

The Catholic Record.

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

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'TIS AN OLD TALE AND OFTEN TOLD.

At a dinner given some time ago in celebration of his seventieth birthday Mark Twain said:

"But I am seventy, seventy and would nestle in the chimney corner, and smoke my pipe, and read my book, and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection, and that when you in your turn shall arrive at pier No. 70 you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit and lay your course towards the sinking sun with a contented heart."

But it were a pity to enumber ourselves when we step aboard our waiting ship with luggage that may be subjected to heavy duties at the great clearing house. "Innocents abroad" may have to undergo a very critical examination. The author may advance in justification of his gross irreverence the plea of ignorance or lack of education. He may call attention to his youth and to the favor which his jokes found as an excuse for trailing in the dust things sacred in the eyes of many of his fellow-countrymen. But he is seventy now and should nestle in his chimney corner and read his book and re-write his chapters which seem to him to be of permanent value to the literature of laughter.

But he ought not to wax choleric on the Belgian administration of the Congo. For excitement is dangerous to the old, and wild writhing and tilting at windmills and agony of eyes and torturing of fingers does not befit a man of three-score years and ten. During his life he has known of persons unjustly condemned, and that should impel him to weigh in the scales of his experience the charges against the Belgians. But he weighs not: he talks and says nothing that has not been uttered by other calumniators. He has made himself a sewer through which flows the stream of vilification that spring from the English merchants and traders who have more regard for money and rubber than justice and humanity. In writing on the Congo he is about in the same predicament as when he edited an agricultural paper and told the subscribers "tarnips should never be pulled: it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree."

He knows, too, what happened to the Rev. Leonidas Smiley who had the jumping frog and the "yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail only just a short stump like a bannanner." That reverend gentleman was "bluffed," but a veteran like Mark Twain should not allow the outsider to beat him at the national game.

Then as Rev. Walter Shanley notes, the campaign of slander carried on by English merchants induced the king of Belgium to have a commission of investigation instituted. The commission formed of Swiss, Italian and Belgian publicists spent fifteen months in the investigation. Their report issued some time ago is loud in praise of what has been accomplished in the Congo in twenty-five years, and enumerates the schools, hospitals and orphanages which have contributed to the civilization of the Congo.

The Commission emphatically declares that there is no proof whatever of mutilation of the natives by whites: that mutilation is an old native custom.

FEDERATION—AGAIN.

Where are the plans for the Federation of our Catholic societies? When we broached the matter, about three years ago, we were assured that Federation would be realized in a few months. Last year some of our Bishops gave such an impetus to the movement that for a time we believed the goal was near at hand. To-day the plans are no longer visible and their framers, erstwhile so enthusiastic, are silent.

It seems to us that the laymen should take the initiative in this matter. In Canada there are men not unknown to fame and others whose sterling commonsense and energy are guarantees of success; and we are sure that any attempt on their part to weld us together and to enable us to exert our influence in a systematic manner would be endorsed by our spiritual chiefs. There is no need to waste time on discussion as to the utility of Federation. Its aims, which were outlined in these columns, are sufficient to disarm any opposition.

Suppose, then, we work instead of talking? A chain of societies from East to West, cemented together by the bond of concord, non-rival but an interchange of thought and aspiration, bent on showing that the church has a solution for every problem, and that we

are ready to encourage and support any worthy cause—that would make this year memorable in the Catholic annals of Canada.

The Catholic who takes no interest in his fellow-Catholics, who holds out no helping hand to those who are struggling for a living, is a poor and contemptible member of the household of the faith. The laity, as Bishop Hedley pointed out, are bound to interest themselves in the means of promoting God's glory, forwarding the interests of our Saviour's Passion, and saving the souls for whom He died. Some of us understand this; others do not. And those others are what are termed "snobs." They are distinguished by their indifference to Catholic interests. Society absorbs their time. Sometimes, on the strength of a passport of much money, they are allowed to enter its portals: more frequently, however, they hang on to its fringes content with invitations to "At Homes." The male "snob" is a munificent donor of sympathy just before elections. But as he sends his boys to the Y. M. C. A. we may be justified in saying that he sells what he seems to give. It may be, too, that he experiences a change of heart at regular intervals, and it may be that he is convinced of the efficacy of the policy of the sonorous phrase and of his ability to use poor deluded us as stepping-stones to fortune. Wind, however, as an organization diet is not nutritious. And the gentlemen who use us as whetstones to give an edge to political razors will discover ere long that we need the oil of sympathy and of consistent support.

Most of the questions, says Bishop Hedley, on which Catholic combination is required, do not admit of discussion. They are settled even in their details by principles of the Divine law, which it is the business of the Bishops of the Catholic church to interpret and to apply. It is the duty of all intelligent Catholics to make themselves acquainted with the decisions and pronouncements of the Sovereign Pontiff and of the Bishops on the practical questions of the day, and to put themselves in a position to take them up, not merely with sleepy acquiescence, but with knowledge and heartiness.

We believe that Federation would eliminate many a prejudice. We may pardon our non-Catholic friends for thinking that we are out of touch with the times, and that for several reasons. We permit public meetings to come and go without our attendance. We—be it due to apathy or to a "don't-care" policy—are not seen as often on public platforms as we should be. And we are not in this country on suffrage. Its liberty is ours and its prizes are not withheld from us. The past is dead. What of its bigotry? It were a pity to revile dead men or to deny them praise for their work in the up-building of Canada. The present is ours, and we should improve it by being anywhere and with any section of citizens, wherever there is question of contributing our quota to the betterment of the community. That way lies the good of the church. Let us keep our principles in sight all the time. It is all very well to have these speeches which are acclaimed by our brother members and described as "eloquent and powerful," but so far as the outer world is concerned—and upon it we should, and must, make an impression—they are meaningless and valueless.

Said Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte in a recent address:

A Catholic tried and found wanting in any field of public or private duty inflicts an injury on the honorable standing and salutary influence of the Catholic church in our country which no learning and eloquence in her defenders can repair. Our fellow-countrymen not of our faith believe that Catholics can be men of honor and patriotism when they see such men: unless we can show their eyes the wholesome and abundant fruit, we shall preach to deaf ears while we extol the tree that bears it.

The Liquor Power.

"The liquor power should be totally eliminated from American politics. The aims of the saloons are selfish; its methods are slimy and criminal. It thrives by despoiling men of their reason and firing their passions. Its fruits are the moral and physical wrecks of humanity that crowd our jails and poor-houses. In order to prosecute with fuller freedom its dire work, it seeks the control of politics, reduces them to its own level, and, if successful, chains in slavery to its chariot wheels the degraded commonwealth that allowed its triumph. The American patriot will never pollute his hands with the touch of an electoral ticket that shows the earmarks of the liquor dealer."—Archbishop Ireland.

THREE CENTURIES OF IRISH LITERATURE.

DR. HYDE AT ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO MONI.

The select audience which crowded St. Ignatius' College hall, San Francisco, on the afternoon of February 23, recalled to the spectator the appreciative crowds who attended the recent golden jubilee celebration of that institution. The students of the Collegiate course, their friends and the invited guests of the Jesuits had gathered to hear the President of the Gaelic League lecture upon the last three centuries of Irish Literature.

Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, through whose zeal and generosity the lecture was arranged, introduced Dr. Hyde to the members of the Jesuit order before the exercises, and occupied a seat on the stage during the lecture. The Alumni Association of the College formally welcomed the lecturer through their spokesman, Peter F. Dunne, who was introduced by the President of the association, Ex Judge Jeremiah P. Sullivan. The speaker and the auditors were also welcomed by Very Rev. John P. Frieden. A noteworthy feature of the occasion was the hearty and unceremonious manner in which the Jesuit Fathers welcomed all who attended the exercises; it was evidently the wish of the Jesuits to make every one feel at home during the afternoon, and they accomplished their intention admirably.

At the end of the lecture all were invited to shake hands with Dr. Hyde, and he failed to accept the invitation. St. Ignatius' College being in reality a University and empowered by the State to grant University degrees, Dr. Hyde realized that he ought to speak on that phase of Irish history which would be most appropriate under the circumstances. Therefore, he chose to speak upon the Irish literature of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Of that period he said in part:

"A consideration of the last three centuries of Irish literature becomes of more importance to us at the present moment than it ever was before. Up to the present time our literature was regarded merely from an archaeological or, at best, from only an academic standpoint. Consequently, the last three centuries of it have been too much disregarded because they were not antique. Now, however, we begin to see that the literature of the past is of more immediate and practical importance to us in our movement than even its oldest literature, because we want to make the literature which we are now producing a national continuation of it, and the nearer it is in time and spirit to ourselves the better we can assimilate it and understand it."

"The moment an English reader embarks on the sea of the older Irish literature he finds himself in absolutely unknown waters. It is not merely the style, the phraseology, the terms of speech, the entire poetical and metrical system, are unlike English as though they were Hebrew or Arabic, but its allusions are to things and times, and events and dynasties and cycles strange and unknown to him, and he thus suddenly finds himself launched into a new world whose existence was by him before perfectly unsuspected. In fact, an Englishman learning our language and embarking upon our literature might nearly as soon find himself in Russia."

"This lends to Irish literature a peculiar value and a great enchantment, for its fibers were twined deep in the soil of Ireland, knit close to the ancient history, mythology, topography and romance of the island. Upon the other hand, in the literature which we are with such success creating to-day, things are much easier for the student. It deals with conditions of life, general, local, topographical, racial, and so forth, with which he is familiar, and almost the only difficulty to be overcome is the language itself, and the branches of the Gaelic League are engaged in overcoming it."

"It was with Molynaux, born in Dublin, son of a Cromwellian, that English literature first became a power in Ireland. He was the forerunner of the Swifts, Grattans and Floods, who in the eighteenth century, dwarfed for the first time in Ireland, dwarfed for the first time in the world, the Gaelic race. Under the conditions of that age, since all the best Gaelic families of the four provinces, in whom lay the educated brain of the nation, had been rooted out, slain, or banished, and all those who were left were deprived by law of almost every chance of bettering themselves, and had their life possibilities stifled at the birth by being deprived of education. Hence, as the eighteenth century—filled for our nation with pain and shame, agony and degradation—dragged itself slowly through, all eyes were fixed on our brilliant Swifts, Grattans and Floods, on Charlemont and his volunteers, and on our House in College Green, while the Gaelic race seemed to be almost effaced from the earth. But it was not so. During all this time the dwarfed, unnoticed, unheeded Gael, the bone and sinew of the Irish nation, the fathers of those men who outside of Northeast Ulster to-day are the Irish nation, had a system of education of their own, a large if furtively produced literature, and a race of poets, who, in one thing at least—in the extreme delicacy of their ear, and in the rhythm and music of their language—surpassed even the palmist days of their predecessors, and produced the most sensuous attempt at conveying music in language that the world probably ever witnessed."

"We find in the first half of the seventeenth century the Irish, handicapped as they were, making strenuous efforts to keep abreast of the rest in Europe in

science and literature. This was the half century that produced in rapid succession Jeffrey Keating, the four or perhaps six masters, and Duall Mac Firlis, by far the greatest prose writers of their day—men of whom any age or any country might justly be proud—men who amidst the war, rapine and conflagration that stalked through the island at the heels of the English soldiers still strove to save, and did save from the general wreck, those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions and history, in the eyes of every scholar in Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a writer, was the greatest. He is a literary man, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian in one. It shows how little we know about our own literature when I say that anti-Father McErlcan published our one thousand six hundred lines of Keating's poetry for the Gaelic League, no one who has written to Ireland knew that he had composed more than a couple of sheet poems. Born in Tipperary, not of Gaelic race at all, but of an ancient Norman family, as he takes care to inform us, he was at an early age sent abroad to be educated for the priesthood. There in a foreign cloister his young heart was rent with the accounts of English robbery, plunder and confiscation, as a chieftain after chieftain were driven from their homes and patrimony, and compelled to find shelter and asylum from the magnanimous Spaniard."

"The bardic schools were in existence as far back as we have any means of tracing our literature, and they lasted, though with ever-diminishing prestige, until the close of the seventeenth century, and in them most of the poets of the century were reared. Even Keating frequented them, and wrote beautiful verses in the bardic meters, though he was one of the first to eventually break loose from their fetters."

"The speaker viewed Irish books and writers of the three centuries so as to give some idea of the more salient characteristics of their prose and poetry—a literature produced almost fortuitively, in the teeth of nearly overwhelming difficulties. In conclusion Dr. Hyde said: "Understand well that if the effects of the Gaelic League fail, we shall be driven to hear the awful words 'Too late.' For if we neglect to preserve now for the Ireland of the future, the most interesting and valuable portion of our race heritage, generations yet to come shall curse our selfishness."

LENTE PASTORAL LETTER.

