the Church of the later Tudors.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN AND THE INDEPENDENT POLISH CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Christian Guardian is never so jubilant as when it sees, or thinks it sees, Rome discomfited. No matter what may be the straw-man who will strike a blow, no matter how disgusting the circumstances which may have called forth public action by Catholic authorities, and no matter how slight the gain for Methodism, the organ is always tuned to the same note.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT.

The Bishop of London, England, devoted his palace grounds at Fulham to a church pageantry principally spectacular but partially historical. His Lordship had a purpose which is more to be criticized than likely to accomplish its end. "Its promoters," said one of the London papers, "are hoping by the striking portrayal of scenes from bygone periods of history to impress upon those who are privileged to behold in it a deepened sense of the continuity of English Church life and influence."

ORANGE CELEBRATIONS.

So far as our observations went the fife and drum of the "glorious, pious and immortal" memory were decidedly flat. Something was wrong; the fife did not blow nor did the drum beat with the old timefulness and vigor. The worst feature of any of the celebrations was the hoisting of the flags on the Public Schools of Toronto. This was an outrage upon public decency—unwarranted by any motive which could govern a Board of Trustees or an Educational Department.

that only a small fraction of the Poles in America are identified with these Independent Churches. The only fruit which he thinks is to be gathered is that, "No longer Roman priests dare to exercise oppressor's rod as they did."

A SERMON TO THE ETHRENS.

Very seldom do we find a sermon preached to Orangemen in one or other of the Anglican churches. As a support to the theory of continuity it is a peace contradiction. As a message of peace these sermons are a failure. Too generally they are panoplied with bigotry and bristling with hatred. Never have they made for the patriotism of a united country.

ONE OF OUR CRITICS.

We have received a criticism from one of our lady friends dealing with some remarks we made upon the International Council of Women. Our complaint was that, so far as we had seen, the proceedings of the Council contained nothing of all that the Catholic Church had done for woman, and we might have added, had we thought of it, by woman.

WHERE THE FISHERS GO.

The Story of Labrador, by Rev. W. P. Browne, member of the Historical Society of Nova Scotia. The writer says that he does not claim for this work the title "A History." It is merely a literary fabric woven from acts and experiences during the leisure moments of a busy ministerial life.

him from affection for Labrador, where nature leaves in ice and snow magnificent proofs of its handiwork. He touches upon the Icelandic sagas, the voyages and discoveries of the Cabots and Cartier. They who have no time for ponderous tomes can find in its pages interesting data concerning the Eskimoes and the Indians who inhabit Labrador.

THE LIVES OF THE FISHERFOLK.

They who wish to know something of the manners and lives of the fishers should read this book. There is a clean heroism in them which would fill a score of novels. They talk but little after our manner of men who do things. If they rescue a comrade from an ice floe or from a wreck at the risk of their own lives, they regard it merely as a part of the day's work.

THE MISSIONARIES.

Father Brown, does not stint praise of the Moravian missionaries who labor amongst the Eskimoes. He also refers to the work of the Anglicans and Methodists. Having been in close contact with some of the Jesuits who shepherd the Indian tribes in the West he is qualified to speak of their endeavors.

BUT WHAT, MAY WE ASK, DID THE REVERENT GENTLEMAN MEAN BY ONTARIO BECOMING ANOTHER QUEBEC.

But what, may we ask, did the reverent gentleman mean by Ontario becoming another Quebec. It would be well indeed for Canada were such the case. The people of Quebec are God-fearing, law-abiding, frugal, industrious and patriotic.

gets a suspicion that he has information which has not as yet been disclosed to the uninitiated. We commend the book to our readers, who must be of fastidious taste if unable to pass a pleasant hour with Father Browne.

OUR FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE ORANGE ORDER HAVE HAD THEIR "DONNYBROOK."

A most remarkable characteristic of the Orangemen is the diversity of opinion as to what is really meant by civil and religious liberty. The Rev. Wm. Love in London said it was a mistake to think that the Orangemen were sworn to walk ankle deep in Popish blood.

