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The Catholic Record LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907.

SENSIBLE REMARKS.

We have pointed out in these columns that some non-Catholics do not look upon the French atheists as brave defenders of democratic ideas. Neither do they call Viviani's blasphemy a "not very sensible remark" nor the attempt to drive Christ out of France as "extreme but reasonable measures." The fact that they are not Catholics does not prompt them to champion the cause of the enemies of Christianity and to ignore fair play and decency where the Church is concerned. M. Kuyper, ex-Premier of Holland, and a Protestant, gives an emphatic approval of the policy of Pius X. To his mind, the French Protestants by forming associations of worship under the new law, have suffered an irreparable loss. The struggle, says M. Kuyper, is a trying one, but it must be recognized that the Catholic Church is defending the superlority of spiritual rights. Much to our regret, we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that the Catholic Church has taken a much higher stand than that occupied by French Protestants who accommodate themselves to every situation-an attitude which may be more pacific and practical, but which is not a noble one. . . The command is: bow down before the State as before a God. It is to the eternal honor of Rome that she proudly refuses to obey.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

We are told that in the course of the refashioning of the world Christianity will disappear as no longer necessary or useful. New ideas will supplant the old, and new systems provide for the wants of mind and heart. They who see signs of a new era have their vision blurred by figments of their own mak ing, or mistake the phosphorescent gleam of corruption for the glimmering of the new day. The time is not yet for the men who believe in dismantling the Church and Cathedral, and in casting aside the cross as a toy, to show us the way and the truth. At the best all conjecture as to the future is futile. Men will continue to follow self-constituted teachers and to accept any theory because it is novel and trust to any ism or ology for the truth which can satisfy the soul. But the observant cannot fail to notice that men not of avowed hater of God-who discerns in the household recognize that the Church is the only power on earth that speaks authoritatively of the things of God, and that wherever she has a foot. hold the forces that threaten to disrupt society are beaten back. And historans, not partisans, are unfolding the chronicles of the past, with the result that the ghosts which troubled the dreams of some of our separated brethren are flitting away. The search light of criticism has failed to search light of criticism has falled to show any weakness in the foundation of Church. Her dogmas are unchanged, and the ancient charge that they barred the way to advancement is made and that if it chances to please the devil likewise, we must not be too easily disconcerted, but can afford to interchange an occasional friendly smile with this august personage, in recognition of the fact, that, although ridiculous by Catholics whose names are in letters of light on the annals which record the victories of truth. Let the transformations be what they may-what can they do against the Christianity as taught by the Church. It is not a system of philosophy that another system can overthrow. Nor is it a scientific theory that the discoveries of the scientist of to-morrow can relegate to oblivion. Her Christianity is a fact. For centuries she has run the gauntlet of the sword, of treachery, of human passion, and she has been always one, always fruitful, exhorting the respect and oftimes the admiration of her enemies. The men of the testtube and of the political arena will not aproot history. Their discoveries cannot kill the soul. And the soul-the principle of the transformations to becan find in the Church the remedy of its ills, light for its direction and aid for its development.

THE SAME PRINCIPLES.

De Maistre, we mind us, saw in the French Revolution of 1789 a character which he designated as satanic. Robespierre with his speech against the priesthood; the infuriated " patriots " with their kness bent before the 'Goddess of Reason" and their fingers on the throat of the Abbe, and the guillotine reeking with blood-all

tion before the world. Other Robespierre's have blown out the lights of neaven and have driven God out of France. The powers that profess to guide France proclaim they have done with God and are going to upbuild another France more glorious than the old. Nothing durable, however, is upreared upon rhetorical phrases. But they mean to essay the impossible—to build upon nothingness. As in 1789, the country is inundated with a flood of law, with the result, that the republic, as it is in France, is a naked despotism. They who feed at the Government trough, and the scribes who write utility of methods which can please what they are told, and papers like the Christian Guardian, which see nothing reprehensible in denunciation of God, pay tributes of admiration to Clemenceau, but they who know history assert that France is dying by the relaxation of its morals, by abandoning its manly habits, by the effacement of its character through the invasion of egoism and scepticism. Certain it is, that every permanent institution is based upon religion and this is true whether we speak of institutions which mark world. epochs or of obscure organizations. But the atheists of France have their hour. They have their papers and friends throughout the world. The cable is at their service : nav a Protestant preacher praises them for their "extreme but reasonable measures." The civil authority is theirs to use against the Church. They have an opportunity to contradict all history by proving that an institution resting on a negation can be permanent.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN AGAIN.

The Christian Guardian informs us that Signor Marconi is a member of the "Waldensian Church," one of whose pastors, we may add, said recently "that the holy example of the present Pope is felt through the whole Church of Christ." The distinguished the increasing atheism manifest in France and Italy."

ample. We have read in the columns it never had any hold on the upper of his paper denunciations of nuns and Christian Brothers, but we have seen no expressions of sorrow. The editor who alludes to Viviani's blasphemy as a not very sensible remark, who champions the cause of Clemenceau-an the procession of a few noisy Italian roughs a sign that the influence of the Papacy is on the wane, and who tells his readers that irreligion and spoliation are extreme but reasonable measures, is, in the way of sorrow, at some distance behind Marconi. Bat to use the words of Dr. Starbuck, in The Sacred Heart Review:

" It has been faithful to the unbroker Protestant tradition that whatever displeases Rome ought to please us, and that if it chances to please the our general aims are at variance, may work in unison now and then."

As Count Caroux said :

"If we can't get on without the devil, then let the devil help us."

Is the editor prepared to continue his alliance with Clemenceau who has avowed himself a child of his noble father satan. Not a meet companion, indeed, for a Methodist preacher. We are sorry to see a follower of Wesley and Clemenceau in the same boat; but Catholic - phobia is alien to either the canons of social amenity or to principle. As the boat is not seaworthy we advise the editor to discontinue for the present his No-Popery dance.

DISCREDITABLE TACTICS.

The editor informs his readers that Signor Marconi made the interesting statement that "something in the way of overtures had been made by the Vatican to himself, both in Rome and in Canada, but, of course, without effect."

We challenge the editor to give Marconi's words, and to tell us what he means by "something in the way of overtures." He has an opportunity to score against the insidious hierarchy that so disquiets him, and to hold up to public derision the ecclesiastics who seek to entrap the electrician. This is far better work than slandering the this is out of the ordinary category of Christian Brothers and exulting in the orime. To-day, they who glory in the persecution of the Church in France.

and invent pretexts for their justifica- shalt not bear witness against thy neighbor," tells us that Rome would not be over choice as to the methods used in accomplishing her purpose. And the preacher who penned this statement is bent on "converting" the French Canadians. To what may we ask? To an inability to accord fair play to our opponent, to the art of insinuating the thing which is not, to a policy that approves the blasphem. er and atheist so long as they attack the Church? A week or two among our French fellow citizens might give him a saner view of the Church and beget a suspicion in his mind as the but the ignorant. We need not remind our readers that to the science to which Mr. Marconi devotes himself the children of the Church has rendered many and distinguished services. Galvani discovered dynamical electricity; the Voltaic pile is a monunent to the genius of Volta; Ampere, devout Catholic, raised electricity to the dignity of a science; Nobili and Melloni gave the world the galvanometer, etc.; Wollet and Van Malderan the first magneto electric machine for producing electric light; Pacinolte, of Florence, the machine which embodied in principle all that we find in the dynamos of to day.

NOT A SCHOLAR'S OPINION.

The insinuation that the distinguished electrician could not be at ease in the Catholic Church is merely a revelation of the editor's mind. That he is not in line with the Protestant scholar may be seen from the following quotation: 'It is not among the ignorant and vulgar," says a Protestant writer, " but among the intellectual and imaginative; not by appeals to the senses in worship, but by consistency and subtlety of thought that in our day converts will be made to the ancient Church."

On the other hand Dr. Briggs says, that a representative Methodist preachelectrician expressed his sorrow at er recently remarked in his hearing that " Methodism had lost its hold on the lower classes, and was rapidly los-The editor should imitate his ex- ing its hold on the middle classes, and classes." - The Reformed Quarterly, July, 1896.

AT VARIANCE WITH FACTS.

Again the charge that Rome is not over-choice in her methods of appeal falls to the ground in the presence of a Newman, Brownson, Manning, and many others who were at one time champions of Protestantism. The zealot may speak of such men being duped and cajoled by Rome, but it is quite another thing to impose this view upon the world. By renouncing Protestantthing to lose, and yet despite this, and the fact that scholarship accounted them as among its best and brightest, they subscribed to the Catholic Church. Contrast them with those who have renounced the Catholic faith to become Protestants. While the Church welcomes the scholars - the men and women who wish to attain to a higher knowledge of God and to have the hunger of the soul appeased - Protestantism opens its doors to the ex-priest who is inquest of either boodle or a wife, or who has a quarrel with a Bishop-in a word, to the people who tell fairy stories and keep the slander-pot bub bling for the delectation of our gullible non-separated brethren. Or as Dean Swift put it: "Whenever the Pope cleans up his garden he throws his weeds over our wall."

"THEY SAY."

Of all the cowardly and diabolical deceptions in the language "they say" is notoriously the first. It is the catapult of the slandered. Some liar maligns his neighbor, and as he feels and fears that he will stand alone, ne resorts to the base trick of pluraliz ne resorts to the base trick of puralizing his vicious self, and so he outs with they say." "They" is often only one, and if more than one it is because the wish of the liar was father to his thought: he desires the multitude in order to lose himself therein and thus escape the pernicious consequences of defamation. It is the old trick of the cuttlefish that muddles the whole stream so that its own ugliness will not

be noted.

No man of honor uses "they say." No man of nonor uses they say.

He gives his proper authority, if need
be, and does not hedge behind the indefinite. Truth always deals in direct
ness. The sneak it is who tries to
saddle upon the public what his own
coarse, crude and malicious mind coninced. On the miners of it all. jured. Oh, the misery of it all! The murderer of character considers that he is adding a cubit to his own characprinciples of 1789, use the pen and the power of the State instead of pikes and the guillotine. They do not murder priests but they harass and rob them

CATHOLICS ARE A UNIT.

AMERICAN OBSERVER POINTS OUT MOST

With the idea that there were certain phases of the controversy between Church and State in France which had not been fully brought out in the re-ports from Paris, or at least, would be more intelligible to American readers if described in terms of their own in-stitutions, the New York Evening Mail sent a member of its staff, Mr. Edward Lee Aroni, as special correspondent to

France.

1: is interesting to read Mr. Aroni's narrative of conditions in France as they impress him. He is not a Catholic, so his views cannot be regarded as prejudiced in favor of the Church. His mission is to give impartial observa-tions of what he sees and hears, and that his conclusions seem to vindicate the Church only goes to demonstrate how events in France must impress an ordinarily fair-minded American.

A WORLD CONFLICT.

Mr. Aroni believes that the struggle in France is infinitely more momentous and of world-wide interest than it has

This country is to day," he says, "This country is to day," he says, "the scene of the most tremendous conflict in recent world history. Socialism is reaching a development and a strength here that it never has attained in Germany, Belgium or any other of its strongholds.

"The struggle of the State and the Church here is of importance because it is the first of the century's great battles. But the American, who thinks it is merely a battle between atheism

it is merely a battle between atheism and Christianity, is almost as far wrong as the one who considers it a laudable attempt by a republic to bring about real religious liberty and freedom of thought and action in all that pertains

to spiritual and material affairs.
"The conviction is fairly forced upon one conversant with the progress of the Marxian doctrines in other countries that the center of the collectivist battle line is massed in France to day, and that the religious policy of the government is only one phase of the strategy that is bent upon the destruction of capitalism—under which title the Socialists group all existing insti-

of to-day.

LABOR PARTY THE COMING POWER.

'Meanwhile a power is growing daily which may dwarf all other forces now working in France. The "Compagnie Generale du Travail" is attaining a strangely appear previously. ing a strength never previously dreamed of by a national labor organi-"It put out the lights of Paris in one

night. It threatens openly to deprive every city in France of food on any day which it may select, and announces that no warning will be given. Is chiefs have already constituted them-selves 'the commission of the general

"It is fighting bitterly a proposed law which restricts all unions of govlaw which restricts all unions of government employes to form a federation except among themselves. The bureaucracy rules this ultra-centralized nation to-day. Let the federation of governmental workmen be accomplished and there will be but one power in the

country."

Mr. Aroni predicts the speedy downfall of the present government. He says it has been out-generaled by the Vatioan and is choked on one side by

A CASE OF ARRANT HYPOCRISY. capitalists and on the other by labor unions. As things are at present it can do absolutely nothing. The main object of the whole policy towards the Church, which was the creation of schism, has utterly failed.

ABSOLUTE LOYALTY OF CLERGY.

"Most impressive to the onlooker with open eyes and open mind," says Mr. Aroni, "is the massing of the French clergy and their parishioners.

"They stand shoulder to shoulder—

glorious—passive, unresistant, complying with every law that does not spell annihilation, and disobeying none. It means a tremendous force which is using no weapons save patience, silence "There was truth in the dispatcher

priests-the 'cures de campagne'-had expected to comply with the separation law in every detail. Failure to do so meant losing their small incomer from the State, their modest homes and gardens, beehives and flower beds. "It was but a continuation of the campaign against the religious orders, they thought, and Rome would submi only formal protest, as it had be-But from the moment that word came from the Vatican that non-accent ance of the terms was necessary for the continuance of Christian worship, absolute, cheerful and unquestioning loyalty and self-sacrificing acquiescence has been the unvarying rule.

No sign of schism.
"What is true of the humble village priests is true of the higher, richer clergy of the cities. From Normandy to the Mediterranean there is not a murmur of insubordination. The govfor the slightest sign of a schism

But there is not the faintest. The Villatte services in the church at the Batignolles have fallen flat. They form a farce that has not had even a 'success of disesteem.' Elsewhere every effort to set up opposition to the established Church authorities has been abandoned.
"Gallicanism is utterly and abso

lutely dead.

Count the Christians of France unit. All else may change in a day or a week. That fact rests. Plenty of the priests do not know where they will sleep nor how they will eat a creased by most for every petty intraction of rules. No wonder that so many to the priests do not know where they will eat a where around them in a big city!

month hence. But there is not a mur-

tery.
"Discarding all questions of belief, the attitude of the French clergy is a more impressive picture of discipline than has been presented in any mod-

ern war."

COUNCILS OF PRIESTS.

In one of his letters Mr. Aroni refers to a diocesan congress held in Paris in the early part of Holy Week. Nothing of the proceedings of this con-ference was made public, but the cor-respondent says that one of its chief results will be the promulgation of a pastoral letter by Cardinal Richard which will have the most important effects upon the control of all church property in France still retained, to be

recaimed or to be acquired in future.

"He will announce the creation in every parish of a 'conseil de cure'—a council of priests.

"These, of course, will not be a renewal of the 'associations cultuelles,' There is not the least present likeli-hood of the formation of any 'associations of worship' while the attitude of

the French government is unaltered. "The new organizations will more nearly resemble the conseils de fab-rique," which were suppressed under the law of December 11, 1905.

"These latter ancient councils exist ed in France from the end of the thir teenth century. They are composed first of both ecclesiastics and laymen; first of both ecclesiastics and laymen; later laymen alone made up their membership. Their functions were the management and control of the temporal property of the various churches, "A similar role will be assigned to the new 'conseils de cure,' with this difference—that the members will not have a 'deliberative' or final voice as have a 'deliberative' or final voice, as

have a deliberative or may voice, as in the case of the 'conseils de fabrique,' but only 'consultative' powers.

"Other differences will be that the members will be nine for each parish, and that all will be named by the cure of the parish and replaced by him in case of death or resignation. Prefects shared the appointing power with the Bishops in the case of the old councils, and mayors were members ex-officio.

"The duty of the new councilors will the adherents of the Church to the cure and collected by him and his vicars. They will be called upon to give opinions and advice concerning the needs and urgency of repairs to churches and upon the best use of all

resources of the parish.

"The ablest legal talent in France has been consulted, and confidence is felt that the existence of the new councils will violate no national law, any more than the lay organizations do in

Germany.

To SAFEGUARD CONTRIBUTIONS.

It may be said, though every one in authority is silent upon the subject, that the innovation will be one of the first works of a great and far-reaching plan to safeguard contributions to religious work from confiscation in the

"In a dozen countries search is now

A CASE OF ARRANT HYPOCRISY. From the Sacred Heart Review.

Maud Younger, a New York news-paper writer, has been investigating conditions among the young women who work as waitresses in the big restaulis. One of these concerns makes, it would appear, a pretense at piety and would appear, a pretense at piety and Biblical righteousness. It has a chapel which the girls who come before 7 in the morning must attend. "Must they go to prayers?" asked Miss Younger, of a waitress who worked for the concern. She was answered: "They're fined if they don't, and they're fined if they don't pay attention while the manager is reading." Indeed it would seem that the fining system was demanager is reading. Indeed it would seem that the fining system was developed to a high degree in this establishment. Although the girls get only \$4 a week when they receive their full pay, few of them ever see that \$4, because of the system of fines. Miss Younger asked if there were many fines. "Many!" exclaimed her in-formant. "You're fined if you break anything; you're fined if the ice melts on the butter so that water runs on the on the butter so that water runs on the table; you're fined if the spoon ain't in the sugar bowl. There's mighty few girls gets full wages here. The firm sometimes makes \$1 a week off a But there is a chapel in this estab

lishment where the girls (and the most of them are Catholic girls) are compelled to attend prayers, and there is a big sign prominently displayed bearing this quotation from Jeremias (Protest

ant version:)
"Thus saith the Lord. Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches But let him that glorieth glory in this that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord Who exercises loving kindness, judgment and right cousness in the earth.

What infernal hypocrisy! Here is what internal hypotensy! Here is a firm making a pretense of Christian dealing, and at the same time doling out to its hard-worked employees starvation wages, which are further decreased by fines for every petty infraction of rules. No wonder that so many young wong in such positions encount.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

His Holiness, Pius X., on a recent occasion, said to the students of the American college: "A priest or a cleric without piety is like a bird with-

According to the Scottish Jesuit, Father Campbell, there are more Gaelic - speaking Catholics in Nova Scotia (descendants of Highland Scotch mmigrants) than there are in all Scot-

Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, has been appointed Secretary of Apostolic Briefs in succession to the late Cardinal Luigi Macchi. The office has never before been associated with the Secretaryship of State.

The body of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, kept in a magnificent shrine at Goa, India, is, after three hundred years, whole and entire, without the least sign of corruption or decay. The saint appears to be in a sweet, peaceful slumber.

An offer has been received from the Harvard University for the purchase of the library of the late M. Brunetiere, the great French Catholic, consisting of 15,000 volumes. The Paris Figaro has called upon Frenchmen to save this treasure for their country.

By the terms of the will of Arthur Connelly, who died in Senecs, Oct. 13, 1906, all the property belonging to the estate is to go to Sts. Peter and Paul's churches in Seneca, Kas., after obligations are paid. The property is valued at more than \$7,000.

Rev. George Branigan, of Kent, Ohio, while in Cleveland recently visited the juvenile court of that city, and offered to place any Catholic boys the court may send him at work in a chair factory at Kent, assuming per-sonal charge of them. The priest's offer was gratefully accepted by the

Episcopal duty in some parts of Aus-Episcopal duty in some parts of Australia has its humorous side. One Prelate, on his first journey round, was flung into deep mud by a restive horse. Rising ruefully with his chaplain's help, and surveying the place, the Bishop consoled himself with this reflection, the base left a year deep impression in "I have left a very deep impression in that part of the diocese, at any rate."

An experienced Catholic teacher says that pupils who have access to Catholic weekly newspapers at home, when compared with those who do not, when compared with those who do not, are by far better readers, better spellers and better scholars generally. The Catholic press is decidedly an important factor in a Catholic home. This will not be disputed by anyone that has taken the trouble to investigate the matter. gate the matter.

When the will of the late Coadjutor Archbishop Montgomery of San Francisco was filed for probate it was shown just how modest was the estate left by the prelate. Instead of a large fortune, as many looked for, the only property left by Archbishop Montgomery was a collection of personal property valued. collection of personal property valued at \$2,500. The main article in the whole modest estate was the late Arch-

bishop's library.
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson and Miss Robinson were received in audience by the Pope last week. Mr. Robinson conveyed to the Pope President Roosevelt's greetings, and His Holiness requested Mr. Robinson to give affectionate regards to the President and to convert him the Persident and the convert him the Persident and the Persident American Resident American Resident Reside d to convey thanks for the good the President is doing on behalf of the Church in America and throughout the world. Mrs. Robinson is a sister of President

A replica of the bell of St. Patrick is on exhibition in the Field Museum in Jackson Park, Chicago. The original of this little bronze bell, which is about nine inches high and shaped like a truncated pyramid, is in the National Museum of Ireland in Dublin. It is said to be the oldest bell in the world and possibly the first bell ever cast, or rather welded. It is of sheet bronze and was used by St. Patrick in his missionary labors in Ireland in the first quarter of the fifth century.

Miss Grace Waring, who held a very responsible position in one of the federal courts of Omaha, Neb., has recently resigned her position that she might enter the Convent of Mercy for the purpose of consecrating her life in religion. Her resignation was a surprise to all her friends and it was learned that recently she had been received into the Catholic Church. Her father is a retired Methodist minister, while she herself was a member of the First Congregational Church. Mrs. Elizabeth Tourman McCormick.

daughter of the late Senator Allen G. Thurman of Ohio, and wife of the late R. C. McCormick, former governor of Arizona, has become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, Mrs. McCor J. Cotter of Lake Placid, N. Y., who was instrumental in having Mrs.
McCormick abandon Protestantism.
"I take this step of my own free will,"
Mrs. McCormick said. "The Catholic Church offers me more solace and spiritual comfort than any other church

The Jesuits received a real compliment the other day. Premier Clemen-ceau, of France, writing to Figare in denial of an assertion made that he had commissioned a Bishop to open negoticommissioned a Bishop to open negoti-ations with the Pope on the Govern-ments' behalf, referred to "the Jesuit-ical filth quoted by you." It would be interesting to know the precise idea of morals of one who repudiates the Author and Source of all morality, who shame-lessly wages war on his Creator and in-sanely oppresses his fellow citizens be-cause they worship God. A criticism cause they worship God. A criticism of another's action from such a man must be indeed complimentary.

