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Foot

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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII. A HAPPY MOMENT.

Geoffrey felt the task which lay before him was not an easy one. To communicate bad tidings is a hard matter; but there are cases, and this was one, in which it is almost as hard to know how to communicate good ones. To tell Sir Michael that his son was living, that crossed his lips; to announce to Aurelia that the cloud had been lifted, which since her childish days had rested upon her household, this poor Geoffrey thought within himself seemed to need a graceful, eloquent, sympathetic tongue; whereas he had no gift to say more than that "the thing is so, and I thank God for it." So, feeling of bashful awkwardness came back upon him very strongly as he presented himself at the castle, and begged for an interview with Miss Pendragon. He was shown into the room already known to our readers, that very room where some eight months previously he had stood on the occasion of Julian's first visit to Merylin, and had watched the courteous bearing of his friend, at the same time catching a glimpse of his own reflection in the mirror. All the shame and misery of that most miserable moment rushed back upon his heart, and to his own consciousness down to his very finger ends he was the same stupid, awkward simpleton that mortified self-love and a sharp touch of jealousy had depicted him on that memorable morning.

Meanwhile Aurelia had not been without her anxieties. In the retired life she led rumors were long in reaching her, and false rumors equally long in receiving their correction. She had heard a confused account of the fray with the smugglers, and of Mr. Houghton's presence on the occasion; and the messenger who had summoned Father Segrave to the scene of action had left behind a general, but not very distinct, impression of bloodshed and danger. So that the announcement that Geoffrey was waiting below and wished to speak to her conveyed to Aurelia the first certain assurance of his safety, and in her joy she entered his presence with a warmer cordiality than was her wont. "I am so glad," she exclaimed, holding out both her hands, "I have been fearing and fancying all kinds of things. There were rumors of killed and wounded."

"The rumors were true," said Geoffrey; "some of the fellows got a scratch or two, but nothing serious, with one exception. Poor Clara's father was badly hurt, and died this morning."

"Poor unhappy man," said Aurelia; "he was a bad fellow, I am afraid. Clara always seemed in terror of him. You must let me see after her now, Mr. Houghton, you must indeed."

"You shall see after her as much as you please," replied Geoffrey, "provided you will listen to what I have to tell you about that man, for it concerns you nearly. You knew him as Bill Fagan, but that was only an alias, of which he had plenty. His real name was Joseph Martin, and he was the son of one of your father's former tenants."

"Martin!" said Aurelia, putting her hand to her forehead, as if trying to remember. "Joseph Martin; I seem surely to have heard that name."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, "it was the name of a trooper in your poor brother's regiment. At the time of the trial there was a suspicion on the part of some that he might really have been the guilty party; for he was not unlike your brother, and in the dark...

SMALLER THAN USUAL

—illiptian, in fact, are Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Dr. F. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., was the first to introduce a Little Pill to the American people. For all laxative and cathartic purposes these sugar-coated pellets are superior in great many ways to all mineral waters, seditive powders, salts, castor oil, fruit syrups, laxative teas, and other purgative compounds. Made of concentrated vegetable ingredients, they act in a mild, natural way. Their secondary effect is to keep the liver active and the bowels regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. They do not interfere in the least with the diet, habits of occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. These "Pellets" are easily dissolved in the stomach and absorbed into the blood, stimulating a flow of bile from the liver, and arousing to activity all the glandular secretions. Thus they act in a natural way. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable.

One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, they are unequalled.

They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them. One used, always in favor.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

they might have been mistaken for one another. "I remember," said Aurelia; "and did that suspicion hang over him and injure him? If so, it is a double reason for being kind now to the poor daughter."

"No, Aurelia," replied Geoffrey, "that was not my meaning. You must try and bear it, for it will come like a shock, as it were; but Joe Martin was the real criminal, and your poor brother was innocent."

"Innocent! Uriel innocent!" exclaimed Aurelia. For a moment she covered her face with her hands, but the next instant she looked up quickly. "But if it is only suspicion, that is almost worse, and the poor man dead, too."

"It is not suspicion," said Geoffrey, "it is certainty. See here," and he drew a paper from his breast. "Last night, when he confessed that he was the presence of witnesses. Here are their signatures, and his own cross to the name I wrote for him. After he had done that, he saw Father Adrian. I believe, poor fellow, that he died pentitent."

Aurelia took the precious paper in her hands, and tried to read, but her tears blinded her. "How did it come about?" she said; "how could you have guessed? And, oh! my poor father!"

"It was about six months back," said Geoffrey, "that I first heard the suspicion started, and it took me that time to track him out. You see, he was a big fellow, and so easier to follow. But now, that's not all, there's more to hear. You remember the cartoon, Julian's cartoon? well, you were right; it was really Uriel. He is living, and Julian has found him."

For a minute or two it really seemed as if Geoffrey's fears were justified, and the shock of the great joy more than Aurelia could bear. She sat motionless with her head buried in her hands; then rising suddenly, she exclaimed: "Oh, how cruel we are to keep him waiting! Come, Geoffrey, to my father—come and help me to tell him all—we must not delay a minute."

Geoffrey hesitated. "Father Adrian, perhaps," he said.

"Yes, by-and-by," said Aurelia, "but not now; it is your doing, and you yourself must tell him."

"He did not wait for answer or remonstrance, but led the way to her father's apartment. She opened the door gently, and as Geoffrey's eyes fell on the figure of the white-haired old man, with his look of suffering and his attenuated form and features, his heart sank within him lest the great joy he had to communicate might be too much for the feeble brain."

Aurelia approached her father, and kneeling beside his chair, she took his hand. "Geoffrey has come to see you, dear papa," she said, "and he has good news to tell, good and joyful news; will you listen?"

A weak hollow voice answered her almost in the words of Tobias: "Joyful news, Aurelia?" it said. "What manner of joy is there any more for me, who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death? God's holy will be done. I submit; but do not speak to me of joy. Then turning to Geoffrey, whom Aurelia had motioned to take a seat near him. "I have heard, Geoffrey Houghton," he continued, in the same unearthly tones, as one who spoke seldom and with difficulty, "I have heard of the fight yonder, and that you did your duty as a brave gentleman. This is as it should be."

"I did little enough," said Geoffrey, "but the men who have been long a terror to this neighborhood are taken, and one was killed in the struggle—the son, Sir Michael, of a former tenant of yours, Joseph Martin."

"Ay, was it Martin?" said Sir Michael, with something more of animation in his tone; they told me some other name."

"Yes," replied Geoffrey, "he had borne a dozen, but he was really Martin, Joe Martin, once a trooper in one of the dragons, as you may perhaps remember."

The old man sat more upright in his chair, and grasping his arms in both his hands fixed his gleaming eyes on Geoffrey; but he did not speak.

"Martin was in your son's regiment," continued Geoffrey, "and last night, before he died, he owned the truth. Have courage, Sir Michael, and bear what he bade me tell you; it was he who committed the crime with which your son is charged; Uriel Pendragon was innocent."

There was a faint cry, and the old man fell back on his pillows, convulsed with an emotion that seemed to stop his breath. Geoffrey sprang to his side, and supported his head on his arm, while Aurelia still held his hand and tried to soothe his agitation by a few gentle words. Gradually Sir Michael regained his power of speech, but his mind seemed confused and wandering. "Was any one speaking of my son?" he said. "Was I dreaming, or did I hear his name?"

"No, no dream," said Geoffrey; "he is living and innocent. You have mourned him as dead, but he is living as a brave and noble man."

Then at last the full heart found relief, and from the white lips of the unhappy father came broken words of thanksgiving and blessing. Geoffrey stood beside him, still supporting him, and from time to time repeating the same tidings, or joining in his words of murmured thanks. A gentle and loving mother could not have been more patient or more tender with a suffering child. Aurelia felt it. "It has been all Geoffrey's doing, papa,"

she said; "we owe everything to Geoffrey." "And Julian," added Geoffrey, even in that moment mindful of his fidelity to his friend.

"God bless them both," said Sir Michael. "God bless you, Geoffrey Houghton; in the hour of my anguish you did a son's part to me, and I shall never forget it."

"You did, indeed," said Aurelia, turning her eyes toward Geoffrey, as he stood there, with her father's white head resting trustfully on his arm, looking like the strong, brave, honest friend he truly was.

Geoffrey gazed down on the grateful countenance that beamed on him through its tears. It was, perhaps, the very happiest moment of his life.

Gradually all was told, and Julian's letter read, which conveyed the happy, almost incredible tidings, that the dead was living, and the lost was found. Then Aurelia proposed that Father Adrian should be summoned, and that her father should be left with him awhile.

"I will fetch him," said Geoffrey; "he knows about Martin's confession, of course; but not this other matter of which Julian had to tell."

So leaving Sir Michael to his daughter's care, he hastened to seek the chaplain, and making known to him the contents of Julian's letter, begged him at once to go to the old man, on whom the effects of so much agitation could not fail to be serious. Full of joyful wonder, Father Adrian hastened to comply with this request, and Geoffrey was preparing to leave the castle, when a quick step behind him made him look back.

It was Aurelia, who, leaving her father on the chaplain's entrance, had hastened to find Geoffrey, and bid him farewell. "You must not go without a word," she said; "if I only knew how to thank you!"

"There is no need," said Geoffrey; "my thanks will be set to you happy. But there is plenty yet to do."

"How so?" asked Aurelia.

"Why, we must get this confession of Martin's acknowledged by the proper authorities," replied Geoffrey, "and the sentence reversed; something formal and regular, you see. Nothing else will satisfy Uriel, or put him straight in the eyes of the world."

"I see," said Aurelia; "and how is that to be done?"

"Oh, I must see about it," said Geoffrey. "I have been thinking of Paxton. He knows everybody, and has a world of power, I understand, with all the bigwigs. I think he'd help us in the proper quarters."

"Of course, he would," said Aurelia; and how you do think of everything, Geoffrey! You will write to him at once, will you not?"

"Why, no," said Geoffrey; "I'm no great hand at letters. I must write to Uriel to-night, and tell him what has turned up, and get him to make Uriel reasonable, you see. And then, to-morrow morning, I think I'll just go up to London. There I can see Paxton and find out what has to be done. It will save time, and a lot of letters, which always bother me. The right words never seem to come."

"O Geoffrey!" said Aurelia, "how little you know! And just now, with papa, I kept wondering all the time how you seemed to be always finding the right thing to say, and how you could soothe him, and keep his thoughts clear and steady. I could not have done it."

"Well, but I wasn't writing, you see," said Geoffrey; "that is the bother. So I'll be off to-morrow—there is no time to be lost."

"Then I have only to say good-bye, and God speed you," said Aurelia, as she held out her hand, "and thanks—but that I can never say. O Geoffrey, how right Mary was in choosing St. Raphael for your angel! Truly, you have been like him, and brought us joy."

Geoffrey took the offered hand, and tried to speak, but something choked his utterance, and he turned away. Joy, indeed! his heart was full of it; yet mingled with it was something that found expression in a sigh.

CHAPTER XVIII. GEOFFREY'S LONDON SEASON.

No welcome could possibly have been warmer than that which Geoffrey received from Mr. Paxton, when, presenting himself at that gentleman's elegant little house, in the most aristocratic quarter of the great metropolis, he told his tale and stated the purpose of his coming.

Paxton entered heart and soul into the business, and promised that no time should be lost in putting it into the proper hands. "Make yourself quite easy on the subject," he said; "it is a charming end to our Legend of Merylin, and with the proofs with which you are provided there can be no fear as to the issue. But, before I set to work, I must state my conditions."

"By all means," said Geoffrey; "I am in your hands altogether."

"Very good," said Paxton. "Then, to begin with, you take up your quarters here. I have not forgotten my delightful three days at Laventor, and seize with avidity this occasion of returning your hospitality. Then, in the next place, as you very judiciously remarked just now, you are in my hands altogether, and if I am to help you, you must leave the management of the affair to me."

Geoffrey gladly assented to so generous a proposal, and having been speedily transferred from his hotel to the residence of his illustrious friend, the latter set about in good earnest to secure the legal acknowledgment of Uriel's innocence.

"Now, that is good as far as it goes," said Paxton, as they sat together, after the labors of the day were over; "but one half of the business remains yet to be done."

"And what is that?" said Geoffrey; "it seems to me things are in a fair way of being settled, and that far quicker than I had hoped."

"Well, now," said Paxton, "if we let the matter rest here, what, think you, would come of it? You'd get your papers and your legal documents, reversal of sentence and what not, sure enough; and there might chance to appear a paragraph in the corner of a paper certifying as much. But, the public would never hear of it, and out of twenty men who have known of the disgrace of the Pendragons, not nineteen would learn of the restoration of their good name. No, my dear sir, this is a matter which has to do with the world and its ways, and we must take it after a worldly fashion. We must advertise you a little."

"Advertise me!" said Geoffrey; "why, God bless my soul, what have I to do with the matter?—and how will you set about it?"

"You will see," replied Paxton. "In the first place, the singular narrative, put in a telling sort of way, in one or two of the most popular papers, including the discovery of the real criminal, and wonderful sagacity and presence of mind displayed throughout the difficult business by Geoffrey Houghton, Esq., of Laventor, a country gentleman of the good old English stamp. Then, a leader or two, with a good shake of pepper and spice; and, perhaps, an article in the forthcoming number of *The Present Century*, on 'Our Modern Causes Celebres,' in which the fortunes of the Pendragons shall be handled picturesquely, and the blood of King Arthur made the most of. Stop a bit, I haven't half finished," he continued, seeing an insurrectionary movement threatening in Geoffrey's countenance and gestures; "we must run you through a drawing-room or two. Let me see, there's Lady Annabel Abbott's reception to-morrow evening; you're a friend of the family, I know; we'll begin with her."

"Thank heaven," cried Geoffrey, "that is impossible; I didn't bring a fit out of that sort with me; and I presume, you wouldn't have me attend her ladyship's reception precisely in the costume in which I walk over my fields at Laventor?"