MICHAEL FRANCIS, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

To all the Faithful, Clergy and Laity, of the Archdiocese, Health and Benediction.

Dear Beloved in Christ:

It is now two years since we addressed to you a Lenten Pastoral Letter, having been absent from the country this time last year on a visit to Rome in connection with the reception of the pallium. We need not here refer at any length to the great event of the elevation of the Diocese of St. John's to the dignity of an ARCHBISHOPAL SEE.

The institution of the ecclesiastical province of Newfoundland; the nomination of St. John's as the Metropolitan See of the New Province, and all the great ceremonies and festivities connected with the conferring of the pallium. All these have been fully dwelt upon and explained in the Pastoral issued by us at the time. The celebration of that memorable occasion is fresh in the minds of all. The event is one which marks a great epoch in our church history, and the memory of it will be handed down to posterity, by the erection of a memorial window to be placed in the centre of the grand facade of the cathedral.

On our return from Rome we spoke to you of the kindly and sympathetic reception given us by our Holy Father, POPE PIUS X, whom it was our happiness to see then for the first time, and we gave you, as commissioned by His Holiness, his Apostolic blessing. This was repeated during the summer in all the ports and harbors at which we made our diocesan visitation.

It is our duty, dear people, at the opening of the HOLY LENTEN SEASON to call upon all members of our flock to avail of the graces and spiritual aids which our Holy Mother Church holds out to you at this time of prayer, fasting, and penitential works. In order to procure the greatest amount of spiritual grace and comfort, to make the strongest and most lasting resolutions of amendment, one of the very best methods is to make a review of the past year, to look closely into our past lives and see in what sort of manner we have spent the year that has gone over our heads since the last Lenten season. We must begin by remembering and bringing home closely to our hearts and consciences the words of Holy Job: "Behold, short years pass away, and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return." (xvi. 23.)

There is one truth which comes home to each of us in a manner so forcible that it cannot be denied, even by the most callous and unreflecting, it is that three years are flying swiftly from us, and

that those which have gone can never be recalled—they are gone irrevocably. How have we spent them? Have we wasted them by idleness and frivolity? Have we, worse still, prostituted and desecrated them by vice and sin? The consideration of the past years will not avail to recall them, but it may help us to amend our ways for the future.

It is for each individual soul to examine into the recesses of its own conscience. The salvation of each soul is a personal work. Almighty God will demand of each one of you on the last day an account of your administration of that sacred trust which He has confided to you—your immortal soul. "Keep therefore, your souls carefully" (Duet. iv. 15.) As for us, pastor of souls, we have, indeed, a great responsibility. It is our duty to "preach of the word . . . in season and out of season; to reprove, entreat, rebuke." (2 Tim. iv. 2.) Nevertheless, unless you yourselves determine, individually, to mould your lives, to give up vice, and live a life of sobriety and purity—all our preaching will be in vain.

In looking over the Pastoral letters written, not only by us, but by our predecessors in the episcopate for the past half century, we find that they have never ceased to follow the instructions of the Apostle: "In season and out of season have they and we," reprove, entreat, rebuke." (2 Tim. iv. 2.) The public vices and crimes of the wayward, and the burden of our words has always been turned upon the same string—impurities, drunkenness, blasphemy, thieving. Even as the Apostle in the early days of the church cried out, "Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and impurities; not in contention and envy" (Rom. xiii. 13). In a lengthy letter to Rome as far back as 1851 he writes as follows: "The people in general . . . have no vice except that common to all sailors. Of swearing by the Holy Name, and sometimes of drinking to excess of spirituous liquors. They live honestly and chastely, and in St. John's, where there are some twenty thousand inhabitants, and often as many as two thousand in the city, there is not one abandoned female publicly known!" Can this testimony be borne with truth of the present state of morality among us? Alas! We fear not. In fact we know it is not so, for we have in our possession a list of immoral houses in the town, and the names of those who have been found by public officials, frequently, to be guilty of the same offence. It is true that a small allowance must be made for the change that has occurred in our affairs since that time. We are paying dearly for what is called

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION. Our population has nearly doubled since then. Our wealth and means of procuring luxuries have also immensely increased. The great Genius of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has stretched forth its gigantic tentacle and drawn us into its poisonous embrace. It has indeed held out to us all the allurements, the electuaries of modern luxury and comfort, but they are unfortunately tainted with the fatal virus of Report of a voluptuous epicureanism of present day society. Hence we find a relaxing of the bonds of Christian morality; a blunting of the sense of honesty; a sentiment of lawlessness and recklessness among the rising generation, and an excessive and altogether inordinate love of pleasures, and sports and amusements of all kinds.

We must also make due allowance for the false and inflated matter in which OUR PUBLIC PRESS, and reiterates exaggerated, distorts and reiterates every event which may in any manner tend to degrade and cast a slur upon our social and national character. The smallest and most insignificant disturbances which occur in the sums or back lanes of our city, and under the darkness of night when all respectable citizens are peacefully at home and at rest, are dragged into the glaring light of publicity, are dressed in the most lurid and prurient language, the most loathsome details dwelt on with a gloating satisfaction almost satanic in its ghouliness, each event is repeated in each one of our numerous daily papers, and oftentimes more than once in the same paper. And these vile and un-Christian papers are received into our Christian households, and placed in the hands of our innocent children. They are filed on the tables of our clubs and reading rooms. Is it to be wondered at that the pure and simple minds of our rising generation are become contaminated and depraved by the perusal of such reading matter, thus daily filtered into their minds and hearts? Is it not a sad thing that the press, one of the noblest and most glorious inventions that has brightened the face of the world, that powerful instrument which should be the handmaid of church and state; the upholder of the law and order; the beacon of honor, honesty and morality, should, through the device of human nature, become the disseminator of an evil influence and corrupt sentiment, debasing to a man and a Christian!

It is fully time that some move should be made to apply an antidote to this moral poison—some step taken either by the churches, the public clubs and institutions, or by private families, or by all combined, to show that our people do not desire such foul literature, and will no longer tolerate it. But, allowing a large discount on the extravagant and highly-colored newspaper accounts, we must confess that there is still

TOO MUCH CRIME

and disorder among us. It is unhappily true that there are some (we will not say many) among our people and our

flock who secretly stain the purity of their lives—men who have before the altar of God solemnly pledged their troth in the holy sacrament of Marriage, who, by entering the sacred arena of matrimonial life, have, in a certain sense, consecrated their bodies to the virtue of conjugal chastity; who have sealed by a more solemn oath the pledge and compact of fidelity to the chosen spouse whom they have led to the altar, to whom they have sworn to be faithful "till death do them part," and yet who, forgetting all those sacred ties, go forth from the sanctuary of the Christian home, and by crimes, which cannot be characterized as otherwise than brutal and dishonorable, prostitute the chastity of the nuptial thalamus. There are those, we are sorry to say, who hold a high head and shameless face before the world, who occupy respectable and respected places in our community, who pass as faithful husbands and model citizens, and yet who, if at this moment the veil were drawn from their private lives—if we were to reveal their names as forwarded to us—would be obliged to bury their heads in shame, or to fly from the gaze of their fellow-men. If so, then, how are they to face the judgment of God, and the exposure, on the great day, of all their crimes before the whole world? Let them hearken to this word of warning, and neglect not this holy season of penance. "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Let them look into their hidden souls; accuse themselves of their wicked lives, and presenting themselves at the tribunal of penance, receive the purifying waters of the holy sacrament, which can blot out their sins, were they as numerous as the sands of the sea, and wash their souls as white as snow, were they as red as scarlet. "And if they be as red as crimson, they shall be white as wool" (Isai. i. 18)

Now, as to the vice of DRUNKENNESS. In this matter, too, the caterers to the daily press use all the ingenuity of exaggeration and distortion, to degrade and blast the good name of our people—their own fellow-countrymen. The few cases of riot and disturbance which occur in our streets at night are reported and repeated from one paper to another, so that to the outside reader who knows not the names or places described, each case becomes multiplied three or four times.

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CATHOLIC NOTES.

Bishop Bleck, who has been appointed to succeed Archbishop Chapelle in the metropolitan see of New Orleans, is a native of that city, where he was born fifty years ago.

Cardinal Gibbons received a letter of congratulation from the Pope on March 20, on the centennial of the cathedral. The communication will be given a prominent part in the opening ceremonies of the anniversary next month.

Probate Judge Daman of Napoleon and Miss Uellie Brown, court stenographer of Putnam county and also of Napoleon, were married in Chicago last week by Rev. D. F. McGuire, pastor of the Church of the Visitation on Garfield boulevard. The judge is the son of a Lutheran minister and the bride's Catholic religion was the cause of family objections, but instead of riding away and musing hereafter on "what might have been," the judge clinched the matter by a Catholic marriage, and it is to be hoped they will live happy ever after.

The following account of an interesting conversion is published in the Mexican Herald: "On Sunday, Sept. 10, Archbishop Kidoll, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, received into the Catholic Church, Mrs. Elizabeth Maria de Lavioire, a young American lady, highly related by family ties, and heretofore a member of the Lutheran Church. After abjuring all heretical beliefs, she received baptism, confirmation and the Holy Eucharist. The ceremonial was imposing and made an impression on all present. The church of the Salesians, where this took place, was full of friends and acquaintances of the neophyte.

The Congregation of the Propaganda has lately endeavored to compute the exact number of Catholics. They amount to about 230,000,000, we are told, and they are thus distributed among the different nations of the world: Italy numbers 30,000,000; Austria Hungary 36,000,000; France 38,000,000; Germany 22,000,000; Russia 14,000,000; Spain and Portugal 19,000,000; Belgium and Holland 6,000,000; Switzerland and Turkey 2,000,000; Northern Africa 4,000,000; other parts of Africa 2,000,000; United States of America 30,000,000; Central and South America 30,000,000; Asia 2,000,000; other parts of the world 10,000,000.—The Missionary.

Prince Rainer of Bourbon, son of the claimant to the throne of Naples and nephew of the late King of the Two Sicilies, has joined the Order of Jesuits and entered upon his novitiate. He is a brother of the Infant Charles of Spain, and, like him, received his education in Spain, being brought up, in fact, at the expense and under the direction of the Queen Mother, Christiana, who has been extremely kind to all the many children of the Count of Caserta, the title by which the Neapolitan pretender is known to most of his American friends, and acquaintances at Cannes. Prince Rainer is now twenty three years of age, holds a commission as a cavalry officer in the Spanish army, and has experienced an immense amount of difficulty in persuading his parents and relatives to permit him to join the Order of the Jesuits.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XIX.

OUR PRITTY COMMISSIONERS.

The red men had attacked us, and they had been driven back. Above the bastions of Fort Pontchartrain the fleur-de-lis still waved, and the little colony of Le Detroit, far from being annihilated, was already planning to extend its boundaries.

It is true Mesdames Cadillac and De Tonty and the Chateaux of Chateaugay, left without shelter to spend the winter in huts scarce better than the lodges of our Huron neighbors; but this they endured without complaint. Our Sieur designed to build in the spring a manor more imposing than the first; De Tonty too was to erect a larger house, and the new church and residence for Frere Constantine were to be upon a more extensive scale than the structures that had been destroyed.

One afternoon at the beginning of the Moon of Beavers, while on a stroll through the settlement, I chanced to find myself upon a secluded path that lay behind the storehouses, which were already rebuilt in a temporary fashion.

As I passed a cabin that had remained a ruin since the fire, I noted there was water in the cellar and, peering into the stagnant pool, caught a glimpse of a furry object which I took to be the yellow gray breast of a wolf.

"It is a welp, I will take it as a present for Miladi Barbe; if an old one, still I will take it alive if possible," I soliloquized, as rapidly as well as I entered the cellar. "Twas as well to be on guard against a sudden spring from the creature, should it prove so ferocious as to be unmanageable otherwise."

Ha, ha, ha, it moves me to mirth to think of the adventure, and of the jest upon myself. The furry animal stirred not, and concluding it must be dead, I poked it with the end of my blade. Chat, how I had been fooled! Miladi would not have for a plaything a cub of this breed; it was not a thing of flesh and blood at all that I fished out of the water on the point of my sword.

It was a beaver skin, and bore the mark of the company, together with the number 223. I found another also, like to the first. They were not spoiled by the water, and the discovery of them in so strange a place convinced me that the storehouse had been robbed.

Accordingly I availed myself of a pretext to go there, and quietly made an examination. The result was—I reported the matter to our Sieur.

"It is as I anticipated," he said, to my surprise, and presently proceeded to give me further instructions.

The river being still open and free of ice save at the margins, that evening, with Jollicour and two other soldiers, I crossed it in a canoe. The night was dark, and the paddles of our Indian boatman scarce made a sound as our craft of cedar bark shot swiftly across in silence, yet the savages, ever on the watch, knew of our coming ere we stepped ashore, and at the entrance to their village we were met by the chief Quarante Sols, in a quarrelsome mood.