MAY 4, 1907.

CHAPTER XI. FOLESHADOWINGS.

Did Donal believe his father was really insane? No! but he tried to believe it, or rather persuade his judg-ment that it was so. That is, he wanted to fling away into the background the strange, and indeed terrible revelation his father had made; and cloak its awfulness by the belief that his father was the victim of a delusion. he tried to make no change in his man ner toward Nodlag ; nay, if anything, was more affectionat

and his sisters jested and said:

"Begor, Donal, it is clear you are
goin' to wait for Nodlag; but you'll bald old bachelor thin ! "Did Donal understan' me rightly in the sthe wandherful play-actor intirely."

knowin' what he knows

By degrees, however, the ever-haunt ing idea of her parentage created a strong revulsion in the mind of the young man. He became moody and discontented; and, as is usual in such cases, he placed the blame everywhere but on himself. Most of all, he threw the whole responsibility on the child. From time to time, in his lonely com-munings, the horror of the thing would burst on his imagination; and he would pull in the horses when he was ploughng, and take off his hat, and wipe his

ow, and say, half aloud:
"Good God! think of it. Yonder, in my mother's house, taken to her bosom, kissed by my sisters, is the child of the informer, who sent one dacent man to the gallows, and a half-An' I can't say a word. Gec-up! It

Then, one day. dozen good neighbors to Botany

Then, one day, the dread of what would happen if the secret were discovered suddenly struck him, and intensified his aversion. His own words to his father came back:

They'll burn the house about us and shoot every mother's son of us.'

Would they? Faith, they would, and never think the smoke of a pipe If it were whispered abro that Daly's child was harbored, clothed, fed, at Edmond Connor's house, their lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. There were a hundred ruffians in a circuit of five miles, who hundred would make a holocaust of the whole house and family. Yes! but where's the remedy? To reveal the matter to even one, would be disastrous. He might put it on the plea of his father' insanity; but then who'd believe him?
And there was his oath, taken under the stars that momentous night! No. clearly there was nothing to be done but await the development of events

And so the years went by, the child growing steadily into the affections of other, sisters, and brother at Glen anaar, but most of all, into the deep, soft heart of Edmond Conners himself.
Donal alone regarded the child with
indifference, if not aversion. The The shadow of a forthcoming revelation seemed always to hover around her to his mind. She became a very sweet, winsome child, every year seeming to add some new charm to her beauty She was quite unlike her mother, who to her beauty. and sallow of complexion whereas Nodlag was exceedingly fair, with large, innocent, blue eyes and a great wealth of yellow hair, which she ossed into her eyes and face, as she around the yard or across the fields, or leaped lightly over the river that ran zigzag beneath the farm in the valley. Often, however, when she was alone, and free from observation, alone, and free from observation, had a peculiar habit of suddenly standing still, and awaiting and listen ing, as if she heard a voice afar off, and awaited its repetition, thinking herself On such occasions deceived. leaned her head gently downwards, and sometimes put up a warning finger, as if to arrest her own attention; then, after a pause, as if she had been mistaken, she ran around gaily again. This mood would selze her at all times: and as she grew in years, it became more persistent, so much so that, even at meals, she would forget herself, and pause to listen for the strange voice. too, if she leaped a brook, or ditch, she would stand transfixed for a moment, and listen, and then leap on lightly as before. By degrees, this peculiarity began to be noticed; and she was enestioned about it.

"What's the matter, Nodlag? What do you hear ?" the old woman would

And Nodlag would give a start of surprise, and laugh, and say:
"Oh, nothin', ma'am. I don't hear nothin'.

But it gave rise to a great many sur mises, the more common interpretation being that it was her cruel mother, who, in some far place, was repenting and calling, calling for her abandoned She was not more explicit, however

with the old man-her protector and friend, as she knew instinctively. She became, as she advanced toward the years of reason, the companion of his walks across the mountain and down the valleys; and he used to feel an un usual thrill of pleasure, as he lifted her over a brook, or across a stile, or took her up in his strong arms and carried her across a tract of wet bog or moorland, or over one of those deep ravine cut by the winter torrents out of the soft, pebbly sandstone. He once ventured to ask her more particularly what she waited and listened for, when those strange moods seized her.
"Oh, nothin', daddy. Only I thought

some one was callin'. "Was it like the way the boys are called to dinner, acushla?"

"It was, daddy!"
"Or was it like the way they call

It was, daddy !"

"Or was it like the chapel-bell for Mass on a Sunday morning?"
"It was, daddy! Ding-dong, ding-

dong, an' mo-o o o-o !" as she tried to imitate the echo of the bell.

And as all this was very vague, and left things just as they were, they ceased to ask her questions, but all agreed that she was a "quare" child, out-and out, and altogether.

One day in the early spring of the year in which Nodlag attained her majority of eight years, and was classed

year in which Nodiag attained her majority of eight years, and was classed amongst those who can distinguish good from evil, the gentleman who possessed rights of shooting over the mountains came in to Edmond Connors' cottage. He had had a good day, for several brace of wild fowl hung from his shoul-der, and he appeared tired. Things had now settled down somewhat; and better relations had arrung up between better relations had sprung up between the gentry and the peasantry of the neighbourhood. So he was welcomed neighbourhood. So he was welcomed with a Caed mille failthe; and took his glass of milk with a little potheen mixed, as humbly and gratefully as possible. He put his gun into a corner, sat on the sugan chair, and sipped his tumbler of milk slowly. When about to leave, he glanced anxiously around the room, and toward the doors of the kitchen.

and said at last : " By the way, I heard you had a re-markably handsome child here—a little

bedroom across the kitchen

foundling ?" foundling?"
"Yes," said the old man, somewhat
anxiously, for he had an intuitive fear
of the "gintry" and always suspected,
even under the most friendly exterior,
dangerous and hostile motives. "Is
Nodlag there, Joan?" addressing his

Nodlag there, some eldest daughter.

"She is not," said Joan. "She's gone down to the forge with Jerry."

"It was good and kind of you," said the stranger, "to take in a homeless the stranger, "to take in a homeless waif like that; and to have all the expense of rearing her, in addition to

your own family."
"As to that," said the old man watching the gentleman anxiously out of his mild, blue eyes, "the crachure is no expinse. One mouth, more or ess, does not make sich a difference.

" No, but she'll be growing, and will be soon a young woman," rejoined the stranger. "And that will mean responsibilities which few men but yourself would face.

Well, sure if she grows, God bles her! she'll be the help, too; and sure the girls will be laving us, wan by wan; and we'll want some woman around the house," said the old man. "True! I heard, indeed, that one of your daughters was about to marry

young Burke—"
"Begobs, Your Honor, you have all
the gossip of the parish picked up.
We thought you knew nothin' but the
best covers for the woodcock or the
plover," said Edmond Connors, with

mild sarcasm. When you're out all day alone with your woodranger, you must hear things, 'said the gentleman. "And we have a deeper interest in our tenants

and neighbors than we get credit for. "That's thrue, too," said the old man, still on the alert for all that was "We never suspect how many friends we have, till we need

"I wish to show my friendship for you, Connors," continued the gentle-man, "by telling you that I'll take that child off your hands, educate her, rear her, and put her in a position in life where you'll be proud to see her."

"I am much behoulden to yer Honor," said his host. " But fo worth in this world, and they say good dale, I wouldn't part with that child. But, here she is herself, said, as Nodlag ran into the kitchen, flushed by her ride on the bay mare, which had been just shod, down at the Donal entered by the front door orge.

just at the same moment.

"Good-day, Donal," said the gentleman.
"I hope you're well. And this man. "I hope you're well. And this is the little one. What's that you call her? Come here, little one, come to

But Nodlag shrank terrified from him, and put her two arms around the old man's leg for support and protection.

"Well, 'tis a quare name, sure mough," said Edmond Connors. "We enough,' call her Nodlag, because 'twas on a Christmas night we found—God sent her," he said, checking himself before

her," he said, checking himself before the wistful eyes of the child.

"Well, Connors," said the gentleman, preparing to depart, "please yourself about my offer. I'll take the child, and relieve you of all further responsibility about her. I promise you she'll be cared for well—nearly as well as ou can care for her yoursell."

"I'm very much obliged to you."

"I'm very much obliged to you,' said the old man, this time searching the face of Donal, who was listening attentively. "But she's one of our-selves now, and we can't part with her."

There was a deep silence for a few during which the child's grasp tightened around the legs of her octor: and then Donal, looking up said, as if that discussion was well ove

and ended :-"You had a good day on the moun-

tain, Sir. That's a heavy bag."
"Yes, indeed," replied the gentle man. "I have never seen so man; birds on the hills before. The place is thick with woodcock and gray plover I think we are near cold weather. The birds are migrating in large coveys to the South and West

" And the sky is as black as mid night," said Donal. "I think the snow is comin"; and I wish it was, to take away the bitther cowld."

'So Linehan says. He thinks we're near a big fall. In that case the sooner I'm near home the better. Good even-

ing!"
"Good-bye and good luck!" said

Donal. Donal," said the father when the stranger had departed, "wouldn't it be well to gether in the sheep from the hills? It may be a big fall; and there' "There are twenty-tour," said Donal.
"Yes, I'll get Owen and wan of the
min; and we'll gother them in."
"An' my lamb, daddy!" said Nod.

An' my lamb, daddy i" said Nod lag, her eyes wide open in fear and sorrow, "I must go and save Nanny." "She's not far," said the old man, "but you can go out, and wait for the boys; and they'll search for you."

Nodlay went out; and Donal turned

fiercely on his father.

"Why in the name of God," said he,
"didn't you take his offer? It would
rid us of all our troubles."

"It might add some others," said
his fether, meekly. "In any case, I
have made a promise, and I'll keep it."

"Sure 'twas God sint Mr. Dunscombe with that grand joffer," cried
Donal. "It was the best chance we
ever got; and it mightn't come again."

"What was the best chance that
might never come agin?" asked Mrs.

might never come agin?" asked Mrs. Connors, coming in from the yard. "I'm thinkin' we're in for somethin hot an' heavy to-night; and we haven's hundred of flour in the house. But what wos the offer, Donal, ye were spakin' to your father about?" "Nothin'!" said the young man,

sulkily. "It can't have been any great things. thin," said his mother, nettled at the

reply.
"Twas only Mr. Dunscombe wanted to get Nodlag!" said the old man, in the interests of peace.
"An' what did you say?" she asked

"What 'ud I say; but that God sint her to us, and we'll keep her?" re-

plied her husband.
"It would be the quare thing, out an' out, if you said anythin' else," she answered. "And was that what you called a great chance, me bouchal?' she demanded, angrily turning t

"I think," he replied, sullenly, "that as the child didn't belong to us, it was a good chance to get rid of her, especially whin she 'ud be well done for."
"You never showed that child a fair

face since she kum into the house,' said the mother. "Begor, you be said the mother. grudge her the bite and sup we giv' her. as if it would lessen you—and thim you want to bring in here to us."

This was an allusion to Donal's projected marriage —a subject of painful interest always to mothers, who are obliged to abdicate the moment the bride crosses the threshold of the door. It nettled Donal, because this very matter had been a subject of debate between himself and his future bride, who had tried to make it one condition of the marriage contract that Nodlag should be sent away. Nay, this very question, and some delay about her sister's arrangements with young Burke, were the main causes of the delay in his own settlement. He had, then, a double reason for wishing that Mr. Dunscombe's offer had been accepted by his father.

'How do we know who or what she

is?" he answered in a high temper.
"You know as much now as the
night you brought her in the creel, and put here there be the fire. But you e cowld hard heart, Donal," mother. "But take care said his mother. "But take care 'Tis dangerous to thrample on the widow

or the orfin." Donal was about to make anothe angry reply, which would have im-perilled the sacredness of his oath; but his father, going to the door, looked angry r

up and said:
"I'm thinkin' if you spind much mor time in codrawlin', ye'll be lookin' for a needle in a bundle of straw, whin you search for the lambs this awful night."

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT SNOW.

So, indeed, it was. A double dark ness had come down from sky to earth and the great eclipse of the heavens began to break into tiny flakes of light, which hung in the atmosphere, mad the darkness deeper, and then shone in a great sea of pearly whiteness, when the soft clear crystals heaped them selves into fleecy masses upon the earth. It was the first fall of the "Great Snow," which commenced that night of the 15th of February, 1837, lasted for three days, and remained two months on the ground, blotting out every trace of verdure, and imhundreds of people, who far away from the towns, had to endure the horrors of a half-famine during snow in the yard and fields around follows have: those miserable weeks. At 9 o'clock that night there were three feet of Glenanaar; and deeper drifts in the hollows beneath hedges, or piled against stable walls, where the light wind had drifted them, and no stronger wind could dislodge them. From time to time, Donal and Owen and the servant men came into the yard, sweating and panting, as they flung down a shee a lamb, which they had saved. every time they went forth, their quest every time they went forth, their quest became more dangerous and trying as their strength grew less beneath the strain, and the snow mounted higher and higher in soft hillocks mounted which concealed dangerous places, and made by their very sinking and yield-ing beneath the feet the task of walking painful and laborious. It was 10 o'clock, and the snow

yet falling in larger and thicker flakes, boys announced that all the sheep had been brought into safe shelter, but that a few lambs had been sheep had

lost in the snow.
"Thank God," we won't miss 'em,
"Thank Rod," we won't miss 'em,
"Was Nodlag's said the vanithee.

said Donal, half "Nodlag's ?" said Donal, half dazed and blinded from the snow and the fierce exertion he had made. "Yes," said his mother. "Her lamb, with the blue ribbon around

neck. "I don't know." said Donal, wearily and half asleep on the hard settle.
"Where is Nodlag herself?" said

Edmond Connors turning around from the fire. "Where 'ud she be, but in bed these

hours?" said his wife. "Look, Joan, and see how's the child!" Joan took up the candle, and entered the bedroom, where Nodlag's tiny cot lay close up against one of the larger bedsteads. She returned in a moment

with a face full of terror.

"Nodlag is not here!" she said.
"I thought so," said the old man, rising up. "Whilst we were thinkin' of nothing but our sheep and lambs we've allowed God's child to be taken from no."

"She was with the boys," said Joan, looking at Owen and Donal.
"No, she wasn't," said Donal,

me."
"Nor wid me," said Owen.
never laid eyes on the child since
Dunscombe left the house."

Dunscombe left the house."

"She wint out into the yard," said the old man, "and I tould her wait for ye outside, and go wid ye."

"She must have gone off by herself thin," said Owen, "for sorra an eye I put on her, since the snow begin."

Edmond Connors said not a word; but went over and took down his yellow leather leggings from the rack near the

leather leggings from the rack near the fire, and drew them on, and buttoned

"Where are you goin', father?" said his daughter, Joan, in dismay.
"Where am I goin'?" he cried. "Where am I goin'?" he cried.
"I'm goin' to seek after that child.
Do you mane to think that I'm goin' to lave her out there in the bitther cowle

Ye're takin' lave of yer senses, said his wife. "Run out, Donal; run out, Owen; she can't be much farther than the ploughed field."
"I'm ateared 'tis a poor search we're goin' to make," said Owen, rising

goin' to make," said Owen, rising wearily. "Come, get the lantern, Jerry, and let us see what we can do." And Donaid rose sulkily and followed his brother. Their clothes were wet through with the snow, and a great steam ascended from them as they

"Give 'em a dhrop of whiskey,"
commanded the old man. "They may
have to go farther than they think."

They needed it; for weakened by They needed it; for weakened by long exertion as they were, they had to summon all their strength for the search now before them. It was quite possible that they would have refused to take it but that they expected it would be a short one. The child, they reasoned, could not have gone far from home. They would find her in the outhouse. or somewhere sheltered outhouse, or somewhere sheltered under one of the hawthorn trees that crowned all the ditches and fences on the farm. When, however, their search in the vicinity of the house was fruitless, and no answer came to their muffled cries: "Nodlag! Nod-lag!" across the snow, they became their mufiled cries: "Nodlag! Nodlag!" across the snow, they became anxious and agreed to separate, Owen and Jerry taking the hills behind the house, and Donal going down towards the river. In a few seconds they were out of sight and hearing of each other, as they moved in different directions, each a ghostly heap of snow, and quite indistinguishable from rifts and white hillock's, or burdened shrubs and white hillock's, or burdened shrubs or trees across the dreary landscape.

It was weary work; and Donal was alone in that terrible night-quest. Every limb and muscle ached with pain, as they were strained by the violent and quite unusual exercise, for the young man had to throw himsel forward from rift to rift; now falling into wet slush, now stumbling forward, and trying to catch a footheld for a further leap, and always flashing his lantern to and fro in the darkness, and shouting "Nodlag! Nodlag!" across shouting 'Nodiag! 'across the valley. But no reply came. Only the soft, silent snow, sifting down from the blackened beavens, glinting one moment a golden color in the light of the lantern candle, and then sinking into the soft drift, where it was lost.

Donal began to lose temper. 1t wa only the peremptory challenge of his father that drove him out from the warm kitchen on such an errand. Somehow he had come to persuade him-self that this child of misfortune, this inheritress of evil, would be as swiftly and mysteriously taken from them as she was sent. He could not imagine her growing up like other girls, and passing on to honorable wifehood and motherhood. There was something uncanny about the whole affair, and it would end dramaticular iously as it had begun. Is this t end dramatically and more opportune, more appropriate, than that the child of row should be buried deep in the snow-drifts? It is an easy death, they say. The cold numbs the senses, and then there is sleep and unconsciousness, and death comes gently sleep. He sat down beneath a willow which was so loaded with snow that there was just a tiny space of wet grass beneath. There he began to grass beneath. There he began to think. Then the very fate that he dreamed and half-hoped for Nodlag came to himself. He got numbed and and a strange, drowsy feeling came over him. He tried to shake it off but couldn't. His aching limbs yielded to the momentary rest, the lantern fell from his rands, and he sank into an uneasy slumber. He had a horrible The last things he saw wer the great broad flakes reddened in the lantern flame; and he thought these were turned into flakes of fire that fell on him, one by one, and burned through the clothing into his flesh, and made him one hot, piercing blister. He flung them aside and rubbed his hands of them : but down they came mercilessly tormenting him, until at last he woke with a shudder, and saw his infinite relief that it was the cold snow that was enveloping him and paralyzing his hands with cold. He leaped up, rubbed his palsied hands beat them under his arms, until a little warmth came back, and after a little thought, took up the lantern again and homewards. But the dream came back. His conscience upraided him. It said plainly: "The wish is the deed! To abandon is to destroy Go back!" And he feebly argued "Am I to roam about all night, looking in vain for what may never be found? Is not my own life in peril? Was I not near death a few minutes And then again the thought arise: "How will my father could arise: would arise: "How will my father look if I go back without the child? How will his keen eyes pierce me? He'll say nothing; but he'll never forgive! He will tell me forevermore by his silence that I am a murderer.

This thought determined him. He nade a savage resolution to find th child, living or dead, or to be found dead himself. He would not return home without her; and, with his strength fast ebbling away from fatigue and cold, he knew what that meant. He turned his face from the direction al. of home and went down toward the said Donal, river. It rolled by in the darkness, a

sullenly. "At laste, she wasn't wid dark, turbid Styx, its blackness made deeper by the white banks of snow that leaned above it and over it. There never laid eyes on the child since Mr. was the chill of death in the look of it, and a sound of despair in the swish of its waters, as they swept in mad tumult from side to side.

"God help her if she has fallen in there!" he murmured.

He raised the lantern and tried to throw its light across the rearing tor-rent. A circle of crimson fell on the banks of snow at the other side as he banks of snow at the other side as he walked slowly along by the river; and —his heart stood still! There was something dark in the midst of the circle. It was the foot of a child! With a sudden renewed energy he leaped down the drifts along the bank until he came to a wooden bridge, fail leaped down the drifts along the bank until he came to a wooden bridge, frail and uncertain, for it consisted of but one plank and a fragile hand-rail. The snow was sifted lightly upon it, because it got no foothold on the narrow board, and there in the white powdered contains were unmistakably the print crystals were unmistakably of Nodlag's feet. He flashed the tern on them for a moment, leaped across the bridge, and then up along the bank at the other side, throwing the light before im. In a few seconds he was on his hands and the seconds ne was on his seconds where shovelling away the soft snow which enveloped the child, and at length revealed her little figure, with the dead lamb clasped to her bosom. He flung this aside into the stream, rie nung this aside into the stream, and sitting down and opening up his great coat, he gathered the child into his arms. She was apparently dead. No sign of life appeared in the blue, pinched face, or closed eyes, and she hung limp and listless in his arms. In a moment a sudden and complete revo-lation took place in his feelings toward her. All the aversion of the last few her. All the aversion of the last few years grew into a sudden, overwhelm-ing love for the seemingly dead child. He felt that he would gladly give his life there in that awful wintry night to bring back life to those dead features and limbs. The powerlessness of the little waif, the remembrance of her sad destiny, appealed to him so strongly that he wept like a child. And then he prayed to God as he had never prayed before, to give him back that oul that seemed to have sped on it eternal errand. Half-frantically he beat the little hands in his strong peat the little hands in his strong palms, rubbed and fomented the stiff limbs, breathed on the stony face, which his tears also washed. For a long time (it seemed to him years in his agony) no sign of life appeared; and he made up his mind to lie down and he made up his mind to lie down there beside her and let them be found dead together, so that no man should say he had failed in his duty, when he suddenly noticed that the little hand shrank from the hot glass of the tern. He fredoubled his eff drew the lantern closer, and shed its soft heat over the little limbs; and in a few moments the purple color on the

cheeks gave way to a soft rose-tint, and opening her eyes she said, wearily: "Who's that? Is that Owen?" The words cut him like a knife. He knew how the heart of the child, which he had steeled against himself, softened out to the kindler brother; and here in the first moment of consciousness, the instinct of trust revealed itself.