"Didn't bring anything with you?" said Paxton; "why, so much the better. I'll take you to Tighat, Pileser & Co., first-rate artists, or what in the vulgar would be called tailors; and one magic word from me will secure you their best cut, and a suit fit for an empress' drawing-room, delivered at your door by half-past seven to-morrow evening."

Geoffrey gasped and attempted remonstrance; but he was in the grasp of a more powerful will than his own.

Paxton kept his word, and so did Tighat, Pileser & Co.; and at a suitable hour the master of Laventor, arrayed as he, at least, had never been arrayed before, found himself ascending the brilliantly-lighted staircase of Holmes Abbott's London mansion, in which the magnificent state apartments were that evening thrown open to an illustrious assemblage.

Under some circumstances to have found himself in such a position would have proved to our hero nothing short of acute mental, one might almost say physical, suffering. The pang of *mauvais honte* would have seized him like a viper, and he would have shuffled himself away in a corner, and awaited in slow anguish the moment of deliverance. But guarded and led on by his distinguished friend the case was different.

Wherever Paxton appeared he secured a deferential notice; whatever Paxton said was listened to; those whom Paxton delighted to honor were at once credited by the indiscriminating world as being somehow or other "remarkable persons;" and so the unknown individual introduced that evening to the Duke of Windermere and the Marchioness of Brighton, and a dozen lesser stars of fashion, by another star of indisputably the first magnitude, was received with respect, consideration, and no small curiosity.

The whole thing suited Paxton's whim, and pleased his sense of humor. He had taken good care that the morning papers should that very day have contained a powerful *resumé* of the "Remarkable Case" in process of investigation, and a word from him, dropped here and there, was enough to send a whisper through the room that the grave, square-headed man standing by Paxton's side, was no other than the Mr. Houghton, therein spoken of so favorably.

Lady Annabel was charmed and delighted at the favorable reception given to "my old Cornish friend, Mr. Houghton," as she called him. "I am so grateful to you for bringing him," she said to Paxton; "there is something *piquant* about him; he is having quite a success."

"Yes," replied Paxton; "he is doing well, I think. You must help the good cause, Lady Annabel; no one could do it better."

"What is the last cause you have taken up, Mr. Paxton?" said Lady Annabel; "is it the Poles, or the Albanians, or the Bulgarians? And how is it you want me to help?"

"Nothing of the sort, my dear madam," said Paxton; "it is simply this affair of Pendragon's. We've got the main business settled easily enough, and now we must work it into the public mind."

"Well, I think you are doing that," said Lady Annabel. "I hear every-

body talking of it; and Mr. Houghton is an advertisement in himself."

"Yes," said Paxton, "I think he'll do it. I intend to get him presented before he leaves London, and then, if he makes his appearance in some half-dozen places, judiciously chosen, the intellect of the metropolis will gradually take in the bearings of the great Pendragon case."

"And you want me to aid and abet you in your designs?" said Lady Annabel; "there will fortunately be no difficulty in that. Any one who makes his first appearance under Mr. Paxton's introduction."

"Ah!—ah!—I understand," said that gentleman, "that is the voice of the syren, which forces a man to close his ears with wax. But you see what I want; just give him a first-rate fortnight."

So a first-rate fortnight Geoffrey had, and if he did not greatly enjoy it his hospitable entertainer did. To a man who, all the year through, was thrown among the rounded pebbles of conventional society, all pretty much of the same shape and color, and differing only in their size, this bit of original rock, struck sharp and fresh from its Cornish quarry, was a delicious study.

Geoffrey's appreciation of all he saw and heard, his simplicity and shrewdness, and, above all, the clear ringing note of truth, which ran through all he said and did, were to his companions sources of genuine delight. When the fortnight was happily over, Geoffrey found himself provided with all he wanted, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy that his London season had come to an end, and the day of deliverance had dawned.

"Yes," said Paxton, "I believe I must let you go now; and I think I may say we've done your business pretty fairly. Perhaps I may find my way down to Swinburne again in the course of winter, and if so prepare for an invasion; I should like to see the heir of the Pendragons, and inspect that wonderful cartoon of which you speak. And your sisters, too, and Julian, I should like hugely to see them all again. But what is it I hear about Julian? is there any truth in the report of his approaching marriage with the young French countess?"

"None that I know of," said Geoffrey; "Lady Annabel quoted you as her authority."

"Pshaw, man," said Paxton, "he only dropped a sentimental word or two about 'looking forward to the fulfilment of his fondest hopes'; but that, you know, is a cap that might fit any head. I confess I thought his fancy had elsewhere alighted."

"I believe you are right," said Geoffrey; "but men puzzle one, and women, too, for the matter of that. I suppose, however, time will show."

Meanwhile, he had waited day by day, with no small impatience, for a reply from Julian. It came at last, having been delayed by its transmission through Laventor. But it contained, together with Julian's expressions of congratulations and delight, one drop of disappointment. As soon as he had received the letter which announced the tidings that the truth was known at last, and that Uriel's fair fame was entirely vindicated, he had rushed off to St. Florian, to communicate the glad intelligence, and insist on the young man's instant preparation to return with him to his family.

"Alas!" wrote Julian, "I found him stretched on a bed of sickness, nursed by a *seur grise*, and suffering much. There had been a storm and many wrecks off the coast, and one fearful night the life-boat was ordered out to rescue the crew of a foundering vessel. They succeeded in doing so, but with great difficulty; and some of the brave fellows were sadly knocked about. Among the rest Uriel, who, as usual, distinguished himself by his daring courage, received a blow on the chest from a falling spar, which they fear has hurt one of the lungs. It would be a serious matter to some men; but he has the strength of a giant, and, in a week or so, will battle through it, and be on his feet again. Meantime, I stay here, till he is fit to move, and then we steer straight for Falmouth."

This was the news which Geoffrey brought to the little home circle, on his return to Laventor. For a moment Aurelia debated whether she would not hasten to her brother's bedside, but at Geoffrey's earnest entreaty she abandoned the notion. The extreme feebleness of her father, whose shattered strength had been severely tried by the excitement of the last few weeks, seemed to render it impossible for her to leave him. There was nothing for it but to wait in patience, and leave the care of the sick man in Julian's hands; and meanwhile, to prepare at Merylin to give a joyful reception to the long-lost heir, and install him with loving welcome in the home that had been left for years so sad and desolate.

In the meantime, Geoffrey had to stand a severe cross examination from the home authorities, as to all particulars of his "London Season." Mary wanted to know what he had eaten at the great dinners; Gertrude was curious to know if he had danced, and was answered by a decided negative. Mrs. Houghton wondered how the late hours had agreed with him; one and all were lost in admiration at his having been presented at Court. Poor Geoffrey felt very much ashamed of all his distinctions, especially the last, and returned with renewed vigor to the old habit of putting his hands in his pockets, and talking in his own domestic language. "Oh, it's all idlesticks," he said, in reply to some very urgent questions regarding his appearance at St. James's. "Don't

see the meaning of it myself, I don't. There's just a half-moon, as you may call it, and your name's called out, and before you know where you are you are out again, and the thing is over, and the rig-out for that piece of folly would have put a new roof upon the mill; 'pon my life, I believe it would.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MASTERY ORATION.

Archbishop Ireland's Sermon at the Consecration of Mount Olivet, St. Paul, June 1st, 1919.

Washington was the scene of a grand religious pageant on Sunday, 19th ult., the occasion being the consecration of Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, professor in the Catholic University of America, to the See of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Cardinal Satolli was the consecrating prelate. The church was thronged by a great multitude, many of whom had come from long distances to witness the imposing ceremony.

Cardinal Satolli was consecrator and said Mass, the Bishop-elect saying Mass at another altar at the same time.

Archbishop Ireland's sermon. After the priest had chanted the "Veni Creator," Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, entered the pulpit.

He read the epistle and gospel of the day, and then began his sermon, which we give in full as follows:

We have witnessed a solemn and meaningful ceremony. It is the creation of an apostle of the Church of Christ.

We are brought to bear testimony to the continuous youth of the Church. We listen to the ceaseless vibration through time and space of the Voice that spoke on Mount Olivet.

As the Father sent Me, so also I send you. Teach all nations. Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.

The creation of the present instance, is attended with exceptional circumstances, which lend to the great act unusual dignity and unusual significance.

I note the minister in the ceremony. The minister in the mysterious Sacrament is the delegate of Leo of Rome, Peter's successor.

I note the place of the ceremony. It is the city of Washington, the seat of supreme Government of the United States. Fullest manifestations press around you of the new and modern world to which the apostolate has mission to day, as it once had mission to a world over the grave of which nearly two thousand years are numbered.

I must note, too, the presence of the Catholic University of America, the labors and aims of which are proofs of its intelligence of the modern world, and the triumphs of which in feats of thought and of virtue will in so large a part open the way to the future triumph of the apostolate.

Rich indeed the ideas and sublime the inspirations which spring from this morning's ceremony. Would, O Lord, that the favor were mine to give to them fitting expression!

THE INSTITUTION OF THE APOSTOLATE. This morning the scene of Olivet is reenacted. The Incarnate Word, Teacher and Saviour of Humanity, was not to be one of earth's transient figures. His tabernaculating among men was designed to be permanent.

Church survives by its supernatural elevation. Yet it is Christ's own plain thoughts expressed by Him in plain words: "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye. And behold I am with you all days." To those same apostles He had on other occasions spoken words of similar import, showing that the life of the apostolate and His own are the same: "As the Father sent me, so also I send you." "He that receiveth you, receiveth Me." Christ remains always the active element; the appearance of the instrument alone changes. The Church is truly Christ's life and energy continued upon earth for the salvation of men.

THE PERPETUATION OF THE APOSTOLATE. A living organism, physical or social, ceaselessly renews its perishable parts, meanwhile never losing its life or its moral identity. So it is with the apostolate of Christ. The nation of the United States, as once built up by its founders, does not die, although presidents, judges, legislators die. Apostles pass away; the apostolate remains. It was bidden to remain by Him whose words never lose their potency: "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Every organism has its own laws of assimilation and growth. The condition of aggregation to the apostolate is the laying on of hands by one who is possessed of its plenary life. Thus, in earliest days hands were laid upon Saul and Barnabas upon Timothy and Titus, and they were made apostles, even as the eleven whom Christ had addressed on Olivet.

A few moments ago, in yonder sanctuary, there was an imposition of apostolic hands. Your eyes saw the human at work, your faith read out to you the divine. Christ's institutional promises were once again in history put to the test, and within the hearing of your own souls the words of Olivet were spoken: "As the Father sent Me, so also I send thee."

The story of the continuous life of the apostolate in the Catholic Church is plainly written on the roll of time. No careful reader of the past may doubt it. Two thousand years nearly separate us from the visible Christ. The apostolate bridges over the years and brings to our souls His truths and graces as directly and as richly as if they came to us immediately from His lips and hands of flesh. Truly is the Church and economy worthy to have been begotten of eternal love and eternal wisdom.

THE APOSTOLATE IS THE FULLNESS OF THE APOSTOLATE. There has been the creation of an apostle of Christ's Church. Another and no less correct version of this morning's ceremony is—a priest has been raised to the office and dignity of a Bishop. The question presents itself: Are not both priest and Bishop partakers and representatives of the apostolate, and why is the consecration of a Bishop spoken of, in an emphatic manner, as the creation of an Apostle?

The episcopate is the fullness of the apostolate, the priesthood is a partial, though most noble, communication of it. Christ gave to the eleven upon Mount Olivet the plenary apostolate. He did not make to others a lesser communication of its attributes and powers. But in the eleven the apostolate came forth from the hands of the visible Christ a living organism, having from its Builder a virtue of self-perpetuation, of which I have already spoken, and, also, the virtue of differentiation of functions and of structure.

This differentiation, which seems a general primary law of organisms, animal or social, was made by Christ the law of apostolate. For a brief time after Pentecost the apostolate retained its original oneness. But soon there was a first differentiation. Look ye among ye seven men," said the Apostles to the disciples, "and they, praying, imposed hands upon them." Thus the diaconate as a separate order of the ministry came into existence. Deacons were appointed to the charge of distributing the alms of the faithful, and even as we learn from the deed of the deacon Philip of administering baptism. The Apostles continued, retaining to themselves the full apostolate, that much of it which they had communicated to the deacons, as well as that of which there was an exclusive reserve to themselves. Although the diaconate was a direct creature of the Apostles, yet the Church has always held it to be of divine institution, because it had been intended by Christ, and the virtue of differentiation in the apostolate was a part of the divine life breathed into it by Christ.

THE PRIESTHOOD AS A SEPARATE ORDER. There was a second differentiation of the apostolate when the priesthood was brought into an existence as a separate order. The term "priest" marks one whose chief office is to offer sacrifice. The sacrifice of the new law is the unbloody oblation of Christ's body and blood, as made in the Last Supper. The Apostles were ordained priests when at this supper the Lord said to them: "Do this in commemoration of Me." Other offices and power of the apostolate were conferred upon them on Mount Olivet. The holiest of the offices of the apostolate is always the priesthood, which gives the right to offer sacrifice; with it in the Apostles went the right to baptize, to remit sins to the penitent, to incardinate disciples into the apostolate to rule the Church.

In the second differentiation of the apostolate there was a more generous sharing of power than there had been in the first, and priests received, over and above what had been given to deacons, the priesthood itself and other

apostolic powers, save and except those powers which in their exercise denote government, the Apostles remaining the sole rulers. The official government of the Church in her external life and the admission of the apostolate did not go to the priesthood; those are the exclusive privileges of plenary apostolate.

When the priesthood began as a separate order, it is not easy to say. Very probably for some time none was ordained above the diaconate of the apostles who did not receive from their hands the plenitude of dignity and power which they themselves had received from the Master. The Book of Acts speaks, indeed, of episcopos and presbyteros—the former word meaning rulers or Bishops, and the latter presbyters or priests. But there is no certainty that those different words indicated different orders and were not at first applied together to the one order, that of the full apostolate. It was not long, however, before those words implied a distinction in functions and rights, that of episcopos marking those in whom resided the fullness of the apostolate office, and that of presbyteros marking ministers of lower order, from which there was no passage to the higher except by a new laying on of hands and a new communication of power, and the members of which, whatever otherwise their attributes, did not rule the church, and did not communicate to others the apostolate, even in the smallest degree.