THE ORANGE CLERICAL ORATOR ON THE 12TH OF JULY BESIMRECHES THE CLOTH HE WEARS

The Orange clerical orator on the 12th of July besimrecheth the cloth he wears and it is a pity that there is not some authority in the church to which he belongs to discipline him for conduct so very far removed from the example and teaching of the Christ Whom he claims as his Master.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

"And the Lord commended the unjust steward forasmuch as he had done wisely: for the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." (St. Luke xvi. 8.)

The Gospel which you have just heard, my brethren, is somewhat hard to understand at first. Here we have an example of the most flagrant kind of dishonest dealing, and yet we read in the words of the text that "the Lord commended the unjust steward forasmuch as he had done wisely."

And first, we must not make a mistake about the words. We might at first sight easily think that "the Lord" means the Lord Jesus Christ; but it really means the Lord, the master, the employer of the unjust steward, about whom Jesus Christ is speaking.

You see, my brethren, his employer did not praise the steward for his honesty, or for his faithfulness, but only for his shrewdness.

Our Protestant friends are beginning to look upon and treat monastic and convent life in a far different manner from that which remains unpleasantly familiar to the majority of Catholic readers.

At last the uncompromising attitude of the Catholic Church on matters of doctrine is bringing forth praise instead of criticism from intelligent Protestants.

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WILSON'S FLY PADS. Will kill many times more flies than any other known article. REFUSE UNSATISFACTORY IMITATIONS.

Pius X. recently gave orders for a universal advance of the standards to be applied to candidates for the clergy and also advancing the age for ordination.

It is only a Catholic, and indeed a Catholic endowed in some measure with the mystical sense, who can arrive at a clear and reasoned understanding of a call to a religious life.

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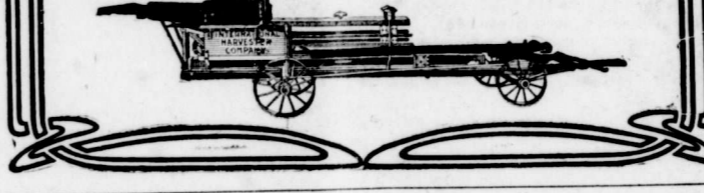
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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U. S. A.



too, always paid his tribute to the beauty and sanctity of religious life, among men as well as women. Says Mrs. Crawford:

It is only a Catholic, and indeed a Catholic endowed in some measure with the mystical sense, who can arrive at a clear and reasoned understanding of a call to a religious life.

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Think What It Would Mean

Should Your Income Permanently Cease

The fact that death will at once terminate your salary or wage earnings ought to make you think what that would mean to your loved ones, and should lead you to take immediate steps to ensure proper provision for them when you are no longer at hand to help.

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Sunshine Furnace has four triangular grate bars, each having three distinct sides. In the single-piece and two-piece grate no such-like provision is made for expansion or contraction, and a waste of coal always follows a shaking.

SUNSHINE furnace

because the grates are made in sections, not only can nothing but dust and ashes pass through, but after each shaking a different side can be presented to the fire. Also, with the Sunshine grate there is no back-breaking movements attached to the shaking.

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Where the Fishers Go

The Rev. of Labrador by ST. P. BROWNE (Member Historical Society of Nova Scotia) 160 Half-tone Illustrations with Map and Index

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Niagara-on-the-Lake CANADA. This pleasant summer resort, on Lake Ontario, will be open for guests from June 15th, under new management. Beautiful large Bedrooms, single or in suite, overlooking Lake Ontario; good bathing, fishing and hunting, and pleasant, cool drives along the banks of the old historic Niagara River. Excellent cuisine. Music for dinner by Mrs. Ramsey, Toronto. Number of private cottages to rent for the season. J. TASKER, Manager.

GRAVES AN INFALLIBLE GUIDE.

AN ANGLICAN MINISTER WRITES OF THE UNREST OF SINCERE SOULS OUTSIDE OF THE BARK OF PETER—THE DOGMA OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY ALONE WILL SATISFY THAT CRAVING.

The dogma of Papal infallibility, so often impugned by non-Catholics, is, nevertheless, recognized by many earnest seekers-after-the-truth as being one of the glories of the Catholic Church.