" No! 'Tis I-Donal! Don't you

know me, Nodlag ?' "Why are you batin' me, Donal? What did I do?" For he was still chafing gently and slapping the little hands. But the little appeal almost broke his heart.

"I'm only thrying to dhrive away the cowld, Nodlag. Do you know me now?"
"I do. But where is Owen? I'll go

home with Owen." He said nothing. But leaving the lantern behind him, he took up the child, and folding her close to him that the warmth might vivify her, he said : "Tighten your arms round my Nodlag, an' don't let'em go. And may God and His Blessed Mother give me strinth to reach home. But I am afeared

you and I will have a cowld bed before ornin'.' For now he felt that his strength momentarily excited by the emotions he had just experienced, was again rapidly ebbing away; and he began to fear that he could never face that hill and the long fields before him, filled deep with the drifts that every moment grew higher and higher. And the grew higher and higher. And the terrible flakes, falling so silently, so mercilessly, blinded his eyes, and weighed heavily on his shoulders, and clogged his feet. And here in his arms was a burden, which, as Nodlag fell was a burden, which, as rooting lei-into a sleep again, had become more passive and helpless than before. But love, pure, unselfish love, especially the love that grows out of the black root of hate, is a powerful thing; and Donal felt himself driven forward, as a power impelled him, and took from him the office of rescue; and on, on he vent, lifting his feet, as if in a treadmill, yet cautiously feeling his way, for he knew the value of the burden which he bore, and the principle of honor had vielded to the stronger propulsion of ove. But nature is nature; and, as ne threw out the disengaged arm, blindly feeling his way before him, and took great, long strides, feeling for crevices and hollows, he became aware that his mind was beginning to wander. He struggled against it; but in vain. He shouted aloud with the full strength of his lungs; and he thought he heard answering voices. But the delirium from cold, hardship, and hunger, was seizing upon him. He was in the seizing upon him. He was in the dock; and the Judge was placing the black cap upon his head, as a preliminary to the death sentence for the murder of Nodlag, when a woman's form, clothed in black, shot up from the ground, and flinging out her arms wildly, commanded the Judge to desist. the lights of the courthouse Then began to flash and flicker before his eyes. The woman turned to him, and cried: "Donal! Donal! Nodlag! eyes. Nodlag!" Then everything began to reel around. He felt a burden falling from him; there was a general upheava and cataclysm; and he himself, in the general horror and disruption, fell for-

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

When Paul Andronevitch Vronowski returned to Russia, after a lengthy sojourn abroad, he threw himself into the question of reform with a vigor and enthusiasm that allowed but a small enthusiasm that allowed but a small margin for the exigencies of those in authority. That his doctrines were sound in logic there was little doubt, but nevertheless they were hardly of the kind to be fully appreciated in that part of the world where reform usually cralls axile: and, therefore, it was not spells exile ; and, therefore, it was n surprising that the Governor, a harsh-featured, irascible old general, wholly absorbed in the idea of his own importance, should resent his attitud endeavor to restore harmony and peace in the government over which he ruled by seeking to remove the youthful per-petrator of the disturbances.

Investigation proved that Vronowski was a student of Ruskin and other English writers whose sentiments were highly antagonistic to the Russian made out for his arrest as a rev

tionist.
A sudden police raid on his house at the dead of night, when in the proper order of things Vronowski should have been sleeping placidly in his bed, ignorant of the danger that menaced him, resulted in nothing but the finding of a brief, unsigned note in a woman's fine, almost undecipherable handwrit-ing, evidently dropped by the fugitive in the hurry of departure, which re-vealed the fact that some one had betrayed the Governor's secret and warned Paul Adronevitch, just in time,

of his danger.

To say that the General was perturbed when he heard the result of the raid was to use a term that ill expressed his frame of mind. anger was suddenly diverted from Vro-nowski to the mysterious writer of the he swore he would show letter, to whom but scant mercy should she fall into his hands. There was only one person in the whole Government, however, who could have enlightened him as to the betrayer of his secret, and she was his own daughter. Vera Ivanovna Esteletski was a slight, pale-faced girl with large, pensive eyes and an air of gentle timidity that made many people accuse her of being totally lacking in both courage and character. On several occasions, unknown to any one, she had met Vronowski while driving across the steppe. Once he had come to her assistance when her sledginto a snowdrift and helped when her sledge had sunk to extricate the struggling horses. It is true that but few words passed be-tween them, and those few were forgotten all too soon by the one, but the other had lain awake the greater part of that same night living over and over again with ever recurring delight those few brief moments of intercourse. She was fully cognizant of the danger she ran of being detected when she resolved to warn Paul Andronevitch of her father's intentions, but her own timidity was wholly submerged by the thought

of Vronowski's peril.

At lunch time she had listened to her father discussing the finding of the letter, and the fruitless search that had been made throughout the town and surrounding country for the missing man, in silence. She had even remained impassive when the General had declared vehenently that he would rather discover the woman who had betrayed than the fugitive himself. when the meal was over her courage waned ; she felt she could not face he father again, knowing how she had deceived him, and quitting the room hastily, she donned her thick furs and stole out into the gardens that stretched

behind the palace unperceived.

With head bent to meet the blast that came surging over the endless bound steppe, Vera walked slowly to the end of the and then paused. Close to the high stone wall that separated the grounds from the open country was a datcha (wooden house), which had formerly been occupied by an old nurse of the family, and which the Governor had converted into a little summer retreat for his only daughter. Concealed by dense shrubs and enshrouded in a bewildering mass of delicate scented roses, it formed a cool shelter in June when the great rooms of the palace had grown stifling in the hot glare of the sunshine. But in winter all was changed. The datcha, denuded of every vestige of foliage, looked cold and desolate among the snowdrifts, and hence it was remaily looked on a that nence it was usually locked up at that eason and seldom visited by any one except Vers, who occasionally glanced in to see that everything was in order. That evening, moved by a sudden

That evening, moved by a sudden impulse, she drew out the key and, fitting it into the lock, threw open the door. But for the lock, threw open the door. But for the ghostly glimmer of the snow piled high against the small, double windows, the little living-room was in darkness, but a shaft of light from the wide open door enabled the girl to distinguish all the familar ob jects around. Suddenly fear laid hold of her, and

she hurriedly made the sign of the cross. She had often heard stories of the dead returning to earth and visiting their old haunts once more. it possible that some former occupant of the datcha had taken possession of it during ber absence? She shivered.
Then she shook herself together with
an effort and laughed to think that
such stories could influence her, and shivered again, with recurring terror, then decided that the weird effect was only due to the lateness of the hour, the drear twilight and the death-like chill around. Gathering courage from the thought, she was about to enter the inner companies. inner room when the door opened noiselessly and a tall figure stood out abruptly, silhouetted vividly against the blackness beyond.

The girl paused, her hand to her

throat, as if to arrest a cry of alarm. One glance sufficed to tell her that this was no ghostly visitant, no phantom from another world, but a tall, broad-shouldered man with fair hair and piercing gray eyes that were quick and piercing gray eyes that were quick and kind, eyes that had once on a time smiled into hers as their owner had stooped with made a their owner had stooped with ready courtesy to brash the clinging snow from off her furs. There was no smile in them now as

them, either, on perhaps of son pointment, whice Andronevitch V the room and bo coolly, "I supported by intrusion I sought the sh wise, as my close on my would dream of Governor's gar wall and made t window at the b covered my who deavored to esc on foot. But no but to yield my Still Vera did watted coat), gazing fixedly i ightning flash

MAY 4,

they met hers, glad to note that

retina of her me the one represe before her drive depicted her the tidings of ery, and she sh as if with physi he betray, V her implicitly hard to answer gave Paul And uld never ret father again : a if she summor And suddenly vay in which V day he came to steppe, the tor brushed the sne stantly she b presence, his gray eyes that her, and forg placed him in innocent, she was her duty t befell. Her gasps, but sh ense relief Vronowski lo Her back was only make out

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'S DAUGHTER

AY 4, 1907.

onevitch Vronowski a, after a lengthy threw himself into rm with a vigor and lowed but a small gencies of those in his doctrines were was little doubt, ney were hardly of appreciated in that here reform usually herefore, it was not Governor, a harsh.

Governor, a harsh-old general, wholly a of his own impor-nt his attitude and harmony and peace over which he ruled ve the youthful per-curbances.

Ruskin and other ose sentiments were ic to the Russian ler was straightway arrest as a rev

raid on his house at when in the proper onowski should have idly in his bed, ignorthat menaced him, note in a woman' cipherable handwritpped by the fugitive eparture, which reernor's secret and nevitch, just in time.

e General was per eard the result of the a term that ill exy diverted from Vro-terious writer of the e swore he would show hould she fall into his s only one person in nment, however, who atened him as to the cret, and she was his era Ivanovna Estelet-, pale-faced girl with es and an air of gentle e many people accuse ally lacking in both aracter. On several wn to any one, she had while driving across e he had come to her her sledge had sunk and helped the driver struggling horses. It few words passed be-those few were foron by the one, but the wake the greater part nt living over and over recurring delight those ts of intercourse. She ant of the danger she acted when she resolved

Andronevitch of her ns, but her own timidity nerged by the thought beril. she had listened to her ng the finding of the ruitless search that had oughout the town and untry for the missing She had even remained. the General had detly that he would rather man who had betrayed fugitive himself. But she could not face he knowing how she had and quitting the room aned her thick furs and

e gardens that stretched co unperceived, ent to meet the blast ging over the endless now-bound steppe, Vera to the end of the garden, sed. Close to the high separated the grounds of country was a small in house, which had occupied by an old nurse and which the Governor into a little summer relly daughter. Concealed ass of delicate scented d a cool shelter in June rooms of the palace had in the hot glare of the

ne datcha, denuded of of foliage, looked cold mong the snowdrifts, and sually locked up at that dom visited by any one who occasionally glanced everything was in ordering, moved by a sudden drew out the key and, the lock, threw open the the lock, threw open mer the ghostly glimmer of i high against the small, we, the little living-room ess, but a shaft of light open door enabled the guish all the familar obear laid hold of her, and

made the sign of the rning to earth and visithaunts once more. at some former occupant had taken possession of it absence? She shivered, ook herself together with laughed to think that could influence her, and She shivered. n, with recurring terror, that the weird effect was

that the weird effect was
the lateness of the hour,
wilight and the death-like
Gathering courage from
she was about to enter the
when the door opened
and a tall figure stood out
thoustted vividly against
s beyond.
paused, her hand to her
to arrest a cry of alarm.

to arrest a cry of alarm, sufficed to tell her that sufficed to tell her that hostly visitant, no phantom e world, but a tall, broadman with fair hair and y eyes that were quick and that had once on a time hers as their owner had heready courtesy to brush; snow from off her fursh no smile in them now as glad to note that there were no fear in them, either, only surprise and a shade perhaps of something akin to disappointment, which vanished, too, as Paul Andronevitch Vronowski advanced into the room and bowed.

"Mademoiselle Esteletski," he said, which is a pologize

"Mademoiselle Esteletski," he said, coolly, "I suppose I ought to apologize for my intrusion; but, believe me, when I sought the shelter of your roof last night I had no option in doing otherwise, as my pursuers were already close on my heels. I knew no one would dream of searching for me in the Governor's gardens, so I vaulted the wall and made my way in through the window at the back. Had you not discovered my whereabouts I should have taken my departure to night and endeavored to escape across the frontier on foot. But now I have nothing to do but to yield myself your prisoner."

Still Vera did not speak. With one

Still Vera did not speak. With one hand clutching her heavy shouba (watted coat), she stood motionless, gazing fixedly in front of her. In one lightning flash there rose before the retina of her mental vision two pictures; the one represented the man who stood efore her driven into exile, the other depicted her father overwhelmed by the tidings of his daughter's treachand she shivered in her thick furs with physical cold. Whom should betray, Vronowski, who had no claim on her, or her ather, who trusted her implicitly? The question was hard to answer; she felt that if she gave Paul Andronevitch his liberty she could never return home and meet her father again; and if she be rayed him, if she summoned help, what then?
And suddenly she remembered the
way in which Vronowski had smiled the day he came to her assistance on the steppe, the touch of his hand as he brushed the snow off her coat, and instantly she became conscious of his presence, his handsome face, his keen gray eyes that she knew were watching her, and forgot all else. Fate had placed him in her hands. He was nt, she knew, and therefore it innocent, she knew, and therefore it was her duty to protect him, whatever befell. Her breath came in little gasps, but she was conscious of an immense relief at her own decision.

Vronowski looked at the girl sharply. Her back was to the door, and he could only make out her face dimly in the waning light. He saw that she was agitated, perhaps afraid, and felt sorry

for her.
"I assure you there is nothing to be
"I assure you there is nothing to be
"he said kindly. "See, I "I assure you there is nothing to be nervous of," he said kindly. "See, I am unarmed," and he spread out his hands for her to examine as a proof of his defenselessness, and laughed light ly, showing a row of glistening white teeth. "I shall make no resistance whatever," he continued, "and you shall have the satisfaction of handing over such a notorious anarchist as myself to the Governor with your own self to the Governor with your own

For the first time Vera lifted her head and met his gaza. "I am not afraid of you," she said, laconically,

onowski raised his eyebrows in surprise. Then why this too obvious perturbation if she were not afraid? He loaned his back against the dor-and, thrusting his hands deep down icto his pockets, studied her attentively. She was not pretty; far from it He had noticed that the day he met her on the steppe. But there was something distinctly attractive about her rtheless. She had splendid eyes; he remembered that, too, although she kept them so persistently averted from his face at the present moment. Then, in a flash, he recalled the letter he had received, and looked at her with a new interest. Was it possible that she had written it? He could not forget the intonation of her voice when she had declared that she was not afraid of him. He tried to put aside the thought as probable, but it repeated itself with range persistency. "Poor little strange persistency. "Poor little then a wave of infinite compassion

swept over him. and he noted how she started at sound of her name, and how telltale blood rushed to her pale cheeks, "I know this is a difficult matter for you or any other young girl to decide. But, believe me, every moment you delay in announcing my presence here jeopardizes your fair name. Even if your generosity should prompt you to hesitate in handing me over to justice, it is your duty to do so as the Governor's daughter."

nor's daughter."

The girl looked up quickly; her pale face seemed still paler in the gloom, and her great dark eyes were blazing with suppressed emotion. "Ah," she cried, "is it any wo nan's duty to send an innocent man into exile in order to preserve her own good name?"

"It is yours," said Vronowski, "as you are the Governor's daughter."

"But you are the victim of his pride

"But you are the victim of his pride and arrogance. He knows, we all know, why he desires your arrest—It is because he fears your influence is growing more potent than his in the govern-

Vonowski laughed, a short, bitter laugh. "This is not the point under discussion," he said, laconically.

'I know that," said the girl, "and

prefer to ignore it. I know my duty had I will perform it, whatever mappens. Remain where you are as cog as you like, and I shall take care one fluds out your hiding place."

She swept her fors about her as she

se voice, "are you aware of the alty you incur by such an act?"
I am," she replied.

And you would incur it for me-a ranger?

girl cried in sudden alarm. "My father is a hard man; he would show you no justice. You would be condemned and exited for life."
"Which fate you are willing to incur for my sake," he said.
She lifted hor eyes to his, and for one moment their gaze met. It was but a brief instant, but it sufficed for both.

both.
"You wrote that letter," he said

"I did," she answered.
"There was a silence, during which Vronowski forgot to loosen his hold on her hand, forgot everything in the knowledge that she was willing and slad to side all for his select.

glad to risk all for his sake.
All at once Vera started. Her quick All at once vers started. Her quick ear had caught the sound of advancing footsteps on the cinder strewn path outside, and her quicker brain had devised a plan to compel him to accept his liberty at her hands. In an instant before Vronowski could divine her in-tentions she had rushed across the room and out through the open door, which she allowed to swing heavily to

behind her.
"Ab, Verochka," said the Governor, who, in a strachan cap and great military coat slung over his shoulders, was advancing leisurely down the walk, accompanied by the chief of police, short, hirsute man, with narrow, crafty eyes, embedded in heavy folds of opaque flesh. "Captain Popoff"—inlicating his companion with a careles movement of his hand-" was just ask ing my permission to search your little datcha as it is rumored that the apar chist Vronowski was last seen in this locality."

For a moment Vera was silent. The denial which but an instant before seemed so easy to utter stuck in her throat as she looked at her father and met his gaze fixed full on her. Then she recalled that the man for whom she must utter it was the victim of that same father's pride, and the thought strengthened her She lifted her head proudly. "There is no need to sarch there," she said calmly, but in a voice there, she said caimly, but in a voice loud enough to be clearly andible to the single occupant of the datcha. "I have just been all over it." "Ah, slavo bog!" (thank goodness!) said the Governor, in a relieved tone of

voice "I knew the scoundrel would not dare hide himself beneath my very roof, of all places."

And turning, he offered his arm to his daughter to conduct her back to the palace, and dismissed the chief.

The following morning Vera hastened down to the datcha, and in fear and trembling unlocked the door and entered. The place was deserted. She looked at the time. If Vronowski had been able to escape detection, he must be safe across the frontier. She re traced her steps slowly, to the palace. Now that the hour of confession was at hand her courage failed her, and she paled at the thought of her father's

The Governor was sitting at his writing table busily engaged in reading dispatches, but he turned at the sound of his daughter's step and stretched out his arm to draw her to his side. But the gir! evaded his grasp and in a few brief words told him how she had betrayed him. The Governor listened in silence, and when she had finished he put his arm about her tenderly.
"Dushenka" (little one), he said, and his voice qu'vored with emotion, "I recognized your handwriting the moment the letter was handed to me, but remained silent, wondering whether you would conceal your action from me. Had you done so, I would not have spared you, but now I know that I have a daughter who is not only brave, but honorable, and I am proud of her.'

And he kissed her tenderly on the brow.

Ten years later Vronowski was granted a free pardon and permitted to return to Russia once more. Time had done much to ameliorate his ardor in Governor of Colguino saw nothing in the quiet, middle-aged man who had taken up his re-idence on the outskirts of the town to occasion his alarm. He dition became very serious so much that he continually vomited blood, swa unable to retain any sort nourishment.

'IN EXTREMIS.'' of the town to occasion his alarm. He knew him to be wealthy and of unim peachable origin, and being a father of a large family of marriageable daughters, he considered it expedient to invite the newcomer to one of his little dinner parties. It was a very select entertainment, and among the guests was a little lady dressed in deep mounting with soft hair and great

mourning, with soft hair and great pensive dark eyes. There was no need of any introduction, for Vernowski knew her immediately.

"Vera," he said, so'tly, as he took a seat at her side, "many years ago you gave me liberty, but at the same time you took my heart prisoner. Will you render it me back now?"

And raising her eyes (earlessly to his she answered gently, "Paul, will you not take mine instead?"—F. S. Morgan in M. A. P.

MAY DEVOTIONS.

Among the many numerous occasions set apart by the Church for special honor to the Blessed Virgin that of the month of May has a charm all its own. How the season and the devotion in spire sentiments of love for the Mother of God in the youthful heart. And what a blessed influence it has upon

human life. Here is a fact which all who have ourneyed to the midday of life have no doubt observed many times over. All have met the Catholic who, indifferent oke, and turned as if to go but Vcon ski intercepted her.
"Vara Ivanovna," he said in a low, Blessed Mather of God. All have met

Blessed Vargin.
Of course, their conduct is woefally

the Mother of God. To this end, as well as to honor her, the Church has particularly set aside the devotions of the mouth of May. We should, therefore, attend them with great regularity. To those who do is given the assurance that in life and at the hour of death they will had a provided devocation over will find a powerful advocate in our Blessed Mother.—Church Progress.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

MEMBER OF ENGLISH RELIGIOUS COM-MUNITY RESTORED TO HEALTH BY DRINKING WATER BROUGHT FROM

The following narration of a remark able cure wrought by water from Lourdes, appeared first in the Western Morning News, an English newspa er, and has been reproduced in the Tablet of issue, March 30 ult.