"If you are come upon a peace errand, where is your necklace of wampum?" he demanded sullenly.

"Quarante Sols," I said with sternness, "you know the French have no need to give branches of porcelain as pledges that they mean to keep faith. It is only the false Indian who must give them, else will not be believed. The word of our Father Monsieur de Cadillac is worth many branches of porcelain, and as binding as any necklace. When I tell you, in his name, we are come with no evil intent to you, this should suffice. If you seek to prevent us from carrying out the orders of our Father Monsieur de Cadillac, he will think you have a part in the crime he would unlearn, and you will share the punishment of the other wrongdoers."

The warning had its effect; the attitude of Quarante Sols from defiance, nay, even menace, changed to a sullen acquiescence. All the braves of the village had gathered about him, glowing upon us in a manner that argued that we might resign ourselves to a speedy despatch to the better world if the chief gave the sign to his followers.

Afterwards Jollicour avowed that my boldness had much to do with saving us; but I scarce thought of our danger, being intent on the mission on which we were sent.

Waving back his warriors with the majesty of a prince, Quarante Sols now asked in a more conciliatory tone what we would have of him.

I explained our errand. "Chief of the Swan's Quill, you who send the words of my Father Monsieur de Cadillac across the sea," he made answer, "neither Quarante Sols nor his people have to do with this wrong whereof you speak. They will not cross the will of their Father. Go, do his bidding in the matter."

concealed by the commissioners Arnaud and Nolan. "They are most audacious; I did not expect so much from there," he exclaimed. "In truth, Normand, after you were gone, I regretted sending you upon so hazardous an expedition."

"Too, I had no fear of the Indians," I cried. "I have never done aught against them, and have been much among them with Frere Constantine. Moreover, do they not always hold in respect those who maintain toward them a confident bearing?"

La Mothe sighed. "Sometimes I think the good Recollect over rash," he said musingly. "It is not always safe even for a saint to thrust his head into the lion's jaws."

Who would injure Monsieur de Halle? I protested lightly. "Why, the fiercest warriors become with him as docile as children; and he is as devoted to the interests of his savage neophyte as to the French at the fort. But as to these dishonest commissioners surely they will need all their influence with the powers that be when their penitentials become known!"

My brother laughed sardonically. "This is by no means the limit of their stealings," he declared. "They have defrauded the company of furs to the value of fourteen thousand francs. They have relatives among the directors of the company, but this fact shall not save them. It is my duty to report the matter to Ville Marie and to demand their recall. To-morrow morning you shall write out the letters according to my dictation."

After much delay, Arnaud and Nolan were summoned to Montreal, and Radisson was instructed to follow them upon the arrival of the successors of the three.

The Moon of Flowers was come. My sister Madame Cadillac with her young son Jacques and the little infant Therese, born in the Moon of Snows, was to go to Quebec upon a visit to her older daughters at the Ursulines. The Chateaux of Chateaugay was, of course, to accompany her. But ere they left for the St. Lawrence, Miladi Barbe, perchance for old time's sake, went amaying with me upon the prairie of Le Detroit.

Never were the waters of the strait so fair a blue as upon that morning. From the woods came the fragrance of the wild honeysuckle, the arbutus, and fleur-de-lis; the green banks of the river were dotted with violets and boutons d'or (buttercups); the skies were azure, and here and there across their azure meadows strayed fleecy white clouds, like flocks of sheep driven by the gentle shepherdess the South Wind, with a sunbeam for her crook.

The prairie was gay with the songs of the meadow-lark and the robin, the brown thrush and the bobolink. The wild pigeons of the woods were so numerous that any evening after sunset I could have knocked hundreds of them off the low branches of the trees with the back of my blade; the wild geese returning from the south flew so low over the settlement that their notes could be distinctly heard. The deer too ventured from their haunts in the depths of the forest, to gaze at us in gentle wonder.

Ah, that day of days, when I sought to beguile the time for Miladi by tales of Indian romance, I had learned at Michilimackinac!

Barbe was in a gay and captivating mood. Nevertheless, perchance because of Ishkodah, she lent but an inattentive ear to my description of the beauty of dusky maidens, and was bent upon bantering me anew my old fancy for her friend Madeleine de Vercheres, who was still unwed.

This I relished not, and abandoning the jesting themes, I fell into an earnest tone. But scarce! at this moment, who should cross our path but Duques? In his hand he swung a spray of budding eglantine which he must needs present to the young Chateaux of Chateaugay with many compliments, the which she, capricious beauty, made no attempt to cut short.

The sundial records only sunlit hours. Miladi Barbe and Madame Cadillac went to Quebec. From the hand late the forest of the Chat can St. Louis had read darker days for our Sieur, and they were fast approaching.

By the first summer convoy from Montreal came the company's three new commissioners. To my surprise, Monsieur de Radisson was not at the landing-place of the canoes to greet these officials, but at the request of De la Mothe, I went thither to extend to them the civilities of the Commandant.

As their chief stepped ashore, so ludicrous was his appearance, I with difficulty preserved my gravity, being near to laughing in his face. He was a slight, effeminate-looking man, attired in the height of the fashion as they know it in New France; his eyebrows were of a reddish color, and I surmised that beneath his fine peruke was a plentiful shock of lousy hair. He had not spoken many words, however, ere I judged that under his drawing tone there lurked a shrewdness like to let no chance escape which might be turned to his own advantage, and his sharp ferret eyes lost nothing of what took place around him. These last observations I made a little later.

As he came up the beach, I met him with a courteous salutation. "Monsieur de Cadillac to Noyer?" I said; and for my life I could not help that into my voice crept a note of interrogation, so amusing was his self-satisfaction and conceit, as though the whole world must at a glance know him to be some great personage.

"Yes, of course I am Monsieur le Noyer," he replied. "But," he stopped short, looked me over from head to foot, and then added insolently, "But who, may I ask, are you, monsieur?"

"I am a gentleman, deputed by Monsieur de Cadillac to receive a gentleman who was expected by this convoy. If no gentleman has arrived, I am released from my commission," I answered with haughtiness.

"Eh bien, I am Monsieur le Noyer, the chief commissioner for Le Detroit; and since I bring letters to your Commandant, Monsieur de la Mothe, I trust I may have the pleasure of meeting him as soon as may be."

"The Sieur Cadillac has requested me to invite you to breakfast," I replied with more amenity. "Permit me to conduct you to the manor, some rooms of which are ready for occupancy."

The little man concluded to unbend a degree of his dignity. Doubtless in his self-complacency, he had expected my brother to be on the strand to welcome him; but the hospitable invitation of our Sieur restored his good humor for the time.

Monsieur de Cadillac received him with much courtesy in the salon of the manor, where upon a table laid with snowy damask and sun silver plate as had been saved from the fire were set forth the best of meats, and bread and wine that the post afforded.

Monsieur le Noyer presented his letters, and then De la Mothe, after an interchange of compliments with the stranger, said, glancing at the bulky proportions of the packet he still held in his hand—

"I ask your pardon, Monsieur le Noyer; I am a prompt man by nature and by habit. In this packet no doubt are instructions that require immediate consideration. You will hold me excused if I withdraw to read these documents. Monsieur Gayon will ably fill the role of dispenser of the best hospitality my poor house affords. An revoir. Were it not that I must give my attention to the letters, I should ask no greater pleasure than to spend the remainder of the day in listening to your news of the doings in Montreal, and making inquiry for my friends in that good town of the King."

Therewith he retired to examine the budget.

Whether Le Noyer had assumed the breakfast to be a formal feast prepared in his honor, to which all the gentlemen of the post would be invited, I do not know. At all events, though I strove to my utmost to play well the part of entertainer which was assigned me, the guest grew sullen and silent. Yet his ill-humor in no way interfered with his relish of the viands, or so it seemed.

I ate more sparingly, but was ready to let gohen out the repast, esteeming it easier to cater to the palate of the guest than to divert him with conversation.

Within the hour our Sieur returned. We were just risen from the table, and Monsieur le Noyer had gone to a window and was looking out upon the river, that lay, a fair expanse of blue and silver, shining in the sunlight of this perfect day in June.

"Monsieur le Commissaire," began Cadillac, in his courtliest tone, "I dare say you are eager to be about the affairs of the company. I will not detain you from them, therefore. Be assured you shall have all the protection you may need from me as Commandant of this post, in the discharge of your duties. I would advise you to execute as quietly as possible any order where-with you may be charged. Monsieur Gayon will give you whatever information you require regarding our treatment of the savages."

"Thanks, Monsieur le Commandant," returned his guest with ill-concealed impatience. "I have need to ask no information, save to be shown the way to the house of the retiring commissioner. I marvel he has not come to greet me."

"Of Monsieur Radisson's acts I can make no explanation, not being on terms of amity with him. I am sure, however, that Monsieur Gayon will be happy to conduct you to his house."

My brother glanced at me, a flash of amusement in his eye, for he knew I would be gladly rid of the duty of host. "Monsieur," I said, turning to his guest with a grave bow, "I shall be pleased to do you a service."

Accordingly we went out together, and down the street of Ste. Anne, toward the dwelling of Monsieur de Radisson.

"I presume my predecessor in office is ready to deliver over to me at once the keys of the company's storehouse," remarked the little commissioner pompously, as we proceeded; despite his announcement that he wanted to be told nothing, here he was immediately questioning me.

From his manner one would have thought he had been appointed Commandant of Le Detroit, at least, and I laughed in my sleeve as I answered—

"No doubt Monsieur Radisson is prepared to give into your hands whatever insignia of office he may possess. It may be well for you to understand before meeting him that the storehouses have keys indeed, yet they are never locked, excepting only the cellars, where are stored the casks of brandy, treated in tin casks, nor caskets, nor even upon the doors of the buildings; neither has a guard been placed there. They would consider such locks or seals an infringement upon the liberty which is so precious among these nations."

broke out Le Noyer, clapping me on the shoulder, and shouting hilariously, as though he found in my words much wit. "I have heard, Monsieur Gayon, never found. The boys begin to joke me about it, and they kept it up until last I was so sick of hearing 'Newfoundland dog' that I wouldn't have had one as a gift."

"One night—I was just a clerk in the post office then—when I was distributing the mail I found five letters in it for myself. I had never had so many before. Charlie Stone, who was postmaster then, saw them and smiled. 'You've got a heavy mail, to-night, George,' said he, and I heard Jim Sneaker and the other fellows sniggering daker and the other fellows sniggering outside. I opened one of the letters. It was dated New York and it ran something like this—

"Dear Sir:—I saw your advertisement in the Herald. I have got seven as fine Newfoundland pups as you ever saw. Say the word and I will ship them. Price for the litter \$100."

"Saw my advertisement in the Herald," said I to myself. "What can he mean. It must be the letter was intended for someone else." I opened the other four. No, they were all evidently meant for me. They were all about like the first, and they offered me from two to a dozen pups each. Meantime the boys had been watching me through the window, and when I heard that they all broke into a laugh. I knew they must be at the bottom of the joke, but I pretended not to notice their hilarity. As soon as they were out of the way, however, I took a Herald out of someone's box, and waded through the want columns. At last my eyes rested upon this announcement: (And here the postmaster got down his scrap-book and showed me a yellow clipping in it that read:—

"Wanted—Seven Newfoundland pups, price no object. Address George Andrews, Sellersville, N. Y."

"Then I saw it all. I know some of those boys had gone to the expense of that advertisement simply to worry me. I made up my mind not to be worried. But the next day brought a larger number of letters, and the next morning yet. For a week the current kept up, and at one time I found I was receiving nearly half the mail of the office. Let us see the far West, offering me Newfoundland dogs at prices ranging from \$15 to \$125 each. Several correspondents said they had no Newfoundland dogs, but could sell me terriers, bulldogs, poodles and what not. Then came a grist of circulars and letters about dog food, dog collars, chains, flea powder and a hundred things of that kind."

"At the end of the month, when I made out the money order report to send to Washington, I saw where Jim Sneaker had bought a money order for \$1.50 in favor of the New York Herald. This confirmed my suspicion, but I said nothing to Jim, as the thing had by that time blown over."

"In a day or two, however, I received a telegram from some dog fancier in New Jersey, saying that having seen my advertisement he had sent me by express seven young Newfoundland dogs, price \$150 e. o. d. It never occurred to me that young Rogers had gone from our neighborhood down to New Jersey to teach school, and that Sneaker had probably prompted him to send the telegram. The telegram worried me nearly to death. 'What am I going to do with seven Newfoundland pups?' I kept asking myself. I canvassed the town and neighboring country to see if I couldn't find some one who would take the other six, for I had concluded to keep one. After much work I induced Jim Sneaker, Abe Short and some of the other boys to agree to take five of them. I had them sign a paper to that effect, just as a memorandum. They didn't hesitate, for they knew the telegram was fictitious. Several days passed and my dogs didn't come. I began to worry about their being fed on the way, and I pictured to myself the arrival of a crate full of dead dogs."