Nothing can be more explicit than the words of St. Ignatius Martyr, at the close of the first century, as to the distinction of order between Bishops and presbyters, and the superiority of the former over the latter. Writing to the Smyrnaeans, he says: "Ye all follow the Bishop, as Jesus Christ does the Father, and the presbytery as the apostles, and reverence the deacons as being the institutions of God." And to the Thyrallians: "It is necessary that, as ye indeed do, so without the Bishop ye should do nothing, but should also be subject to the presbytery, as to the apostles of Jesus Christ." In the mind of Ignatius, presbyters as well as Bishops partake of the apostolate; but, however elevated the presbyter or priest, the sole one to rule is the episcopos, or Bishop.

THE DIGNITY OF THE EPISCOPATE. We now have some comprehension of the transformation which takes place when a priest is lifted up to be a Bishop. A learned theologian, Thomas Aquinas, writes of the dignity of the episcopate in these terms: "When a priest is called up into the episcopal order it is not that his former dignity is extended, but the whole plenitude of the priesthood is poured over him, with the dew of which only he was before anointed. Before he had matured as a branch in the tree; now he himself grows into a tree of divine creation." As a priest he could generate sons of God by baptism, but not episcopal consecration the proper office and plenitude of the priesthood is conferred, to be exercised together with the supreme government. Wherefore, even then, when as Bishop he administered the same sacraments which he administered before as a priest, he is putting forth a far more splendid, effective and august power.

The episcopate is defined: "The Supreme order of Christ's ministry, in which the priest receives the power to rule the Church." The episcopate is the divinely ordained agency of government in the Church. To the Bishops, the heirs of the plenary apostolate—and not to deacons or priests—are addressed the words of St. Paul: "The Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God."

Beyond the Sacramental Consecration, there is the need of a hierarchical anointment of the episcopate, the Sacrosanct of Peter, to assign to each Bishop the territory and the spiritual sheep over which he will rule. But in the act of consecration itself there is given to each Bishop the supernatural fitness, the grace of state, to be a ruler, and there is implanted in his transformed condition of soul a certain exigency that, in normal circumstances, he be made to rule in fact.

"The Holy Ghost placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God." The office of government goes to Bishops as a native right to their episcopate.

GOVERNMENT BY PRIESTS ABNORMAL AND INSUFFICIENT. The institution of a Bishop within a diocese is the institution within it of Christ's apostolate in the fullness of its graces and powers. No other provision, which ecclesiastical authority may make, supplies its place, or serves, as it does, the interests of religion. The episcopate is the divine provision for the government of the Church.

Extraordinary conditions of time and place occurring, priests may be—as they have been—placed as rulers by ecclesiastical authority. Government by priests is abnormal, and should be of brief sway. Whenever the work of the Church was sought to be done for any noted length of time without the immediate direction of the episcopate, religion suffered. Had the successors of St. Francis Xavier in Japan not relied so much on their zeal, and had they quickly petitioned Rome to appoint Bishops over the neophytes and prepare the way for a diocesan clergy, it is most probable that political persecutions would not have been so ferocious and would not at any rate have succeeded in obliterating the Church from that country. Cardinal Manning, who is supported in this view by distinguished historians, asserts that, had Father Parsons and his abettors made

no opposition to the appointment of Bishops in England during the early period of the penal laws, a large proportion of English people would most likely have retained the Catholic faith. One of the prime influences in the preservation of the faith in Ireland was the uninterrupted succession of its Bishops. It was a serious misfortune for the Church in America that the Maryland missionaries so long opposed the appointment of a Bishop. There should have been a Bishop in Baltimore fifty years or more before Carroll was consecrated. The letters of Bishop Challoner of England to the Holy See, telling of the need of a Bishop in America, bear me out in this statement. The lesson of history is that the divine orderings of the life of the Church must be maintained under peril to the work of the Church.

THE UNITY OF THE EPISCOPATE. The words of the divine charge were: "Teach all nations." Its mission makes the Church Catholic, in marking out the universe as its field. This is a great attribute of the apostolate—its Catholicity. But where, you will ask, in this Catholicity of the apostolate is the oneness—oneness so vital in all well-built social organisms—the oneness so clearly implied in Christ's own expression of "One shepherd," and in His prayer that "all be one as the Father and I are one"—the oneness which alone secures to the apostolate concentration and vigor of action?

The oneness of the Apostolate! We behold it this morning in its reflected rays in the person of our consecrating prelate—Cardinal Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate to the Church in the United States. We salute Leo in his illustrious representative, and in Leo we salute Peter, whom Christ constituted the centre of unity for the whole apostolate.

How necessary oneness is to the apostolate! Put a hundred brigades on the field of battle, each brigade obeying an independent general; do you expect that victory will perch on their banners? There must be above all brigades and their generals one Supreme Commander. There are forty-six States between the Atlantic and the Pacific, each one autonomous in its territorial sphere; have we left them without a bond of unity? If we had, should there be the nation of the United States, compelling in her majesty and force the respect of the nations of the earth? What did we do? We put in this city of Washington a general government, which makes one nation of our forty-six States, and unfurls one flag, rich in all the glory and strong in all the strength of all the commonwealths of the Union.

The bond of oneness in the Church must be structural and divine of origin. A voluntary compact among Bishops could not suffice; it were as uncertain in its like compact among States; it were impossible among the Bishops of a universe. Any bond of human formation presupposes that an unfinished Church came forth from the hands of her Builder, and it is not to be considered by us.

The apostolate on Mount Olivet, to whom the charge was spoken, had among its members Simon Peter, of whom Christ had previously said: "On this rock I will build My Church," to whom special personal charge had been spoken, "Confirm thy brethren." Peter was the divinely instituted centre of unity in the apostolate. Leo is the successor of Peter. The visible factor in the making up the mighty, moral and religious influence of the Catholic Church to day, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, is the oneness of her episcopate through Leo.

AMID THE INCREASING COMPLEXITY of labors and interests which a wondrous and rapid growth has brought to the Church in the United States, the need of an apparent of close union among Bishops and priests; and, in fulfillment of his divine mission, Leo's hand was reached out to them in nearer approach. The apostolic delegation of Washington was established. Through its influence the episcopate of America moves to-day with wiser and more vigorous step.

Cardinal Satolli, soon, we are told, you are to leave us. Speak to Leo of the loyalty of Catholics in America to his apostolic See, of their warmest love for himself personally. Bear with you sweet memories of our America. Your mission has been in an eminent degree successful. Your wisdom, your quick understanding of our civil and political institutions, and of the temper of the American people, Catholic and non-Catholic, contributed to your peaceful victories. Our gratitude is pledged to you. May your successor be not unlike yourself!

THE BISHOP AND HIS PRIESTS. I shall be permitted to say a word on the first and chief duty of a Bishop. The priests of his diocese are an integral part of his episcopal efficiency. He should see in them a very large part of himself, of his own life and his own power. Their work is his work, and without them he is reduced almost to practical inefficiency of ministrations. Hence, the duty above all other duties of a Bishop is to build up in his diocese a good and well-equipped priesthood. The diocese enriched with a priesthood worthy of the Church, the Bishop's ministry is filled out to a high measure. The diocese deprived of this blessing, the Bishop has failed in his chief task, whatever other work he may have done, which might have been left to the hands of the priesthood itself.

The most hopeful sign of a prosperous future for the Church in the United States is the ambition for high and noble things which bestirs its epis-

copate and its priesthood. Let our aims be higher. "Paulo Majora Canamus," is the universal motto. All seem to realize that Church and country demand from them their best efforts, and they are resolved to stop short of nothing which determined will and persevering courage, united with divine grace, can accomplish.

THE DIOCESE AND CLERGY. The priesthood which I commend with all my earnestness to the care of the episcopate is the diocesan priesthood. There is room and work in the Church for the religious orders of priests. I yield to none in my recognition of their labors. But their organization and their purpose, formed as they are to meet extraordinary emergencies, to do special work, to obey directly the behests of the Supreme Pontiff, takes them to a large degree from the Bishop's jurisdiction; so that when we talk of the Bishop's priests in his diocese, they fall outside this enumeration. He cannot depend upon them for the work of his diocese; nor is his care required, or allowed, in the formation of their priesthood. The orders attend to their own growth and choose their own work. The members of the diocesan clergy depend upon the Bishop; upon them he counts. They are the sons of the diocese; they have sworn to it for weal or woe enduring fealty.

I think it may be said with some truth that the diocesan clergy have been under-estimated and neglected. The youth and ready work force largely to their lot, and leisure study was not afforded them. The notion, too, most false and pernicious, was spread that less growth of mind and soul was expected from them than from the older clergy, that perfection attached rather to vows and ecclesiastical ordinances than to the intrinsic sacredness of the priesthood and the dignity of the ministry of saving souls.

The Church will not have a widespread regular, and well-sustained growth unless the diocesan priests are fully conscious of the dignity of their state and ministry, and are fully equipped by all the qualities of mind and heart for their great work. It must never be forgotten that the normal clergy for a diocese are its own incardinated priests; as they grow and work, so will the diocese expand and prosper.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA. And now I advert to the place of this morning's episcopal consecration. It is the city of Washington, which, as the capital of this Republic, symbolizes, as no other city does, modern institutions, modern ideas, and modern progress.

The Catholic Church and America! The past and the present, irreconcilable opposites, some have said; friends and allies, I say. America is the present, the Church is the past, and she is the present, too.

Take not the social and political surroundings of the Church in any epoch of her long career as the native conditions of the Church or the necessary results of her own life. The Church is God's supernatural kingdom. She is above human elements and human conditions; she fits herself to all human conditions where the laws of natural morals are observed, spreading through them her divine life, purifying and elevating them, but never identifying herself with them. She lived in Jerusalem and in Rome with our being Jewish or Roman. She sat upon the throne of Constantine without being imperialist; she reigned with the wild barbarians without being barbarian. She passed down through the middle ages without being medievalist. With her two thousand years weighing upon her shoulders she steps across the New World as buoyant of foot and as graceful of form as when she issued forth from the Catacombs to survey the crumbling arches and tottering columns of the temples of Grecian and Roman paganism. She has graced the courts of emperors and kings, but she has no regrets of their favors, and she bears no marks of servitude to them. She is free to day of the freedom of republics and of democracies, and she is at home beneath their banners, aye, more at home there than under other forms of society and of government, where man is lower in dignity and God's favors are

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THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

Like the other important festivals, the feast of the Ascension of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ into heaven is celebrated with an octave, that is to say, the Church commemorates the Ascension during the entire eight days from the Thursday on which the feast falls to the following Thursday inclusively, and further importance is given to this mystery from the fact that even on the two succeeding days the office of the Ascension is recited and the Mass in honor of the same mystery is celebrated, so that the whole ten days between the feast of the Ascension and that of Pentecost are devoted to the remembrance of our Blessed Lord's triumphant return to His Heavenly Father, after completing His victory over sin and death and the powers of darkness and evil.

The Ascension of Christ to heaven is mentioned briefly in the gospels of Sts. Mark and Luke, and with further details by the latter evangelist in his "Acts of the Apostles," chapter 1.

After His resurrection from the tomb, our Lord remained forty days on earth, "speaking of the kingdom of heaven" to His Apostles, thus preparing them for the mission they were to accomplish by preaching the Gospel throughout the world.

The Evangelist tells us that on the day of His Ascension He warned His Apostles not to separate or leave Jerusalem until the accomplishment of His promise to them that the Holy Ghost should descend upon them, which, He said, would take place "a few days hence." After this, while they were looking on He was raised up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. Then while the Apostles were looking upward in astonishment, two angels, under the appearance of men, stood by them in white garments and said to them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven shall so come as you have seen Him going into heaven."

The place from which the Ascension took place was Mount Olivet, close to Jerusalem, and from which the streets of the city are distinctly to be seen.

The Ascension of Christ into heaven was accomplished by His own power, and in this it differs in character from the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven, and the entry of the just into the kingdom of God, as these events are the effects of God's power and mercy, and not of any power of their own.

After the Ascension the Apostles returned to Jerusalem, remaining there "until the days of Pentecost were accomplished."

Heaven is the proper abode of Christ, hence though He might have remained many years on earth, His purpose, the redemption of mankind, was now accomplished, and as soon as this end was attained it was proper He should return to His Heavenly Father, to gladden the angels who earnestly expected Him, and to open the gates of heaven to the souls who had been detained in Limbo during the four thousand years which preceded redemption, as none could enter heaven until Christ prepared the way. St. Cyprian says of the joy with which God the Father greeted His beloved Son, after His thirty-three years on earth: "All the powers of the angels, and of human talent, cannot describe the joy of the Father on His Son's return, if it can be properly said that the infinite and immutable happiness of God is capable of being augmented," and St. Chrysostom says of the effect of the heavenly host: "To-day the angels and archangels beheld human nature shining with immortal glory on the throne of the Lord." The glorious ascension of our Lord, who is both God and man, was therefore the triumph of humanity, which is now for the first time admitted to the immediate presence of God and the company of the angels.

The principal end for which Christ came on earth was that He should die

for us on the cross, but His Resurrection and Ascension into heaven constitute part of the plan of salvation, and the work of redemption was not complete until this final act of the enthronement of human nature when Christ took again His place in heaven, where He sits at the right hand of the Father.

That the feast of the Ascension was kept by the Church at a very early date is evident from the early Christian Fathers who mention it. Tertullian and Origen, of the third century, do not name this feast as being one of the holy days observed in their time, but it is mentioned in the Apostolic Constitutions, which are believed to have been composed at about that period. In the fourth century the feast is frequently mentioned, there being sermons by Sts. Epiphanius and Chrysostom, preached on the feast of the Ascension, and one which is attributed to Eusebius, the Church historian who lived during the reign of Constantine the Great; and St. Augustine, of the same century, declares that the feast was in his time universally observed. This illustrious Doctor of the Church says that "Our Lord Jesus Christ, by bearing our human nature to heaven, showed that heaven is now open to believers, and while He raised Himself to heaven as the conqueror of death, He opened heaven to the other conquerors who were to follow Him. The Ascension of our Lord is therefore the confirmation of Catholic faith, so that all the faithful may place confidence in the promises of God, and preserve in grateful memory His past and present favors."