Among the little band of Benedictine monks passing their secluded lives at

Buckfast Abbey, in one of the loveliest spots of lovely Devon, is one known as Brother Matthew. Twenty years of age and of quiet demeanour, he is the leading figure in what he himself and his reliow wearers of the monkish habit egard, with the faith characteristic of 'Mother Church," as nothing less than a modern miracle—a snatching from the brink of death by Divine interposition. Supernatural considerations apart, how ever, Brother Matthew is the hero of a ever, Brother Matthew is the nero of a most remarkakle story of the restora-tion to health, when he was apparently without hope in the world—a death bed recovery that, related as fiction, would by nine people out of ten be scouted as far fetching to the point of impossibility. For argument as to the miraculousness or merely natural character of the cure there is ample room, but three incon trovertible lacts are associated with the most dramatic story. First, that less t an a week ago Brother Matthew was said to be in an incurable condition of body; secondly, that on Monday night he passed through what in ordinary course would be the death struggle—this is would be the death struggle—this is admitted by a doctor who knows the case: thirdly, that he is now walking about the beautiful grounds of Buckfast Abbey alive and well after having—if ever man did—heard the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death. There is a further element of romance, for the monks assert, with firm conviction, that the accept is what they sincerely the agency is what they sincerely believe to be a miraculous cure in holy water fron Lourdes-the French town of pilgrimage and miracles. Holding in simplicity and fulness of faith that one of their number had been literally snatched from death by supernatural means, the Black Monks of Buckfast do not desire to gain notoriety from the publicity of an event which they regard as a batter of reverent thankfulnes as a batter of reversit that tuness rather than a subject for worldly discussion or vulgar criticism. Consequently, a representative of The Western Morning News, who yesterday visited the Abbey on the Dant, found the Fathers characteristically kind and courteous, but reluctant to give informa-tion that might bring them into the glare of publicity. Sufficient were, however, gleaned to enable us to outline the leading circumstances of an incident

that is already being much talked about at any rate in Catholic circles. A LONG ILLNESS. Born in Germany, Brother Matthew early took monastic vows, and came to Buckfast Abbey about six years ago, and has remained there ever since. Some eighteen months ago he com-menced to suffer from a stomach complaint which, despite medical treatment, gradually got worse. A few weeks ago he came to Plymouth, where two surgeons were called into con-sultation, and he became an inmate for ten days of a nursing Home. He left there apparently no better, and re-turned to Buckfast Abbey very re-cently. Here it was believed he was in a dying state and certainly his condition became very serious so much so that he continually vomited blood, and

On Monday t grew worse, and all day he was suffer-ing great pain, which became more intense towards evening. At times he lapsed into unconsciousness, and some of the reverend fathers, fully believing that he was dying, came into the room, and the remark was passing that he would not live another day. Noticing a moment of apparent revival, Father Wilfrid, who, with Father Melitus, was Wilfrid, who, with Father Melitus, was at the bedside, spoke to him, but received no reply. He gripped the prother's hand, however, and received an answering pressure and heard him gasp very feebly, "Good-bye," His breathing grew more labored, and the pulse slower, and so feeble that its beating was barely perceptible. Never for a moment did the watching fathers doubt that Brother Matthew was dying and their belief was emphasized shortly and their belief was emphasized shortly before midnight, when he roused him self. An awful struggle ensued, the apparently dying man gasping painfully for breath, whilst his face was terribly contorted. In his eyes there was a look of terror, which the watching fathers interpreted as his last conflict with the powers of evil, what is known to them as the "last tempta tion." All attempts to soothe him failed, and the monks, thinking that the end was near, fell on their knees with prayers for the departing soul of their brother. Leaving the room for a few moments Father Wilfrid returned with the most sacred relic within the Abbey preciants—a piece of what is believed to be the true Cross on which Blessed Mother of God. All have met the Catholic who will permit his relipion to be reviled, but who will forcibly resent the slightest stur upon the veneration As soon as the reverend father entered the room bearing this holy relic the sick man ceased his

reverend fathers by saying quite dis-tinctly: "Give me the water Holy Mother sent me last evening. I am not going to die. I have seen holy Mother, and she is going to cure me." At first the monks regarded this request and its accompaning words as the delirious ravings of a dying man, and then there dawned upon them the recollection that the previous evening there had arrived at the abbey a small bottle of holy water from Lourdes, sent by a well known R man Catholic lady at Buckfast, who was aware of Brother Matthew's serious condition. And in this connection is the strangest point in the whole sequence of events, and one which is regarded by the monks as in itself an incontestable proof of a miraculous agency at work. It was, they say, quite unknown to Brother Matthew that the holy water had been sent to the monastery; of this they are quite certain. The bottle of water—a small phial, containing just a mouthful or so—was lying on the mantelshelf in the sick man's room,

its presence, and, taking out the stop-per, the Lord Abbot himself handed it to the brother, who eagerly awallowed the contents.

The effect of the draught was, accord ing to the absolutely unhesitating evidence of the monks, instantaneous and startling. In a moment the man's appearance changed from one of suffering to that of perfect ease. Raising himself, Brother Matthew said: "Holy Mother has cured me. The pains are gone and I am quite well." His appearance confirmed his words, and a closer examination gave still more remarkable proof, for the swelling in his body and other symptoms of organic disorder had disappeared, and except,

although he had never been aware of

of course, for his worn and exhausted state, there was nothing to indicate that he was seriously ill. An examination of his pulse showed that it was beating sixty-six whilst a few minutes previously it had been fifty-lye. Almost at once he asked for something to eat, and was given three biscuits, which he swallowed and retained-the first solid nourishment for several days. Then he requested to be allowed to get up, and asked for his habit, saying: "I am quite well and strong, look at me." At first unwilling to accede to such surprising requests, the fathers at length gave way to them. Brother Matthew rose from his bed, donned his monkish habit, and a few hours later attended Matins

at the Abbey Church.

A VISIT TO PLYMOUTH. There is very little to add except that Brother Matthew recovered strength with remarkable celerity. On the following day he took varied on the following asy he took varied food without suffering any inconvenience, and on Wednesday he actually journeyed to Plymouth, where he visited his friends at the Nursing Home, took a walk on the Hoe, and afterwards saw a medical man, who advised him to be careful, and to adhere to certain regulations as to diet. He journeyed to Buckfast in the evening none the worse for his day's "outing," and yesterday was going about his duties in

LOURDES AND ITS MIRACLES. Lourdes, from whence the holy water came, is a famous place of pil-grimage in the French department of Haute -Pyrenees. Here, in a niche above one of t e caves of the Messa bielle rocks, the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared at noon on the 11th of February, 1858, to a poor girl fourteen years of age, called Bernadette Subirous, and the apparition was said to have been seventeen times repeated during the succeeding six months. A spring, hitherto unknown to exist, rising from the spot, was endowed with miraculous powers, and many miracles were reported. Crowds flocked to the

Emperor. The Bishop of Tarbes then appointed a commission of ecclesiastics and scientists to inquire into the extraents that had occurred at tending over three years, the commission decided in favor of the apparition of the Blessed V.rgin Mary, the

nerve force.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

INCIDENTS FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF MISSIONARY TO NON-CATHOLICS One meets with some wonderful cases of conversion and frequently

sees sacrifices made, worthy of the days of primitive Christianity. Let me mention some out of many.

Two baptized Protestants are engaged to be married, and out of friend-

ship for some Catholic friends, they accept an invitation to attend lectures.

After ten days they both call and are anxious to be instructed in the Catho divorced man, and that his former man riage was valid. Both hearing the de-cision, are still willing to continue the instruction and enter the Church. although the Church declares their ergagement must be absolutely broken. A school teacher comes with a Cath-

instruction must be kept most private. Her sister comes a week later and says the same thing. Above all, her mother must not know. The third week the mother comes and tells you her daughters must not know of her de cision. In the end all three are bap

An unbeliever calls on you on Sun day evening and declares that he would give worlds to believe and pray devoutly with his wife as she kneels down at her bedside every night, bu he cannot. Two weeks after, he tells you that, although he has heard nothing that he did not know before, he has completely changed. His hypothetical prayer: "If Christ be God, let Him lead me to His Church," has been answered, and, what before seemed impossible and observe in page 2 clear impossible and obscure is now as clear as the noon-day sun.

A Protestant servant receives a card of invitation from a fellow servant, and goes to please her friend. Her mistress, a wealthy woman, asks what attracts her to church so often, as she rarely went to her own services. "Come yourself and see," she answered. In three weeks both were being instructed in Catholic doctrine.

A High Church Episcopalian minister attends your class of inquiry and hears the broad church views of one of his own flock openly expressed. He speaks of this woman's stupidity and lack of faith, and asks for books on the primacy and infallibility. Some months after he gives up his ministry to enter the Church

A Jewess becomes convinced that Christ is the Messiah of her people and turns without a thought of Protestantm to the Catholic Church for light Every power of persecution is brought to play. The rabbis of the city are brought in to argue with her; her relatives urge every motive of racial hatred, and threaten disinheritance; the mother is broken hearted, and faints frequently at the thought of her daughter's apostasy, as she considers it; and yet, withal, she enters the Church.

A young woman of twenty five asks you at the door of the parish rectory to bless a rosary. You do so—then she kneels, asking a blessing. You give it, notice her worried look, and ask: "is there aught the matter?" She answers she is a Lutheran, who has attended the lectures, and is worried about her faith. You invite her to talk the matter over then and there, but she says: "My friend is waiting for me outside, so that I cannot now," You tell her to call in the friend, and you give them a sketch of the Catholic catechism. In three weeks' time the friend declares she will enter the Catholic Church, while the first girl remains a Lutheran, because

of the opposition of her folks.

An old lady of nearly seventy—a

Methodist— calls one day and tells you
of her devotion to the Blessed Virgin. For many years she had never failed to say a "Hail Mary," taught her when a child by some good Sister she met by place, and the barriers erected by the sceptical local authorities were soon afterwards removed by command of the was a devout member of the church

Another sobs out her story to you in the confessional. You know her to be a Protestant because she stands up while talking to you until you ask her to kneel. Her act of sorrow, you tell her, ecstasies of Bernadette and the miracles wrought by the water of the spring. A great basilica was erected on the scene of the miracles, and on a level with its crypt was afterwards built in 1889, the Caurch of the Rosary for the a scommodation of the pilgrims who visit the place.—Providence Visitor. sions.

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Stranger?"

"I would incur it for any stranger whom I knew to be a victim of injustice," she answered proudly.

Paul Andronevitch took her little, cold, g'oved hand in his, and drew it gently to his lips. "You are a brave girl," he murmured hoarsely, "and I thank you for your generosity, but I cannot accept liberality at such a price. I shall deliver myself up implied. I shall deliver myself up implied to the intercession of Our Blessed Lidy.

Hence it is quite commendable that all should cultivate this veneration for myself up implied. I should cultivate this veneration for myself up implied. I should cultivate this veneration for myself up implied the many own the many own the provided wheat wafer. Displaces of the expression on his changed instantly into one of perfect peace and holy one of perfect peace and the many own the many own the role of the expression on his changed instantly into one of perfect peace and the many own the poverful influence for good and in his, and drew it has a manufacture? White bread or crackers, because of its superior of the onlookers; "a look which I can onlookers; "a look which I can onlookers, and so the manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture. The water from Lours and the manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture manufacture.

The water from Lours is not from a look of awfull to the wind to the more of or the consoling that the more of cooled in the manufacture. Th

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenucasly defends Catholic principles and rights and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, carnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ,

Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,

Linyrestry of OttaWa. Mr. Thomas Coffey :

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coff y:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
your estimable paper, The CATHOLIC RECORD,
add congratulate you upon the manner in
which it is published. Its matter and form
are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit
pervades the whole. Therefore, with pieus
ure, I can recommend it to the faithful
Bleesing you and wishing you success, believe

Apost. Deleg. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907.

REV. DOCTOR FOX'S ARTICLE ON THE "RELATIONS BE-TWEEN CHURCH AND STATE" CRITICISED.

BY REV. P. J. HENDRICK.

An article from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Fox on the "Relations between Church and State" appeared in the March number of the Catholic World, New York. A superficial perusal of the article

makes it evident that it was inspired

by the present condition of the Church

the conditions of the Church in America with its condition in those countries where the union of Church and State holds or has held, arrives at the conclusion that the doctrine of union ought to be set aside, and thus insure a greater prosperity for the Church. No doubt the welfare of the Church is a all worthy the name, should have at heart, and anything or anyone who is maliciously opposed to the onward march of Catholicity, which means benefaction and civilization, should receive at his hands an unstinted measure of condemnation. The loyal Catholics of America, in public meetings assembled, did honor to the Church and the Republic by the way they so unequivocally and strenuously denounced the cowardly treatment of the Catholic Church by the infidel Government of France. Now Dr. Fox in his article tells us, that in all the eloquent speeches made by the American Bishops, priests and laymen "not a single remark can be found that could be interpreted as an approval of the doctrine that the Church and State ought to be united, and that it is the duty of the State in its corporate capacity to worship God and support a religion." It must be observed that these meetings of American Catholies had only one object in view, and that was to register a forcible disapproval of the French Government's action by condemning the sacri legious spoliation and diabolical persecution of the French Church. Who does not see that it would be altogether out of place at such meetings for Bishops, priests or laymen to criticise the policy of the Vatican? And we fail to see how Dr. Fox can conclude from the fact, that since no word of approval of the doctrine of union was uttered, that, therefore, these meetings disapproved of such doctrine. With equally good logic we might say that since no word was uttered at these meetings disapproving the action of Adrian IV., in giving Ireland to England, that, therefore, they approved of

it. A very unlikely thing. But would it not be much better logic, would it not be much more in harmony with the object of these meetings, which was to sustain the dignity and authority of the Holy See, to conclude that since no word of disapproval of the doctrine of union was uttered, that, therefore, that doctrine was upheld? Yet Dr. Fox does not think so, for he tells us:

"It is not difficult to imagine what would have been the effect if the demon of mischief had prompted some one to rise and indignantly protest that Christianity only realizes its ideal when Church and State are united."

We presume that when the rev. doctor was writing these words he had visions of a Kentucky lynching in store for the poor over-ardent Ultramontane, who would have had the hardihood to uphold a policy and a principle which the Church has held and taught for cen-

of the Church, which is her most desirable status, is found in the union of Church and State is plain from the words of the Pontiff, he says:

"It would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most de-sirable status of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful and ex-pedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced."

These words assert the necessity of union between Church and State, and they also express what has been the policy of the Vatican, wherever it was practicable, for more than a thousand years.

The arguments which Dr. Fox brings against the inculcation of the doctrine of union, are, that it does not coincide with the American convictions; that at the present day it can only exist, if at all, in a small part of the Church's field; and that in the past it has produced a plentiful crop of evils.

We once met an Irish priest in Lon-

don, Eng., and as he was expatiating on the evils of Ireland he fairly frothed at the mouth because there never was an Irish Pope. Who cannot see the absurd ity of such resentment? Yet that priest had more reason on his side than the Rev. Dr. Fox has for seeking the abrogation of the law of union, the setting aside of a policy whose object is to safeguard the interests of the Church, because they do not, forsooth, agree with American convictions. Look at the Church and look at Amer ica. Where is it possible for one to begin to institute any comparison between them? The Church is nineteer hundred years old. She was instituted by Christ and commissioned to teach all the nations of the earth, her jurisdiction is limited only by the confines of the world, she has a divine right to the obedience of those who are in any way her children, for her voice and commands are the commands and voice of Christ, Who said to her "He that heareth you heareth Me." She is supernatural in her origin and end, and even in the great majority of the means she uses to attain that end. Hence, if in France. Dr. Fox, after comparing she, in her accumulated wisdom and experience of centuries, affirms that it is better for her to be united to the State in order that she may be better en abled to fulfil her mission, we consider it especially arrogant in any of her members to question either the opportuneness, usefulness or justness of her thing, that every Catholic, who is at policy. Such criticism manifests either a pride of intellect or a pride of will, or both, a rationalism and a liberalism to which two isms all the objections that are put forward against the union of Church and State may be re-

> And what is America? She is a Republic whose existence dates back a little more than a hundred years, she is simply one amongst the many nations of the earth, she is not accounted the most learned or the most powerful, she is limited within certain degrees of latitude and longitude, her opinions and convictions on political and other matters are not received by some, and by others they are sneered at and repudiated.

daced.

Look at the shameful administration of justice in her courts of law, the bar barity of our lynch law is just a shade better than South sea-island cannibalism. The number of fortune tellers, clairvoyants, astrologers and divine healers which is to be found here, proclaims the universality of a degrading superstition. Mr. Broughton Brandenburg, writing in the Metropolitan magazine, for April, says that we are the most criminal nation in the world. Why, when we consider all this, together with the filthy divorce courts and the forty millions of unbelievers that here exist, is it any wonder that Roman ideas and American convictions do not harmonize? "That the doc trine of union can only exist, if at all, in a very small part of the Church's field" is no argument against the claim of the Church that it should exist everywhere, or at least, wherever the Church, should cease to inculcate the doctrine of union. As the body and soul are united so ought State and Church, for they are both working for the same end, viz., the happiness of temporal happiness, and the Church mand to lead him to eternal happiness. But since temporal happiness is a means to eternal happiness which and since the means cannot, without frustrating the purpose of its existence, be separated from its end, it separated from the Church. Hence, only in union can they find their natural, normal life. This is what the Church claims in theory and this is what she ardently desires to see in the concrete.

Leo XIII. in his encyclical letter Au milieu des sollicitudes " to the French Catholics, after advising them not to create any dissensions on the sub-

that belonged entirely to the Holy See,

says:

"We cannot use the same language on the other point which concerns the principle of the separation of Church and State, for it means nothing less than the separation of the human from the Christian and divine legislation. We will not dwell here to point out all the absurdities that are found in the theory of separation, for every one will easily understand them by himself. When the State refuses to give to God what belongs to Him, it must, necessarily, refuse to give to its must, necessarily, refuse to give to its citizens that to which they have a per feet right, for whether it be conceded or not, the true rights of man are born from his duties towards God. From this it follows that the State, when it is negligent in this matter, which is the principal end of its existence, is on the straight road to ruin, for it denies the very reason of its existence. This truth is so clearly proclaimed by the natural light of reason, that it forces itself upon every man who does not allow himse blinded by passion. Hence, Catholics should be very careful not to uphold in any way the doctrine of separation of and State. For to wish to se the State separating itself from the Church would be, logically, to wish that the Church was reduced to live according to the common rights of all citizens This condition of the Church, it is true is found in some countries, but it is mode of existence, which, if it unites to some advantages, especially when the ruler through a happy inconsequence is governed by Christian principles is govern and although these adv cannot justify the false ciple of separation, nor advantage ciple ciple of separation, nor permit ey render bearable a condition of things, which, practically, is not the vorst of all."

Did Dr. Fox ever read the above encyclical? We do not believe that he did, for it is scarcely probable if he had, that he would have had the hardihood to so openly run counter to the positive teaching of the head of the Church. But then it cannot be so easily supposed that the doctor never read the syllabus, and in that catalogue of errors we find the proposition that the Church should be separated from the State, and the State separated from Church," condemned by Pius IX. as erroneous. How, then, can we account for the bold stand taken by the doctor in this delicate matter? We confess that we are no mind reader, neither are we a discerner of spirits to any large extent, hence we will have to look for the reason in the ensemble of the doctor's article. However, it is not so hard to find it, and it may be expressed in the following terms "the union of Church and State is an antiquated piece of policy, it is un-American, it is a nuisance and never did produce much good, nearly all the nations have thrown it overboard, hence it is about time for the Church to quit talking about it." If that is not a sneer of

contempt we fail to see what is. Writing to the Bishop of Grenoble about certain refractory Catholics who had misconstrued the object of the above encyclical, Leo says :

" If there is one whose mission it is to determine the policy which can effect-ively safeguard the interests of religion, in which consists the supreme end of all things, he certainly is the Roman Pontiff.'

But poor Leo not being endowed with the prophetic spirit, did not know that in a few years after his death, a certain Dr. Fox would loom up in the American horizon, who would disabuse the Roman gant pretensions. However, the principle laid down by Leo is most Catholic and salutary, and he who acquiesces in it, cannot deviate very far, if at all, from what is just and true; while he who denies it exposes himself to the danger of being led into the paths of error, and of there being devoured by the heat of his own conceit, and of finally becoming a hindrance to the performance of what is useful and good. "In subsequent years." says the rev erend doctor, "with the tide of emigration came a great influx of Catholics from countries where the union of Church and State had inflicted upon their ancestors persecution and spoliapossible. Neither is it any reason why tion; upon themselves political disability and social inferiority." We wonder if the reverend doctor ever stopped to consider the import of his words? The obvious meaning is that the Church was linked with the State man. The State seeks to give him in persecuting Catholics, in depriving them of their civil and religious rights, endeavors by all the means at her com- in a word, in destroying the kingdom of God on earth. Who does not see the absurdity of such a state ment? No, we can no more the end of the Church, attribute these evils to the union of Church and State, any more than we can attribute divorce and all its consequent miseries to the sacrament follows that the State should not be of matrimony. It was the civil power which, by abusing its authority, sought to despoil the Church, to subject her to unjust laws and thus exterminate her that has been the cause of the many gross evils to which Dr. Fox refers. Again he says:

" Even the priests are glad to forget that the rulers of the Church required that the kingdom of the spirit should be aided by the sword of Cresar, and that if they study the turies! That the normally social life | ject of the concordat as it was a matter | history of union of Church and State

they will be disposed to moralize not merely on the good fruit it bore, but also upon the evils of which there was a plentiful erop."

Let us hear what the illustrious Archbishop of St. Paul has to say on this matter. Preaching in St. Patrick's church, Washington, a few years ago, he said :

"In history how sublime the role of the Roman Pontiff! How we glory in his achievements for morality and relig-ion! The Pontiff of Rome was the maker of Christendom; the maker and preservion! The Pontin of Rome was the maker of Christendom; the maker and preserver of its civilization. Who but the Pontifi of Rome sent at different times a message of truth to barbarous lands, extending thus the range of the Church's influence and saving the peoples of those lands to religion and civilization?

" Who but the Pontiff of Rome rose up in his might and smote with spiritual weapons the despots of people who fain would wrest from them their heaven-born liberties? Who but the Pontiff of Rome's supreme words of solemn warning were a check to power ful kings when those forgot the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage vow? Who but the Pontiff of Rome summored Christendom to stem the advancing flood of Mohammedan barbar ism, and how is it that the Pontiff of Rome was enabled thus to do wondrous things for God and for humanity? It is because he was independent all princes and peoples, unshackled by the whim or will of any local ruler." It is because the State was allied to

the Church, and the Church to State. Hence we see no reason why priests should be glad to forget that the Popes required the aid of Cæsar, for was it not in the interests of civilization and liberty, rather than for the direct pro; agation of the Faith that is was invoked? Or is it uplawful for a mother to ask her son to help her when she is about to be felled by the arm of an assassin? It is as unlawful for the Church, as it is for the least among her children, to tempt God; and tempting God she would be, did she not utilize those means which He has placed in her hands to further the interests of His Church, notwithstanding the promises He has made to her.

Again the doctor says:

"But the strain on the loyalty of the Church's children here... would face its most perilous ordeal if it were called apon to include in its Creed and Act of Faith the doctrine that Church and State are to be united."