"While I was in this state of suspense—with the boys all making life miserable for me—I received another contribution to the subject of dogs, from Rochester. It was from a young lady there by the name of Baker, whose father had been very fond of Newfoundland dogs. He had recently died and she found herself in possession of six fine pups which were a nuisance to her. She had tried to give them away, but none of her acquaintances wanted the bother of a dog in the city. Finally someone remembered having read my advertisement, and gave her my address. If I wanted the dogs she would be glad to present to me, she said. I telegraphed her to have them shipped to me at once, and in turn I began now to chuckle under my breath at the other fellows."

"The next day the pups arrived, and I sent word to Jim and the other fellows that I was ready to fill my part of our contract. Pretty soon Jim came into the post office and asked me what I meant. He thought it was a joke of mine. But no, there were the dogs still in the crate, as frisky and handsome little fellows as you ever saw."

"There was no way out of it. Jim had to take his dog and pay for it, and the other fellows followed suit. I let 'em off for \$10 apiece, which made \$50 out of the deal, with my dog into the bargain. This turned the laugh on them, and for a while I had the advantage."

"But one day they got that confounded joker, Andy Smith, the printer, to print five hundred postal cards and address them to newspapers all over the country, inquiring how much they would charge me to run an advertisement of my alleged patent dog-churn. As a result mail came pouring in upon me again, and the stream kept up for two weeks. Nearly twenty editors said they would insert the 'ad' in return for one of the churns. A number of the papers gave me editorial notices to show their good will, and they spoke of my dog churn with such convincing praise that I began to get letters from farmers and dairymen in various parts of the country who

wanted the machines, and from merchants who wanted to sell them. Dog-churns were a novelty at that time, and with these orders to start on I made up my mind to start a dog-churn factory. I furnished the money and Bill Sims did the work. We started to make the churns in the back part of Bill's tin shop, but the business soon forced us into a big factory, and it grew till the time of Bill's death there was hardly a farmer in the country who hadn't heard of Andrew & Sims's dog churns. When Bill died I sold out my share in the business for a nice round sum and the factory was moved away."

"But the best part of it, as I look at it, is yet to come. Soon after the dog episode I went to Rochester on business. Meantime I had sent Miss Baker the \$50 I had got of Jim and the other jokers for her dogs. She was an orphan, and it came handy to her. It turned out that she knew relations of mine in Rochester, and so I was taken to call on her. We had such a good laugh over the dog story that we felt acquainted with each other right from the start. It wasn't many months before Miss Baker came to Sellersville as Mrs. Andrews, and the boys saw I'd got ahead of 'em again, for there wasn't a girl in town who could hold a candle to her. That was thirty years ago, but to this day Mrs. Andrews and I have our laughs at the dog story. 'Little thought I had that she played that April fool on me that he was setting me up in business and introducing me to my future wife.'"

"Come up some time, Mr. Hobson, and see us. Good night!"—The Pathfinder.

THE CATHOLIC SON OF AN ANGLICAN ARCHBISHOP.

FATHER ROBERT HUGH BENSON AND HIS BOOKS.

Catholics have not forgotten the sensation caused in England a few years ago by the conversion of Robert Hugh Benson, son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Catholic faith. Young Benson studied for the priesthood, was duly ordained, and, in addition to effective work in his high vocation, has recently taken a notable place in the ranks of contemporary novelists by his two remarkable books, "The King's Achievement," and "By Whose Authority?"

The first of these is a story of the time of Henry VIII. of England. It is several generations since we have heard much of "bluff King Hal." Dickens describes him as a spot of blood and grease on the history of England. The advanced Anglicans condemn him as severely as did ever the Catholics—more severely, perhaps, for the wreck and ruin he wrought among the architectural glories of their land and their religious feeling is up in arms at hearing such a monster of villainy and cruelty acclaimed as the founder of what is now known as the church of England. Ralph Adams Cram, in his "Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," calls him "the Scourge of England."

In Father Benson's story, the tyrant is described without passion or prejudice. The author has simply recreated Henry's epoch and has made us feel as none other has attempted, the dreadful but undeniable personal fascination which the man exercised over his contemporaries. Next to Henry in life-like portraiture is Henry's minister, Cromwell, who, heading not the advice of his deposed predecessor, eventually came to the pang without the palm of martyrdom.

The romantic interest of the story overshadowed by these two evil men is supplied by the careers of the two sons of Sir James Torrison of Overfield Court—Ralph, a man in his early thirties, when the story opens, high in Cromwell's service and confidence; and Christopher, ten years younger, and with his mind turning to the monastic life. There is a married daughter, Mary, whose manly, out-spoken husband, Sir Nicholas Maxwell, is one of the most lovable characters in the book; and a young maiden daughter, Margaret, finishing her schooling with the Benedictines near to Rusper, her heart set on becoming one of them.

Ann Boleyn has just been crowned Queen. As yet, there is no general presentiment of the inevitable consequences of this wicked union. Henry hears Mass and discusses theology as of old. The great masterpieces of the stately spires all over the land, and the "Opus Dei" is chanted and the poor are fed, and the people ministered to from time immemorial. Sir James Torrison lets Christopher and Margaret go in obedience to the call of God, feeling that their respective monastic homes are abiding cities.

It is true that the grand old Catholic gentleman had his sorrows; for the ill-begotten of Henry's divorce from his lawful wife had entered Overfield Court in the destruction of Lady Torrison's faith, and the ascendancy of Cromwell over Ralph. The gradual corruption of Ralph by his unscrupulous master is marvellously told. We have hope for the man for awhile through his love for Beatrice Atherton, the ward of Sir Thomas More—and the author gives us, by the way, another of those charming glimpses into the home life of the most lovable man, best of husbands and fathers, merriest of hosts, broad-minded scholar, incorruptible statesman, and finally martyr of God. But ambition is the strongest force in Ralph Torrison's character, unless, indeed, his extraordinary devotion to Cromwell, and we find him gradually losing all faith, manly honor, and regard for the ties of nature.

When Henry suddenly becomes scrupulous for the spiritual perfection of the monks and nuns of his kingdom, and orders an investigation of the religious houses with a view to their suppression, we are told that the ready unworthy priest Layton is the ready instrument of the royal will, knowing full well that he must find pretext for enriching the royal coffers from the treasures dedicated to God through the labors of the monks and the pety of the faithful.

The reader of history who is also

THE POSTMASTER'S TRUE STORY.

WHICH CENTERS ABOUT AN APRIL FOOL JOKE.

"No letters for you to-night," said the little old postmaster, in his cheery voice. "Come in, won't you? It's most closing up time." So I went inside the little office, though it wasn't just in accordance with the postal regulations, and took a seat on the table.

"First of April jokes? Well, I ought to know something about 'em. Didn't you ever hear the one about the dogs? Queer if you didn't. Every body in Sellersville knew about it. I was the laughing stock of the town for two months. But that was before your time. Ha, ha! Jim Sneaker never sees me to this day without saying, 'Hey, George, don't you want a dog?'"

"Well, it was like this. It was when I was a young man. I've held this office, you know, from one administration to another going on thirty years now. I got the idea into my head that I wanted a dog, a Newfoundland dog. I asked every farmer that came to town if he knew where I could get a likely pup. But no one knew. Finally, I told Doak Bird what I wanted. He was a horse doctor who

those days and traveled round a good deal. I said to him, 'Doak, I'll give you \$5 if you'll find me a nice Newfoundland pup.' But the pup was never found. The boys begin to joke me about it, and they kept it up until last I was so sick of hearing 'Newfoundland dog' that I wouldn't have had one as a gift."

"One night—I was just a clerk in the post office then—when I was distributing the mail I found five letters in it for myself. I had never had so many before. Charlie Stone, who was postmaster then, saw them and smiled. 'You've got a heavy mail, to-night, George,' said he, and I heard Jim Sneaker and the other fellows sniggering daker and the other fellows sniggering outside. I opened one of the letters. It was dated New York and it ran something like this—

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an intelligent student of his own times marvels often at the want of variety in the tactics of the enemies of religion. Much of the proceedings against the monasteries in England nearly four centuries ago is closely duplicated in the movement against the religious orders in France within the past three years. There are the same suggestions of vast treasures hoarded in the monasteries to be released for the good of the people, the same attempts to show the monks as interfering with ordinary secular business. In the poisoning of the minds of the simple rural populace against their best friends, by still graver charges, Ralph Torrion, following with a doubtful mind the evil counsel of Layton, is soon an adept.

The Royal Visitors, though they haggled as much for scandals as for treasures, could find nothing of the former to justify in any sort the closing of the monasteries. Then the King's will came in. They should be closed on general principles, and Ralph Torrion carried out the mandate over the heads of the monks, and to the priority of Layton's professed, and the little convent of Kuper in which his young sister Margaret had found the desire of her heart. Very tender and beautiful are the pictures of life in both these houses ere yet the tyrant's hand had fallen on them, and they were but typical of the general religious life of the kingdom.

Humiliating to us who wonder how the faith so deep rooted in England could have been so speedily destroyed is Father Benson's showing of the confusion which fell upon the popular mind through the unscrupulous entangling of civil and religious issues, and the very gradual alterations of the forms of worship within the very churches to which the silver tone bells had summoned the people for centuries. The latter change came not in Henry's time. Then the people saw a half-crazed fanatic burned to death for denying the existence of purgatory while the scaffolds were preparing for the martyrdom of Bishop Fisher of Rochester and Sir Thomas More for refusing the oath of the King's spiritual supremacy. The description of the prison life and the valiant deaths of these two martyrs are vivid and most uplifting.

We cannot take leave of "The King's Achievement," however, without a word of the audience of the Torrion with the King when they came to beg Ralph's life. For his, too, found Satan a bad paymaster, losing Beatrice for his treachery to the church and being involved with Cromwell when the latter lost the King's favor. Here is the King in his habit as he lived, and all who have seen Holbein's portrait who entered on the broad seat that ran round the three sides of the window. The puffed sleeves made the shoulders look enormous; a gold chain lay across them with which the gross fingers were playing. Beneath, the vast stomach swelled out into the slashed trunks and the scarlet legs were crossed one over the other. On the head lay a broad plumed velvet cap, and beneath it the white square of the narrow slits of eyes above, and the little pursed mouth fringed by reddish hair below, that Chris remembered in the barge years before. The smell of musk lay heavy in the air.

The musk, so grateful to the nostrils of wild beasts generally, completes the suggestion of Henry's fierce animalism, even before he "barks" at the young priest the commutation know when he acceded Ralph's pardon that the latter was dying in prison? and was that the cause of the merit which he made no effort to suppress as the family—after its aged head had poured grateful blessings on the king—departed? There is a sinister suggestion of this probability, and perhaps a more harrowing death-bed scene was never depicted than Ralph's in his chamber in the tower.

"By whose authority?" we have the Torrion again. Mistress Margaret, the nun, is living, by special permission, with her sister, Lady Maxwell. Sir Nicholas, as fervent in the faith and as defiant of usurped authority in his old age as in his youth, goes to the great reward of God's simple, honest soldiers in the early part of the story. Of his two sons, the elder James, is a priest, but secretly, for Elizabeth is on the throne, and the protestantizing of the country is prosecuted even unto blood. The second son, Hubert, is growing restless under the restraints of his unpopular religion for he loves Isabel Morris, the daughter of a Puritan neighbor. Isabel, like her father, is sincere in her faith—natural Catholics, both, if they knew the Old Religion for what it is—and the description of her inner life and the ray down of human love over the white mountain tops of spiritual devotion is true and exquisite. Her cherished brother, Anthony, Hubert's hearty outdoor comrade, floods Puritanism narrow, and is drawn to a dream of a great National church, which will follow England's conquests—just beginning—around the globe.

The love of woman touches his life but slightly in his boyish devotion to Mary Corbett, which later settles down into a real comradeship with the clever and beautiful Catholic waiting woman of Queen Elizabeth. Why did Elizabeth not simply tolerate but love, as far as she was capable of loving anyone, this courageous creature, defiant in her adherence to the Old Faith? The girl's radiant beauty, her sweet and mocking wit, her virginal aloofness, her courage, must have struck some human chord in the tight-rigidity of Henry's worthy daughter. Howbeit, Mary Corbett, rather than the ascetic Isabel, is the heroine of the story, as far as any character can stand out clear where Elizabeth dominates its time, as Henry dominated that of the story previously discussed.

There is much of horror in "By Whose Authority?" The King's Achievement? Treachery plays a larger part. Walsingham is worse than Woisey. The martyrdoms appear and the modern Catholic realizes that

he has the pearl of great price on easy terms when he reads of the fate of the Jesuit Edmund Campion and his companions.