We are reminded also by the occurrence of the Feast of the Ascension, that the period during which the Easter Communion is to be fulfilled is rapidly drawing to a close. Those who have not as yet fulfilled this obligation should be careful to do so within the time appointed, which extends to Trinity Sunday, May 31.

AN ANGLICAN PAPACY.

The question has been mooted for a few years past to unite all the Anglican Churches of Great Britain and the colonies into one by making the See of Canterbury a Patriarchate having jurisdiction over all. The purpose of this proposal is to preserve unity of faith, as many Anglicans are beginning to see clearly that the inevitable result of the present division will be a gradual divergence from whatever imperfect unity exists at present. As a matter of fact there is not a semblance of unity of doctrine among Anglicans at present, for the Church includes every variety of belief from the High Churchism to which the late Dr. Pusey gave such an impetus, to the extreme laxity of the writers of the "Essays and Reviews" which created so much scandal among the more orthodox Anglicans some years ago, and which practically denies the historical truth, and, as a matter of course, the inspiration of Scripture.

But there is a semblance of union arising from the fact that all Anglicans preserve the Prayer Book, and profess belief in the thirty-nine Articles of faith therein set forth.

The result of having independent national churches has already been seen in the departure of the American Protestant Episcopal Church from the old landmarks, the Prayer Book itself having been tampered with in its case, and made to conform more with the views of Low Churchmen or the so-called Evangelical party. But all this occurred at a time when High Churchism was comparatively young, and, therefore, weak. Yet the changes made then have not prevented High Churchism from making rapid progress among American Episcopalians, and there is in the United States now a strong High Church element, though not so powerful as in England and some of the Canadian dioceses.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is anxious for this elevation of his See into a Patriarchate; but it does not appear likely to be established, as the Colonial Churches, having already declared their independence of the Mother Church, are not likely to submit themselves anew to the Church in England. They have tasted the sweets of independence, and they are not much disposed now to the bitter belus of obedience and submission to a higher authority.

It is intended that the question of the Patriarchate shall be brought up before the decennial council of the Church, which is to be held next year at Lambeth, but it has already elicited much opposition, and as it would not be easy to establish it if the Colonial Churches are unwilling, the proposi-

tion may fall through even before the meeting of the Council, so that it may not be deemed prudent to bring it up for discussion at all.

Dr. Nevill, the Protestant Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand, has sent a pretty sharp answer to a letter of the Bishop of Salisbury written to the New Zealand Bishops urging them to consider the matter favorably.

Dr. Nevill says the proposal would "be more likely to cause a breach than to ensure harmonious action." He says the proposed Patriarchate would be essentially a papacy, and in a few generations would become absolutely a papacy. He declares that the Colonial churches prefer their own forms of worship and disciplinary canons to those which would be issued from Lambeth, and he reminds the Bishop of Lambeth that the English Bishops can do nothing without permission of the Crown, a servitude from which the Colonial Churches are exempt, and to which they are not inclined to subject themselves. Besides, he says, "there is more danger of aberration from the faith in the Mother Church than there is in the daughter Churches," all of which may be quite true, though it is a disagreeable matter for the Church in England to reflect upon.

The proposed Patriarchate is not intended to have any authority over the Episcopal Church of the United States, unless perhaps there might be some English congregations who would accept it. The proposed papacy would therefore be a very local one, as its operations would be limited to the dominions of England and to a few foreign missions, for a time. It would be a very different thing from the Primacy of the Apostolic See, which, by divine institution, has authority throughout the world. But the English Bishops could scarcely hope to have their Patriarchate accepted in America, in the face of the fact that they themselves take oath that no foreign prelate "hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, spiritual or temporal, within this realm." If this is a truth which can be sworn to, the rule must also work the other way to preclude any English prelate from exercising spiritual jurisdiction in the United States. The case is made stronger from the fact that the English Church is so completely subservient to the Crown—and submission to the Archbishop of Canterbury would mean submission to the Crown of England, a thing to which Americans could not consent under any consideration.

THE NEXT PAPAL ELECTION.

The Roman correspondents of the press constantly busy themselves very much in prognosticating the future of the Church, and the policy of the Pope and the College of Cardinals. But it is remarkable that though regarding secular matters these correspondents are frequently, if not generally, well-informed, their horoscope of ecclesiastical matters is nearly always wide of the truth.

A recent despatch from Rome via Berlin relates that the European powers composing the Dreibund are busying themselves now to secure the election of a successor to Leo XIII. who will be favorable to the triple alliance, and not so democratic in his views as the present Supreme Pontiff.

The correspondents divide the probable successors of Pope Leo XIII. into two classes or groups, one, headed by Cardinal Svampa, being in favor of Pope Leo's policy, and the other, under the leadership of Cardinal Galimberti, being favorable to the continuance of the Dreibund; and it is said that the powers are working, each in its own way, to have a Pope elected whose general policy will be in accord with their own, and that diplomatic life is very much stirred by the matter.

It is undoubtedly true that the powers have from time to time endeavored to control the conclave, but never in the Church's history has the Sacred College been more independent of Court control than at the present time, and it is safe to say that no combination of Governments will have or can have a controlling voice in the next election of a Pope. On the contrary, it is sure that an attempt from any quarter to control that election would be resented by the Cardinals, and the more surely so because during the present Pontificate, and that of Pius IX., the Papacy has become more cosmopolitan than it has ever been previously.

It certainly cannot be said that the Governments had anything to do with the election of Leo XIII., who has shown himself superior to all the machinations of diplomatists and politicians,

and the next election will be quite as independently conducted as the last.

There were prognostications before the election of Pope Leo to the effect that the Pope to be elected would be one who would reverse the attitude of the Papacy toward the Italian Government in regard to the spoliation of the Church, but these prognostications have proved to be totally unfounded, and the present forecasts will be seen to be equally without any foundation in fact. It will be time enough, however, to make prognostications on this subject when Pope Leo will show some signs that his end is approaching, which is not by any means the case at present. Notwithstanding his great age, he is still remarkably healthy and vigorous.

A PROPHET OF EVIL.

The length to which some men are carried, by mistaken zeal, in traducing and slandering their neighbors, under the pretence of serving the cause of religion, or civil and religious liberty, or equal rights, or any other pet fad that may answer their purpose for defamation, is as remarkable as it is deplorable. It is bad enough for laymen, in the heat of political warfare and when party feeling runs high, to scatter around the brands of religious strife and discord and to create bad feeling and heartburnings in the community. But when this wicked work is done by a minister of the gospel, by one whose mission should be the inculcation of peace and good-will among men, the least that can be said is, such a man's moral sense is greatly perverted, and in undertaking to preach the word of God he has missed his vocation.

These thoughts have been suggested by the following item of news, from Kingston, published in the Montreal Star of the 4th inst.:

"Last night, Dr. Ryckman, ex-President of the Montreal Methodist Conference, in his sermon, stated that the Roman Catholic Church in Canada was being used as a great political power, and that if the people did not rise to the emergency the country would soon be at the feet of the hierarchy. That Church was now interfering with the autonomy of a province. When the Anglican Church interfered with the State a rebellion was the result."

This most grave and mischief-working charge against the hierarchy is not supported by a shred of proof. It is the mere *ipse dixit* of Dr. Ryckman, and it is utterly groundless. Does the ex-President of the Montreal Methodist Conference base his assertion upon the protest made by the Canadian hierarchy against the cruel and unjust deprivation of their rights which the Manitoba minority have suffered? Is it "interfering with the autonomy of a province" for the Church to ask for the removal of an injustice, and that parental rights of conscience be respected? The hierarchy have done no more; they could not do less.

Does not Dr. Ryckman know that, next to a dogma of faith, the religious education of his children is the most necessary and important duty devolving upon the Catholic parent? This is most forcibly enjoined by the teachings of the Church. The neglect of this obligation, where it can be carried out, entails the severest ecclesiastical penalties. And rightly and logically should this be the case, because education without moral and religious training is more than a doubtful boon. It were not going too far to say it is a positive evil. Who is there that observes the results that follow from purely secular education can avoid coming to any other conclusion? Cast a glance at those countries where godless schools are maintained by the State and what do we find? No doubt Dr. Ryckman could answer this question from his own experience.

Since, therefore, the education of his children, in accordance with the teaching and rules of the Church, is for the Catholic father or mother a matter of conscience, binding under pain of mortal sin, where practicable, is it right or just or Christian, on the part of Dr. Ryckman, or any other well-disposed Protestant, to interfere with or throw any obstacle in the way of fulfilling this parental obligation? If so, what becomes of our much boasted civil and religious liberty and our insistence upon the doctrine of equal rights? Is it not, rather, the invasion of the rights of conscience, and the trampling under foot of religious liberty?

The Catholic asks no more than he is ready and willing to accord to his Protestant neighbor of every denomination, namely, the freedom to educate his children according to his conscientious convictions. If certain Protestants have no scruple on this score, and are content to have their children brought up devoid of religious train-

ing in school, well and good, that is their own affair; but they should not act as "the dog in the manger."

When the Separate school question was being discussed, in Ontario, the religious ferment and strife, excited mainly, 'tis painful to say, by clergymen of Dr. Ryckman's stamp, far surpassed what has been caused by the Manitoba difficulty. The antagonism to the Scott Act, west of Brockville, culminated to an alarming extent almost to the verge of civil commotion. The reign of Popery, the subversion of the Protestant religion and of civil and religious liberty, the destruction of the Public school system and all manner of dire calamities were predicted as the consequence of the passage of the Bill. Well, in 1863, it passed, and how many of those predictions have been realized, let Dr. Ryckman tell.

For the intolerant and narrow-minded, a visit to Austria would be advantageous. In that most Catholic country of the world, to-day, they would find that education is a matter of most anxious solicitude to the government, which provides gratis instruction for all who cannot afford to pay for it, and extends State aid to the schools of every religious denomination, including Jews and Mahomedans. To secure an ample supply of teachers for non-Catholic schools, numerous normal schools have been established in various parts of the country, particularly in Vienna, which furnishes hundreds of teachers annually. But it will not be necessary for Dr. Ryckman and his ilk to travel to Austria to learn the lesson of toleration and see the working of civil and religious liberty in the true and full sense of the terms. In the Province of Quebec the man who is not blinded by bigotry and fanaticism can see all this in full operation, among the Protestant minority, with the consent and approval of that hierarchy, "at the feet" of whom Dr. Ryckman predicts the country will soon be prostrate "if the people did not rise to the emergency." "Tribulation" Cumming was a great prophet in his day. His prophecies have died with him. Perhaps his mantle has fallen on Dr. Ryckman, endowed with like virtue?

DISCUSSION ON A VITAL QUESTION.

The Methodist Episcopal General Conference was in session last week in Cleveland, Ohio, and the question of the representation of women in Conference, which was thought to have been disposed of by the general vote of the Methodist body, forced itself on the Conference in a very disagreeable manner.

From an account of how this question stands, given in another column of this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD, it will be seen that it has been settled by general vote of the local Conferences that for the present, at least, women shall not be recognized as having a right to sit on the General Conference. The proposition was negatived by a very small majority; or to speak more explicitly, while it was sustained by a very decisive majority, it did not receive the three-fourths' majority which the rules of the Church require in order to make a constitutional change.

But it appears that in view of the belief which was entertained very generally that the women had gained the right of sitting as delegates, many were elected to the offices, and presented themselves at the Conference, resolved to make a bold fight for recognition, in spite of the adverse vote given by the Conferences.

One of the delegates, Mr. Sharp, of Ohio, noticing the presence of women, presented a resolution for their exclusion as delegates, but providing for the payment of their expenses to the date of their withdrawal. The resolution was not considered acceptable by other members of the Conference, and a substitute was offered by Dr. Neeley, of Philadelphia, inviting the women to be as honored guests, with their expenses paid, though they were not to be regarded as actual delegates.

Bishop Hurst favored Dr. Neeley's resolution, but the excitement became so intense that it was impossible to preserve order between the contending factions, and the Bishop broke his gavel by the energetic pounding of the desk by means of which he desired to bring the two parties to terms.

At the end both parties were allowed to withdraw their motions, and thus the Conference was enabled to pass the matter over without coming to any conclusion. The session is described as having been "most uproarious."

THE PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Dominion election campaign is going on briskly, and both parties are as busy as possible selecting candidates whom they suppose to have a good chance of success in the respective constituencies.

A notable incident of the campaign is the formal entry of Sir Oliver Mowat into the arena of Dominion politics. Sir Oliver states that he was requested by Mr. Laurier "to give up the Premiership of Ontario with a view to accepting a position in the Dominion Reform Government which is confidently expected to follow the general elections." He has replied by a letter which has been published, and in which he says that when the offer was first made he felt that he could not entertain it, as there is an abundance of able men in Parliament already from among whom a selection may be made to fill all the Cabinet positions. Besides, the acceptance of the offer would necessitate the severance of his connection with North Oxford, in which constituency he has so many personal friendships formed during the many years he has been its representative in the Ontario Legislature.

Sir Oliver says also that to his advanced age of seventy six years, the assumption of new duties in a new field would increase his work and worry, the more especially as the sessions of Parliament last twice as long as those of the Ontario Legislature, and the hours of work are much later, and on the other hand his position as Premier of Canada's greatest Province is quite as highly esteemed by the public and by himself as would be any position in the Dominion Government. Nevertheless further consideration induced him to accept conditionally Mr. Laurier's offer, and in case of the success of the Reform party at the elections, he suggests that he may be relieved of the necessity of contesting a seat in the House of Commons, by being appointed to the Senate, if it be determined to retain the second chamber for the Dominion. Sir Oliver has thus determined to enter into Dominion politics for the sake of ensuring the success of the Reform party during the coming contest, because, as he says, he has confidence that the trade policy of the party will benefit the country more than that of the Conservatives.