The following letter, which appears in the Lamp, an Episcopal organ of high merit, furnishes a striking example of the manner in which an infallible teacher of faith and morals is regarded:

Editor of the Lamp:

Sir,—I have craved for an Infallible Teacher in whom people may rest in the perplexities of modern thought is one of the great attractions of modern Romanism.

History tells us that such trust is a delusion. But the craving is a real craving. (Serm. Ch. Bells, March 27, A. D. 1903.)

If this craving is natural and persistent there ought to be something in the Christian Church to satisfy it.

No other Christian body proclaims any dogma in conformity with the craving, or which responds to it, save the Church of Rome.

This at least is singular, and the very singleness of the proclamation must itself arrest the attention of all serious minds.

To point to the Scripture, and say as Canon Body does, that they are the "Records of the sayings of Jesus Christ," Who is Himself the great Revealer of truth, the living Pope, besides whom there is no room for any other, will hardly do in the face of modern criticism and the interminable confusion of sectism.

But admitting as I readily do, that the Scriptures contain His recorded utterances, I can never be sure without an infallible interpreter that I have taken out of them their divinely intended meaning.

And my difficulty in this respect will undoubtedly be all the greater when I find myself in conflict with the teaching of a Church claiming to be a divinely appointed infallible interpreter and guide.

For it will, I think, readily concede, that the conscience of many a sincere and thinking Protestant is more ill-at-ease since the proclamation of the Vatican dogma, than it had been before 1870.

If that is not so I cannot understand the meaning of all the labor, and time, and expense, employed with ever increasing vehemence, by the Protestant world, in its efforts to refute, defeat or confound, the force of that dogmatic utterance.

The Roman Catholic Church threw down a challenge in 1870 to the non-Roman Christian world, and that challenge has never been successfully taken up.

A LINK WITH THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

On Sunday, April 18, prayers were asked throughout England for the repose of the soul of one of the "grand old men" of the English hierarchy, Bishop Wilkinson, of the northern Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

He died on Saturday morning at Ushaw College in his eighty-fifth year. He had been ill since Christmas. His death breaks one of the few remaining links with the days of the "Second Spring" of Catholicity in England.

He was one of the many converts who entered the Church in the twelve months after Newman's conversion. "I simply owe everything to Newman," he wrote, "to the Tracts for the Times," and to the Puseyite movement generally.

Bishop Wilkinson was a typical northern Englishman, born among the hills of Durham, where he passed most of his life. He was one of the five sons of George Hutton Wilkinson of Harperley Park, a successful and wealthy lawyer, who was for some time Recorder of Newcastle.

Two of the sons became clergymen of the Established Church, another was a general in the army, and a fourth was an officer in the Royal Navy.

Thomas Wilkinson, the second son and the future Catholic Bishop, was born at Harperley Park, Durham, on April 5, 1825.

He was educated at Harrow, and then, having decided to enter the ministry of the Church of England, became a student of the University of Durham, then mainly an organization for training clergymen for the northern dioceses of the Establishment.

These were the days of the Oxford movement. There was a stirring of men's hearts and minds such as there had not been in England for three hundred years.

The old theories of Protestantism and the Reformation were falling to pieces. Men were asking themselves where was the Catholic Church of the Creed, and trying to find a way of satisfying themselves that the English Church, in which they had been born and baptized, was a branch of it, with secure links joining it not only to the Primitive Church of the Fathers, but to the Church of early days in England itself.

No pious and thoughtful student in Durham could fail to think of that past, for Durham is the city of St. Cuthbert. Traditions of his miracles and his preaching still live among the country folk of the dales and hills around the magnificent cathedral, and in its Lady Chapel is the tomb of St. Bede, the historian and doctor of the Saxon Church.

Young Thomas Wilkinson began to study the burning question of the moment and to doubt of his position. One day alone in the chapel he knelt by the tomb of Bede and prayed his first conditional prayer to a saint: "If you are a saint; if you are a saint in heaven," he said, "and if you can hear me, and if the Roman Catholic religion is the true religion, help me to embrace it."

The prayer was heard, but there were still two years before he saw his duty clearly and made the final step. He took his M. A. degree at Durham in 1844, and then went to St. Saviour's, Leeds, where, attached to the parish church, there was a small house of study built and founded by Dr. Pusey.