Baxton, the wealthy Catholic, who has managed to keep his estates and his chaplain, albeit through heavy fines, destroys young Morr's dream of a national church, and Campion's martyrdom, and the base use to which the young Puritan is innocently put, manage the arrest of James Maxwell, complete his conversion. Meantime, Hubert Maxwell, thrilled by the adventurous spirit of the time, has gone off with Sir Francis Drake, and turns Protestant, in the hope of winning Isabel's love, while she, drawn by the example of Lady Maxwell and Mistress Margaret, is ready to take all the risks involved in becoming a Catholic!

The background of the story is sober history, and Father Benson in no wise minimizes the political blunders of some Catholics which had such dire reaction on the fate of all Catholics under Elizabeth and for long after. We have the war between Spain and England and the destruction of the Armada, and the proof of loyalty to their country given in vain by so many of the sons of the Old Faith who rightly distinguished between the things of Caesar and the things of God.

Perhaps the chapters most impressive to the general reader will be the interviews of Anthony Norris with Elizabeth—the first, when, while still a Protestant, he succeeds, with Mary Corbett's aid, in gaining the freedom of Father Maxwell; the second, when himself a priest, his life saved by the sacrifice of Mary Corbett's, he is taken from the Tower as Campion was before him, to see the Queen, who is ready, on what she accounts a very trifling compromise, to save him for Mary's sake. How cruel are the tender mercies of the wicked has never been better illustrated than in this chapter. This and the earlier chapter relating to Mary Corbett's death, and Father Norris' capture, are unsurpassed in dramatic power by aught that we have seen in recent novels. Both are great books. Both are brought out for American readers by E. Herder, of St. Louis. They should be widely read by American Catholics for their literary charm and their historic and religious value.—K. E. C. in Boston Pilot.

LIFE'S STRUGGLES.

In every life there are struggles to undergo, and courage and fortitude are needed to meet them. They are the consequences of life itself and are the results of things beyond our control, not let them overcome us, and God will come to our aid and give us victory, providing that we do what is in our power to conquer the difficulties in which we find ourselves. When we consider the trials and sorrows of life we see that this world is, indeed, a valley of tears. Man's entrance into life is accompanied by his cries and his tears. All through life, then, is struggle with poverty in the case of the poor, struggle with rivalry in the case of the rich, struggle with sickness in the case of both. Bitterness and anguish of soul sadden every life betimes and stout needs be the heart and strong the spirit that can withstand these depressing influences. It is this side of life that nature finds hard to reconcile itself with, and yet it must be borne with while the trials last, and one can only hope that the ordeal will alter a while pass away.

For those who have not the gift of faith, their lot is hard, indeed, when the trials and sorrows of life bear heavily upon them. They have only their own vague conceptions of life, with its origin and its end, with which to guide themselves; and where there is no idea of a life after this one, death by some is sought before its time to end their miseries.

How different with the man of faith? He has the same kind of trials to undergo and sorrows to meet and yet with the help that prayer gives, and the hope that the next life holds out, he braves himself up amidst the sea of troubles surging all around him, until calm and peace are restored to him.

Poor nature must ever have something to lean on beside itself; for self easily fails one. With troubles come fears, and with fears come discouragement, and soon despair can easily follow, which may easily terminate with most fatal results. Man must needs look to another to counsel and guide him when darkness and doubt beset him. He must try to find some one else whom to lean upon, his own strength fails him. But who shall it be? Every man has more or less of his own trouble. Who, then, but God, Who can sustain him in his trials here and reward him hereafter for having borne them?

Man can sympathize with his fellow-man in his sorrows, and his sympathy is helpful and consoling; but in most cases he cannot relieve him, because he cannot remove the cause. How few, too, comparatively unselfish as to put them selves out for others, even where a man, by so doing, could be of some help to an afflicted brother! Moreover, even when men do try, how often they fail to give the relief needed, or to be of any assistance "for men," says Job, "are troublesome counselors."

It is God alone Who has made man and knows his nature, Who can go to the root of his ills and apply their remedy. And it is to Him that all men should turn in their trials, and difficulties, for He will help them and relieve them, for He has declared it in Holy Writ, saying, "I, myself will comfort them." "I will turn their mourning into joy and will comfort them, and will make them joyful after their sorrows."

But it is not those alone who are without faith that affliction tries so severely almost the same disastrous results for those who are faithless to faith; the indolent and indifferent Catholics, for example, who seek in their troubles relief from creatures and things created instead of turning to God.

There are many we know who bring a

great many of their trials and troubles upon themselves. The rash, for example, the imprudent, the idle, the self-indulgent, the wasteful, and the fond of all the wicked and licentious; and it is for these the evil one makes for himself that it is hardest to be extricated.

But may we not class, next to these, the careless and indifferent Catholics who, by neglect of his religion, fails to draw from it those preventing graces that would keep him from falling into trials and sorrows, and to receive the help of God's assistance in those which of necessity must come some time for all? They who offend against nature's laws must bide the consequence, and those who offend against God must receive the punishment, for "many, indeed," says Holy Writ, "are the scourges of the sinner."

The just, too, have their trials, for this is God's way of purging them, and bringing them to perfection. Thus, we read in Holy Writ, "Whom thou lovest He chasteneth," "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." God the Father did not spare His divine Son, nor will He spare His followers. St. Peter, St. Paul, all the apostles, underwent their share of suffering, as did the martyrs, the confessors, and virgins that succeeded them. And so must it be with all God's servants; they will be tried in the crucible of affliction as much as they can bear.

Now, whether our trials be little or great, few or many, we should remember they are God's will, and should be received and borne with Christian resignation and fortitude. God will not be wanting to help us bear them—nor will He try anyone beyond his strength. Assisted by His grace, even the greatest trials can be borne and overcome. To all His struggles the Christian must be a model for all the rest of men by rising superior to self, and the trials that visit him, looking forward to the time when all probation will end and reward eternal begin—when we shall be glad to have suffered, for, "no cross, no crown."—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

WHY CEREMONIES? THE LITURGY OF THE MASS.

Non-Catholics, after attending the celebration of the sacrifice of the Mass, will say: "There is so much ceremony in the service. We do not see the use of so many ceremonies. These manners and superstitious usages ought to be done away with."

What have Catholics to say to all this? They certainly should be able to give a reason for the practice of the Church and "for the faith that is in them."

There must be a ritual, a ceremonial of some sort, because men cannot meet together for the public worship of God without some ceremonial. Men cannot meet together even for civil and social purposes, without some ceremonial. The very nature of man seems to require it. The ceremonial might be changed into one less elaborate, but it cannot be entirely eliminated.

You may go into the church of those who condemn Catholic ceremonies, and you will find ceremonies there, some established form of conducting divine services; and you will find particular usages attached to their own particular usages. They might, when forced, acknowledge the fact, but seeking to justify themselves they will say: "But our forms are so much simpler." Simple it sometimes means poverty—that everything is poor, meaningless and commonplace. Why should God's service be commonplace? When, by the very law of our nature we must have a ritual, why not give it the dignity and expression of our religious feeling that which is most choice, beautiful and elaborate?

Did not God Himself in the Old Law establish the most elaborate and magnificent ceremonial the world ever witnessed? The decorations of the temple, the sacrifices to be offered and the vestments to be worn by the priests, were all regulated and insisted on by divine command.

Why then should we insist that there is any particular merit in great simplicity, much less that religious ceremonies should be discarded as superstitious?

We might refer the critics to the account St. John gives of the ceremonial in heaven as described in the fourth chapter of the Apocalypse. We might refer them to our courts of justice, and to the badges of our legislative halls, and to the carrying out of social functions. Our Lord Himself used ceremonies, as for instance in the case of the man born blind, and when He commissioned His Apostles to forgive sins.

What is the use of ceremonies? They promote uniformity and decency in the exterior duties of religion; they recall truths not falling under the senses and excite thought and attention in the mind and heart. Then they compel the body to pay a tribute of respect to God, its Creator.

When all these things are duly considered, is it to be wondered at that the Church in the General Council of Trent condemns and pronounces anathema on all those who shall presume to say that it is lawful to despise or ridicule or by private authority to alter or change any of the received and approved ceremonies of the Church?

The Mass is the central act of all the public worship offered to God in His church. Around the essentials of the Holy Mass a rich and sacred ritual has grown up as a means of expressing the different feelings with which men approach the Holy Sacrifice.

The liturgies differed in different parts of the world, though they were substantially the same, since each sought to express in its own ceremonies, forms and prayers the meaning of the sacrifice of the Mass.

The ritual adopted in Antioch and in the Eastern church was called the ritual of St. John, who was the first Bishop of Jerusalem. The liturgy used in Egypt was called the liturgy of St. Mark, who was a disciple of St. Peter. The Roman and the Western

church adopted the ritual of St. Peter and that is frequently called the Roman ritual.

During the octave of the Epiphany the Mass used to be celebrated in Rome in all the different rites and languages adopted and used in different parts of the church. In most parts of Europe and in America we assist at the Roman Mass. Yet if you enter a church served by the Dominicans, you will find that the Mass differs greatly from the Roman rite.

The ceremonial of the Catholic church has for its one great object to remind you of the special presence of God. "How terrible is this place! This is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven." It is different from all other places, because in every Catholic church there is a Presence not found elsewhere.

An mighty God makes the church His home, and resides there by the Real Presence of our Lord on the altar. Of this reality the Mercy Seat of the temple of old was but a figure. Catholics often refer to their church as "The House of God," a Protestant refers to his as "the meeting house."

The railed off sanctuary; the lamp constantly burning before the tabernacle; the cross on the altar surrounded by candles, denotes the place of the daily sacrifice. Here are the personal memorials of our Lord's presence.

No matter to what Catholic church you go; no matter whether you enter St. Peter's in Rome or the little but chapels among the Indians, you always see the signs of the same Great Presence, the insignia of the King of Kings.

The Psalmist said and true Catholics must also say: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." (Psalms xxv., 8.) Love and zeal for the beauty of God's house must find expression in one form or another among those who have faith in the Blessed Sacrament. Here is the solution of a problem that puzzles non-Catholics who ask: "How is it that the church of the poor can construct, support and embellish such grand temples—the grandest temples of the world?"

The grand services of the church, the decorations of the altar, the flowers, the lights, the incense and the music are not meant primarily for the people but to give honor and glory and praise to Him Who is our God and King.—Cleveland Universe.

THE BLESSED TRINITY.

A MYSTERY BEYOND HUMAN KEN, A PROBLEM WHICH NO HUMAN MIND CAN EVER FATHOM.

Sir: My mind has been exercised by a difficulty about the eternity of Christ. The question is as follows: (1) Has Christ existed from all eternity, or had He a beginning? If He originated from the Father, how do you reconcile this with the unity of God? Milton in his "Paradise Lost" seems to imply that the Son was not always. He is suddenly introduced to the reader.

(Signed.)

We may cudgel our brains till doomsday and we shall never understand the Trinity. Even taking God in His unity, the contemplation baffles us because we can never, try how we may, grasp the idea of Infinite Being. We can think of God only piecemeal. We must necessarily picture Him in terms of finite being, and as soon as we try to grasp the idea of God being infinite, the picture becomes blurred, and we have to go back on the finite once again. The difficulty is increased when we try to contemplate the Trinity. How can God be absolutely simple, and yet possess three distinct personalities? It is always a matter of tumbling over on one side or the other. We think of the three persons till we are on the verge of making them three separate beings; and then we correct ourselves by remembering that God is one, and the distinction of the persons is blurred. Difficulties of this kind are not confined to Christian theology; they run through all theology. The Hindu is equally baffled in trying to combine God, the infinite One, with the world which is finite and multiplex. It is the natural result of a finite mind trying to grasp the infinite.

The same difficulty occurs when we try to think of God's eternity. We picture God as having a long past history and a long future before Him; and then we try to lengthen the past and the future till both become infinite. Yet in reality God has no past or no future but is simply an unchanging present, without succession. God has nothing to do with time. He is no older now than at the creation of the world, and He will be no older at the day of judgment. This is horribly perplexing, and it is, you will say, creating difficulties instead of solving them. True but there is no help for it. You cannot escape from the difficulty so long as you believe in God at all. God Himself could only rid us of the difficulty by making our minds infinite like His own; and that from the nature of the case is impossible.

My reason for broaching these perplexing thoughts is to make you rest content with a solution to your problem. We believe by faith that Christ is truly God and therefore eternal; secondly, that He is one of three persons in the Blessed Trinity; thirdly, that He proceeds from another person in such a way that the one can (in an ineffable sense) be called Father and the other can be called Son. But yet the Father and the Son are co-eternal. Nor is the Son later than the Father. The Father existed first and the Son later, then God would not be eternal; He would be subject to time. You will see that the root of the difficulty lies in thinking of eternity as if it were infinite time. But infinite time is a contradiction in terms. As we said before, God there is no past or future; and therefore the Father could not exist later than the Son.