On the Manitoba school question, Sir Oliver makes the statement that he believes it can be settled in such a way as to be satisfactory both to the majority and the minority in that Province. He says that Ontario has settled satisfactorily questions as difficult as this, and he believes that it can be settled likewise.

We have frequently pointed out in our columns that it is the undoubted duty of the Government, to whatever party it may belong, to see to it that justice be done in this matter. Even if there had been no promise given by the Dominion to the original settlers of Manitoba that they would be secured in the enjoyment of all their rights on entering into Confederation, it is a right inherent to humanity that parents should be at liberty to give their children such religious instruction as they see fit; and to employ teachers who will fulfill this duty for them. A school law which interferes with this right is an injustice and a tyranny, but the tyranny is all the more odious when it is perpetrated in violation of a solemn compact, as is the case in Manitoba.

The Dominion Government admits that this compact was entered into, and recognizes its obligation to carry it out, hence Sir Charles Tupper in his appeal to the electorate calls upon all fair-minded electors to sustain the Government in the fulfillment of its pledges to the people of Manitoba, and he promises that in the next session of Parliament the Remedial Bill will be again brought up and passed, unless in the meantime the Manitoba Government settle the difficulty itself by passing satisfactory legislation to the same effect.

It is admitted on all hands that it is more desirable that this troublesome question should be settled by Manitoba itself, which Province created the difficulty. Sir Oliver Mowat and Mr. Laurier declare that they believe that Manitoba can be induced to deal with the question in a satisfactory manner. Perhaps so.

So far, however, Mr. Greenway has, with the obstinacy of the mule, rejected every effort to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion by conciliatory methods.

In case Mr. Greenway still insists upon doing injustice to Catholics—still

PRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

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insists upon refusing to Catholics a complete and satisfactory Separate school system—what, we ask, will, in such case, be the course of Messrs. Laurier and Mowat, provided the Liberal party be given the reins of power? In a nutshell, the matter stands in this way: Sir Charles Tupper says to Mr. Greenway, "If you won't come down from your high horse we pledge ourselves to pass such laws as will compel you to do so." Mr. Laurier and Mr. Mowat promise to do all they can to settle the difficulty in an amicable manner. But let us again ask: If Greenway will not do what is right, by amicable means, what then?

For our part we have such confidence in the justice of the case, and in the fairness of the people of the Dominion generally, Protestants as well as Catholics, that we are convinced that no Government could retain its position if it were to refuse the remedial legislation on which we have the right to insist in accordance with the constitution of Canada.

Sir Charles Tupper in a speech in Winnipeg on the 8th inst. after assuring his audience that he is not one of those who use language to conceal their thoughts, added:

"If the present Government consisted of men, every one of whom were the bitterest enemy of Separate schools, they are bound to adopt and enforce the policy they have already announced. They are charged to carry out the constitution. The Manitoba Act is clear and unmistakable. It says the Province shall have the exclusive right of legislation in regard to schools, provided she does not take away by legislation the rights and privileges that were enjoyed when she came into the union, or were conferred by legislation afterwards. Now we have the inestimable privilege that when a difficulty arises between a province and the general Government, we have a court so exalted as to command the admiration of the world, the judicial Committee of the Queen's Privy Council and when the decision of the Privy Council has been given it has been at once accepted by the Government of Canada and the Government of every province."

He also stated that the provision in the law constituting the Parliament of Canada to be the final Court of Appeal when the minority of any Province is unjustly treated, was placed there specially at the desire of the Protestants of Quebec, and that there would have been no Confederation if that provision had not been made.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As will be seen by a report in another column, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Teffy, of Richmond Hill, celebrated, on May 5, the golden jubilee of their marriage. We beg to offer them our very heartiest congratulations. This honored couple are amongst the most worthy pioneers of Ontario. They have ever been model Catholics, reflecting credit upon the Church, and are deservedly honored and respected by their neighbors of every class. May their remaining years be many, and may happiness still continue to encircle their home.

The Orange Lodge of True Blues of Winnipeg have passed a set of resolutions in which they describe the Hon. N. Clark Wallace as their Moses who would rather suffer affliction with his brethren than enjoy the pleasure of sin for a moment. They add:

"We believe that as God honored and placed Moses at the head of a mighty army, in a like manner will his (Mr. Wallace's) efforts be acknowledged by the God of right and truth, and he become the leader of a great party who will deal justly and act honorably to all men."

The True Blues forget to mention that Mr Wallace kept to the flesh-pots of Egypt as long as he possibly could, and only gave them up when he was compelled to do so if there were any shame in him, or any desire to appear before the public as having the least atom of consistency in his composition. The filippic use of God's name, and of Holy Scripture for the purpose of making a point in politics is becoming so common that we might suppose that there exists a complete forgetfulness that there is a precept of the decalogue forbidding this profanity.

It was generally believed that the result of the voting of the local Conference would be the admission of women as delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, but the full returns have shown that for the present this is not the case. A three-fourths majority is requisite to make this change in the fundamental law, and the returns in down to the last couple of weeks showed that the women had received 84 votes above the requisite number from the places

heard from. It was supposed that the Conferences still to be heard from would increase this majority, but the reverse happened, and, with all the returns in, the women lack 66 votes of having the required three-fourths majority. The vote stood 7,553 for, and 2,606 against admission, to carry which 7,619 votes would have been necessary. There is little doubt that four years hence the admission will be carried, as another vote on the subject will then be taken, and the next thing will be their admission to the ministry. There are already hundreds in the ministry of some sects, and there is no reason why this should not be the case, for St. Paul had not these sects in view when he forbade women to be preachers of the gospel.

The Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City, has been receiving a most unmerciful castigation from the press, both secular and religious, because he delivered on Easter Sunday a sermon of another preacher as his own. He made acknowledgment that one sentence was quoted, as he said, from "a quaint old writer." This quaint old writer was a Unitarian minister, Dr. George Putnam, of Boston, who died less than twenty years ago, so that Mr. Morgan is accused of absolute falsehood as well as plagiarism and deception. In fact the whole sermon was Dr. Putnam's, almost word for word. After all, we do not see that it would be a very serious crime for a preacher to use the sermons of another if he could thereby do more good than with his own compositions; but the most serious part of the matter is the deliberate attempt to pass off the sermon as his own, so that he might appear to his congregation as a clever man, knowing that it is brilliancy they want rather than gospel truth. At all events if the desire had been to preach the truth of the gospel he would scarcely have looked for it in a Unitarian Easter Sunday deliverance, which we may reasonably presume to have been of a character calculated to upset belief in the Resurrection, the most important and fundamental of the truths of Christianity.

It has been currently stated the Wisconsin Legislature has been seriously contemplating to send the statue of the Franciscan explorer, Rev. Father Hennepin, as the contribution of that State to the statutory hall in the capitol at Washington. Father Hennepin is certainly worthy of the honor, but Catholics in Washington do not desire to arouse again the demon of bigotry, as was the case when the statue of Father Marquette was placed in the capitol, and high ecclesiastical authorities have declared that the proposal ought not to be urged, however much Father Hennepin merits the honor. Hence the proposition is not likely to be acted upon. It was a matter of principle to place Father Marquette's statue in its position, whereas it had been presented by a State, and accepted by Congress, and bigotry should not be allowed to prevail in its insensate opposition, but for the sake of peace it is not deemed advisable to re-open such a controversy as has already arisen once too often. The principle has been asserted and maintained that the religion and ecclesiastical position of one whom a State Legislature considers worthy of high honor, shall not be an obstacle to the recognition to which he is entitled, and it suffices that this recognition be made once.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

A leading feature of the Chataqua Assembly this year will be the rendition of the Stabat Mater by a chorus of five hundred voices. Think of Methodists singing: When in death my limbs are falling, Let Thy Mother's prayer prevailing, Lift me, Jesus, to Thy throne: To my parting soul be given Entrance through the gate of heaven; Then confess me for Thine own. Gate of Heaven, may they enter in to thee! Help of Christians, restore them to the bosom of that fold outside which are dangers many and great!—Ave Maria.

John Dillon, M. P., chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, expressed his conviction in a notable speech delivered before the Nationalists of London, on the 22nd ult., that there is no obstacle of any kind standing between the people of Ireland and the realization of their liberty except dissension in the ranks. This truth is very generally realized among the friends of Ireland in America, who have nothing but disgust and contempt for him who, unable to subordinate his petty vanity to the common good, creates a new "ite" in the Irish party.—Boston Pilot.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of England, which was

held two weeks ago at the Archbishop's House, Westminster, furnishes evidence of the vast amount of good to the cause of Catholicity that can be accomplished by means of such an organization. Its splendid and timely publications have brought home to English Protestants the beauties of Catholic doctrine. Where the productions of so-called historians had prejudiced non-Catholics against the Church, the simple truth as put forth by the society enlightened men and women who were in a fair way to become life-long bigots and made them admirers of our faith, and very often converts Catholicity.—Catholic News.

A curious condition of affairs in the Anglican Church is revealed by an article in a recent issue of the London Spectator, namely, an avoidance of disruption by a conspiracy of silence on what it believes about the Real Presence. A Catholic writer having asked the Established Church clearly to define its position on this point, the writer in the newspaper remarked: "It is quite certain that if this advice is followed, the English Church will be rent into fragments never more to be joined." What a Church it must be that leaves room for the widest disagreement on so vitally essential a doctrine of Christianity.—Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia.

A zealous Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Sullivan Blagden, of Boston, writes at the end of a letter to the proprietor of the Telegraph: "Praying the Lord Jesus to bless, keep and prosper you and the Catholic Telegraph with His richest spiritual and temporal benedictions and gifts, and as to Him semeth best, for His great and faithful, Silliman Blagden." We reciprocate the Rev. Mr. Blagden's good wishes and prayers. God, who sees our hearts, knows that Catholics entertain for sincere and pious Protestants none but sentiments of goodwill, esteem and love. We pray for them every day. We rejoice in their welfare. We solicit for them every grace.—Western Watchman.

The feast which the Church celebrated on Thursday, when it commemorates the Redeemer's triumphant return to the celestial throne which He quitted voluntarily for the sake of mankind, may be said to mark the termination of His mission upon earth, the priceless benefits of which were to endure for all ages. For although the great work of human redemption was accomplished when Christ offered Himself up as a Victim for the world on Calvary's Cross, there remained certain things in His beneficent plan to be accomplished after that Sacrifice had been made. During the forty days that He remained on earth after His Resurrection, the risen Saviour perfected His plan, which provided for the salvation of all future generations, until nothing remained but for Him to send the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles to teach them all truth, and to abide forever with the Church which they were to organize. This is the great mystery which is honored in this day's observance, but there are many other thoughts suggested by the Ascension. For instance, who, that meditates upon the Saviour's return to Heaven does not rejoice that humanity has at the throne of grace an Advocate all-potent who once wore its semblance, compassionate with its sufferings and whose answers to its appeals for assistance are always prompt and generous.—Catholic Columbian.

LEPERS WELCOME BRAVE SISTERS.

Story of the Arrival at Indian Camp, Louisiana.

The story of the departure of four Sisters of Charity from New Orleans for the leper settlement at Indian Camp, near White Castle, La., was told in the Catholic Standard and Times of last week. It was a touching narrative. Now comes the description of the arrival of the nuns at their destination. The Sisters were accompanied to the leper camp by Sister Mary Agnes, of the Charity Hospital of New Orleans, and Sister Mary Jane, of the Louisiana Retreat, who went to see them installed in their new home. Sisters Agnes and Mary Jane returned to New Orleans on the following Monday, and in conversation with the former a few interesting facts were gleaned in regard to the arrival of the nuns in the leper settlement and the manner of their reception by this sad, forsaken people. The trip to the camp was made on the Paul Tulane, the steamer arriving at the landing of the settlement at 11 a. m. Friday. Captain Campbell and the ladies and gentlemen on board extended every courtesy to the Sisters, and one noble hearted gentleman, who grew deeply interested in the work which these brave young hands have taken up, offered, before parting, to send a donation of cows to the settlement, so that, in addition to the condensed milk provided by the Board of Directors, the lepers might have the benefit of pure fresh milk. The offer was made by Mr. Hanlon and was gratefully accepted.

A TOUCHING SPECTACLE. The Sisters were met at the landing by Dr. Wailes, the physician of the camp, and their first act was to go immediately into the lepers' quarters. "It was touching," said Sister Agnes, "to see the happiness of these poor people when they caught sight of the Sisters. They almost wept for joy. They had gathered in front of their quarters, and Sister Beatrice, who is to have charge, went straight to them

and said: 'My dear friends, we have come to nurse you, to take care of you, and to try to make you happy.'

"Have you really, really come to stay with us?' they keep on repeating. 'You are sure that you are not going back?' said one sad eyed girl. 'They told us that you were coming, but we would not believe it,' said a poor leper, his voice trembling with emotion. 'You are sure that you are not going back?' You will stay with us poor lepers.' 'Yes, yes,' said Sister Beatrice, 'we have come to stay with you always. You need not be afraid; we will not go back. We have pledged ourselves to God for life. We are here to stay, and, dear friends, we do not intend to ever have the word leper mentioned in our home again. We are going to call you our friends—our patients. We are all God's children.'

FROM CABIN TO CABIN.

"It was a scene that I can never forget," said Sister Agnes, "and it was hard to tell whose joy was greater, that of the poor lepers or that of the Sisters, who had volunteered for this work and taken it up as a holy duty. There are thirty-one lepers in the camp. We found one female cook and nurse when we reached there. The Sisters immediately assumed the work of nursing and caring for their charge. Oh, I can tell you it was pathetic going from cabin to cabin, for the camp is built somewhat on the order of a plantation settlement. In one of the quarters we found four girls who were sisters and all suffering from this terrible disease: the youngest of the girls is only sixteen years old, and yet, young as she is, she is there till death, for science has as yet discovered no cure for leprosy.