The same thing was said about Papal Infallibility when it was brought before the Vatican Council, and the storm of opposition that was raised against it, both in and out of that council, did not prevent the Church from making it an article of faith. The strain that was then on the loyalty of some, as well as the evil forebodings of others, have all passed away, and the definition of Papal Infallibility, like all other dogmatic definitions, has only served to make the Church more lustrous by bringing out the strength of its faith, the grandeur of its unity as well as its imperishable divinity.

We have confidence in the faith of American Catholics, it may not be as simple as that of their forefathers, but it is more intelligent and more prudently active.

As we look from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf we behold innumerable churches, schools, colleges, seminaries, hospitals and other religious institutions, noble monuments to the manly Christian zeal of our priests and prelates, but more so to the lively ith and generous disposition of our

people. The sincerity and stability of a faith, that has, at no little sacrifice, done so much to honor the victory of the Cross, cannot for a moment be doubted. And we may say, without fear of contradiction, that in no part of the Church's field has such progress been achieved as in the American republic. Hence, i Pius X. were to dogmatically define (a thing which is altogether improbable) that Church and State should be united, we have nothing to assure us that American Catholics would not receive that definition with the same obedience, love and hope, with which they have received all others. On the contrary, their loyalty to the See of Peter, their firm faith and their intelligent conception of their duties as Catholics, knowing as they do that the words of the Creed "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church" oblige them to receive not only the actual definitions of the Church, but also any definitions which the Church may at any future time decide to make. All this, we affirm, assures us that the evil forebodings which Dr. Fox entertains are without foundation in fact.

A NOBLE PIONEER.

From the Richmond Hill Liberal, of April 18th, we take the following item having reference to one of the most estimable Catholics of the Dominion, one of the stalwarts of the old days, whose name will be held in honor by future generations. He is the father of that much esteemed and distinguished priest, Rev. Dr. Teefy, of the Arch-

diocese of Toronto: To day, April 18, M. Teefy, Esq, is receiving congratulations from many friends on the eighty fifth anniversary of his birthday. Few men have better reasons for congratulation. Mr. Teefy is enjoying good health at the age of

four score years and five, his mind is as clear as that of a man in the prime of life, and no person can take a deeper interest in books or esteemed and respected citizen. He is now in his fifty seventh year as Postmaster—the oldest Postmaster in the Dominion, having been appointed in the year 1850 and he is the oldest Justice of the Peace in the County of York, having received the appointment in 1853. He was Clerk and Treasurer of this village for over thirty-two years, and resigned in 1905, when the village council "caned" him. The Liberal is pleased to join in sincerest congratuations.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT. III. The next question which our corre-

pondent proposed was: "What manner of Spirit drove Jesus the Messian into the wilderness after His baptism?" The Spirit was the Holy Ghost, for the term Spirit with the article as it is here used in the Greek is invariably applied to the Holy Ghost. It is also evident from the account given by St. Matthew, where we read: "Then Jesus was led by the spirit into the desert, to be tempted by the devil." The contrast between the spirit which led our Lord into the desert and the devil who tempted him is clear. Had it been the devil who led Him then the evangelist would have said that He (our Lord) was to be tempted by him, . e., by the same spirit which had led Him into the desert.

The next question is: " Was Jesus not the Messias until after His baptism? Did He choose any disciples before His

baptism ?" Certainly Jesus was the Messias from the instant of His conception or Incarnation. His name had been announced by the Archargel and His mission foretold to His mother. The manifestation on the banks of the Jordan added not a single tittle to His Sonship: nor did it enhance the royalty of His eternal kingly brow. From the very beginning of His mysterious earthly career-from that moment, when by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost, the human nature was first formed and hypostatically united to the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity-from that moment was He the Word-made flesh, Jesus, the Messias. Two things are to be kept clear and to be insisted upon in the life of Jesus. They are His humanity and His divin ity. They were not confused in sub stance but united in Person, and that Person divine. They were not united in mere accident as the question im plies, and as we might be united with God now by grace, or separated from Him again by sin. Now the idea of the Messias amongst the Jews was not so clear and definite that He would be welcomed as He should be They were anxious for a Saviour, but it should be One Who would free them from earthly bondage. Their belief in the One God, the Jehovah of their fathers, was so intense that they could not understand how He would come down and walk amongst them. The divinity, therefore, of Christ, could not be so prominently manifested. Otherwise they would deny His humanity. The first part of the question is analogous to an old heresy which maintained that our Lord at the time of His baptism was made the Son of God-which up to that time He had not been.

He did not, so far as the gospels relate, choose His disciples or apostles until after His fasting in the desert. His public ministry began then. We do not deem it necessary to enter farther into the point, as the power which He conferred upon them is much more important to our faith than the day and hour of His choice. Nor must the question thus answered be any argument against its first part. If Christ did not choose disciples before His baptism it is no argument that He was not, until that hour, the Messias

ST. ANTHONY'S VILLA, QUEBEC.

On the heights overlooking the valley of the St. Charles river, with a superb view of the unequalled Laurentide mountains, and in close proximity to the beautiful church of the Franciscan Fathers, there stands a modest little structure, built on a foundation of faith, hope and charity. St. Anthony's Villa is an institution wherein English speaking girls can find accommodation according to their means, and every home comfort in the midst of the most refined and cultured surroundings. His Grace Archbishop Begin has blessed and approved the undertaking in a way worthy of his profound sense of justice, and in view of the establish ment of a long-felt want due the Irish people of old Quebec. The noble aims of this community should call forth the most generous encouragement from the heart of every Irish man and woman in the city where it has labored so earnestly and accomplished so much good during the past three years. The ladies in charge, who are devoting prosperity hovering over Stadacona, and its absolute need of a national home to meet the requirements of its Irish Catholic people.

The RECORD extends its heartiest congratulations to the old Rock city, and looks forward with hope and congratulations to the old Rock city, and looks forward with hope and corever.—Bishop Spalding.

pleasure to seeing its first English convent, second to none in Canada and worthy of the race that is "Irish yet."

THE DUEL.

We have received from a very esteemed correspondent a severe criticism upon a French play, the Duel, an English translation of which is being rendered by Mr. Otis Skinner as lead. ing actor. In criticizing modern plays we feel that high ideals and good stand. ards are not required. Taste has sadiy retrograded, deplore it and scold as we may. The best almost that can be looked for is that which can be tolerated. We agree with our friend, that the presentation, or as is too generally the misrepresentation, of a priest upon the stage is no good either for the priesthood or the stage. The objection is much stronger when in the development of the play the sacred rites have to be presented. The Duel was written by Henri Lavidan. A young duchess was married to an old man, who was on account of health placed in the care of a physician - a free-thinker, He naturally becomes very friendly to the Duchess. The lady seeks religious consolation and betakes herself to the neighboring church where she meets the Abbe Daniel. The Abbe is the hero of the play and brother of the physician. The latter learning that the Duchess is a penitent of his brother with whom he had quarreled several years before, interviews him, and mad with jealousy charges the priest with having become himself infatuated with the lady. Here is the duel-a moral one-between the two brothers. But common sense calms the storm. The Duke meets his death, thus leaving the Duchess a widow. The good Bishop, who had also been an inmate of this sanitarium, turns the Duchess from the idea of entering religion, which the Abbe Daniel had encouraged so strongly, and advises her to marry the doctor. Then sending for the priest he keeps him to his duty and sacred dignity. He reconciles the two brothers so sincerely that the Abbe performs the marriage ceremony. How far such a play is to be condemned will largely depend upon the public before whom it is played. Rendered in the midst of a simple Catholic society it would give scandal. A non - Catholic audience would be very differently impressed by it. In fact, a Protestant friend who had witnessed it in Paris, thought it a regular knock-down blow to the librespenseurs. It is not a travesty upon the priesthood or religion. It shows, by the practical regard of the Bishop for all the interested parties, the efficacy of Christian charity to heal long standing wounds, to keep all classes in their places and to avoid extremes. We never saw the play acted, nor has our correspondent. All the circumstances, in which the priest displays a mixture of weakness and strength, fail to impress ordinary Catholics with admiration either for the character or the acting. So far as Mr. Otis Skinner is concerned, it lies beyond our province to criticize him for taking the part of the Abbe Daniel. We understand his role in this is strong. The play will run as long as the public will patronize it. We do not think that will be long. It is too psychological and unreal ever to be popular. And to those who like the humiliations of the priesthood it cannot be palatable. It will satisfy only a few, so that its parts will soon be left in the green rooms and the play hardly be seen on the boards.

THE LATE THOS. D'ARCY

M'GEE. Attention has once more been drawn to the fitness of erecting a monument on Parliament Hill, Ottawa, to perpetuate the memory of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and we have great pleasure in making the announcement that at last steps are about to be taken to carry the project into effect. In the House of Commons, on the 25th of April, the Hon. Mr. Fielding said that provision would be made in the estimates of a future session for this purpose. The Government is to be commended for this course, and we trust that ere long a statue of the great McGee will be given place amongst those of other statesmen who have given of their best and sacrificed not a little for Canada. Amongst these McGee stands in the front rank, and future generations, viewing the statue of the brilliant Irishman, will study his character, his work, and his splendid speeches, all of which will be an education leading to nobleness of purpose, and patriotic resolve. Canada owes their lives, means and best energy to much to McGee, and his memory the grand work, speak glowingly of the should be kept green in the minds of its people.

> In the end, each one has but himself. And if God be not in that self, he is poor and wretched, though he

The Evening some time ago ser correspondent fo plain, unv facts as regards between Church The Evening Mathematical first installed which are intensingled for the control of the control o tantly violated there exists a co far as the Frenc concerned. This the English and newspapers are u thing that will i French ally. H keeps from the

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A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE.

A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE.

The Evening Mail, of New York, some time ago sent to France a special correspondent for the purpose of getting a plain, unvarnished story of the facts as regards the present relations between Church and State in France. The Evening Mail recently published the first instalment of a series of letters which are intended to show how the rights of Catholic Frenchmen are constantly violated. In the first place there exists a conspiracy of silence so far as the French and foreign press is concerned. This is especially true of the English and Italian press. English newspapers are unwilling to publish any thing that will reflect upon Englands' French ally. Hence the silence that keeps from the English all knowledge of the outrageous religious persecution now in full swing in France.

The Evening Mail's correspondent referring to this silence says: "The entente cordiale is of vital importance in Great Britain's policy of isolating Germany. The head of the big news

entente cordiale is of vital importance in Great Britain's policy of isolating Germany. The head of the big news agencies in London said the other night: 'Why should we bother with matters which do not directly concern us, and which would be offensive to the Government of France, to say nothing of Italy?'" Here we have the explanation of the studied silence of the English press in reference to of the English press in reference to the way Catholic rights are ruthlessly trampled upon by the French Govern-

A correspondent of an Italian news-paper having told the truth about the infamous policy adopted by the Clemenintamous policy adopted by the Clemen-ceau Government towards Catholics, was on the point of being expelled from France. Through the interces-sion of Count Tornielli, the Italian Minister of Foreigh Affairs, the order Minister of Foreign Halls, and The Italian Ambas: ador at Paris warred the offending journalist of what he might expect if he continued to criticize Clemencean's anti-Catholic policy. If it were not for the existence of this conspiracy of silence, foreigners would be shocked by the recital of brutalities such as were recently described in a lecture by M. Maurice Barres, one

a lecture by M. Maurice Barres, one of the foremost literary men of France and a member of the French Academy
The title of the lecture was "Bad Teachers." M. Barres vouched for the accuracy of the story he told of the manner in which a little school girl of the tender are of saven was runished manner in which a little school girl of the tender age of seven was runished by her teacher for committing the un-pardonable crime of going to Church on the previous Sanday. She was com-pelled to stand on a table and recite the Lord's Prayer before the entire class. She began: "Our Father, Who

At this point she was interrupted by ne schoolmaster saying: "Hold on, the schoolmaster saying: "Hold on, there. Your father is not in heaven. Don't tell fairy tales. I just passed him in the street." When the child, continuing the Lord's Prayer, said: "Give us this day our daily bread," schoolmaster exclaiming: "Stop! Stop! It isn't your father who gives your bread. It is the baker."

The Allewing Sundar the little girl

The following Sunday the little girl again went to Church. On Monday she was compelled to mount a table and recite the Hail Mary. She had got no recite the Hail Mary. She had got no farther than the first two words of the prayer when the schoolmaster broke cut in this fashion: "Wait! Wait! Good manners above everything. Does that woman visit your home? Have you been introduced to her? You must never salute any ladies except those you know."

you know." Schoolmasters of this kind are scat-tered all over France. That they might have a chance to imbue children with contempt for the religion of their with contempt for the religion of their parents, Catholic teaching congrega-tions were disbanded and their pro-perty confiscated by the State. To make every French school house a nursery of atheism is a part of the programme which has for its ultimate object the complete uprooting of Christianity from French soil.— N. Y. Freeman's

LAUDS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. "What I admire in the Catholic Church" was a subject of a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. T. Aird Moffatt,

the First Congregational Church, Newark, last Sunday. He said during

There are seven things which the Protestant Church might imitate, and which I admire in the Catholic Church, which I admire in the Catholic Church, and they are these: First, emphasis of the sanctity of the marriage vow; second, the pomp and dignity and parade of the Church; third, the central unifying authority of the Church; fourth, the tone of conviction; fifth, femininity, as exemplified in the fifth, femininity, as exemplified in the the worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary; sixth, purgatory; and lastly,

confession.

I want to tell you, and I speak just for myself, what I admire in the Catholic Church. I can imagine, to begin with, that there are those, even in this day, who say that I have no business to admire anything in that Church.

There is another thing I remember, and that is that the Protestants have also proceed the Catholics. Servi-

also persecuted the Catholics. Servi-tus was burned at the stake and John Calvin gave his sanction to the execu-tion of a man whose only crime was that his religious theories did not jibe with those of Calvin. In our own land we have read something about the Puritans persecuting the Baptists, and we have also read about the persecution of the Quakers; in other words

Protestants persecuting Protestants.
This is an age of the tolerant spirit.
We do not look at things through one but through both. If, instead of fighting, we should shake hands and look into each other's eyes perhaps we might, after all, find the spirit of Christ not in competition but in co-operation. We have a different attitude toward everything in this day in which we live. Be tolerant to those who bear a different name, but worship the same God and the same Christ. -New York Freeman's Journal.

My liberty leaves off where the right of another begins.—Victor Hugo.

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

EXPLAINS THE CHURCH'S PRESENT POSITION IN FRANCE.

Mr. Maurice Gandolphe, editor of Liberte, Paris, writing from Rome on the interesting topic of what the Vatican will do in presence of the actual situation of religious affairs in France, gives the following summary of an interview held with Cardinal Merry del Val.

"Yes, the negotiations of the episcopate with the French Government are definitely and irrevocably broken off, if you wish to call a rupture the fact of our refusing to discuss what would be our dishonor and our failure—not to speak of our ruin which is

would be our dishonor and our latture
—not to speak of our ruin which is
accomplished and accepted.

"First of all, we will be silent
henceforth, in the name of the most
elementary logic: we would arrive
at an understanding. How coolly the
French Government informed us that
we could not accept the service of the we could not accept the service of the ex-religious clergy whom it had secularized? From a governmental point of view this implies an unexpected lack of good sense. When the Government ordered the religious to leave this Government ordered the religious to leave their several orders, that was the extent of the law. But it was never pretended, or imagined that they should be deprived of their priestly characters which we could provide for, nor of their rights of citizenship which they shauld enjoy under the protection of national law.

'On the other hand, the Government has loudly and repeatedly declared

has loudly and repeatedly declared that the clergy lose all standing and all quality as public functionaries. Does it need that I show you by what extravagant despotism and by what unjustifiable constraint this same Government punishes with taking away the standing in the law's eyes of the very standing in the law syss of an order same citizens who have complied with the law? And by what an inconsistent subterfuge this law also becomes oppressive, and, to tell the truth, offensive to those holding titles to these functions, when once their public standing is no longer recognized? At least good breeding ought to have induced the Government te present us with a little more serious process of reasoning. We are too polite to credit a Government with such a piece of astounding incoherence, and we can see nothing else in this fantastic ultimatum

nothing else in this fautastic ultimatum except a brutal exhibition.
"There is then nothing to discuss "There is then nothing to discuss, for further negotiation would be the irreparable surrender of our honor. Because a government takes it into its head to go outside its law, which comes and goes with it, shall the Church betray itself by approving and consecrating with its eternal authority the violence of which it is made the victim? That would be one of the gravest crimes imaginable. The Church is crimes imaginable. The Church is powerless to keep the secularized religious in their legal standing, but she will guard them in all that she knows is their due. If an ex-congregationist, who has become a secular priest, come to a Bishop, who alone is responsible, and if he be found fit to displaying a saccardatal rule, by what responsible, and if he be found fit to discharge a sacerdotal role, by what right, and under what pretext can the government intervene? As far as the government is in question, there are or members of congregations or members of congregations in France, but priests solely; and over these the Church

alone has choice and charge.
"Besides, since we are credited with "Besides, since we are credited with being so great in diplomacy, much of which is laid to us untruthfully, why do people get into their heads that we are going whimsically to complicate a situation at once new and difficult? It is only in Paris—and we might ask in what Paris—that the childish idea could arise that there is an effort to ward the secret reconstruction of the dissolved congregations. When we can-not be accused of disloyalty an attempt is made to convict us, in advance and on principle, of all sorts of clumsy movements. And then the insult of asking us

to subscribe to these kindly accusations!

I do not insist on the question of church repairs, which perhaps is less acute, but just as unreasonably worded and equally as vulnerable when practically looked into. I have been told of a church in Paris that requires one hundred thousand francs for immediate urgent repairs. In the name of all that's fair, where could the pastor get that amount of money? And if he undertook the repairs with uncertain and insufficient funds, fancy the situation of the responsible insolvent, when the contractor's bills run beyond the limit of the popular subscription? It means bankruptov as sure as fate; and urgent repairs. In the name of all means bankruptcy as sure as fate ; and there is not a pastor in all France but is aware of that fate. But on this matter the government asked neither

our approval nor our views. " Moreover, French opinion has been badly awry on the nature of the famous negotiations. We never understand negotiation in a mercantile sense, as in ordinary parlance. It has been thought or fancied that we had a first draft of concession stock, a second draft, and a final one in reserve. That is a gross We were offered conditions all of which inflicted more or less hard ship upon us. Where the injury was only material, no matter how unjustidable or harsh it was, we could have made concessions. But when the mora power of the Church was endangered and its principles mortally attacked ssion was not only impossible, but

even unthinkable. " It is not only an error, it is an evi-"It is not only an error, it is an evi-dence of gross ignorance, to hold that because we have surrendered our pos-sessions and legal standing we have re nounced our dignity and moral personality. No one can make merchandise of these; no one can inventory these pos sessions; there is nothing that could be given in exchange, and they are beyond material appreciation.

" The French ministry did not com prehend this when, of a sudden and in contradiction with its first step, it undertook to intervene in the choice of our priests. Such choice is the right of a domain beyond it, and interference is forbidden by the law of God and the very constitution of the Church. This position of ours shuts off all discussion beyond chance of re-opening."—Provi-dence Visitor.

A POWERFUL SERMON.

Pope Pius X. lately in an audience to some missionary priests said: "Preach the doctrine of hell, preach it strong; preach it as Christ preached it." This counsel of the Holy Father found a vigorous echo in a missionary sermon preached the other night by Father McGuire, S. J., in the Sacred Heart church, East St. Louis.

After a brief resume of what had been said in the previous sermons on the

After a brief resume of what had been said in the previous sermons on the end of man, and the malice of mortal sin, the preacher launched out into his awful subject. He began by asking is there a hell? and is it such as the Church has ever taught and the faithful have always believed it to be? The infidel would settle for himself and for others the existence of such a place by sweeping denial, the such a place by sweeping denial, the worldly minded Catholic would divest it of its horrors, its eternal damnation, and convince himself by some species of logical jugglery that there is even a modicum of happiness to be found in modicum of happiness to be found in that prison house of God's justice. A silver light will appear red, or blue, or green, according as it is viewed through colored mediums, and the same light will have a yellow tinge if seen by jaundiced eyes; but this does not in the least change the nature of the light. So with hell; we may view it through the optics of passion or prejudice; we may soften it down to a something that has little or no horror for human weakness: we may dony its existence alto

ness; we may deny its existence alto gether; dispute all that infinite wisdom declares with no uncertain sound "that it is a terrible thing to fall into the bands of the living God."

For half an hour Father McGuire spoke with cold, subtle reasoning on the proof of hell's existence, dwelling on the sanction of the divine law, the justice of God, the belief of all ages and all nations, and many texts of and all nations, and many texts of Scripture drawn from the Old and the

New Testament. After this the imagination was called into play, and the preacher took flight to the infernal regions, where he ap-plied the various senses to the awful realities that surrounded him. With him we saw the lurid fires and the smoke arising from the pit, the haughty mien of the devil's gloating over their mien of the devil's gloating over their success, and the manacled slaves writhing in torture with a look of eternal despair stamped on their horrid features. We heard the cries, the shrieks, the blasphemies of the damned, the opprobrium taunts of the demons, the mutual recrimination of accomplices in sin, the vain and empty cries of regret re echoing back from the rocks of eternal despair. By means of apt comparisons and striking examples the preacher depicted the constancy, the intensity, the eternity of hell's torments, asking with the onstancy, the intensity, the eternity of hell's torments, asking with the Holy Ghost, the while, "Who can dwell with devouring flames; who can endure everlasting burnings?" So strongly, so terribly did this application of the sense imposes the artificial.

tion of the senses impress the audience that they saw and heard and tasted and felt the torments of the lost, as if they themselves were to a certain exthey themselves were to a certain extent, actual witnesses of the reality.

Before concluding the subject the missionary dwelt at length on the mercy of God; all He has done and is still doing to save sinners; how His Fatherly heart yearns for the return of His prodigal children; how He forgives and forgets our iniquities if we will only turn to Him with a sorrowful and contrite heart. But if, despite God's infinite goodness and mercy, we refuse to walk in the straight path which leads to Zien and there to live and die wanderers from the way of

which leads to Zion and there to live and die wanderers from the way of truth and life; how, in reason, can we think of charging the good Lord with our perversity and ruin?