You may therefore cease troubling your head about a problem which no human mind can ever fathom. Suarez wrote six hundred pages folio on the Trinity, and most of the great scholastics have done the same. The result is a great deal of clear thinking about the Trinity, but no penetration into it—may, only a clearer realization of the fact that it is a mystery beyond human ken.

But it might be asked, why should God reveal as a dogma of faith some thing which we cannot understand and which only puzzles us? The answer is this: God did not reveal it as an intellectual puzzle, but as a fact. He manifested the Son in human form, and the Son told us of the Father and of the Holy Spirit. On His word we can easily accept these facts. We can believe in God the Father, the Son and God the Holy Ghost. We can believe that these three are one and the same God. That is enough for the purpose of religion; and we need not be distressed if we fail to penetrate further.

Still there is a difference between correct thinking and incorrect thinking about the Trinity; so it will be useful, while on the subject, to point out a mistake which arises from a wrong notion as to what is meant by a "person." In ordinary English, three persons mean three men, each with his separate mind, will and substance. Most people, we fancy, picture God in their imagination under the figure of three beings more or less like three men, but somehow or other joined together, as the leaves of the shamrock are joined on one stem, each having His own mind and will, and the three holding communion with each other in a perfect harmony of thought and wish just as three men might hold intercourse. According to the standard theology this is quite wrong. If the Blessed Trinity is to be pictured at all it is much more as one man than as three; for there is only one divine mind, one divine will and one divine substance.

Still there is an error in the other direction. The Sabellians maintained that the Trinity was no more than a triplicity of aspect or of function. As Creator, they called Him Father, as Redeemer they called Him Son, and as sanctifier they called Him Holy Spirit—much the same way as we should distinguish between Mr. Balfour as politician, as golfer and litterateur. This is a heresy, which abolishes the Trinity. We have to find something between—a real distinction which is, however, something short of separation. Theologians try to explain the matter by saying that the Son is the infinite subsisting thought of God and the Holy Spirit is His infinite subsisting love. But this, however correct, does not help us much, since we cannot imagine how infinite thought and infinite love can be so distinct so as to constitute God and Holy Ghost. So it always comes back to the same thing in the end. We can grasp the facts of revelation sufficiently for the purpose of religion, but we cannot penetrate into them. We can understand the what, but we cannot understand the how.—Father Hull, S. J., in the Examiner.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1906.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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 strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following 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 the wholesome influence it teaches more Catholic homes.

I therefore, earnestly 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, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success. Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 31, 1906.

NATIONALISM IN RELIGION.

We notice that a convention of French Canadians of the State of Maine recently assembled at Lewiston in that state for the announced purpose of "protecting their language and religion, which the French Canadians of Maine, as well as of other New England States hold to be threatened by present conditions."

The convention was called by a committee organized under the title of "The Committee of the National Cause."

The complaint was made that the different French Canadian communities are not sufficiently provided with teachers and pastors of their own nationality, and it is added that "considering that the questions of language and religion are intimately connected in their case, the convention has been called to adopt means for the protection of both."

It appears that about one hundred and fifty delegates assembled at the call, and the President, Mr. Joseph Voyer, pointed out at the opening meeting that the object of the convention was "not to wage war against members of the clergy of a different origin, but perseveringly and peacefully to vindicate their rights." It was decided to raise a fund for the purpose of advocating their cause before the ecclesiastical authorities, and to bring the matter, if necessary, before the highest authorities in the church.

We are certainly not opposed to the main object of such a convention, provided it seeks to have pastors who can properly fulfil their duties to all their parishioners, whatever may be their language, and indeed the authorities of the church are, in all cases anxious to supply congregations of all nationalities with both teachers and pastors who are able to instruct the faithful in their own language; but it is not always possible to supply pastors of the same nationality as the majority of the congregation. We are assured that in Maine and in other New England States the Bishops of the various dioceses have supplied all their congregations with suitable pastors so far as it is possible for them to do so, and we certainly do not like to see so much stress laid upon the nationality of the pastor, as it should be sufficient if the pastor is competent to fulfil his duty toward all his parishioners, of whatsoever nationality they may be, and whatsoever language they may speak.

There are many Irish congregations which have French or French-Canadian pastors, but we have not heard of any discontent or complaint on this account. We would be sorry to learn that French Canadian congregations or congregations of any other nationality should attempt to embarrass their Bishops by calling for pastors of their own nationality where such cannot be had. It should suffice that the pastors be com-

petent to instruct the people, even though they may not always be of exactly the same nationality.

This is a matter which should be left to the reasonable judgment of the Bishops on whom the responsibility lies to see that all the congregations are properly supplied with pastors competent to fulfil their duties. Parties in a parish on the basis of nationality are a great danger to religion. The church is Catholic and not national.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

The Catholics of England are manifesting an interest in the educational laws much more profound than they have ever done before, though they have been all along united in the desire to retain the liberty they enjoy at present to establish and maintain a Catholic school system.

The immediate cause of the present increased interest in the question of education is the persistent activity of the non-conformist body in the effort to overthrow the system of denominational education which has existed under the law since 1810, when it was fully recognized by the educational law passed under Mr. W. E. Gladstone's ministry.

This law was even then strenuously opposed by the non-conformists, who claimed that it imposed upon them the burden of paying rates for the education of children in the tenets of churches in which they did not believe. But the Parliament recognized the injustice which would be inflicted upon the nation if religious teaching were excluded from the schools, and a complete secular system of education established, which would be forced upon the majority of the people who were in favor of religious teaching, the Voluntary or Denominational schools being used by the church of England, the Catholics and the Methodists, and having on their rolls a large majority, no less than 60 per cent., of the children attending school.

In 1872, 1873 and succeeding years down to 1902, the educational bills were greatly improved for the benefit of the voluntary schools, but the non-conformists strenuously opposed all these amendments, especially those of 1901 and 1902 when the sensational "Passive Resistance" movement was organized to arouse public opinion against them.

It is claimed by the promoters of Passive Resistance that this movement was one of the main causes of the recent defeat of the Balfour government; but while we willingly admit that it had its weight in bringing about that result, there were so many other influences at work in the same direction that it can scarcely be asserted that the defeat is due solely or even chiefly to the cause indicated.

It is well known that the principal issue at the elections was the Tariff issue. The people of England have had their minds made up in favor of Free Trade, at least since the time of Cobden. It is further known that the Irish vote was cast very solidly for the Liberal and Laborite parties, under the conviction that justice is more likely to be obtained for Ireland through the Liberals who are committed to the principle of Home Rule, than through the Conservatives and Unionists who are solemnly pledged never to grant Home Rule to Ireland. On the other hand, the Liberals are understood to be more favorable to the rights of the workingmen than are the Conservatives, and for this reason the Liberal candidates secured the Labor vote where there was no Laborite candidate in the field, while the Liberals on their side did not oppose the Laborites who were running by setting up a party candidate, but, on the contrary, supported the Laborites in every instance.

It is thus to be seen that the Passive Resistance or educational issue had comparatively small influence on the general result of the elections, and when it is considered that a large majority of the people of England are in favor of denominational education, we cannot conceive that the new government will attempt to deprive them of it, the more especially as it was a Liberal government which in the first instance, introduced the denominational principle, along with the possible institution of secular Board schools, in localities where the people might want them.

The non-conformists Passive Resisters assert that it is with them a matter of conscience to support only secular schools, because if they are rated for denominational schools, they will be obliged to support the teaching of a form of religion in which they do not believe.

This is a mere sophism. The denominational schools of England, like the Catholic Separate schools of Ontario, and the Protestant Dissident schools of Quebec, teach secular subjects to the same degree as these subjects are taught by Public or Board schools; and the teachers obtain their certifi-

icates of qualification in the same way, and after the same examinations which are undergone by Public or Board school teachers.

The rates are imposed, therefore, not for the religious teaching of the schools, but for the secular subjects which are taught therein, and which are the same in both classes of schools. The religious teaching is a superadded subject which ought not to deprive the schools of the benefit of Government aid which comes from a fund to which the supporters of both classes of schools contribute alike.

This should be thought of by the government, and we have no doubt it will be borne in mind in any educational legislation it may introduce.

The Catholics and Anglicans are of one mind on this subject. The Methodists appear to be at variance with each other, as several Methodist leaders have joined in the outcry against denominational schools, while their body at large maintains a considerable number of them throughout the kingdom.

Archbishop Bourne of Westminster in an admirable appeal to the people of England for just dealing with the Educational problem, speaks especially of the right of Catholics to have schools to which they can conscientiously send their children. He declares that what is wanted is, 1st, schools which are Catholic in the proper sense of the word, which is to say that the "atmosphere" should be Catholic. Secondly, the teachers must be Catholic. Thirdly, the religious teaching and influences must be subject to efficient Catholic oversight. Everything else will be left entirely to the control of the secular educational authorities; but without these three conditions, the Catholic character of the schools would be lost.

Besides the considerations we have already indicated, it should be remembered that before the Board schools were established, England was almost entirely indebted to the churches for the education of the children. When a Public school system was established it would have been a most unjust act to deprive the people who had borne the brunt of the educational battle of the rights which they enjoyed to give their children a religious training; yet this is precisely what the non-conformists are attempting to do now under the leadership of Dr. Clifford, who is the principal promoter of the so-called Passive Resistance movement.

GERMAN PROTESTANTISM.

Freak sermons are common enough in America where nearly every preacher has a religious theory of his own, to which he endeavors to bring over his congregation, and very frequently he succeeds by preaching his whims and fancies to them over and over again as gospel truth. In this case, if there are some fairly intelligent persons in the congregation who cling to the time-honored truth as handed down from the apostolic age, these bring the preacher to task for heterodoxy or heresy, and he is almost sure to be sustained by a majority of the congregation, and if the church be of the so-called Independent kind, such as the Congregational or Baptist, the objectors have no recourse but to listen Sunday after Sunday to the heterodox teaching, or to start a new congregation of their own, and employ a minister whose doctrinal teaching shall be acceptable to the seceders.

This is what happened recently in a Baptist church near Toronto. The minister preached very doubtfully of the infallibility of Holy Scripture, and was called to task, but the congregation sustained him, as did also his colleagues in the ministry who were appointed to examine into the case. The more orthodox objectors have determined to form another congregation, and thus, in a denomination where practically every congregation may have its own creed, matters may now perhaps move smoothly on; or perhaps a new sect may spring out from the occurrence, at the very moment while there is so much anticipated from the union movement which is "in the air."

There is also just now a curious case of the same kind, though of more marked character which is causing much discussion within the Protestant church of Germany.

Pastor Heinrich Romer, an applicant for a vacant church in Reinscheid on the Rhine, preached an extraordinary sermon on the text St. John vi. 67 and sequel, which set forth in a manner, unheard of until recent years, in what way arose the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, and he expected that the novelty of his views would gain for him the desired position.

According to this representative of the modern Protestant theology current in Germany, Christ was made a God by degrees, after the same manner as Hercules, Romulus, Romus, Cyrus, Alexander the Great and Buddha. The heathen notion of the

Sons of God was adopted by the early Christians, and thus the history of the miraculous birth of Christ was borrowed by St. Matthew and Luke from the Greeks, and became the foundation of Christianity!

But this pastor lauds enthusiastically the ideal Man Christ, "His perfect purity of character, His words of love and grace, His work and suffering."

"O Lord, to Whom can we go but to Thee, Who hast taught us what is divine in man. Yea, Thou shalt determine our lives, for Thou art our Lord and King, O Holy One of God. O Thou Son of God and Son of Man, Thou art born among my brethren, make us like unto Thee, make us Thy brethren, and cause us all to become the sons and daughters of the Heavenly Father."

The orthodox papers point out Pastor Romer's inconsistency in praying to a being who is not God, as he has maintained throughout his sermon, and thus, according to all Protestant teaching he is told he is a blasphemer and an idolater. One of these papers, the Alte Glaube, of Leipzig, adds:

"The advanced theology must in all consistency put an end to all prayer to Christ, and must cease addressing in prayer, Him Whom it worships as its Saviour!"

We have not learned as yet whether or not Pastor Romer has received the vacant parish church as the reward for his novel theology.

The Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., has not resigned from the Board of Editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia, and has no thought of doing so. Some months ago he resigned as Associate Editor of the Encyclopedia Americana, and took occasion to warn Catholics against the use of his name by the agents of that work. Many persons who did not know of Father Wynne's connection with the Americana, erroneously concluded that he had ceased to be an editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia. He considers it necessary to correct this error and to say that, on the contrary, one of his motives in retiring from the Americana, was to be free to devote his time and labor exclusively to the Catholic Encyclopedia.