Nevertheless, under the humane methods and treatment inaugurated by the present able Board of Directors of the hospital all the lepers are doing as well as can be expected from the nature of their disease. Every provision has been made for their comfort as far as the means at the disposal of the board allows. They have plenty of food and kind medical attention. Still their is much that the kind-hearted people of the State might do towards assisting the board in the way of sending clothing, delicacies and other articles to the lepers. Some of them are sick and would appreciate a dainty little chicken now and then, and other small delicacies that the Sisters will prepare and serve to the poor people. Then people might send books for them to read, for the Sisters intend to build up a library there. There is work for the Sisters, and they are equal to it.

"All Friday, Saturday and Sunday our Sisters were busily engaged in arranging the lepers' rooms more comfortably. The grounds also will be greatly improved, and when the grass is cut and a pretty lawn and garden laid out, it will be more home-like and attractive at the camp. The camp has about ten acres of ground, and the trees are large and beautiful. In time it can be made one of the prettiest spots in the State.

THE COLONY AT MASS.

"Sunday morning for the first time there was religious service at the camp. Father Colton volunteered his services to Archbishop Janssens for work among the lepers, for, of course, the Sisters had to have the benefit of religious services. The lepers were simply invited to attend if they chose. Every one went to the early Mass. Many, though not of our faith, wept for joy at the opportunity of hearing again the Word of God. Father Colton addressed them in simple, touching words, telling them how we had come to labor among them, to bring some of the early happiness of home and mother back into their sad, deprived lives, to make them happier and better; and when he bade them lift up their hearts, for, though isolated and condemned to pass their lives far from all that had once been dear, God was very near them, the soles could be heard throughout the little chapel. After Mass Father Colton paid each of them a visit, and Sister Beatrice announced that they would have a little party or family reunion in the evening. The family reunion was a very nice dinner, winding up with lemonade and cakes, the Sisters serving. You may imagine how the lepers enjoyed their first party.

"Monday morning bright and early the Sisters were at work trying to make the place more and more home-like. I left them as happy as they could be among their afflicted, isolated friends. As I said before, the board provides well for the lepers' wants, but there are many things that the women of the State could do for them in the way of making their home bright, pretty and attractive—in sending them delicacies, and so on—a work essentially feminine and graceful—of which men are too busy to think. I am glad that the Sisters have taken charge of the home—glad, indeed, as our four Sisters whom I left there, that to them is given a work so fitting the mission of the Sisters of Charity."

"But will they not grow weary among that sad, afflicted people? Will they not sometimes long for the companionship of their Sisters and friends?" queried the reporter. "Oh, no," said Sister Agnes. "They are with God's friends, the poor afflicted. They will never grow homesick, for they have given their lives to the poor, and it is their happiness to serve them. They will do well."

And so ended the first chapter of the history of the lepers' camp under the management of the Sisters of Charity. Enough has been said to give an idea of the change which has been wrought

in the lives of this unhappy people. If aught of happiness—real happiness—can ever come to them again—naught of joy or gladness, surely it will be under the gentle ministrations of these heroic nuns! In that far away, isolated mission, which they have taken up with the heroism of the martyrs of old, says the Picayune, they deserve the aid and moral support of every man and woman in the State.

AN IDEAL JESUIT MISSIONARY.

Reprinted from The Advance of Chicago (Congregationalist).

Jean De Breboeuf was one of the three followers of Loyola who first set foot on the soil of Canada. This was in 1625. As early as 1611 two Jesuit priests, Biard and Masse, had found their way to Acadia; but not until the time just named did the members of this order penetrate as far as Quebec.

By general consent Breboeuf is a fine specimen of the Jesuit missionary. He came of excellent Normandy stock. He was an extraordinarily large man; but he was built symmetrically, and he had the strength and endurance of a trained athlete. His mind, like his body, was far above the average. But he belonged to the practical rather than the speculative order of intellects; and with something of the quick and unerring instincts of genius he was able to see just what could be done and not done in any given combination of circumstances. His faculties were splendidly disciplined. His most marked characteristic, however, was the capacity he possessed for heroic and enthusiastic devotion to a cause. He had more than the courage of the lion, for nothing could daunt him. To what he conceived to be duty he was as faithful as the needle to the pole. He had dreams and visions, or strange, brooding fancies as Socrates and Lincoln appeared to have had; but these extravagancies of the zealous brain never clouded his judgment, nor unduly exalted his spirit, nor diverted him from his sacred purpose. From the hour of his consecration to work for the salvation of the Indians in America, to the hour of his coveted martyrdom, he never faltered, but held straight to his task till the last sacrifice he had to offer was laid on the altar.

Breboeuf was the founder of the mission to the Hurons. It is a singular fact, however, that of his first labors among this people, which began in 1626 and ended on the occupation of Quebec by the English in 1629, there is no record. We only know these must have been years of valuable preliminary training in the language and customs of the Huron tribes. When, therefore, in 1634, at the head of a devoted little company of missionaries of minds and spirits akin to his own, he re-entered the field, he was especially fitted for effective service.

On reaching his destination—from Quebec, nine hundred wearisome miles into the heart of a wild country—he met those who knew him, and the welcome received was spontaneous and hearty. "The richest and most hospitable of the Hurons" opened his house to Breboeuf and his associates. Very soon the village built the missionaries a house they were to have for their own. In this way, at Itonatiaria, the Huron Mission was begun. The mission force consisted of three Jesuit priests, Breboeuf, Daniel and Davost, with four Frenchmen skilled to help and armed with arquebuses.

With a practical sagacity which characterized the movements of all these early missionaries, work was begun with the children, or what Parkin calls "the small fry of heathendom." For the first year or two only infants and a few adults who were dying were baptized.

Before three years had passed his fortunes befell the Hurons which gave the Jesuits their supreme opportunity. A pestilence, something like the one perhaps which swept so many of the Indians of eastern Massachusetts out of existence a little before the landing of the Pilgrims, visited them. At the height of the pestilence smallpox broke out, and preyed on the people with the fury of a relentless scourge. In the winter of 1636-37, the sick and the dying were everywhere in the Huron country. Through all these long, dreadful months the Jesuits journeyed from village to village, and from home to home, with such relief as they could carry both to the bodies and souls of the victims of these awful maladies. This devotion bore fruit, and gave the missionaries a new hold on the hearts of the people.

At length, after three years of faithful efforts, "a Huron, in full health and manhood, respected and influential in his tribe," was won to the faith and "baptized with solemn ceremonial," in a chapel which had been "generously adorned" for the occasion. In a couple of years more the converts rose to sixty—"a large, though evidently not a very solid, nucleus for the Huron church."

was slow in coming; but in the closing period of the mission the converts were many. What was far better, these converts showed signs of an intelligent and sincere apprehension of the truth. There were villages in which the Christians were more than the heathen and in nearly all they formed a strong party. In several towns there were churches with resident priests. "Each church had its bell, which was sometimes hung in a neighboring tree. Every morning it rang its sonorous tones to Mass, and issuing from their dwelling of bark, the converts gathered within the sacred precinct, where the bare, rude walls, fresh from the axe and saw, contrasted with the sheen of tinsel and gilding, and the hues of gay draperies and gaudy pictures. At evening they met again at prayers; and on Sunday, Masses, confession, catechism, sermons and repeating the rosary consumed the whole day."

This was not after the type of Elliot and Brainerd; but there was sincerity at the heart of it all, and the discipline of many of these untutored savages was genuine. In some instances it has seemed comparatively easy to lead rude men into the Christian faith; but it has never been otherwise than difficult to lead rude men forward and establish them in the thought and custom of a Christian civilization.

It is to the immortal credit of Breboeuf that along moral lines he was uncompromising. Simply to receive baptism at the hand of a Father and go through certain forms of worship, in his estimation were not enough. When the pestilence was raging and Indians were dying on every hand, and feasts and dances and the preposterous ceremonies of the medicine men seemed to do no good, appeal was made to Breboeuf to know what to do to secure God's pity and help. This is the answer he made: "Believe in Him; keep His commandments; abjure your faith in dreams; take but one wife, and be true to her; give up your superstitious feasts; renounce your assemblies for debauchery; eat no human flesh; never give feasts to demons; and make a vow that, if God will deliver you from this pest, you will build a chapel to offer Him thanksgiving and praise." "Surely there is little here to which Elliot and Brainerd would not have said Amen; as there is little beyond which they could have gone."

In the midst of the persecution aroused by the enemies of the Christian faith, who saw that their craft was in danger if this faith should be generally accepted, and who with cunning malignity diffused the notion among this people that toleration of the presence of the missionaries had brought upon them their sicknesses and calamities, Breboeuf wrote the following letter to his Superior at Quebec:

"We are perhaps about to give our blood and our lives in the cause of our Master, Jesus Christ. It seems that His goodness will accept this sacrifice, as regards me, in expiation of my great and numberless sins, and that He will thus crown the past services and ardent desires of all our Fathers here. Blessed be His name forever, that He has chosen us, among so many better than we, to aid Him to bear His cross in this land! In all things His holy will be done!"

In the tone of this communication do we not discover something akin to the sublime resignation and confidence and hope and courage which breathe in the letters Barnum and Gates and Lee have been sending to their friends in America from the fiery furnaces of Turkey.

But a swift and awful end came to the people and the mission alike. It was in 1649, when the most serious obstacles to progress had been removed, and brilliant triumph had already been achieved, and the promise was never before so bright, that the fatal disaster occurred. With the madness and energy of fiends incarnate the fierce Iroquois, who had long been thirsting for their blood and planning their destruction, crept stealthily in upon them, and in an incredibly short space of time practically annihilated the Hurons.

Breboeuf with Lalouant, his associate at the time in the mission of St. Ignace, was put to death. Only devils, one would suppose, fresh from the pit, could conceive such horrible tortures. But he neither uttered cry of pain nor flinched. After four hours of unutterable torture he entered into rest. His skull, inclosed within a silver bust, is preserved as a sacred relic in the Hotel-Dieu at Quebec.—(Rev. F. A. Noble, Union Park Church, Chicago.)

Bigotry of the Boers.

A letter from Mgr. Schoch, O. M. I., which has been received by the editor of the Missionary Record of the Oblates, states that nonn but Protestants are employed in the Government service. Catholics and Jews can not be elected members of Parliament nor hold any Government situation. There is, therefore, no Catholic in either of the Volksraad; and the rule that the Government clerks, post and telegraph employes, officers of the police or artillery, and so on, should be Protestants, is now rigidly enforced. The worst provisions of the old Dutch penal laws are in full vigor, and petitions for the removal of the disabilities under which the Catholics suffer are entirely disregarded. "We have lived," says Mgr. Schoch, "and hope to live all the same, but we feel the burden."

If every year we rooted out one vice we should soon become perfect men.—The Lullatona.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Dificulty of Saving Money. "Talking about saving money," said a veteran millionaire. "It is one hundred times harder now to keep cash in your pockets than it was when I was a young fellow and didn't spend a cent. Take the young man, for instance. I tell you it's hard for them to save in these times. Every young man wants a bicycle, and it's mighty hard to stand on the street and see your friends spinning by on wheels and not invest yourself. Again, it's a great privation for a young fellow not to be well dressed. The distinction between good clothes and poor is so sharp nowadays that it is galling to be conspicuous by cheap attire. Again, there is the theatre, the excursion boat, the races, and a score of other inducements to spend money which hardly existed in my day, and I'm glad they didn't, for if they had, I honestly think I would have been a poor man now."

Is Any One Dependent On You? Be honest in your dealings with man and God, and as you would not forget to pay what you owe to the one, do not forget it to the other. Duty, unfortunately, has been made an unpleasant word, and yet if you do your duty honestly, you will undoubtedly be a happy man.

Ask yourself, "What is my responsibility? Is there my mother to care for? Have I a sister for whom I must provide, or is there some one bound to me by ties of blood who is old and miserable and has nobody but me to look to for help?"

Don't shirk these duties, and, my dear boy, when you give, give with a glad heart. If you do your duty smilingly it will seem very much less of a burden and very much more of a pleasure. Possibly you may have no such duty, but always there are some.

The Man With One Purpose. The great majority of men that fall don't fail for want of brains. Most people have more brains than they know what to do with. But the men who have won the grandest laurels are not usually the men of splendid natural ability. But they set their teeth and planted their feet and moved straightforward girded and guided by a great purpose. A man will achieve something if he has a single purpose, if in his breast some master passion sweeps all the rest. Men dissipate and waste their powers. There is scarcely any limit to the possibilities of men whose abilities are converged on the one local point.

All Honest Work is Honorable. "When I first got out of work," writes an old young man, who is now prosperous, "I was unwilling to accept any position not as good as the one I had before. I was glad enough after a few weeks of idleness to accept anything honorable, even if I could not keep my hands and clothes clean all the time." We would do well always to remember:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

The Kingdom of Man is Within Him. After all, the kind of world one carries about with one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that. — Letters of Lowell.

Good, strong, courageous men may make the law a blessing, where weak or corrupt men would make it a curse. But very few men are good and courageous in the face of a determined opposition. Men very well disposed are often unable to swim very much against the tide.

Skillful Workmen. Almost without exception the quiet overseer does the most work, and commands (without commanding) the most obedience. Whenever you see a man fuming and shouting and bullying, be sure he makes up for proficiency in skill by proficiency in noise.

"It Is Well." Beloved, it is well! God's ways are always right; And perfect love is over them all, Though far above our sight. Beloved, it is well! Though deep and sore the smart; The hand that wounds knows how to bind And heal the broken heart. Beloved, it is well! Though sorrow clouds our way; 'Twill only make the joy more dear That ushers in the day. Beloved, it is well! The path in faith that's trod, Though rough, and straight, and dark it is, Leads home to heaven and God.

Newman's Gentlemen. It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements, rather than takes the initiative himself. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a bolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is con-

ferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best.

He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuations evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness of effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.

They are seen within the pale of the Church and without it; in holy men and in profligate; they form the beautiful of the world. Here is a story taken from an old diary kept by Dr. Richardson during his student days at Oxford.