The Rector of St. Saviour's presided over a community of half a dozen young men, all preparing for Anglican orders, and living under a rule drawn up by Pusey, a rule full of Catholic practices of piety.

Then the work of his life began. Newman's conversion led to many more, and Thomas Wilkinson at Leeds was for months passing through the final trials that so often precede such a great change.

P. C. BROWNE & CO.

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We confidently refer you to our work in the following churches:

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already twice visited Rome, and zealous devotion to the Holy See was one of his characteristics. In 1861 he was transferred to the mission of Crook, where he spent fifteen years. In 1876 he had a severe illness and his health seemed to be permanently broken down.

He had to resign his work at Crook and go to live for awhile in retirement on the estate of Thistleclat, a property he had inherited from his father.

But as soon as the doctors would allow him he would go Sunday after Sunday to say Mass and preach, now in one, now in another, of the country churches in the county. He had been made a Canon at the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle in 1885.

On the death of Bishop Bewick in 1886 he was chosen Vicar Capitular by his colleagues. His health was now completely restored, and Bishop Bewick's successor, Bishop O'Callaghan, appointed him as Vicar General and took him with him to Rome on his first visit ad limina.

In July, 1888, Canon Wilkinson was made Coadjutor Bishop of Newcastle, and, on Dr. O'Callaghan resigning the see through ill health, he succeeded him in Christmas week, 1889.

One of his first acts was to organize and conduct a pilgrimage to St. Cuthbert's ruined Abbey of Lindisfarne on Holy Island, the cradle of Christianity for Northern England. There, for the first time since the Reformation, Mass was said under the open sky, in the roofless church, the temporary altar being erected on the foundations of the old high altar.

Beside the Bishop's throne stood a Papal Zouave in the gray uniform, the survivor of the little band he had sent to Rome from Wolsingham thirty years before. With his work as Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle he coupled the presidency of Ushaw College, which is the great Catholic centre for both lay and ecclesiastical studies in the north.

Without departing from his old traditions he introduced into the old school of Harrow. Last year he presided at the centenary celebrations at Ushaw. It was the last great act of his life, and the college chapel which he redecored and beautified for this occasion will be his monument.

Four years ago Canon Collins of Newcastle was chosen his coadjutor and consecrated by Archbishop Bourne. He will succeed him. More than sixty years of priesthood and twenty years in the episcopate sum up the record of Bishop Wilkinson's life. He did a great work for the building up of the Catholic Church in the north, the part of England where, in the days of the Reformation, noble and peasant united in more than one brave fight for the old faith, the land of pilgrimage of Grace, consecrated by the blood of countless martyrs, of most of whose names only heaven keeps the record.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

THE CROSS RAISES CRUCIFIX AND STOPS WILD RUSH ON SHIP AGENDE.

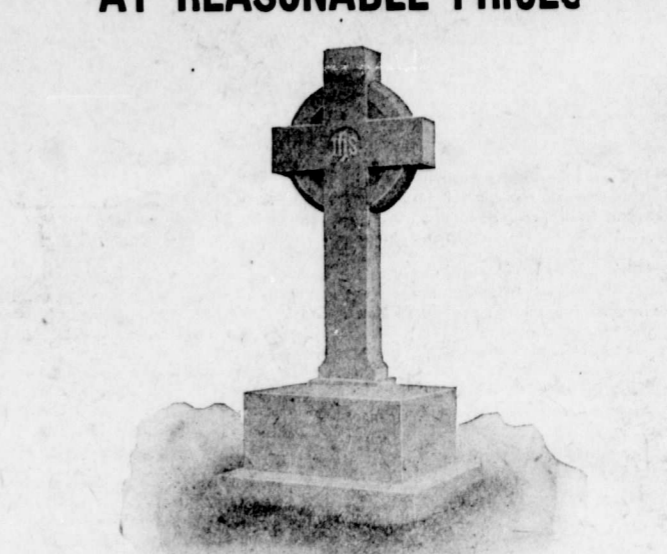
More than four hundred half-crazed men, women and children, peened in the hull of a steamship they imagined to be sinking, were quieted by one man, a priest, who appeared before them holding aloft the cross and shouted above the din "Genuflectite!" the Latin for "Kneel down."