By odd sayings, witticisms and comical examples, Father McGuire is wont to relieve the monotony of his strong and earnest discourses; but this time he was too much impressed with the fate of lost souls to deviate in the slightest from the strict lines of seriouspeces.

After the sermon the vast throng moved out of the church as silent and as solemn as a funeral procession, each one seemed wholly occupied with his own thoughts and shuddering at the possibility of his fate in the eternal ares beyond .- Western Watchman.

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY'S WARN-ING TO MOTHERS.

Some time ago an association of Cath olic ladies was formed here in New for the purpose of bringing Catholic in-fluence to bear against the divorce evil and in other ways aid the Church in her work in this country. The association is known as the Daughters of the Faith. is known as the Daughters of the Falth.
Recently it held a meeting for the purpose of discussing plans for concerted action of Catholic women in various lines of work. Archbishop Farley, who delivered the principal address, dwelt upon the vital importance of religious education for Catholic girls. In the course of his remarks he said:

"I cannot speak too strongly on the subject of the necessity of sending Cath olic children to Catholic academie There is, I regret to say, a constant and fear growing tendency to violate this

most binding duty.

"Let no motive, social, financial or political, lead you to fling your children into the jaws of infidelity and ath-

"Only a few weeks ago a mother almost in despair, entreat came to me almost in despair, entreating that a Mass be said for her daugh ter. She had sent the girl to a woman' college-I will not mention its name, but it was an institution on the order of Vassar, Smith and Bryn Mawr-and in six months her faith had been tampered with to such an extent that she refused to accompany her mother to con-fession on Holy Thursday.

"Again I enjoin upon you, don't relax your vigilance in this direction."

The words the Archbishop of New York addressed to the Daughters of the Faith should serve as a solemn warning to any Catholic mother who is contemplating sending her daughter to a Protestant educational institution. Any Catholic parent who thus exposes his or her daughter to the loss of the priceless gift of faith will be indirectly

responsible if that daughter becomes an responsible it that daugnter becomes an apostate from the religion of her fathers. That mother of whom Archbishop Farley spoke now bitterly realizes the latal mistake she made when she exposed her child to spiritual dangers that may mar her whole life. Other Catholic mothers should take warning and avoid compact has not seen that the control of the and avoid remorse of conscience by not and avoid remorse of conscience by hot following the example set by the despairing mother whom Archb shop Farley referred to in his address.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

TO FIGHT INTEMPERANCE.

AS THE SALOON IS ITS GREATEST FRIEND SO MAY THE TEMPERANCE CLUB BE-COME ITS ENEMY - EVERY PARISH SHOULD BE EQUIPPED WITH HALL AND GYMNASIUM.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Wash-ington, D. C., delivered a lecture on the Life of Father Matthew, or Total Abstinence, at the Pittsburg cathedral, on Sunday, April 7, in which he made a special plea for the temperance club. The lecture is the first of a series on Total Abstinence to be delivered annually at prominent Catholic centers

under the auspices of the Catholic University. When the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America endowed a chair at the University, this annual lecture was made a condition. Here-tofore the lecture has been delivered at the University, but the though that so many more people would be thereby reached determined the University authorities upon the plan of gradually covering the country by holding the annual lectures in the large cities:

The reverend lecturer said in part There are three great causes of drunkenness in this country to day. The saloon is one of them and perhaps the greatest, and the so-called moderate drinker is another.

The American saloon, with all its

accessories, including its peculiar political and social power, the outcome of our political life with its manhood sufour political life with its mainteed sur-frage, is a unique institution. It is quite true that liquor is sold the world over, and every nation has its place where refreshments are dispensed. The places differ as the characteristics of nations differ, for I suppose there is of nations differ, for I suppose there is no place where human nature is so without disguise and free from re-straints as in the drinking places of the world, and consequently no place where the characteristics come out in

where the characteristics come out in stronger relief.

The public house has been erected in all civilized countries. There is a per-sonality about the American saloon-keeper that differentiates him from his cousin in any other nation. His im-portance began with the era of large cousin in any other nation. His importance began with the era of large cities. After the war a peculiar conjunction of circumstances heaped the masses of the population together into cities. Thousands of losse, unattached elements, who had no home-life, but who had been accustomed to the wild scenes of camp and the roving excite-ment of a soldier's life came home from the battlefield to earn a living for them-

practical good that can be done by temperance halls, gymnasiums and club houses—places where the societies may gather for their social life, where the attractive features of the Y. M. C. A. may be united under Catholic auspices, and where particularly the young men may be induced to find wholesome re-creation, far from influences that are baneful to their faith or degenerating baneful to their faith or degenerating to their moral life. Many of our best societies have already established these club houses. It is always well in the movement that looks to the building of these club houses, to place the project under the administration of the parochial authorities. Some of our gravest difficulties in the past have come from total abstincage register. settling up a temple at whose shrine but one virtue was cultivated, while the virtue of obedience to the parochial authorities was trampled under foot. Moreover, if the parochial administra tion is behind the project, the fluancing of it will be an easy matter. The proper supervision of it will keep it from the danger of becoming a political hothouse, or merely an incubator for

The advantages of a well-regulated and attractive temperance hall or club house nowadays are so many that it is hardly necessary to enumerate them all. The highest is the well recognized fact that it will attract into our ties by its gymnasium and athletic features the young men. One of the most potent agencies about a church to hold the young men and growing boys is a well equipped gymnasium. No schoolhouse should ever be erected in a parish unless the basement or some other portion of it is devoted to a gym-Temperance societies easily take up this work, because total abstinence is a prime necessity for suc

A shrewd observer, speaking on this very point, says: "The vital question for us to day is to keep the young men so close to the Church and the priests and the sacraments as not to lose this mighty influence for the future prosperity of the Church. What priest in America does not know that the piece described does not know that the piece de resistance in parish work is to hold the growing boys and the young men. Many English speaking congregations in our large cities are doing this. They have sodalities for the women, but any approximation of the source of the so but no means of attracting the young men. Show me a congregation of three or four hundred families which counts at its altars regularly once a month a hundred boys and a half hundred young men, and it variably you will find that it is a German or Bohemian congrega-tion which has had for the use of its societies a hall, gymnasium or club room as comfortable as the Church and

as well used.
"With this fact in view, it seems almost criminal to put up an ostenta-

---- Skin Disease is Blood Disease

"Fruit-a-tives" clean the blood of all Impurities and clear the Complexion.

Pimples and Blotches-Redness-Boils-Eczema and other inflammations of the skin-mean Impure Blood.

are a

wonderful

cure for Pimples

and Blotches

A person with a bad complexion always suffers from poor digestion - non-action of the bowels (or Constipation) and often the kidneys are weak. These unhealthy

organs cannot rid the system of the on the skin. waste matter. is this waste-taken up by the blood and carried to valuable tonics and antiseptics. complexion.

eliminating organs to do their

tious, expensive church, unless with it or before it there are provided for the growing boys and young men an assem bly hall, gymnasium or reading room. If we take care of the young men of this generation the fine cathedrals and glorious churches will come in the

I know of a temperance society in New York City of two hundred mem bers that has enjoyed the advantage of a splendid club house for the last two years. It cost the society \$20,000, but the church was behind them, and they succeeded. Most societies anywhere else could start with a \$20,000 house, etse could start with a \$20.000 house, and with the aid of a parochial administration they could pay the interest. The good that such a place, if properly managed, would do in a parish is simply incalculable. A well managed temperance club house in a parish, with its parlors and its libraries, with its gymnasium and its billiard rooms, will gymnasium and its billiard rooms, will be a most potent influence to save hundreds that are lured away by the attractiveness of the saloon. It will be the great opportunity for the young priest in the parish to meet and know the young men. Its baseball nine and its athletic sports will teach the young folks to associate the happiest moments of their lives with the Church administration. of their lives with the Church administration, and a hundred other influences will come in to reclaim, to direct, and to uplift, and the young men will be more intelligent, faithful and loyal Catholics because of this influence on

WHEN WILL CHRISTIANITY BE A FAILURE?

their lives .- Catholic Mirror.

NOTEWORTHY PASSAGE FROM FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P., BEARING UPON THE FRENCH SITUATION.

From the London Catholic Times.

Mgr. John S. Vaughan before leaving America for Italy addressed to us the following letter, dated from Archbishop's House, Boston, U. S. A.:

"Reference was made in your columns a few weeks ago to a speech of the famous Edmund Barke, in which he spoke noble words, singularly applicable to France in its present distressing state. Perhaps, then, you will allow me to quote from another famous Irishman and orator words almost as remarkable and as apposite, and which will delight the heart of every true Catholic. It is Father Thomas Burke,

O. P., who wrote:

"Men say: Is Christianity a failure?

I answer no! It will be a failure as
soon as the voice of the Catholic Church is hushed; it will be a failure as soon as some king, or some em-peror, or some great statesman, succes ful in war and in council, is able to bend the Catholic Church and make her teach according to his notions or his views. Where in her history has she ever bowed to king or to potentate? Where has she ever shaped her doctrines to meet the views of this man, and to further the designs of that man, because they were able to persecute her? The most powerful man of the world, says to the Catholic Church: world, says to the Catholic Charlon, You must remodel your teachings; you must alter some of your dogmas and some of your first principles; you must admit that the State has the right to educate your children; that you have no right; you must admit that religion is not a necessary ele-ment of education; I will make you Thus speaks Von Bismarck. He imagines that he can trample on the Church of God. Oh, fool that he is! He thinks because he has tramppled upon a nation that he can trample upon Christ and his holy spouse. says to the Church ; I will make a decree, and I will expel every Jesuit in Germany; I will persecute your Bishops; I will take your churches; I will alienate your people; I will persecute and imprison your priests; I will put them to death if necessary. But the Church of [God stands calmly before him and says: You can do all this, but you cannot make me change my teaching. I am the messenger and the voice of God, and God is truth.

"The Church that fears not the assaults of even a Napoleon or a Von Bismarck, who were really great men in their way, can well afford to smile at the sorry attempts of the fanatical M. Clemenceau and his miserable tribe of minions!"

The soul is the very center of ou life. We lead but a base, mean and partial existence if our soul merely takes cognizance of its human and pa l pable surroundings.

proper share of the work of ridding the system of waste. This purifies the - and instantly the pimples and blotches "Fruit-a-tives disappear, and the complexion clears. " Fruit-a-tives

cure skin troubles when everything else fails. " Fruit-a-tives " are fruit juices, intensified, and combined with

the skin—that ruins the They are without doubt the greatest complexion.

They are without doubt the greatest blood purifier in the world. 50c. "Fruit-a-tives" cure all skin a box-6 for \$2.50. At all druggists.

troubles because they cure the kidneys and bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cause the climinating organs to do their hammen and

The Right Rev. Bishop Keane, of Wyoming, who is in the East in the interest of the Church in his sparsley settled diocese, in an interview with settled diocese, in an interview with the representative of the Tribune, of Providence, R. I., while the guest of Bishop Harkins, feelingly alluded to the sacrifice made by the priests and people on the western frontier for their

religion.
"I have known men and women,"
said the Bishop, "to drive over fifty or
sixty miles of almost inaccessible roads
to partake anew of the divine things
of their faith. These are men and women whose lives are dominated by the great realities of the supernatural. They move within a mystic temple, for all their life is a worship, happy ever in the consciousness of a father's pres-

ence and care.
"There are engaged with us in the work fourteen priests. Six of these have no homes, and some of them neither church nor chapel in all their territory. They live in the stage coach or on the trail. They are true missionaries, who renew by their devotion and endurance the best traditions of the Church's glorious apostolate. They have pleasures only in conscious association with a great and world-wide cause, and in an unselfish and active participation in the great work of establishing the Church in a new country."—Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

DRUMMOND'S UNPUBLISHED

Boston Transcript.

It seems that our charming Canadian guest of a few years ago, Dr. Drum-mond, the poet, who has immortalized the "habitant" dialect, gave to his friend, Walter Brackett, the trout painter (they were fond companions of the fishing pool,) while here in Boston last, a copy of the verses which he re-cited in the studio with tears streaming down his face, and which, because they commemorate the poet's own son, Mr. Brackett has thought too sacred and intimate ever to allow published in the lifetime of the author. They are published here as an affectionate tri-bute to the gifted lover of things "both great and small":

Las' night w'en I'm sleeping I dream a dream,
An'a wonderful wan it seem—
For I'm off on de road I was never see,
Too long an' hard for a man lak me,
So ole he can only wait de call
Is sooner or later come to all.

De night is dark an' de portage dere Is narrow, wit' log lyin 'e'ry w'ere, Black bush arom' on de right an 'let.' A step from de road, an' you los' yours't; De moen an' de star above is gone, Yet somet'ing tell me I mus' go on.

An' off in front of me as I go. Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow. Who is dat lettle boy dancin' dere? Can see hees w'tte dress an' curly hair, Can almos' touch been so near to me, In an' out dere among de tree—

An' den I hearin' a voice is say.
"Come along, fader, don't min' de way,
De boss on de camp is zen' for you,
So you' leetle boy is goin' to guide you troo;
It's easy for me, for de read I know,
Cos I travel it many a year ago." An' O! Mon Dien! w'en he turn hees head I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead— Dead wi' de young blood in hees vein, An' dere before me he zome again, Wit' de curly hair an' dark blue eye, So lak de blue on de summer sky—

An' now no more for de road I care, An' slippery log lyin' ov'ry w'ere, De swamp in de valley, de mountain, too, But climbit jus' as I use to do. Don't stop on de road, for I need no rest, So long as it's dere, de leetle w'ite dress—

An' I foller it on, an' wance in a wile He turn again wit' de baby smile, An' say, " Dear fador, I'm here, you see, We're bote togoder, jus' you an' me, Very dark to you, but to me it's light, De road we travel so far to-night.—

De boss on de camp w'ere I always stay.
Since ever de tam I was go away,
He welcome de poores' man dat call,
But love de chil'ren de bes' of all—
So dat's reasen I spik for you,
An' come to-night for to bring you troo."

Lak de young Jesu w'en He's here below De face of my loetle son look jus' so— Den off beyon' on de wood I see De w'ite dress fading among de tree—

Was it a dream I dream las' night Is goin' away on de mornin' light?

If you wish others to spare you, do you spare others .- La Fontaine.



Fifth Sunday After Easter. FREQUENT COMMUNION.

"With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer." (85. Luke xxii, 15.) To desire a thing, dear brethren, is positive sign that we have an affect we do not desire things that are indifferent to us, but those which we hold dearest. Our Lord says that He burned with the desire to eat this pasch, because He was extremely anxious to unite Himself to becoming our food.

But the prodigies He performed in Himself and outside of Himself, in order that He may come and be united to us, make His desire of this union clearer than the noon-law clearer than the noon-lay sun. He puts Himself at the same time in heaven and on earth; He remains in an innumerable number of places, since an innumerable number of places, since He is in every consecrated Host in the whole Chursh: He abases, if I may so speak, His majisty; He covers His glory with a humble exterior; He dis guises Himself and in such a manner that neither the most ingenious poets nor the most impassioned hearts have ever invented any artifice, any transever invented any artifice, any transformation that can resemble it. In addition, He exposes Himself to a thou sand insults, and He resolves to endure them for the gratification of His de-sire; for the same purpose He subjects Himself to the word of a priest.

Behold how our Lord comes and

what He does in order to unite Him-self to us! See how He puts Himself in the Host, and in what manner He remains in the tabernacle for whole days and nights quite alone, waiting with invincible patience for persons to come and visit Him, to come and speak to Him, and to prepare themselves so to Him, and to prepare themselves so that He may unite Himself with them

that He may unite Him-elf with them; for it is His supreme desire. O., ye children of men, behold how God hath loved you! how He still loveth you! If Jesus so earnestly desires to come to us, if He says to us "I have desired to eat this pasch with Thee," it is certainly most just that we should love to go to Him. For what advant-Long to go to Him. For what advantage does He gain by it? What can age does He gain by it? What can light receive from communicating itself to darkness? Wealth from giving itself to poverty? Beauty from uniting itself to deformity? Wisdom to folly? Are not all the gain and glory

Resolve, then, to frequently receive Jesus in the Sacrament of His love If you have thus far neglected your Easter Communion, let the strong love of the Crucified urgo you to do your duty. As our Lord works prodigies in Himself and in nature in order to come Himse's and in nature in order to come to us, overturning the obstacles that eppose His coming and His union, so should we likewise do great things, conquering our vicious nature and overgoming all difficulties in order to be fit to go and unite ourselves to Him. Or desire should lead us to prepare canefully for Communion, and to approach with firm and simple faith, with hamility and reverence, with sorrow for our sins, with a strong confidence for our sins, with a strong confidence far our Lord, whose burning desire to come to us is a powerful motive of this confidence. You will, perhaps, say:
"A person should be very pure to com-A person should be very pure to com-minicate." I reply: It is true; but if we regard the infinite purity of God we receive, our purity, though we should take an elemity to purity ourselvas, will never be sufficiently great. But we should learn to what one is absolutely obliged in order to communi cate worthily. It is to be pure from all mortal sin, and not, as some think, from all venial sin; otherwise who could communicate, since even the just sometimes fall into minor faults? Hear the words of St. John: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us."

Elessed shall we be if the desire of being united to Jesus animates our whole lives—if we often feast at the heavenly banquet in which Christ is received. In vain will the devil, the world, and the flesh try to effect our rain. The God of armies will protect us and guide us safely through the

etersal. "He." says the Saviour, "that eateth my flosh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

TALKS ON RELIGION

THE ROSARY.

The Rosary has been fitly called the Queen of Catholic devotions and a compendium of Christian doctrine. It em braces both mental and oral prayer, and preserves and enlivers faith; leads chreegh Mary to Josus; unfolds to the minds of Mary's children the treasures of truth and of grace, by bringing before them the principal mysteries of

Christianity.

It is a form of prayer in which fifteen decades of Aves, each decade being preceded by a Pater Noster and followed by a Gloria, are recited on beads. A mystery of our holy faith is contemplated during the recital of each decade, and the resary is divided into three parts, each consisting of five decades, and known as a corona or

In the first chaplet the five joyful resteries are the subjects of contemplation, viz : the Aunanciation, Visitation, the Birth of Our Lord, His pre-sentation in the Temple, His being found after the three days' loss. The sorrowful mysteries contemplated in the second chaplet are the Agony in the Garden, the Scourging, the Crowning with Toorns, the Currying of the Cross, the Crucifixion. The glorious mysteries, which are allotted to the third chaplet, are the Resurrection of

Blessed Virgin by revelation, and preparated it during the Crusade against the Albigeness, has been accepted by several Popes, viz.: Leo X, Pius V., Gregory XIII, Sixtus V., Alexander VII, Clement XI., and Benedict XIV. The late great Pope, Leo XIII. was preemently the Pope of the Hely Reserve.

His name will ever be associated with this salutary and solid devotion. From the beginning of his glorious pontificate to the end of his saintly life the holy rosary had in him its truest, most fervent and loyal advocate. To him is chiefly owing the wonderful spread in our day of this devotion, a devotion so truly productive of lasting benefit to all the children of the Church.

From the days of St. Dominic, in the thirteenth century, to the present, the devotion of the rosary has never lost its hold on the affections of the people. To recount the wonders that it has wrought and will continue to work until the day of doom in heaven, on earth, and in purgatory, would re-

on earth, and in purgatory, would require an inspired tongue, and the vision of prophecy. The glory that surrounded it at its birth went on increasing until it culminated with dazzling radiance on the meridian of the Mary-protected Church, towards the close of the sixteenth century.

The battle of Lepanto, gained on the 7th of October, 1571. by the Christian fleet, under the command of Don John of Austria, over the formidable arma ment of the Turks, at the time that the ment of the Turks, at the time that the Sodality of the Rosary in R me was walking in solemn procession, addressing fervent prayers to the Tarone of Mercy, proclaimed to the Catholic world the intercessory power of Mary and the motherly care that she ever exercises over her servants. The prayers of the confraternity of the rosary as they rose from the Eternal esary as they rose from the on the first Sunday of October, rent on their way to heaven the dark thunder-cloud of Turkish invasion that had hung for centuries, lowering over the eastern to izon of Europe.

The holy Pope, St. Pius V. who then occupied the chair of St. Peter, was informed, by revelation from heaven, of the victory at the very moment it was won. In gratitude to the divine Mother and her Son, he commanded that a yearly commemoration should be made on the first Sanday of October of St. Mary of Victory. Another victory gained over the Turks, in 1716 under circumstances precisely similar to those of the victory of Lepanto, in-duced Clement X'. to grant the cele-bration of the festival of the Rosary to the Universal Church.

It was told to the writer by a venerable Irish Bishop that the preservation of the Faith among the Irish people in the fearful penal times of bitter persecution, when church and altar, priest and sacrifice were banished, was, in a great measure, owing to the pious reci tation of the rosary by the faithful people. This is a glorious testimony and witness to the faith of Ireland, and to the powerful efficacy of the rosary -Catholic Universe.

DESECRATING HOLY WEEK.

COUNTRY EDITOR REBUKES HIS PRO TESTANT BRETHREN.