THE GAELIC REVIVAL ASSOCIATION, OTTAWA.

RECEPTION BY REV. DR. O'BOYLE, O. M. I.

A banquet—the Irish for a conversation—was given on Monday evening, the 19th instant, in the Science Hall, opposite the University of Ottawa, to which the President of the Society—the Rev. Dr. O'Boyle—had extended invitations to a number of non-members. The programme carried out, was as follows:

Dr. Freeland, one of the founders of the Gaelic League in Ottawa, gave an address of welcome to the re-habilitated Association, and to those gentlemen who were present at the inaugural reception. He dealt at some length upon the great revival movement now going on in Ireland, in literature, poetry, art, and in the industrial.

Mr. McDonald, of Antigonish, gave an interesting address in the Scotch Gaelic vernacular, which is very little different from the Irish Gaelic. His rendition, in Gaelic, of "The Parting of the Mountain" was a feature of the evening.

The Gaelic Glee Club then gave the Irish song "Shule, Shule, Agra," which was obtained by the association from the Gaelic League in Dublin, the words of which are by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the apostle of the Gaelic League in America.

Mr. E. P. Stanton, a profound Gaelic scholar interpreted the words of this Jacobin song, and gave an outline of the class work of the society at the Monday evening meetings which are conducted under his supervision.

The address of the evening was given by the Rev. President.

Several gentlemen present among the guests, made speeches endorsing the remarks made by the Rev. President, and gave words of encouragement to the Association.

The members of the Glee Club gave several solos, and sang once more by request "Shule, Shule, Agra."

A very enjoyable evening closed with the national anthem, God save the King.

Appropos of this Inaugural of the Gaelic Association of Ottawa, we quote the following extract from the 17th March number of the Notre Dame, Indiana, Ave Maria of a review on a notable new book: "Life of Sir John T. Gilbert, LL. D., F. S. A." by Rose Mulholland Gilbert, Longmans, Green & Co.:

"Writing to the subject of this biography forty-four years ago, the brilliant Irish-Canadian, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, said: 'It is some consolation to a devotee like myself of everything Irish to know that there are still left some men in Ireland capable of continuing the work of those devoted scholars (O'Carry and O'Donnovan, recently dead.) It grieves one to think how little this generation seems to understand its true interests in our native land; but the unparalleled self-sacrifice of a few gifted men will make them a history in spite of the present malign influences. Were McGee living to day he would unfeignedly rejoice in the rapid development of the Gaelic movement, would joyfully acclaim the world-wide enthusiasm over the Irish language revival; and would also, we feel assured, associate with that movement and that revival the name of an Irishman who, though all too seldom mentioned in their connection, was in reality their fore-

runner and founder, Sir John T. Gilbert."

The Gaelic Revival Association has taken steps to affiliate with the Gaelic League in Ireland, and an effort has been set on foot to establish branches of the Gaelic League throughout Canada. If this announcement should meet the eyes of any patriotic and interested Irishmen they are requested to communicate with Mr. J. T. Tobin, Secretary Treasurer of the Gaelic Revival Association, Ottawa.

SURE OF VICTORY.

SO SAY THE IRISH LEADERS.

John Redmond, addressing a St. Patrick's day demonstration at Manchester, made the most hopeful speech yet heard from an Irish leader.

He said he believed that Ireland had turned the corner, that the records of the last elections would never be reversed, and that the England of the future would give to Ireland all that she could reasonably expect or demand.

The government would be given time to fulfil the pledges contained in the king's speech with confidence, and the nationalists would not contemplate the possibility of a rising in which they would be forced to turn their weapons upon the government as they had turned them upon previous governments.

Speaking in London, at a like demonstration on the 19th inst., Mr. Redmond repeated this conviction.

John Dillon said that Irishmen had one compensation for their sufferings in fighting for Ireland; they had given Joseph Chamberlain to the Unionist party. "A disastrous gift, for so long as he remains in that party so long will Ireland's enemies be paralyzed and unable to fight us. Long may he live, for he has been Ireland's greatest friend."

T. P. O'Connor, speaking at Liverpool, maintained that the Liberal government could pass a measure for Irish self-government by a large, an overwhelming majority that the House of Lords would not dare to reject it.

KILLING OFF HOPELESS SUFFERERS.

Discussing the project of putting to death the incurably sick or injured, the paper called American Medicine says:

"Civilization depends on the safety of each life, and it would cut away our very foundations to give anyone the legal right to destroy others. The medical profession has but one reason for its existence, and that reason is the prolongation of life. It is a reason bound up in the very growth of modern society itself. To give a physician the legal right to end a life would therefore destroy the foundation for the existence of the profession. It is not always possible to say when a life is surely doomed. Patients not infrequently recover from conditions which had every appearance of being fatal. If a physician had the right to end a painful life, which apparently was soon to end itself, how long would he retain his practices? People want a doctor who will struggle to keep them alive to the very end, even when appearances are all against them."

A law granting permission to kill off the incurable would be an incentive to murder and would be used for that purpose. There would be no safety for the sick. To the pain of diseases would be added the nerve-shattering terror of being made the victim of a doctor's craze for euthanasia. Life belongs to God. He gave it. Let Him take it away.—Catholic Columbian.

WORSHIP OF THE DEVIL.

Many Catholics ridicule the idea of satan worship, and assert that the sect of Luciferians and the Black Mass never had any existence save in the fertile imagination of Leo Taxil. But according to Mr. Vance Thompson, a reputable author, writing in Everybody's Magazine for March, the worship of satan, incredible as it may seem, is among the manifestations of modern occultism. Referring to recent experiences in Paris, Mr. Thompson says:

"It need hardly be said that the rites wherewith Lucifer is worshipped are hid in much mystery. A couple of years ago I visited one of the 'chapeaux,' it was in the Rue Rochechouart. The Black Mass, which I have no desire to describe, was celebrated. It was Friday at 3 o'clock. Over the altar was a winged figure of Lucifer amid flames; he was trampled under foot a crocodile in the jaws of the church. A few days ago I found the chapel closed. Only after patient search did I find the new abode of the satanists. Their chapel now is in a great new apartment house at No. 22 Rue du Ruisseau, within the shadow of the cathedral of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre.

As of old, satan is worshipped; every Friday the Luciferians gather. I could name many of them. I do not know of any of them who have influence enough to secure a new and then, a right of midnight entry to the catacombs; there, amid skulls and bones, with orgies I do not care to describe, they have worshipped the spirit of evil, calling upon Baphomet, upon Lucifer and Beelzebub and Ashtoroth and Moloch, with cries and wailing hysteria.—Ave Maria.

"Prædicatæ Evangelium—preach the Gospel. Proch solidum, simple sermons. Preach on the fundamental truths of our holy religion, on prayer, on the sacraments, and above all on the bell. Yes, preach on hell as our Lord preached upon it. Let the people understand every word you say. Don't have sermons to tickle the ear—have sermons that will enlighten the ignorant, for this is truly an age of ignorance; have sermons that will move the will. Preach on death, judgment, heaven, hell. Don't talk of atheists or irreligious people—that good would be in it! Address yourselves to the congregations before you, and mind them alone."

THE RECTO

On Sunday of our Lady's cathedral, London, doors, for one, by announced, a special pri

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MARCH 31, 1906.

THE RECTOR AND HIS PEOPLE.

On Sunday afternoon last, the feast of our Lady's Annunciation, St. Peter's cathedral, London, was crowded to the doors, for on that day, as was previously announced, Rev. Father Aylward, by a special privilege from His Holiness Pius X., was to impart the Papal blessing to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart and of the Altar Society...

To Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector, St. Peter's Cathedral, London:

Dear Rev. Father—When the glad tidings of your going to Rome with His Lordship were first announced, one and all rejoiced, for we felt you would well earned a rest and a change of scene.

Gladder still are we to day to welcome you home. We trust our fondest hopes have been realized in the benefit you have derived from your sojourn in the Eternal City. We missed you during your absence and especially at the Holy Christmas season when the family circle is usually complete.

During your journey our supplications followed you every step. We are sure our utmost thanks are due to you for your remembrances of us at the apostolic tomb and holy shrines which it was your privilege to visit.

Many an arduous task is the priest's lot. For over six years we have been daily witnesses that your life, as Rector of this cathedral, is no exception to the rule. We can assure you that if love, devotion and hearty cooperation on our part will lessen your labors, your yoke shall be made light.

In our trials and sorrows it has been a consolation to us to know that we had in you one to whom we might look for that sympathy and peace, that spiritual advice and comfort which lie only in the power of the holy priesthood to bestow. Who can number your deeds of charity, your kindly ministrations to the sick and the soul-burdened? None but the Supreme Eye; for not human hands but recording angels have registered these.

The first years of your priestly life were spent in various parishes in this diocese, laboring zealously in God's vineyard. Soon, however, your superior talents marked you as one capable of serving Him in a wider sphere and you were appointed to your present position.

Since coming here you have fully demonstrated your abilities as a financier. The annual income of St. Peter's has been greatly increased and the church debt reduced. The exact condition of everything in and around the cathedral, including our beautiful cemetery, our flourishing societies and schools, speaks eloquently of your untiring zeal.

Long may you remain to guide our prospering and to lead us in the upward path, and may our noblest endeavors, in the future, as in the past, be directed by the heart and hand of our beloved Rector.

In conclusion, if our gratitude for your interest in our welfare could be measured by earthly treasures and this purse were multiplied a thousand fold, we would still be indebted to you. Yet devotion, and we pray God, when your life's burden is laid down on earth, to wreath you with a crown of glory in heaven.

At the conclusion of Miss O'Flaherty's address, Miss Lottie Kenny presented it in a beautifully illuminated and durable form—the work of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of this city. Mrs. Patrick Walsh then advanced and presented the Rector with the congregation's testimonial to their pastor—the sum of \$550.00 in gold.

Rev. Father Aylward replied in a manner which showed his hearty appreciation of his people's "Welcome" and demonstrated his happiness at being once more in his beloved cathedral—a joy which was warmly re-echoed in the hearts of the immense congregation, many of whom were non-Catholics. We give here a synopsis of the reply:

My dear friends, to the word of welcome you so beautifully expressed in the address I feel utterly unable to reply in terms befitting the occasion.

Ever since my return you have shown me by your countenances and hearty greetings that you are glad to see me again. This alone I esteem highly. And to day the general and unanimous demonstration, and the very substantial gift with which you greet me as a congregation, gives me more consolation and more real happiness than it falls to the lot of many priests to enjoy.

It speaks volumes for the grand harmony that exists here between priest and people. This is as it should be; and while I accept your good wishes and your noble gift—the spontaneous expression of your appreciation of what little I may have done—I do so with the sincerest thanks, feeling sure you know me well enough to feel that while I may not be very effusive in thanks, there is no one who will more highly value both your good wishes and your generous gift.

While abroad I certainly had you in mind always, and must confess that at your Christmas festivities I was present in spirit; and none was more glad to reach home—if a priest may call any one place his home—than I was. There was nothing in our journey that gave us more pleasure than to feel that every day you were mindful of us where remembrance was real—in your prayers. Nor did we forget you. I shall never forget the feelings that came over me as I knelt with His Lordship at the tomb of St. Peter to recite the Creed, and pray for our friends. One could not help but be carried away by the thought that we were then at the fountain head of Christianity—and how earnestly we prayed that our faith fail not.

While I gladly appreciate the expression of your approval of anything I may have done since I came among you, let me in all justice give credit to whom credit is due. In the first place, to His Lordship Bishop McEvoy. Only those who live and work under his guidance can understand how sweet that labor is, when urged on by one who is himself an untiring worker and whose sole ambition is to further the progress of religion and all things good in the diocese.

I might also mention the good priests who have been from time to time associated with me in the works of the cathedral parish. And not the least are the zealous young men who are with me to-day. Continuing, Rev. Father Aylward here warmly thanked the young priests at present on the Cathedral staff—Fathers Egan, Stanley and White—for their zealous endeavor and especially at the people confided to their care, mentioning each in a specially kind manner.

There reigns, said the rector, in our midst a willingness and cheerfulness for work that make of us a very happy family. And if during the past (nearly seven years I have been able to do some things well, I owe it in a special manner to His Lordship and to those priests, as also to you—my good people, who from the beginning listened to my appeals and generously undertook to help me. It may not be out of place here to say that this spirit of good will was not confined to the parish alone; and I take this opportunity of thanking many of the citizens of London—although they are not of the household of the faith—for their courtesies and even generosity to me.

I am, above all things, anxious that our diocese, laboring zealously in God's vineyard. Soon, however, your superior talents marked you as one capable of serving Him in a wider sphere and you were appointed to your present position. Since coming here you have fully demonstrated your abilities as a financier. The annual income of St. Peter's has been greatly increased and the church debt reduced.