The scene was described by passengers reaching this port after a night of fear aboard the steamship Antonio Lopez, inbound from Cadiz, which grounded off Point of Woods, L. I., on a recent night. Screams, the wailing of women, the cursing of men, who fought with sailors in their efforts to throw themselves into the sea, and pandemonium among the steerage passengers followed the shock of the collision. Suddenly, however, a cry went up, "La Padre! La Padre!"

As Rev. Father Dominic, a Spanish priest, came down the companionway. The Father was one of five priests and five Sisters on board the Lopez.

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THE WATER WAY MARCH. SEND FOR NEW D. & C. MARCHE AND TWO-STEP. The D. & C. Lake Lines have just published a March and Two-Step written by Harry H. Zwick, composer of the popular "Jolly Student," "Black America," "F. Ford" and other very successful selections.

The Council of Women. The second annual garden party and sports will be held on Saturday 31st, July at 2.30 p. m. in Field, Cor. St. Clair Ave. and Dufferin St., Earlscourt.

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We like to see a man study the construction of the Cream Separator well before deciding. It shows he is a thinking man, a careful buyer and capable of appreciating merits when he finds them, and of giving credit where it belongs.



The heavy solid frame of the MAGNET. Strong square gear (not light worm). Large Steel Bowl, with double support (MAGNET Patent.) Strong one-piece skimmer. Magnet Brake circles the bowl. (MAGNET Patent.) Heavy spouts and tank.

All parts covered, no friction, easy to turn, easy to clean, skims perfectly. The machine being so constructed and balanced that every part runs in perfect harmony with the whole. Will not wear out in fifty years. Pretty big claim—but true.

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Full compound interest paid twice a year on deposits of one dollar or more.

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WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOLS, FORT WILLIAM, Ont., a female teacher, first or second class professional certificate. Address W. K. O'Donnell, Sec. Treas., 115 St. Mary St., Fort William, Ont.

PRINCIPAL WANTED FOR MATTAWA, Separate School. Applications received by August 1st 1906. Apply stating salary and qualifications to J. A. Fink, Sec. Treas., Mattawa, Ont. 1906.

PRINCIPAL WANTED FOR ST. MARY'S R. C. SCHOOL, QUYN, Ont. A teacher holding a second class Ontario professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary and experience to John Kennedy, Quyn, Que. 1906.

FOR S. C. NO. 6, HUNTLEY, TEACHER I wanted holding a second class certificate. Duties to commence third Monday in August. Address all communications to John Carr, West Huntley, Ont. 1906.

FEMALE TEACHER OF EXPERIENCE For St. Mary's Separate school; state qualifications and salary preferred. Duties to commence after the holidays. M. Fleming, Sec. St. Mary's, 1906.

WANTED FOR R. C. S. NO. 1, BROMLY, A female teacher holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence in August. Apply stating salary and qualifications to J. A. Fink, Sec. Treas., Oseola, P. O., Ont. 1906.

PRINCIPAL WANTED, MALE, FOR THE Public school, Penetanguishene. First or second class professional certificate. Salary \$700. Apply to Mr. C. Baker, Sec. Penetanguishene, Ont. 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR ST. PATRICK R. C. School, male preferred. Must be capable of teaching French and English. Apply to Mr. J. A. Fink, Sec. St. Patrick, Ont. 1906.

WANTED FOR NORTH BAY SEPARATE school, three Normal school trained teachers. State qualifications and experience. Applications received till Aug. 10. Apply to B. M. Mulligan, P. O. Box 406, North Bay, Ont. 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. NO. 2, S. C. No. 12, Mississauga. State qualifications and experience. Duties to begin after holidays. Stating salary and qualifications. Address Albert E. Gibbons, Box 54, Linwood, P. O., Ont. 1906.

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR the R. C. Separate School, Sec. No. 22, Gloucester. Salary \$125 per annum. One that can teach some French preferred. Apply to Martin Hume, P. O., Ont. 1906.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED, ONE holding second or third class certificate for the junior department of the Separate school, Mississauga. State qualifications and experience. Applications received till Aug. 10th. Duties to begin Sept. 1. Apply to L. Lacey, Sec. Separate school, Mississauga, Ont. 1906.