Nov. 13, 1845. I went to-day to a great house in Kicklebury square, to dine with my cousin Amy, and to meet her new husband, Prof. Lebean. The three of us were alone at table, and, encouraged by the pleasantness of my learned host, I ventured some general remarks about French art and literature. This led my cousin, who, since her marriage, is quite enthusiastic about French, of which she already knows six words, to propose an idea which threatened to fill me with confusion.

"Are you studying French, Harry?" she began.

"O, yes, it's part of the course," I replied with a cough.

"And can you really speak it?" she continued, beaming with delight.

"Well, perhaps a little—we're supposed to, at least," I stammered.

"How lovely!" she cried, turning to her husband. "Pierre, you must speak some French to Harry, right now; and see if I understand it."

Here was a prospect to make one's heart sink into his boots. My French, I confess, resembles Willie Shakespeare's Greek; and what would be more natural than for a French professor to jump at such an opportunity of speaking his dear Parley 500, and perhaps of incidentally poking fun at our English universities and their students! But I did not know my man.

The professor looked thoughtful for a moment, and I tried hard to look wise and undisturbed. Then he broke into a hearty laugh. "That reminds me," he said, "when I was a boy in France, an aunt of mine came home from America on a visit. None of us could speak English then, yet everyone that dropped in to see her, was sure to say, 'Now you must say something in English for me.' Well, I thought it was the most absurd and embarrassing thing in the world, to have my poor aunt talking English there just to show how the thing was done."

I joined in the laugh at the professor's story, and said in my heart, "My new cousin is a true gentleman."

"Connemara Explored." "Connemara Explored" is the title of a very interesting article in the Dublin Freeman, from which we quote this suggestive paragraph:

"When one observes the character of the best titled land around the houses of the peasantry, one cannot wonder that the youth of the country emigrate at the first opportunity. It is hard to imagine any practical solution for the problem of life in these parts other than to clear out and take any chance elsewhere. A member of the party related a dialogue between an English tourist and a peasant woman as she returned to her cabin with a can of water from the well. 'What means of livelihood have you here, my good woman?' 'Well, I have a cow, sir.' 'Oh, and you make butter; and what price do you get for your butter, my good woman?' 'We are getting a very good price, sir. Tenpence, sir.' 'Pah! tenpence! Why your butter, if it is good, would fetch two shillings in London. And what do you get for your eggs?' 'Sevenpence a dozen, sir; 'tis a good price, sir.' 'Sevenpence! Why, my gracious goodness, my good woman, your eggs would fetch half-a-crown in London as fresh eggs.' 'Yes, sir; and if I had this can of water in hell I'd get half-a-crown a glass for it.' There was reason on both sides."

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CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. AN HOUR WITH A SINCERE PROTESTANT.

By Rev. J. P. M. S. XLII.

Remember well, a mere moral life alone is not a sufficient claim to a reward in heaven. It must be a moral life rooted in true faith and led in obedience to the teaching of holy Church, the sole and infallible messenger and interpreter of God's holy will.

XLIII. SHAM PIETY.

As in the physical order by sham miracles, so in the spiritual order by sham piety, the devil is anxious to ape God, in order to throw discredit on the Church and to quiet non-Catholics in their doubts. Although the fallen spirits cannot work real miracles, after all, they possess a great knowledge of the laws of nature, a greater understanding of the natural forces than that possessed by the most learned men. Of this knowledge God permits them to make use from time to time, either for the punishment or for the trial of men. Thus satan is not only willing, but also able, to play the part of an angel of light by producing false feelings and sentiments of piety and devotion, and that even by the apparent granting of prayers, if by so doing he can obtain his wicked end. Obedience to holy Church is the only true and infallible touch stone of genuine virtue and genuine piety.

XLIV. What our Lord has said remains always true: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). However much convinced one may have become intellectually, that the Roman Catholic Church is the one Church founded by Jesus Christ, he will not receive the grace to enter it unless he humbles himself, becoming like a child.

XLV. LOSS OF THE GIFT OF FAITH.

You must not wonder if you hear of persons well instructed in the Catholic religion, even of priests, who cease to believe the doctrines of the Catholic Church. By their own fault, either on account of their intellectual pride or on account of their immoral lives, God has withdrawn from them the supernatural gift of faith, and without this heavenly light they are now as unable to believe, as one is unable to see in darkness. Neither talents nor learning are a safeguard against becoming an infidel.

XLVI. If priests do not co-operate with, but rather abuse, the special graces God has bestowed upon them, who can wonder if He punishes them more severely than others who have received fewer extraordinary graces? Their fall proves more disastrous and well-nigh irreparable. Holy Scripture tells us that the corruption of what is best is the worst.

XLVII. HATRED OF HELL.

You must not be surprised if you hear of scandals, and even of very great scandals, in the Catholic Church; and this not only among the faithful, but also among the clergy, high and low. Their being members of the true Church does not free Catholics from the attacks of hell, but rather exposes them more to the hatred of satan and his emissaries. Daily experience confirms the truth that the more one is attached to the Catholic Church, and the more he endeavors to live up to her spirit and teaching, the more he has to suffer from the attacks of the wicked. The same is true of Catholic families, societies, parishes, religious congregations, and even of nations. This explains why, especially in Catholic countries, the efforts of hell against the Catholic Church and her children are so furious. The hatred of hell against a person, a family, or a nation is always in proportion to their attachment to the Catholic Church. Hell most willingly grants everything desirable, is even willing to assist in advancing the temporal prosperity of individuals, families and nations, and, if necessary, even to help to get up a sham piety and to practice sham moral virtues, if by so doing it can cast discredit on the Church of Christ. Catholics are soldiers led out of the barracks into the open battle field to encounter the enemy. Converts continually profess that their submission to the authority of the Roman Catholic Church was the signal for battle; that, as soon as they had become members of the Catholic Church they were assailed and harassed by temptations of which they had no idea before. Happily, temptations are no evil in themselves; on the contrary, they are so many helps to become more rooted in virtue and to lay up a greater store of never ending treasures in heaven.

XLVIII. Thieves do not usually attack poor people, but those whom they suppose to carry something valuable with them. This explains why satan and his emissaries tempt but little or not at all sinners, and those who by their own fault are not members of the Catholic Church. He and his fellow demons know full well that all such persons may possess, including even their moral goodness and their moral virtues, is without any supernatural value in the sight of God.

XLIX. EXPERIENCE OF CONVERTS.

Being the true Church, and consequently the mystical body of our Lord, the Roman Catholic Church lives continually the life of our Lord. You may draw a parallel between the life of our Lord and that of the Roman Catholic Church. As our Lord was calumniated, falsely accused, hated, persecuted, and even unjustly and shamefully condemned without a chance being given to Him to defend Himself, so also the Church of our Lord, from the very beginning of her existence was, and will always be unto the end of time, the only Church calumniated, hated, misrepresented, persecuted, and condemned without a chance being given to her to defend herself. No other so-called Church is hated, except only in as far as it approaches in its teaching the Catholic Church. Neither are the Jews hated and persecuted on account of their religious profession, but on account of their nationality and the odium attached to it.

L. APOSTATE PRIESTS.

Do you not find it rather surprising that any priest, who professes to turn his back on the Catholic Church, however unknown he may have been before, is at once by the Protestant public—including, alas! not a few of their clergy—held up as a man of learning, etc., and whatever his antecedents may have been, is praised and lauded? Pulpits are at once offered to him, and the more vehemently he can inveigh against and abuse his mother, the Catholic Church, who has nourished him, and rehearse all the old and stale objections and oft-refuted calumnies, the more he is applauded. Compare with this the dealing of the Catholic Church with regard to those who have submitted to her authority. She is anxious to instruct them more and more in their holy religion, and urges them on to practice it in humility.

LI. SIDE ISSUES.

Non Catholics experience great self-complacency in spending much time, energy and money in battling against side-issues—for instance, against intemperance, profanity, cruelty towards children and animals, profanation of the Sunday, etc.—whilst they are little or not at all concerned about what is of chief importance, viz., about clearing up their well-founded doubt whether the religion they profess be the true one or not. Omitting to do this, they continually sin grievously against the love they owe to themselves; for to expose one's self wantonly to a great danger is already a sin against well-ordered self-love; and to such a danger every one exposes himself who lives on in doubt whether the religion he professes is the true one or not. Thus, whilst admiring themselves on account of the great zeal they display, and the great and good works they imagine they perform, they omit a most important duty, and miserably deceive themselves.

LII. HUMAN INSTITUTIONS.

Non-Catholics very slowly and rather reluctantly rid themselves of the idea that the Church is a mere human institution, owing her coming into existence and her continuation in existence to human endeavors. This explains why Protestants take so great a personal interest in the forming and upholding of their different churches. Considering their respective church as a mere human institution, Protestants think themselves individually called upon to use all the human means at their disposal to keep it in existence, at the same time tinkering at it in order to make it more and more accord with their individual ideas of what a Church should be. Catholics, on the other hand, are convinced that their Church is a divine institution, which from the very beginning of her existence has received from her divine Architect and Builder all that is necessary for her unchangeable preservation unto the end of time.

LIII. If you are sincere in your search after truth, then you will, with the help of God's grace, sooner or later become convinced that all the so-called churches, except the holy Roman Catholic Church, are mere human inventions, changing and changing until nothing of them remains but the name and some external observances. They are upheld and seem even to prosper for a longer or shorter time by human means and the good faith and sincerity of, no doubt, a great number of their adherents. The Roman Catholic Church, on the contrary, is the only Church that came directly from the creative hand of God, and as such contains in herself all that is essential for her to continue to exist and to fulfill her duties until time shall be no more; that is to say, the Catholic Church alone will unto the end of time teach men with infallible certainty what they have to believe and to do to work out their salvation.

LIV. INEVITABLE DISSOLUTION.

A little attention must convince you that Protestantism is rapidly falling to pieces. Do not take it ill if, for illustration's sake, I compare it to an old garment which while being mended in one part, tears in another. New means are daily tried to mend Protestantism and to prolong its existence; but all these means, instead of being useful, only hasten the inevitable dissolution. Protestant leaders being aware of this, are continually on the lookout for some sentimental movement

of the day—for instance, temperance, female suffrage, and the like—to use it as a check to the course of dissolution, or at least to divert public attention from it. All these attempts may well be compared to artificial fireworks. They dazzle and delight for a while, but soon great darkness covers the debris.

LV. PITIABLE IGNORANCE.

Do not allow yourself to be disturbed by the fact that many very learned persons do not submit to the authority of the Roman Catholic Church. It cannot be difficult for you to become convinced that very learned non-Catholics are often pitifully ignorant of the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Most of their knowledge of the Catholic Church is second-hand knowledge, having themselves scarcely ever or never consulted a book written by a competent Catholic writer. There are many instances of well-meaning and learned non-Catholics who felt quite indignant, when they at last, seemingly by chance, were led to read a Catholic book, and thus became aware that Catholic doctrine is very far from what it had been constantly represented to them.

LVI. MOST PRECIOUS LEGACY.

To make temporal success a mark of the true Church is more than childish. Rather the contrary must be supposed to be one of the characteristic marks of that Church which has for her Founder the greatest lover of poverty who was ever on earth, and who left to His disciples poverty and sufferings as His most precious legacy.

LVII. Those who cease to be members of the Roman Catholic Church are slaves of sensuality, ignorant of her true teachings or intoxicated with pride. Of this you will become convinced if you will only look beyond the varnish of an exterior decorum.

LVIII. You do not wonder when you hear of very learned persons becoming mentally deranged. Neither have you any reason to wonder if you hear a person well instructed in the Catholic religion having ceased to believe as a Catholic. It is the effect of a spiritual derangement following God's withdrawal of the light of faith. Always remember that to be a child of the true Church is a special gift of God, which no one can merit, and which, once received, can be lost again.

LIX. You will willingly admit that there are Protestant churches which are only religious club-houses. Persons anxious to come into contact with people of their own social standing connect themselves with some fashionable Protestant church, judging this to be one of the best means to obtain this end. It is different with Catholics. They have no churches exclusively for the rich and respectable people, and churches exclusively for the poorer classes of society. Persons of whatever social standing meet in the same Catholic church as in the house of God, who is no respecter of persons.

LX. STUDY OF HISTORY.

It becomes daily more evident that since the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century history has been one uninterrupted conspiracy against truth; it was invented to furnish a plausible pretext for what was done by the so-called reformers and their willing abettors, the temporal princes. Even non-Catholic but honest historians admit this fact, and quite a number of them—to mention only a few:—Harter, Gfroerer, Onno Klopp—with God's grace, have been brought to the true Church by their study of history.

LXI. Are You One of these unhappy people who are suffering with weak nerves, starting at every slight sound, unable to endure any unusual disturbance, finding it impossible to sleep? Are you opiate and nerve compounds. Feed the nerve upon blood made pure and nourishing by the great blood purifier and true nerve tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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The Orchard Lands of Long Ago.

The orchard lands of long ago! O drowsy winds awake and blow The snowy blossoms back to me, And all the buds that used to be! Blow back again the grassy ways Of truant feet, and lift the haze Of happy summer from the trees That trail their tresses in the suns Of grain that float and overflow The orchard lands of long ago!

Blow back the melody that slips In lazy laughter from the trees That marvel much that any kiss Is sweeter than the apple is. Blow back the twitter of the birds: The lay, the trill, and the words Of merriment that found the shine Of summertime a glorious wine. That drenched the leaves that loved it so In orchard lands of long ago.

O Memory! alight and sing, Where rosy-bellied pippins cling, And golden russets glist and gleam As in the old Arabian dream— The fruits of that enchanted tree The glad Aladdin robbed for me! And drowsy winds, awake and fan My blood as when it overran, A heart ripe as the apples grow, In orchard lands of long ago!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension.

THE ASCENSION.

"And the Lord Jesus, after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven." (St. Mark xvi. 19.)