Country editors have a habit of "speaking out in meeting." Here is some plain talk from the columns of the Oxford (Pa.) New:

"After a remarkably dull winter, so ciety has broken bounds and blossomed forth so that the past few weeks (just prior to Easter) have been one continuous round of parties and receptions and social gatherings of all sorts. Now it is probable that the good people who held or participated in these functions do not know that in about two thirds of the world they would be regarded as the nearest possible approach to the heathen. In many places they would be consigned to the place of flery torment without further formalities. Of course, without further formalities. O. course, they cannot see things that way, but a social outburst during Lent and three or four parties in Holy Week itself would make a shudder run up and down the backs of a majority of living Christians, and would cause most of those that are dead to roll over in Inasmuch as the Presbyterian Church

does not recognize Lent, it can readily be seen why no attention is paid to the glorious Eastertide, but the almost ab solute neglect of Holy Week, and especially 'Good Friday,' among Christians is really unaccountable. The tians is really unaccountable. The whole foundation of Christianity rests apon the wonderful sacrifice commemor apon the wonderful sacrifice commemor ated upon that day. Not a single day in all the Church year, with the possible exception of Easter, is one-half so important. One would think that marvelous Scriptural picture of Calvary with all the significance which it has for Christian minds would make Good Friday, at least a day for medita tion and solemnity. Instead, only la t year, a picnic was held in one of the Churches on Good Friday evening. People sat on the flor and laughed and j sted as though they were the Roman soldiers about the ton instead of the faithful mourners for whom the blessed atonement had been made.

"The whole of Holy Week is so inter woven with the events upon which the vital truths of Christian teaching are founded that it would seem impossible for one of really religious feelings to spend that week in julification and jubilation.

This leads us to the thought that

the Week of Prayer, which is exploited in January by all the Evangelical in January by all the Evangelical churches, is simply a perversion of what ought to be. The natural place for a week of prayer is Holy Week, and nothing but bigotry upon the part of those who are in authority ever placed it at anywhere else on the ca'endar. It there is any period in the ca'endar. It there is any period in the Christian year that ought to be given over to prayer, it is the week before Easter. A good Catholic or a good Episcopalian would as soon think of Christ, His Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption and the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin.

The common story or tradition that St. Dominic learned the use of the Blessed Virgin, as we now have it, from the Blessed Virgin. Blessed Virgin by revelation, and propagated it during the Crusade against the Albigeness, has been accented by

a move will do more than any other thing to increase the reverence which people have for the Church and all that appertains to it." — Phil. Catholic Standard and Times.

A MASON ON MASONRY.

NOTABLE ADMISSIONS BY A PROMINENT MEMBER OF A LOUISVILLE LODGE. From the Catholic Record, Louisville.

Every Catholic knows, and must know, that among the secret societies formally forbidden by the Church is the formally forbidden by the Church is the society of Freemssonry, in all its forms, branches and degrees. Regarding it the first warning danger was given by Clement XII., in the year 1738, and his constitution was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV. Pius VII. followed the same path, and Leo XII., by his apostolic constitution quo graviora, put together the acts and decrees of former Pontiffs on this subject and ratified and confirmed them forever. In the same Pontiffs on this subject and ratined and confirmed them forever. In the same sense spoke Gregory XVI, many times over Pius IX., and Leo XIII., in his renowned encyclical letter, "Humanum Genus," issued April 30, 1884, in which he showed that the Masonic and kindred conditions although the off pring of the societies, although the off pring of the ancient guild-, which aimed at sancti fying trades and tradesmen with the fying trades and tradesmen with the blessing of religion; and although re taining, perhaps, in their "rival" much that tells of the religiousness of their origin; and although in some countries (like in ours) still professing entire friendliness towards the Chris t an religion, have nevertheless already gone so far, in many countries, as to array themselves in avowed hostility against Christianity, and against the Catholic Church as its embodiment; that they virtually aim at substituting a world-wide fraternity of their own for the universal brotherhood of Jesus Christ, and the control of Jesus Christ, and the christian mere naturalism and at disseminating mere naturalism and at disseminating mere naturalism for the supernatural, revealed religion bestowed upon mankind by the Saviour of the world. In countries where they are as yet far from acknowledging such purpose they nevertheless have in them the germs which, under favorable circum tances, would inevitably blossom forth in similar results. Masonry in the United States is no exception to the United States is no expectation to this. The Church consequently forbids her children to have any connection with it or similar societies. In this she has spoken authoritatively. For every Catholic her decision is final. That she has not acted hastily nor unitable nor mistakenly in this, we here That she has not acted hastily nor unwisely nor mistakenly in this, we here
quote a recent Masonic address of
"Brother John C. Strother before
Louisville Lodge, 400, F. and A. M.,
reprinted in the Masonic Home Journal from the Soottish Rite Bulletin.
We may here remark Mr. Strother is
Mason and probably one of high

we may note remark Mr. Stoner is a Mason, and probably one of high rank. He is a respected lawyer of Louisville. His admission of Masonry as it obtains in other countries, and whose principles and germs must neces sarily underling Masonry in this country, but confirms and substantiates what we have here written as the teaching and wise ruling of the Catholic Church regarding it and similar secret societies.
The extracts we here reprint from Mr.
Strother's address before a Masonic
body will inform Catholics what Freemasonry is from a Masonic point of

Said Mr. Strother:

I may say there are different kinds of Mao ry in a sense. Freemaso ry is not known and taught and practiced iu all the world with that belief in God as the Supreme Architect of the Universe, or with that elated standard of morals, as in the lodges in standard of morals, and may I say, as we know and practice it in Louis ville Lodge, No. 400, and in the other lodges of this city and jurisdiction.

Freemasonry as it exists in France, South

Spain, Portugal and the South Italy. American Republics is a political anti-religious association, which in recent years has developed into a sort of anti-theistic sect, which makes no secret of

France probably about 1720, and into the other countries named probably later. French gendlemen in great numbers joined the lodges, where free thought and unbelief were openly discountries. cussed. Lodges for women were organized little less licentius than the lodges of men, and in them royalty and women of high social and political relations and standing became members and devoted attendants.

and devoted attendants.

"In a society so pre-eminently free from religious influence the Masonic ledges presented a kind of neutral ground, on which men could hold such intercourse as they chese, free from the influence or antagonism of Church or State.

or State. " In their meetings even the histori cal existence of Christ, to say nothing of His divinity, was made a matter of jumlar dispute, and this condition doubtless aggravated, if it did not create, the antagonism which existed, and in large measure exists to-day, be tween Freemasonry and the Roman

Catholic Church.

From time to time the Popes of R me have issued their elicts placing the ban of excommunication upon the members of tre order. But the ban of excommunication was not only resorted to by the Roman Catholic Courch, but as la'e as 1888 Albert Pike, Grand Commander of the United States (Scottish rite,) solemnly excommunizated French Freemasons in terms not less drastic than those used by the Popes. "This was a result of a practice of

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the lodges not to require belief in the existence of God as the Supreme Architect of the Universe, which was considered by them as a mere matter of speculation, to be accepted or rejected at the discretion of the individual hoother, who was no longer required to brother, who was no longer required to take an oath one way or the other, and led to free thinking and perhaps freer

"So strong did the antagonism be-ween the order and the Church be-ome that in 1891 the Grand Orient of ween come that in 1891 the Grand Orient of France passed resolutions, which were communicated with binding effect to all subordinate lodges within the jurisdiction, to the effect that it was the duty of every good Mason to use all his influence to bring about the suppression of all ecclesiastical associations, religious, educational or charitable, and to see that their property was conto see that their property was con-fiscated to the State; and that it was the duty of every Freemason to advo-cate the exclusion of all pupils of re-ligious colleges or schools from holding any official position under the Government, in any branch of the service, military, naval or civil service.

"The relation of Freemasonry to the prevailing religion in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and the Republics of South America, whose dominate re-ligion is Roman Catholic, is therefore far from harmonious in belief or practice. The opposition of the Church to the atheistic tendencies and to the dissolute habits of thought and prac tice of Masons has brought about a corresponding activity by the masons, corresponding activity by the masons, whose political potency in France is far in excess of their numerical proportions, which, doubtless constitutes the unseen but powerful force which is now beinging about the convention of now bringing about the separation of Church and State, causing a complete, though so far bloodless, revolution in France."

MONSABRE AS A BOY.

STORY OF THE GREAT PREACHER AS ACOLYTE IN A VILLAGE CHURCH,

The following amusing anecdote of the boyhood of Pere Monsabre, the brilliant Dominican who died recently in France, is told by a writer signing himself "Tibi" in the Catholic Tran script:

when but eight years of age he served Mass in the village church; and one morning, shortly after the commencement of divine service, he commencement of divine service, ne let a top, which he had been fondly care-sing, get away from him, and it rolled across the sanctuary. The devil must have been in that top, for it rolled and thumped and knocked about not made enough noise to arouse the whole congregation and disturb the meditations of the pious worshippers. A significant nod brought the culprit to the altar beside the celebrant and a few curt words told him where to place the unholy top, what was to be its ultimate fate and what was in store for the lad himself at the close of the Mass. the fad nimself at the close of the Ma's.
He returned to his place, unruffled,
with his accustomed air of innocence
and piety, and no further sound from
him broke the stillness of the sacred
rite. But, as events developed and
proved, he surely put in his time at

some heavy thinking.

When the moment came for presenting the water with which the priest washes his fingers, young Monsabre approached reverently with the towel on his left arm, the bowl in his left hand and the cruet held high in his right.
The priest put out his hands for water,
but the lad stood like a statue. "Come,
pour on the water," said the priest impatiently; but there was no movement to furnish it. Again a stern whisper: "No nonsense, bey, at this time and place; pour out the water!" A good stage whisper came back with the little rogue's retort: "Will you give me back my top?"

Dizzy with astonishment as the truth flashed upon him that the boy was turn-ing the tables on him, after gazing for a moment wild eyed at the little demon who stood before him the picture of an angel, the priest gathered nimeel to-gether and murmured faintly: "Well, yes; come on." Instead of coming on, he kept his distance, and without a moment's hisitation, he hurled another angel, the priest ga at the sorely perplexed celebrant:
"Promise not to chastise me!" and

The delay caused by the impasse was becoming noticeable, while the humor of the situation threatened disaster to of the situation threatened disaster to the priest's studied composure. His surrendered, the youthful genius going on quietly and modestly with the cere monies and resuming his position at the foot of the altar. A close observer might have detected a triumphant twinkle in his left eye. As for the priest, the angels alone saw his countenance. But he waited longer than usual before turning to say the "Dominus Vobiscum," whether or not to receiver sufficient sourage and seriousness to face the little kneeling raceal, the story does not say.—Catholic Universe. story does not say .- Catholic Universe,

The en rance of a happy man or other candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they can demonstrate the 47 h proposition; they do a little better thing than that they practically demonstrate the great orem of the Liveableness of L fe. -R. L. Stevenson.

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The Young Man of To-day.

The great need of the twentieth century is young men of high character who will stand amid the surging world and stamp their Catholic faith upon the face of life. The great work of the Church through the centuries in every land is the wonder of civilized peoples. From the twilight of history down to our own age, young men have peoples. From the twilight of history down to our own age, young men have played a prominent part in the affairs of the world. In science and literature, and in every art that has ennobled humanity they have been its greatest thinkers and builders. The schools and colleges of world wide fame, in the middle ages, were the nursuries of the brightest intellects of Catholic Europe. It was in these halls nursuries of the originess intellects of Catholic Europe. It was in these halls of learning that thousands of young men quaffed deeply of the cup of knowledge, in that golden age of letters, and later the world hailed them as her

greatest scholars.

While, perhaps, we are living in a less prosaic age, there nover was a time when men, young men of sterling worth, were needed so much as in our day. The constant struggle between capital and labor; the severing of marriage ties by divorce; the moral and religious training of our children; these are a few of the problems that confront the people of this country, that sooner or later must be solved. The great mass of Americans are utter greatest scholars. The great mass of Americans are uttar ly indifferent to these momentous ques-tions, and the result is seen in a lack of respect for constituted authority, of respect for constituted authority, and a growing restlessness that makes for socialism and other evils. It is here that the Church, through her societies of young men, can accomplish untold good in bringing her divine power to bear upon the ills that threat en our civilization. Good example on en our civilization. Good example on the part of Catholic young men is a potent factor on the lives of others and one which will leave its impress in the world around us. If our young men are true to themselves and live up to their Catholic faith and teaching in the face of all obstacles, what magnificent possibilities the future holds for God and Church in this country of

In every sphere of endeavor young men should strive to excel. They should be the leaders in every movement where religion and education are acerned. This means, in these days concerned. This means, in these days of sordid materialism, so much for the uplifting of humanity. Catholic young men should be the builders of the morning of God by upholding and supporting the Catholic press, that, next to a university, is the greatest educational agency in the world. The influence of the Catholic paper in shaping the minds of its readers to what ing the minds of its readers to what is highest and best in life is far reachis highest and best in life is far reaching and vast, representing, as it does, the Church that is the mother and teacher of nations. Let our young men, individually and collectively, aim to accomplish something that will make the world better for their having lived in it. It is not the structure that we build or the resolutions that we make, but the deeds that we do, that live in the heart and memory of every generathe heart and memory of every genera-tion. Mother Church looks to her sons to make their religion felt every-where, and to carry it into every sphere of action as part of their lives. Upon the eternal hills the Cross and Faith is planted strong and deep, and far above the clash and din of strife we behold the sacred symbol of our re demption. If we but follow its inspira tions all will be well .- Western Watch-

Value of Courtesy. If young people, especially in small owns, would form "courtesy clubs" or graft this idea upon existing organ-izations, it would result in great advantage not only to the young people belonging to such associations but also to the towns themselves. We find a great many men sidetracked all along the pathways of life because they were one pathways of life because they were not taught the value of good manners and of a fine, gracious courtesy in their youth. The result is that they have grown up hard and coarse and repulsive in manners, and have not been able to win favor or attract trade or business.

In other words their bad manners In other words their bad manners and repulsive ways have kept them back and handicapped their careers. It is astonishing how fine manners and politeness in children develop into ease and attractiveness in manhood. Other things being equal, the employe who is selected for advancement is the one with good manners, a fine, gracious demeanor, a good presence. Those develops in the best kind of capital. demeanor, a good presence. Those qualities are the best kind of capital,

qualities are the best kind of capital, even better than money.

Everywhere we see young men drawing big salaries largely because of their superior politeness. The fine mannered are wanted everywhere as superintendents, as salesmen, as traveling representatives, as clerks, as private secretaries or as credit men. In fact, agreeable deportment is the one fine indispensable quality sought after everywhere. There is nothing else which will so quickly open the door to opportunities, to society, to else which will so quickly open the door to opportunities, to society, to the hearts of all. Courtesy is to busi-ness and society what oil is to machin-ery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates the jar and friction and the nerve racking noise. - Church

Progress. How He Lost His Opportunity. How He Lost His Opportunity.

How little the average person who is trying to get on realizes how many things are occurring in his experience which are trying to down him, and which are hindering his advance! A poor job, an unkind word, a stinging crit cism, ingratitude for a favor, falling the critical properties when it was in criticism, ingratitude for a favor, failure to give assistance when it was in his power, hard problems skipped way back in youth, a hasty act, an indiscretion of an unguarded moment; all these things are likely to come up when he least expects it and bar his progress. Many an able man with political ambitions has failed of election to Congress, or of appointment to some coveted office, because of some slip he has made, or of somebody, perhaps a private secretary who has put in the word that checkmated the move for his advancement. Perhaps, it was a sarcastic remark about some

one, who later was in a position to help him, that lost him the opportu-

nity.

Many a man has lost his opportunity for advancement under the present administration by opposing and criticizing Theodore Roosevelt in his earlier career, when he did not dream that the former would ever occupy his present loity position.

You never can tell where a thrust of you never can tell where a thrust of

an unguarded moment will land, or what effect a sarcastic remark may have on your tuture. He is a fortunate man who guards his tongue, who tempers his acts with prudence and good judgment.—Success.

The Helpful Word. Give the young and struggling a word of encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants on You would not leave those plants on your window be not set without water, nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil — shrubs that can wait for the dews and sunbeams, vines that climb without any kindly training —but only a few. -but only a few.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

An Irish Fairy Tale. It was in the County Meath, in the month of June, just sixty years ago. Such a grand, fine night as it was, Such a grand, fine night as it was, and the moon queening it over every thing with her pale, proud face, and sailing along so calm and easy that you forgot all about the heat and hurry of the day, and you took long breaths and began to look about you and see how lovely the sky and fields and roads looked. Well, it wasn't cool poor Johnny Mohun was feeling at all. There he was struggling along the white road at 12 o'clock and carrying a big, new churn home to Moily. When a big, new churn home to Molly. When he'd get tired of carrying it, then he'd put it down and work it along on the bottom from side to side. But that was slow work and it was very late. To be slow work and it was very late. To be sure, he should have been home hours ago, but he had stopped at Micky Ryan's meaning only to stay a few min utes, but there was a ceilidh on; so, what with the talking and fiddling and the weeny sup of whisky he took, he forgot all about the time.

forgot all about the time.

He was getting along finely, now, only feeling a bit ashamed when he thought of poor Molly sitting up for him all this time and not knowing but that something might have happened to him-when the sight nearly left his eyes. For there, coming along the road, was a whole troop of little men, dressed in black and silver, about the size of from your wrist to your elbow, and they were carrying something with lights on it.

Poor Johnny stood stock still in the middle of the road.

Well for him it was that they were coming along slowly, for he had just time to think what to do. Off he took the lid of the churn and in with him like a flash into it, with the lid on top of him. Then up came the little men with their coffin, and stopped at the churn and crowded round it.

One of them said: "Oh, who would

it be only Johnny Mohun?' it be only Johnny Mohun?"
"Johnny Mohun, is it? Come out,
Johnny Mohun!" they all cried.
But Johnny didn't come out, and
there wasn't a sound inside the churn,

only the quick breathing of him.

'Are you there, Johnny?' they cried out then. But not a word did Johnny say. Then the fairies began to laugh at the thought of the great big man keeping so quiet there in the churn and not a sound out of him at all. And when they laughed it was like the sweet tinkling of gold and silver bells, and any one that ever hears them laugh has always a kind of music in his heart afterwards. Well, when they had done laughing they put the coffin, with the lighted candles on it and all, on top of the churn and poor Johnny shivered more than ever.

more than ever.

"What'll we do with him?" said
they; "shall we pull him out and make
him come with us and dig the grave?"

they; "shall we pull him out and make him come with us and dig the grave?"

They couldn't make up their minds for a while, but the laughing had put them into a good temper, and one of them said: "We'll let him be. He's a decent man, this Johnny Mohun, and if he's a bit of a coward, he's a wise man not to fight with us anyway. Then there's his wife Molly and the baby, and if we take him with us to night, he'll not be like the same man afterwards, because he isn't one of the living people that have some of our nature in them and that can lock at us and talk to us without harm. This man would die, maybe, and there'd be no use in that."

"There'd be no use in that," they all eched. Then they took the coffin off the churn and ranged themselves to

echoed. Then they took the ceffin off the churn and ranged themselves to march on to the churchyard.

"You've had a good rest, Johnny Mohun!" they called out. "It's a fine brave man you are, for sure! Is it butter you live on, that you're so fond of the churn?" And the gold and silver bells went tinkling again. Then they began to sing as they moved off:

"Good bye, Johnny, don't be rash! Don't forget us when you hear Molly lifting the churn-dash."

So away they went in fine good temper and full of fun, even though they were carrying a coffin. For the fairy nature is easily moved to laughing, to crying or to getting angry. And though the fairles can do kind, nice things when they are pleased, they are not much bothered like human people with thinking about what's right or what's wrong.

them and he was afraid not to. Well as it turned out, he did the best the Blessed Virgin?

as it turned out, he did the best thing.

Molly gave him a great welcome when he got home, late and all as it was, and even the baby wakened up and chuckled for him.

And when the story got known about the fairies, Johnny Mohun was a great man and for weeks the people round about came flocking to hear every word of it. And to day the story is still told, and any one can show you the very spot where it all happened.—Nora Twemlow in the Irish Monthly.

A Prayer in a Pillow.

A Prayer in a Pillow. One night the mother of two little girls was away at bedtime, and they were left to do as they would.
"I am not going to say my prayers to-night," said Lillian when she was

"I am not going to say my prayers
to-night," said Lillian when she was
ready for bed.
"Why, Lillian!" exclaimed Amy,
with round eyes of astonishment.
"I don't care; I am not going to.
There isn't ary use."
So she tumbled into bed, while Amy
knelt and prayed. The prayer finished
and the light extinguished, Amy crept
into hed. There was a long silence; and the light extinguished, All Clope into bed. There was a long silence; then Lillian began to turn restlessly, giving her pillow a vigorous thump and saying crossly: "I wonder what is the matter with this pillow?" Then

is the matter with this pillow?" Then came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of the bed: "I guess it's 'cause there isn't any prayer in it."

A few minutes more of restlessness, and Lillian slipped out of bed and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful, and the two girls slept.

Is there a prayer in your pillow when reas yet elected in girls? you go to sleep at night?

A Truthful Boy. How people do trust a truthful boy We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say. "I won der where he is; I wish I knew what he is doing; I wonder whom he is with; I wonder why he doesn't come home."
Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he does come home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be come every time he leaves the house be gone every time he leaves the house We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the make him "solemnly promise the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says, "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't," just once, that set tles it.—Robert Burdette.

ABBE KLEIN ON FERDINAND BRUNETIERE. In the Catholic World for April,

Abbe Felix Klein writes very in-terestingly about that celebrated French writer, Ferdinand Brunetiere, whose death last December was so universally deplored. For years this brilliant Frenchman was an avowed universally deplored to the control of religion of believer in those truths of religion of which the Catholic Church is the conwhich the Catholic Church is the Con-servator and teacher. But a visit to Rome and an interview with Pope Leo XIII. in IS94 seem to have been the initial impulse of a change which eventually brought him into the Church. On his return from Rome in February, the lid of the churn and in with him like a flash into it, with the lid on top of him. Then up came the little men with their coffie, and stopped at the churn and crowded round it.

There were about thirty of them, and they had clear shrill voices and ware talking in Irish like mad.

"Who's in this?" said they, making a great racket and hitting the sides of the churn.

"Who who would the churn said: "Oh who would the churn and crowded the churn. stranger, then for six or seven years as an ally, he henceforth looked upon as his mother, and showed himself, of all her sons, the most zealous in her de-fense, the most humble in her service. It was in this last touching attitude of submission that death overtook him.

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are new and very effective.