WANTED, CATHOLIC MALE TEACHER, holding 1st class certificate with pedagogical Normal school training and experience. Also male teacher of experience, holding 2nd class certificate. Duties to begin September 7, 1906. Address 100 St. Catharines, Mississauga, Ont. 1906.

FOR THE OWENS SOUND SEPARATE SCHOOL of three rooms, one teacher for each room. State qualifications. Senior class teacher to act as principal. State salary expected, what certificate and experience. Testimonials required. Applications received until July 20th. Duties to commence August 1st. Address W. H. McClary, Owens Sound, Ontario. 1906.

TEACHER WANTED, A CATHOLIC HOLDING a professional certificate for Public School of West Williams. Duties to commence August 1st. Applicants to state qualifications, salary wanted and give length of experience as teacher. J. D. Farrell, Falkland, Ont. 1906.

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, Section No. 3, Raleigh; a teacher holding a second class professional certificate, experienced, preferred. Salary \$700. For further information apply with references to L. Wadick, Sec. Treas., Raleigh, Ont. 1906.

WANTED TEACHER FOR S. S. NO. 1, HENTON, Ont. Teaching. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Salary \$350 per annum. Apply stating qualifications to Thos. Neville, Sec. Henton, Ont. 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE PEMBROKE Separate school, an assistant teacher holding a second class professional certificate, to enter on duty in September next. Applicants to state salary, experience and qualifications. A. J. Fortier, Sec. Pembroke, Ont. 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 2, HERRICK, Normal certificate required. Duties to commence after the vacation. State experience and salary. Address A. F. Bloude, Vanlino, Ont. 1906.

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. P. SCHOOL, Sec. No. 3, A. Malden. French and English preferred. Salary \$350 a year. Apply to J. A. Fink, Sec. Treas., North Bay, Ont. 1906.

A TEACHER WANTED, FIRST OR SECOND class certificate, for Vegeville, R. C. S. No. 10, French Canadian in preference. Apply to L. P. Pessin, Sec. P. O. Box 24, Vegeville, Ont. 1906.

TEACHERS WANTED FOR ST. IGNACE'S R. C. S. School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., one male teacher as principal and one female teacher as second class professional certificate. Able to teach French preferred. State experience and salary expected. Address Rev. E. Tourangeau, S. J., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 1906.

FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL NO. 2, GLENELG I first or second class teacher, male or female duties at the end of summer vacation. Address stating salary and qualifications, to Rev. Father Quinn, Treas., Pomona, Ont. 1906.

PROFESSIONAL TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate school two miles from Tweed. Apply stating salary and experience to Rev. Father Quinn, Tweed, Ont. 1906.

WANTED LADY OR GENTLEMAN TEACHER for Separate school, Union, Section No. 4, Greenock & Brant, the holder of a first or second class certificate of qualification. Duties to begin Aug. 10th, 1906. State qualifications, experience and salary. Applications will be received up to Aug. 15th. Address Nicholas Lang, Sec. Treas., Greenock, Ont. 1906.

WANTED TEACHER WITH THIRD OR better certificate for junior department of Separate school, Douglas. Duties to begin Aug. 1st. State salary, qualifications and experience. Apply State salary, qualifications and experience. Apply before Aug. 1st to John McEachern, Douglas, Ont. 1906.

WANTED—FIRST OR SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL teacher for senior room in Tweed R. C. Separate school. Apply stating salary and qualifications to James Quinn, Sec. Tweed, Ont. 1906.

HELP WANTED. CASHEMEN WANTED. AUTO SPRAY. Best Compressed-air Hand Sprayer made. Specially adapted for spraying potatoes. Sample Machine free to approved agents. Cassens, Ltd., Ont.

POSITION WANTED. REFINED WOMAN OF THIRTY, WITH bright child of two, desires position as housekeeper, to widower or bachelor, where own child would not be objected to. Highest references exchanged. High wages not considered so much as a changed. Address Mrs. Monica Caulfield, 1906-11 Delivery, Calgary, Alta.