In looking back over the life of our Lord while on earth, we see that all the mysteries refer to the Ascension as to the end and completion of His work. As every mystery of His life began with the Incarnation of our Lord, so they all end with His Ascension into heaven. After that the work of the Holy Ghost begins. And how glorious an ending His Ascension was! His humble birth, His humility when insults were heaped upon Him and when He was condemned to death, His humility and love when He cried out on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," all are finished by the majesty of His Ascension than which nothing can be more noble, nothing more glorious. He ascended to occupy the throne and to possess the kingdom He had purchased by His passion and death, and in order to show us that the kingdom He spoke of was not of this world, for the wealth and power of this earth is but perishable, while the riches our Lord spoke of are above the natural and are eternal.

Our Lord's Ascension leads us to think of Him and to follow Him in mind and heart. By His rising from the dead and ascending into heaven He gave us a model to follow no less than by His suffering and death. By His Ascension our Lord would show us that although we are in this world we should not be of the world, that our minds and thoughts should be directed heavenward. By the Ascension of our Lord the gates of heaven, so long closed against us, were opened and a place was prepared for every one of us, for He said, "I go to prepare a place for you," and there we shall find Him, ready to be our Advocate before the throne of God, provided we be converted and repent of our sins. Is there anything that should give us greater joy or fill our hearts with more earnest love than the thought of our Lord's Ascension? Should the thought not fill our hearts with gratitude? Should it not compel us to forget ourselves and our surroundings—should it not make us think of God and our eternal home? Our Lord says: "Where one's treasure is, there is his heart also."

But now, my dear brethren, have you followed this advice? Is it not the case with too many of you that your thoughts centred on things of this life? Do you seek worldly happiness, often at the expense of eternal happiness? And yet those who have been the most successful and most ardent in the pursuit of the riches and joys of this world have finally become the most severe in condemning them. Perhaps, too, you seek those pleasures and enjoyments which are yours in common with the brutes, and not only momentary in duration and bitter in their end but filthy and disgusting. Our Lord's Ascension teaches us to seek the joys of heaven and such as lead to them and are worthy a rational man. All others are below our level, and to think of following them, of satisfying ourselves with them, is an insult to our regenerated nature, to that nature that our Blessed Lord deigned to take upon Himself and to bear aloft with Him to Paradise.

A day like this is a favorable occasion to store one's soul with the virtue of hope. Our Lord brings into His Father's presence the five wounds and the recollection of all the agony that they mean, and He does so on our account. Those wounds shine resplendent in heaven, and they are the jewels with which our Saviour has purchased our salvation. Let us be full of courage, then. Let us call out to our Lord, "Remember me, now that Thou art come into Thy Kingdom. I am a lustful man, but I am sorry; give me the grace of purity. I am a drunkard; oh! cure me of my dreadful appetite for drink. I am a worshipping; teach me the value of eternity. I am quarrelsome; give peace and good-will to my stormy soul." Such a prayer as this on Ascension Day will move our Lord to give us the proper dispositions for a good confession and Communion for our Easter duty.

"Ten people out of a dozen are invalids," says a recent medical authority. At least eight out of these ten, it is safe to allow, are suffering from some form of blood disease, such as a persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would be sure to cure. Then, don't be an invalid.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Angel of Tears.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

One evening a holy monk, who lived in a monastery amongst mountains bordering on the sea-coast, went out, according to his custom, to spend some hours in prayer and solitude. He pushed his way through the briars and tangled undergrowth of the wood, meditating as he went on the cruel thorns that pierced his Master's sacred brow on the rough road to Calvary. It was almost sunset when he came out on a flat rock overhanging the sea, and there, prostrating himself, interceded for the world lying in sin around him. A deep sadness, a sense of desolation, weighed on his soul.

"What can I do for the offended Majesty of God? How can I comfort the Heart of His Son, which agonized for these sinners, who never give His woes one thought? How useless I am, useless, alas! through my own unworthiness!"

And as he wept and groaned and continued in prayer, a wondrous light spread over the sea,—wave after wave of golden mist, now pearly tinted, now crimson and purple as with martyr's blood. And as the monk gazed awestruck, he saw it was caused by troops of angels passing swiftly, each bearing gifts to the throne of God.

Glorious gifts they bore—works wrought by the sweat of missionary priests toiling in desert lands; offerings of heroic self-sacrifice from parents for children, children for parents; throbs of burning love from pure virgin souls in many a cloister shade; the blood of martyrs for the faith in distant countries; deeds of charity done in the power of the Holy Name for the poor and ignorant in crowded cities.

As they passed, one and another said to the monk:

"What hast thou, brother, that we can take with us to gladden our Queen-Mother's heart, that she may offer it to her Divine Son ere the evening Ave sounds on earth?"

But the poor monk groaned; and, hiding his face as if in shame, murmured:

"Nothing; alas! nothing."

And his tears flowed afresh as he thought of his sinfulness and uselessness. Then he was suddenly aware of a presence, and felt a gentle pressure on his bowed head.

"Look up, my brother! See the gift that I bear to the Sacred Heart." He obeyed, and beheld the form of a wondrously beautiful angel, peaceful as a dove, and clad in silvery-tinted raiment of light. In his hand he held a golden, jewelled chalice, of such dazzling brightness that it almost blinded the tear-dimmed eyes of the monk.

The angel raised the cover and bade him look within, where lay a single precious pearl on a rich, crimson ground.

"See, brother! I bear all tears shed for love of our Master and sorrow for the sins that grieved His Sacred Heart in His Agony. I stood by Him in Gethsemane and gathered His own. He named me 'Angel of Tears,' and bade me ever go where I heard sounds of weeping, and comfort those who sorrow with Him. Alas! I find few tears shed for Him, though torrents flow for the passing ills of life, or selfish sorrows of the children of men. Give me your tears, brother; they will make my offering precious indeed, and dear to His Sacred Heart."

Then a great wave of joy passed over the monk's soul as he beheld his tears lying like glorious pearls in the chalice; and peace fell on his troubled spirit as the Angel of Tears flew swiftly upward, and was lost in radiant light.—Ave Maria.

Mary Conquers Violent Passion.

A youth who had committed many sins against holy purity and was addicted to many evil habits, went to confession to Father Nicholas Zucchi, in Rome. The good priest received him kindly, had great compassion on him in his miserable state, and told him that devotion to the Blessed Virgin alone could free him from the detestable habitual vice of impurity. He then gave him as a penance until his next confession to say one Hail Mary every morning and evening, to offer up to her his eyes, his hands, his heart, and his whole body, and to beg her to take them into her keeping as her special property, and then three times to kiss the floor. The youth faithfully performed this penance; still no great amendment was perceptible. His confessor, however, recommended him never to omit this prayer, and encouraged him to have every confidence in the powerful protection of Mary. The youth shortly afterwards, with some of his companions, left Rome, and travelled abroad for several years. On his return he again called upon his former confessor, whose joy and admiration were great at finding him entirely changed and perfectly free from his former vices. "Tell me, my dear child," his confessor asked, "how have you caused this happy change of life?" The youth replied: "The Blessed Virgin Mary obtained this great grace for me on account of the little devotion you taught me." But that was not all. When the worthy priest related the fact in the pulpit, a captain, who for many years had led a life of sinful intimacy with a wicked woman, was present. He resolved to perform this devotion in order to break the chains of sin, and the result was that he really and effectually renounced his evil habit and changed his life.

Behold! such graces God bestows

MASTERY ORATION.

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

spread out in less equal profusion to all His children.

America, I am thy child! I make to thee my profession of love and loyalty. I cherish thee with a patriot's heart. I reverence thy liberties. My life is ready in sacrifice for the endurance of thy institutions. Thy starry banner holds in its folds the best hopes and aspirations of humanity in the natural order. I pray the God of nations to bless it and give it to enduring life.

Catholic Church, I need not speak to thee my tribute: I am thy priest, consecrated to thy service.

America and the Catholic Church! My whole soul gladly goes out to them, and my love for the one gives force and lustre to my love for the other.

America and the Church! Nature and grace! How could there be difference between them? America is the fairest that earth has. The supernatural does not oppose nature. The higher nature is, the more fitting resting place is to the supernatural. The supernatural strengthens, builds up and beautifies nature.

Mary Always Conquers.

A noble youth, named Eschylus, being sent by the prince, his father, to Hildesheim, a city of Saxony, to study, abandoned himself to a dissolute life. He fell ill, and was near dying, and while in that state he had a vision. He saw himself shut up in a furnace of fire, and believed himself to be already in hell; and then he escaped from it through a hole and took refuge in a great palace, where he found the most holy Mary in the hall, and she said to him: "Rash man, dost thou dare to appear before me? Depart from here, and go to the flames which thou dost merit." The young man brought Our Lady to have mercy on him, and then turned to some persons who were near, and implored them to recommend him to Mary. They did so, and the Divine Mother answered: "You do not know the sinful life he has led, and that he has not even thought of saying a 'Hail Mary' in my honor." But his advocates answered: "Oh, Lady, he will change his life!" and the youth added: "Yes, I promise truly to amend, and I will be thy servant." Then Our Lady's anger was appeased, and she said to him: "Well, I accept thy promise; be faithful to me, and, meanwhile, with my blessing, be delivered from hell and death." When she had said this Our Lady disappeared. Eschylus came to himself, and, blessing Mary, related to others the grace he had received. He led ever after a holy life, always preserving a great affection towards the Blessed Virgin, and was made Archbishop of the Church of Lude, in Denmark, where he converted many to the faith. Towards the close of his life, being old, he resigned the Archbishopric and became a monk of Clairvaux, where he lived ten years, and died a holy death. Hence he has been numbered by some writers among the saints of the Cistercian Order.—Exchange.

Boys and Men.

You are boys now, but you will soon be men. You are half as tall now as you ever will be. Soon you will have your own way to make in the world. Do you mean to be idle and fretful, and receive people, and give them a bad opinion of you? Or do you intend to go to work, and act bravely and nobly, and do your duty and leave a name behind you when you die which the world will love and respect? Take care—now is the time? Did you ever notice a large tree that grew crooked and was an ugly eyesore on that account? Perhaps it stood on the lawn, right in front of the porch, and your father would have liked very much to straighten it. It was impossible to do so. A hundred horses could not have dragged it erect; and yet think of the time when the large tree was a small sapling—a child might have straightened it then, and it would have grown properly, and everyone would have admired it.

Boys ought to grow straight, not crooked. You are young now, as the tree was once. Begin in time, and you will be as straight as an arrow when you are a man. If you wait it will be too late. The way to make men erect and noble is to show them that there is nothing in the world so noble as doing their duty.

In Your Parish.

A number in the parish contribute nothing to its support. They do not rent sittings and pews; they place little or nothing on the plate as it passes Sunday after Sunday; they do not give regularly and systematically to any parish or church cause, and yet they are not poor either. In fact they are what the world calls religious "dead heads." They occupy places in church, they appear to enjoy the worship, they get the benefit of the preaching and music, they call for the services of the clergyman in sickness and trouble, and expect him to lay them away decently and in order when they die. They never take a Catholic paper, but when one of their relatives die expect the publisher to write a lengthy obituary, and never think of paying for it. In the meanwhile they spend upon their worldly ease and enjoyment what they are thus saving from the parish and the church. We submit that it is rather small, and if it is done intentionally it is mean; if thoughtless, it is reprehensible.

Man's Advantage Over Woman.

A man, fortunately for him, is not such a victim to fashion as a woman. Neatness and comfort are the main requisites, after that the rest is left to the clothing manufacturer or tailor. Extreme features of any kind are rarely a success as few men care to make themselves noticeable by any pronounced effect in their costume, and very few are so vain as to follow the latest fashions in the cut and style of men's suits. But any new idea for gaining extra comfort is quickly appropriated and thus the Fibre Chambray which furnishes the style to women's clothes is now being used through men's outer coats, to give that comforting warmth and protection which will defy wind or rain equally well, and yet add no perceptible weight.



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Most assuredly, again. But let there not be, in the working out of this separation, wild and extreme measures which would tend to make society Godless and destroy in it all moral life and supernatural hopes. Often under cover of separation of Church and State infidelity and impiety are stealthily advancing their causes.

My words betray no fear for the future. Americans are a people of sincere religious convictions and of profound common sense; and they will know how to keep Church and State separate, and yet give liberty its full sway, and guard religion and morals.

A WORD TO CATHOLICS.

And now, Catholics, to your work in America! I speak to the episcopate and to the priesthood, who are the leaders, and to the laity, who are the soldiers, and, if time were mine, I should dwell upon the special duties, born of special opportunities, which devolve upon the laity in America. Never in her long journeyings through the world did the Church come upon a fairer land than America, more worthy of her love and zeal, and promising richer returns for this love and zeal.

The American people, having in such rich profusion the gifts of nature, need but those supernatural truth and grace to be God's chosen people in this era of the world's history.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Leaders and soldiers, remember with what arms you are to conquer. They are those of truth and goodness, and the preparation for your work lies in the highest education of mind and heart which it is possible for you to obtain. To provide this education to priest and layman is thy mission. Catholic University of America, I am honored to be able to pay to thee this morning my public tribute. Thou art the glory of the Catholic Church in America; her destinies are largely in thy hands. No wonder that Bishops and priests gather around thee in loyal support; no wonder that generous laymen recognize that in contributing to thy maintenance their earthly stores they are serving the Church in America in her best hopes and highest aspirations. Prosperity be thine!

ADDRESS TO THE NEW BISHOP.

Bishop O'Gorman, may I speak to you on this great day in your life? I need not tell with what delight I pronounce the name, Bishop O'Gorman. A lifelong friendship, so close, so intimate, formed and nurtured amid scenes so endearing, binds us together, and makes us in our hearts true brothers. But friendship is too sacred to dwell upon it in public pronouncements; be it between you and me. What I shall say is this, that your elevation to the episcopate fills my soul with joy, because I know you understand the dignity and duties of the episcopate, and are resolved to maintain the dignity and fulfill the duties. You understand, too, our age and our country. You love with all the fibres of your heart America, and you will serve her as a most loyal citizen. That, to be a

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