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THE MONTH OF MARY.

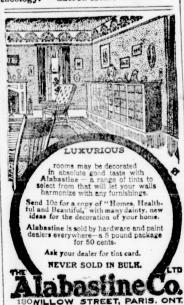
its fresh foilage and its green grass after stern frost and snow of winter and the raw atmosphere and the wild wind and rain of the early spring. It is be cause the blossoms are upon the trees and the flowers are in the gardens; it is because the days have got long and the sun rises early and sets late, for such gladness are fit attendants on our devotion to her who is the Mystical Rose and the House of Gold.

is the month of promise and of hope May is the month, if not of fulfilment to whom this month is dedicated?

Why is May called the month of

Mary and especially dedicated to her? Among other reasons there is this—that of the Church's year, the ecclesiastical of the Church's year, the ecclesiastical year, it is at once the most sacred and the festive and joyous portion. Who would wish February, March or April to be the month of Mary, considering that it is the time of fasting, too? Christmas itself does not last for a month, and January has indeed the joyous Epiphany, with its Sundays in succession, but these in most years are cut short by the urgent coming of Septuagesima.

Here, then, we have a reason why May is dedicated to the Blessed Mary. She is the first of creatures, the most acceptable child of God, the dearest and nearest to Him. It is fitting, then, that the month should be hers, in which we especially glory and rejoice in His great providence to us, in our redemption and sanctification in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.—Cardinal Newman.



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Why is May chosen as the month in which we exercise a special devotion to

The first reason is because it is the time when the earth bursts forth into

A man may say, "True, but in this climate we have sometimes a bleak, inclement May." This cannot be denied, but still so much is true that at least it is the manth of premier and the still so much is true that at least it at least of promise, and is not this the very aspect in which we most suitably regard the Blessed Virgia, Holy Mother,

" The New Theology." Says the True Voice: "Over in England the 'New Theology' origin England the New Theology originated by a former Congregational minis ter, is causing a great deal of discussion. The New Theology does not differ much from that brand of Protestant theology that has been popular among 'advanced' preachers in this country for the past ten years. It is a cross between Unitarianism and infidel-



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Catholics and the Public Press

"We have had frequent occasion to

call our readers' attention to the evils of the secular press, and to point out the dangers to faith and morals, and

public demands what the press is furnishing. If this be true, it is indeed a sad commentary on the condition of public mora's. The Catholic portion of the reading public, at least, should make it clearly understood to the panderers of moral filth, that it will have none of it."—Sacred Heart Review.

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DR. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS STREET London. Specialty—Surgery and X. Ray Work, Phone 510. the dangers to tath and morals, and especially to the morals of the young, that lurk within the pages of the ordinary daily paper," says the Rosary Magazine. "The newspapers defend their course on the ground that the public demands what the press is provided that the public demands what the press is provided to the property of the provided that the public demands what the press is provided to the provided that the public demands what the press is provided to the provided that the public demands the provided that the public demands the provided that the provided th

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ON, CANADA ANNAMAS S MARANES HARRAS M Writing from Rome, where he sc-journed for a while last month, Henry Watterson, Louisville's distinguished editor and lecturer, says: "No thoughtful man can look upon

the Church of Rome save with reverent respect. Nor can any such believe that its downfall would mend human conditions. But ever since the Ecum-enical Council revitalized the old feu dal standards, and applied new tests, the Vatican has changed the old lines

" Whilst the Church stands. Rome shall When the Church falls, Rome shall fall;

eaning by Rome unyielding Catho

flicity.

"The prelates of the Vatican, many of them great men and all of them great theologians, are quite one and whol y sinc re in the opinion that Pio wholy since re in the opinion that the None was right; and that in following in their footsteps the present Head of the Church is right; that Catholi ism has only to stand its ground, yielding not an inch or a rood; in a word, that innovation is not only hlasphemous, but impolitie. They point to the misadventures attending the Revised Scriptures. They point to the difficulties encountered by alll attempts to modify the Westminster Catechism. They point to the massive solidarity of the Roman hier

massive solidarity of the Roman hierarchy. It is not easy to meet and answer their contention, especially here in Rome itself, where the Vatican is so large and impressive, the Quirinal so unimposing, the Holy father so great a figure, the King such a small one.

"St. Peter's is a solar system no less than a Holy of Holies, emitting a radiance that circles round the globe and penetrates the darkest places. Venerable pile! No man can stand unmoved within its portals or go away without a sense of awe and exaltation!" Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

VIRTUE IS PEACE.

Be ours the blessing e er to know That of all things on earth below, Virtue alone will e'er repay Our efforts made to pass away. Our lives in beace o'ercome our care, Trials, hardships and stern.despair.

Virtue alone can sate the heart Which need at have full and frequent part In things not of this earth, but heaven, Whence all true joy and peace are given. Through life let's seek the golden goal And temporal peace eternal crown our soul,

These were the words of one of the world's greatest captains after con-quering, and when the vanquished came and laid down their arms at his feet: "Let us have peace," and he could have added, "You are broken and we are spent: the earth is strewn with the corpses of our brethren, land and sea are crimsoned with their blood: let us go back to our respective homes and firesides and strive to forget the horrors of war whilst tasting the sweets of peace; let us seek the work of de-struction and strive to build up anew our ruined fortunes. "Let us have peace." These words of the valiant Grant to the intrepid Lee spoken at end of the civil strife that stands as a blot on American history, are words that could be spoken with aimost equal force at the end of any war, for they be peak the remorse and the re-gret that war had ever occurred and betoken the resolution and the hope that it will never return, for man at his best wants no war; he seeks peace and ever pursues it, and often his re course to arms is but to ward off the enemies of his peace. War is of the eyil one; peace is of God. Satan showed his proclivity for war when he meditated rebellion against the Prince of Peace in the person of Christ the the first family of the human race, in-citing Cain to kill Abel. From that time to this there have been enmits and strife among men and amidst th nations, and whilst there may be some indulgence shown toward the belliger-ents in the time of the old law, because of insufficient light midst sin's prevail-ing darkness, there can be none for this the era of the new dispensation, illumined, as it has been by "the Sun of Justice, our Lord, the Light of the world."

In the time before Christ there was r waging somewhere all ost continu-y, but with His coming came peace to the world and this peace was to the world and this peace was to be shared in by all men of good-will. Thus were realized the words of the psalmist wherein he says, "Come and behold ye the works of the Lord: what wonders He hath done upon earth. Making wars to cease even to the ends of the earth." The temple of Janus, the god of war, was closed when Christ was horn to earth, and it was the inborn to earth, and it was the intention that it never be opened again by Christian hands. That peace and concord reign was to be the people's prayer among all Christian princes.

Arbitration was to take the place of war, and the Father of Christendom was to be the accepted arbiter of the nations. Behold the world as it might be, but see it as it was and is. War almost constantly. Bloody conflicts on every side have disgraced the ages. The world's history is written in blood. Every age shows us nation warring against nation, millions of men sacrificed to the vanity of proud and cruel rulers in the settling of their different to the settling of their different controls. ences. Nations impoverished by the expense of maintaining large standing armies in times of peace, and men de-based by their enforced idleness. To-day infernal machines mount hilltop and seacoast to do the work of destruc tion far and near; and floating for-tresses under the name of ships to anministe all that is within range of twenty miles of them. Thus war is brought to a fine art, and this in the boasted days of the world's best civilization and highest enlightenment. Thoughtful men stand aghast at the outlook and call the unthinking to their

concupiscences that war in their mem-bers, and the same is the rule, only on a larger scale, in the case of nations. It is anger, hatred and the rest of the seven deadly sins that are the causes of this deadly work on the body politic, and we must go to religion and the code of laws and morals established by Christ, its Founder, to find the cure for the world's ills, just as we find there the remedy for the evils of the individual man. The way of the trans gressor is hard. "O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments," speaks God to us by the voice of Isaias, His prophet. "Thy peace had been as a river and thy justice as the waves of the sea." As far as lies in you, says the apostle, have peace with all men. "Blessed are the peace-makers," said our Lord in His sermon on the mount, "for they shall be called the children of God." O for the spread of Christianity the world over through the spreading of the gospel of Christ, the evangel of peace!

Whilst this happy consummation cannot be hoped for among the nations, it can and should be more and more realized among the masses, and this will come to be realized the sooner when we find more individual men exemplified by their noble lives, for the world will in time be influenced by their character and shall adopt them as their leaders, and through them men will be led to Christianity, and to that peace which surpasses all understanding, peace with God, peace It is anger, hatred and the rest of the seven deadly sins that are the causes of

that peace which surpasses all under-standing, peace with God, peace with our neighbor, peace with our-selves. — B shop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE MEDITATIVE HOUR. WE ARE LOSING IT IN THIS RUSHING

By Janet Sherman

In the mad race that we call modern life, we ride rough-shod over the finer sensibilities, over the inward spiritual yearnings, over the deep mysteries of the human heart that would fain lead us "into the silence" now and again, for a brief space of self-communion. The march of progress is swift; the race is continuous, but is there no time to pause and listen for the rustle of an

angel's wing?
Steam and electricity have wrought marvelous changes in our social, com-mercial and industrial life as a nation, but not more so than in our individual existence. It no longer seems to be a question of how can we live the best and most profitable life spiritually, but of how we can crowd into life the greatest amount of worldly experience, of gratified ambitions, of the attainment of wealth and earthly power. It no longer seems to be a question of doing the best work of which we are capable but of accomplishing the largest amount of labor within a given time, regardless of labor within a given time, regardless of the consequences, physical, mental or spiritual. The machinery which is the result of man's invention flies swiftly at his command, and now he must keep pace with this new

pace maker.
Thus it has come to pass that the awful rush of modern life has influenced not only our physical being, and our mental powers, but its influence has entered into the innermost recesses of the human scul, and paralyzed spiritual development. Not only this, it is also deadening those sweet, sensitive traits that blossom and fruit only under peaceful conditions. It keeps us in such a state of haste and feverish anxiety, that love, kindness, sympathy, and the simplicity of true happiness are becoming as words without mean-ing belonging to an obsolete language. Thus we are being robbed of the joy the meditative hour which waters and

The Irishman sees everything through rose colored glasses, says a writer in the Guidon. He is supported, too, by a simple, sturdy faith, a spirit of resignation and unworldliness worthy of the

The dread blight had fallen on the The dread night had faithed on the fields in most of the district where we were visiting in Ireland, and the potato vines hung limp and brown. No word of complaint was spoken, and when the likelihood of famine was men-

tioned the answer came:
"Danger, ma'am? Yes, there is, indeed, but God is good. He'll find a

So, too, about the hay. The summer had been terribly wet, and for days the new mown hay had lain on the ground. It was an anxious time.
"What will you do," I said to Mike,
"if this weather keeps up? Your hay

will surely be ruined. "Oh, please God, it won't keep up," he answered. He'll send us a bright

day soon, just to see how well we'll use

"What a glorious night, Mikey!" I said to the boy, as he and I and the donkey drove home under the August

"A fine night, indeed, ma'am. Thanks be to God for giving it to us!"
They showed us, on the road to town, a gentleman's place where, in a stretch of what not long since had evidently been thickly wooded land, stood stump after stump of giant trees. Four or five years ago, when the winter was exceptionally long and cold, the peasants suffered from scarcity of peat. They hoped this landed proprietor to sell be to God for giving it to us!

begged this landed proprietor to sell them wood, offering not only to pay his price, but to fell the trees and carry them off. He refused.

them off. He refused.

Again and again they begged, for the suffering grew intense, but he would not let his land be marred. One night there came a wind so frightful that it seemed for a time as if the "big wind" were blowing again. In the morning the history and the proprietor's the highway along this proprietor's domain was impassable. Huge trees, Thoughtful men stand aghast at the outlook and call the unthinking to their senses and show them the crime and the folly of such refined barbarism.

Whence the cause, whither must we go to find a remedy? As in individuals, so in nations. The cause of wars and contentions between individuals are the

ma'am," I was told, "for, with all the wind, not a poor man's cot was harmed, nor another tree on the countryside, only those. God always looks after His poor."—Catholic Telegraph.

MORBID INTEREST IN CRIME.

The newspapers reported during the past week in great detail all that was said and done at the conclusion of a notorious murder trial in New York.

One would think that it was the one

One would think that it was the one thing most interesting to all the people of the country to know just how the attorneys for the defense and the prosecution treated the nauseous details of this degenerate's crime. Almost more sickening than this morbid interest in the criminal procedure was the news of the serious precattions that had to be taken to keen crowds from invading of the serious precautions that had to be taken to keep crowds from invading the courtroom and delaying or hampering the course of justice. One would think that a very large number of people had nothing to do but satisfy the pathological curiosity which prompts them to be on the spot in order to have at first hand all that is said about a crime and all that is done with rea crime and all that is done with regard to the criminal. This tendency to be interested in crime is one of the saddest features of our modern life. It shows that our people, or at least, a very large number of them, are essen-tially lacking in culture and real civilization. Culture means that the feelings are so refined that the ordinary barbarism of human nature has been cultivated out of the individual. The barbaric man delights in deeds of blood, in seeing others suffer and in inflicting pain. The modern man who reads mur-der trials and details of murder trials with avidity, may be too squeamish or cowardly to delight in the actual shed ding of blood, but he has all the barbarian's sense of pleasure at the con

emplation of it.

There is a very serious side to these sad manifestations of human nature. If such morbid tendencies are yielded to they grow in strength. Curiosity, instead of being satisfied, becomes more demanding. Morbid desire for the crude feelings awakened by deeds of crueity increases with each fresh indulgence in this degenerate form of pleasure. We may be one degree but pleasure. We may be one degree better than the Romans who looked at the gladiatorial shows and saw men kill one another, or be killed by wild beasts, while they gloated over the scene from their safe benches with delight, but if we continue to have served up for us every morning at breakfast, a series of dishes containing all the details of the scandalous cruelties of the day before, there will even be the chance that mere telling will not satisfy and that the actual deeds may have to be seen. This is not true for the generality of men, but it is for the weaker ones among our population, and undoubtedly many crimes are now less deterrent and ab-horrent to human nature because they have become familiar through reading about them. Familiarity begets con-tempt for such iniquities, and they

what we need at the present moment above all things in this country is a above all things in this country is a bridle to the license of the press. Liberty of the press is a boon. License of the press is the greatest social evil that we can have. Until an improve-ment comes fathers of Christian families should make every effort to prevent the coming into their homes of newspapers that give these nauseous details to-morrow every one who condemns them would only carry out this simple plan of refusing to read them or allow them to be read by their families, we would very soon have a number of respectable papers edited very carefully in this regard. It is only through his pocket that the manager of the ordinary news

REDROSETEA STRENGTH The flavory strength in the cup, obtained by blending Indian and Ceylon Teas, is the secret of Red Rose Tea's success. The proof is in the drinking-taste it for yourself. Ask your Grocer to send you a Package today

realize.-Catholic Union and Times.

Heaven on Earth.

Heaven on Earth.

A well-known priest had preached a sermon on the joys of heaven. A wealthy member of the church met him the next day, and said; "Father, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it is?"

"Ah," said the Father, "I am glad of the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a poor member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever. Her two child-

hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a poor member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever. Her two child-ren are sick in the other bed, and she has not got a bit of coal, or a stick of wood, or flour, or sugar, or any bread. Now, if you will go down town and buy ten dollars' worth of things, nice provisions, fuel, etc., and send them to her, and then go and say: 'My friend, I have brought you these provisions in the name of God,' you will see a gliimpse of heaven before you leave that little dwelling."—The Christian Family.

LONGBOAT'S COLORS.

SOMETHING ABOUT Y. M. C. A. WHICH RUNNER REPRESENTED IN BOSTON.

The feat of Longboat in winning the
Boston Marathon brings to our minds
the large place that the Young Men's
Christian Association fills in this coun-

try. That organization stands, not only for pure amateurism in athletics, but for intellectual and moral culture. It is the aim of the Y.M. C.A. to produce the perfect young man, sound in body, sane in mind, and pure in spirit. The general secretaries who have charge of each association are invari-ably men of culture and enthusiasm, and always they stand high in the estimation of the community they

The general secretary of the Victoria Y. M. C. A. was one of the first Canadians to purchase a Gourlay piano. Since it was bought the piano has been moved many times, and still is so satisfactory that recently when the Victoria Y. M. C. A. desired to purchase a new piano, he recommended a Gourlay. The board accepted the recommenda-

The board accepted the recommenda-tion in spite of the fact that nineteen other pianos were under consideration. Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leem-ing recently received the following letter, telling of the safe arrival of the instrument: "The piano arrived safe-ly a faw days since and we have just ly a few days since, and we have just had it set up. It stood the long, cold journey well, and is in splendid tune. Our directors are justly proud of it and think it away ahead of all competitions. nourishes the higher ideals, and which should be the heritage of every earnest man and woman.—Catholic Columbian.

IRELAND'S HOPEFUL CHILDREN.

IRELAND'S HOPEFUL CHILDREN. a serious evil that is doing even more Gourlay is not misplaced.

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INVENTION

scientific and hygienic principles by the simple means of which a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp. The minute blood vessels are gently stimulated to activity, thus allowing the food supply which can only be derived from the blood, to be carried to the hair roots, the effects of which are quickly seen in a healthy, vigorous growth of hair. There is no rubbing, and as no drugs or chemicals of whatsoever kind are employed there is nothing to cause irritation. It is only necessary to wear the Cap three or four minutes daily.

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL!

THE COMPANY'S GUARANTEE:

An EVANS VACUUM CAP will be sent you for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completly restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company of London, the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full, on demand without questions or comment, at any time during the trial neriod.

The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopaecia [loss of hair] stated that if a means could be de devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles [hair roots], without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

Dr. W. Moore, referring to the invention, says that the principle upon which the Evans Vacuum Cap is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable.

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OF CANADA

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent. (1½%) for the current quarter, being at the rate of six per cent. (6%) per annum on the capital stock of this bank, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the head office and at the branches on and after Thursday the 16th day of May next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th May, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
1907. D. M. Stewart, Gen. Mgr. Toronto, 30th March, 1907. London Branch-Opposite City Hall, F. E. KARN, Manager. London East Branch-635 Dundas St., W. J. HILL, Manager. 78 Branches throughout Canada.

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NEW BOOKS.

"The Question of Anglican Ordinations," by Abbot Gacquet, O. S. B., D. D. Published by the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. "Life of the Venerable Maria Diomira del Verbo Incarnato," translated by the Rev. E. Bononcini, D. D. LL.D., from the Italian of Casar Pini. Published by B. Herder 17 South Broadway, Sc. Louis, Mo. Price 90 cents.

DIED.

O'MEARA—At the Russell House, Ottawa on Monday, April 1st, Mary Ann McCarthy, relict of the late William O'Meara. Aged seventy five years. May her soul rest in peace. BREEN.—At Melancthon, on April 7th, 1907, Bridget McCue, wife of Patrick Breen, aged sixty-seven years. May her soul rest in peace!

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once for the following children: Two boys
8 years of age; two boys 6 years of age; three
boys 4 years of age; one girl 7 years of age;
two girls 4 years of age; two girls 2 years of
age. These are all healthy, nice looking children, and in a home where there are no other
children or where the family have grown up
one of them would be at present good company
and a little later on would prove useful to those
taking him or her. The adoption of one of
these children would prove its own present
reward. Applications received by William
O'Connor, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

[ISB-4] WANTED

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Insurance cost averages \$12 12 per year. Maintenance cost 61 cents per member. Ontario has a membership of \$3.90. 12 new courts have been organized during the past year in Ontario. Sick benefits paid and free consultation for Medical advice given in most courts. \$12 000 000, have been paid to widows and orphans of deceased brothers since the Order's inception. Ontario has received its share. Accumulated Benefit Fund, Reserve, in nine years \$1, 291,000.00.
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VOLUME XXIX

The Catholic P

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY

A LESSON FROM THE An exchange informs us

of the treasures of the Prote copal cathedral of New York nificently illuminated Bible of the monks of Cluny in t century." Little did they t monastic craftsmen, that this to their skill would, after the l turies, find its way into alien the manuscript, on which the such care and time, into which knows not the faith the them. But the fact may be those who believe D'Aubi, of Luther's " discovery " o This tale is frayed at the e is used now and then as a by those who cling with p sistency to any figment t anti-Catholic appearance. published the first Bible in t of the people is disproved b olic writers. Prior to L were versions not only in (in other European countrie Saxon Bibles of the eight centuries. But it boots lit in this well beaten path. mark, however, that the Bi of the guardianship of the been subjected to many and periences. It has been ar support the most absurd to sponsor a hundred and mutually destructive an irreconcilable. Divines ated this and that portion notoriety-seeking preache it in the pulpit as a t shafts of criticism. It h tered among the nations, ens, as if they could u pages burdened with flecting all moods, and every condition of life. scattered to the multipli that fain would render i Lord's prayer for uni Church, the witness of death and resurrection of guardian and interpreter tures and defends it a slaught of both liberal

> lief and to the convicti bold and self-sufficient THE CENTURIES-

Infidel. And the Churc

barrier to the tide of in

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Protestantism, which re

the Church, cannot chee

of her own children.

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one another to the unse

"The creed of Rome Not indeed an original it has a semblance of young people who utte poetasters of erotic certain novelists who phrases in honor of im as a first principle. Be going to give us in li science which, accordi ents, knows nothing o the grave? Or opini benignly upon the aber and have high soun moral turpitude? Or worn and yet it is eash of millions, giving the solation in a way not either science or pro lishing a kingdom any spirit of antago sovereignties. The produce the effects and endued with v dead nor outworn. in Paris, under the dividual evolved a cr supplant the Church cessful, he asked th rand. The astute of

> HEED THE VOIC IT

his shoulders and s

fied, rise again on t

all will be well."

Some Catholics, who have been and trouble to the Church youth can be entrue to their faith, to th lege. For our par boys coming from h phere, so far as fai not bracing, will sturdy Catholics i