Long may you remain to guide our prospering and to lead us in the upward path, and may our noblest endeavors, in the future, as in the past, be directed by the heart and hand of our beloved Rector.

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LENENT PASTORAL LETTER.

A comparison of statistics shows that in proportion to our population, there is much less drunkenness amongst us than among other peoples. We will make only two comparisons: Firstly, as to the amount of spirituous liquors consumed per head of the population: In Great Britain it amounts to thirty three and one third gallons per head (33.34). In France, thirty-two and a quarter (32.25). In Germany, twenty-nine and three-quarters (29.75). In America, thirteen and one-eighth (13.125). While in Newfoundland, taking all sorts of wines, spirits and beers, there is not even three quarters of a gallon per head consumed (.70).

Secondly, if we consider the amount of money expended per head, we find: In England, four pounds, six shillings and half penny (£4.6.0) = \$21.00, twenty-one dollars. In Scotland, three pounds, six shillings and eleven pence (3.6.11) equal to sixteen dollars and seventeen cents (\$16.17). In Ireland, two pounds, sixteen shillings and eight pence farthing (2.16.8.1/4), equal to thirteen dollars and seventy three cents (\$13.73). While in Newfoundland it only reaches the amount, eleven shillings and six pence, (11s. 6d), or two dollars and sixty-six cents (\$2.66) per head.

We do not give these figures to excuse or palliate in any way the vice of drunkenness, but to vindicate in some degree the character of our country from unfair representations. It has been thought, and publicly stated, that the Catholic church is not outspoken enough in the condemnation of this vice—that her pulpits are silent on the subject. Such is not the case. In looking back over our pastorals for the last few years we cannot find one in which the vice of drunkenness is not condemned. In the year 1899 we dedicated a whole pastoral to this subject, and it may be well for us to repeat here some portion of what we said on that occasion. Those who accuse the church of neglect of duty in this matter do not understand the attitude of the church nor the methods on which she proceeds. She does not put her whole trust in continued and loud-mouthed declamation and denunciation. She treats temperance as a moral virtue, an ornament to the soul, as a state of spiritual grace. She does not believe that men can be driven into it by physical force or legal enactment, but by the influence of grace, the sacraments and the precepts of religion.

The greater part of the church's work is not done in the pulpit and on the platform, but, as Cardinal Newman so elegantly puts the case: "Her best fruits are necessarily secret. She fights with the heart of man. . . . Virtue and sanctity, even when realized, are also in a great measure secret gifts, known only to God and the angels. For these reasons the church must be hid from the world, unless the doors of the confessional could be flung open and its whispers carried abroad on the voices of the winds. Nor, indeed, would even such disclosures suffice for the due comparison of the church with religions which aim at no personal self-government, and disown, on principle, examination of conscience and confession of sin. . . . We must wait for the Day when the Books shall be opened, and for all these reasons then, from the peculiarity and the arduousness, and the secrecy of the mission entrusted to the church, it comes to pass that the world is led to think very slightly of the church's influence on society, and vastly to prefer its own methods and its own achievements."

It is not then to the generalities of the pulpit and the rostrum that the church trusts for the accomplishment of her object, but to the individual intercourse ear to ear and heart to heart, of the Confessional. There in that sacred tribunal every priest of the Catholic church sits, hour by hour, and day by day throughout the year. There the poor, that full of a wondrous worn and weary which the world knows not, and which he lays bare the hidden wounds, the secret sorrows of his bruised and sullied soul. There the priest, as father, admonishes him; as physician, applies the spiritual remedy to his peculiar case; as teacher, instructs him; as the encourager of God, pours the balm of encouragement into his soul, the grace of holy absorption into his heart, the strength of Divine love and the grace and goes forth doubly armed to fight the battle of life and the temptations of the demon. This is the work that is going on all the time, silently and secretly, all over the world. While, then, the church does not despise or neglect the efforts of the city, she withdraws and limits the occasions of drunkenness, and the church in this matter looks upon the state or civil courts only as assistants to her in this spiritual work.

Acknowledging how difficult it is when once evil habits are formed to root them out, it is our desire that special care be taken of the children and growing generation, to protect them from this dreadful curse of drink. For this purpose the Christian Brothers, a temperance league, to which all boys are to be admitted before making their first confession, and receiving their first Communion. And we here enjoin on all the priests of outpost missions to organize such leagues in their schools, and to remember that all candidates presented for confirmation must be able to show their certificates of affiliation to these leagues—this pledge exacted from the children, to extend at least to the twenty first year of their age. We also exhort all parents to see that their children are enrolled in these temperance leagues. In conclusion, while declaring our desire to co-operate with the law and the legislature in all reasonable legislation intended to diminish and restrict the sale and consumption of intoxicating liquors, we cannot give our name or support to ineffectual and impracticable efforts, which, while having no

practical effect, only tend to bring the laws of the country into contempt and disrespect.

We implore all then, especially our young men, to prepare themselves during this Lent for the reception of the sacraments and the leading of temperate and virtuous lives in the years to come; to practise the great moral virtues of prudence, fortitude, justice and temperance—Such things as men can have nothing more profitable in this life." (Wisdom viii. 7)

M. F. HOWLEY, Archbishop of St. John's, Nfld. Given at St. John's this Quinquagesima Sunday, Feb. 25th, 1906.

CAUTION!

Notre Dame, Ind., Mar. 20, 1906.

To the editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. Dear Sir:—I crave space in your valuable paper to warn your readers against a young man who has been touring the country representing himself as a student of Notre Dame University, and collecting money from the charitable. The young man's story usually is that he is absent from the University with permission, has foolishly spent all of his money, and would like to make his way back to Notre Dame in time to avoid serious trouble. There is always, of course, a promise to repay whatever the charitable may offer.

This young man, whose name is probably Keefe, and who has used the aliases O'Brien, Smith, etc., is now in jail at Lansing, Mich., where he was arrested for pilging his trade. As the term of his incarceration will be brief, however, I deem it well to call the attention of American Catholics to his fraudulent character.

Very sincerely yours, JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C. President University of Notre Dame.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

In the matter of settling in life—which should be done early—it is of the greatest importance that the man and woman be of the one religious belief. Catholic should marry a Catholic. Mixed marriages are looked upon with disfavor by the church, and when she permits her priests to perform them for grave reasons, it is always with sorrow and regret.

In the decrees of the last General Council of the Bishops in this country held at Baltimore in 1884, it is said that the marrying of Catholics to those of other faiths should be discouraged, and young people should be exhorted to give up keeping company with non-Catholics, unless it be that he or she showed a disposition to join the church and for this reason had begun to take instruction from a Catholic priest.

This well-known teaching is forgotten or goes unheeded by many of the church's children. They put little value on the admonition and keep company with non-Catholics, notwithstanding the church's displeasure, and enter into engagements of no advantage to either party. Fathers, and finally present themselves to them and ask them to do what they do not like to do, namely, marry them to one not of the faith.

Mixed marriages are not to be entered into by Catholics for many reasons. The religion of the Catholic party is endangered. It is always hampered and sometimes prohibited altogether. Husband and wife, who should try to have united views on all things of the greatest importance, are disunited on the most important of all things, namely, religion, and the things pertaining to eternal salvation. When children are born to them the same disunion in religion works still greater evil. The Catholic has to do his or her part single handed, and if no promises have been signed, and if no promise be not lived up to, hard, indeed, is the lot of the children. They will then be brought up in an indifferent way in the all-important matter of religion. The worst in this case is the example they lack of a Catholic father, or still worse, of a Catholic mother, by whom they are to be practically taught the true faith from the same source.

How different is the family in this case from what God, Who instituted it, intended! In the divine plan the father and mother are helped bear their burdens by the consolations of religion and the strength of God's grace, the children are united to their parents, and all in the home are united in loving and helping each other. This can only be the case when father, mother and children are a unit in religious observance and family affection. When a man and woman have not the one religion and marry, they may be said, as far as the purposes of a family go and the making of a religious life of the home to promote peace and happiness there—to be a failure of it. A Catholic and a non-Catholic entered into matrimony are only half married, we may say, and their children are only half fathered or half mothered, as far as the purposes of the married state implies. While the case of the man and woman is a deplorable one, it is ten times more deplorable in the case of their children, for they have not all the helps they need to ground them in the knowledge and practice of the faith, if, as in some cases, they be not deprived of them altogether. They are not in a Catholic atmosphere, but in one that is vitiated by religious indifference and sometimes by infidelity. Will it be any wonder if

children so reared have little if any faith and in time fall away altogether?

There are some cases, we must acknowledge, where the conversion of the non-Catholic party has followed after marriage, but it is the exception to the rule, and generally occurs so long after marriage—say in old age or on a death bed—that it counts for little, save for the individual's self. A hundred cases can be cited where no conversion took place, though in many cases the Catholic party was all that husband or wife should be. Their piety and devotion were all lost as far as bringing their non-Catholic partner into the true faith was concerned.

The voice of the Council should be heeded and Catholics should not engage themselves to marry non-Catholics; and to forestall this occurring they should avoid such company keeping. If a Catholic wishes to marry a non-Catholic, he or she should tell such a one to go first and receive instruction in the Catholic religion, and, after joining the faith, that then it will be time enough to keep each other's company with a view to matrimony.

Moreover, God has His rights as well as men and women, and those rights ought not to be taken from Him. Who knows but what it may happen again, as it happened before, that one such receiving the light of faith, may be called by Him to serve Him in the religious state, rather than in matrimony? But, be this as it may, it is all important that the non-Catholic partner for a Catholic hand should be told to go and receive instruction in the faith and become a Catholic, not for marriage, but for faith's sake—for conversion after marriage is comparatively rarer than most people think, and mixed marriages generally do not turn out well.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

COMING ANNUAL MEETING WILL MARK A DEPARTURE FROM PREVIOUS GATHERINGS.

The seventh annual meeting of the International Catholic Truth Society was held in the Catholic Club, 120 Central Park, South, New York, on Thursday, March 29. The first session began at 4 p. m., and there was a second session in the evening.

"It is proposed," announced Rev. William F. McGinnis, D. D., president of the society, in his official notice of this gathering, "to give to this meeting more of a business character than has characterized the previous ones. Hitherto at the annual meetings reports have been presented to the members on the status of the society and on work accomplished, and these have been followed by an able discourse from some representative member. We feel that while such programmes have not been devoid of pleasure and benefit to the members, results in the form of practical co-operation have not followed."

"The society is now in excellent condition. Its scope and its methods are well understood throughout the country. It has become, in reality, a clearing house for things Catholic in the intellectual order. Financial support has been graciously given. We believe, however, that the machinery, so to speak, has been created which is capable of doing infinitely more work if able, zealous members will attend the meetings, pledge themselves to the carrying out of some particular line of activity, offer suggestions and express their willingness to avail themselves of its organization in promoting the cause of Catholic truth. There exists on the one hand a pressing need for popular and erudite pamphlets and books; for Catholic papers and magazines for poor isolated families; for books in the schools and in public libraries; for personal correspondence with seekers for truth and with well disposed authors, and we are convinced that the supply for these and other similar needs actually exists and in abundance. It must be the task of the society to bring together the need and the supply, and means to bring about this rapprochement can be found if the members will attend the annual meeting."

At this Conference nearly a hundred missionaries who are actively interested in the work, will compare notes. They will discuss the best methods of carrying on the missions and a further effort will be made to unify and organize the work.

The Apostolic Mission Work is a nerve centre of a great deal of aggressive energy. It is infusing a new life into the pastoral work of thousands of priests throughout the country. It is waking up many a sleepy watchman on the towers of Israel and giving them new incentives to guard the flock. The priest who has not made some efforts to reach out for the non-Catholics within his jurisdiction is considered to be blind to the opportunities that are within his grasp.

The most promising side to this movement is that interest the laity are taking in it. They feel that their highest interests not only from a spiritual point of view, but from the civic side, lie in the fact that the non-Catholics must be made to understand their religious belief and they are demanding that these opportunities afforded by a non-Catholic Mission should be presented to their non-Catholic friends. So from all parts of the country the

more intelligent laymen is urging the clergy to take an active interest in this work. It is far more evident to the people that non-Catholic missions are a great blessing, that it is to the clergy, because they come in closer contact with their friends in the other churches and they feel the good that is done.

The June Conference will give another powerful impetus to this great work.—The Missionary.

IS IT SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS?

Several non-Catholic contemporaries betray an amusing ignorance of Paul Sabatier's religion, speaking of him as a Catholic and quoting expressions of his which appear to refer against the Catholic church. Why such ignorance? When the reverend gentleman first wrote his book on St. Francis everybody was soon in possession of the fact that he was a French Protestant; the book itself would prove as much by its skeptical tone. But when he revised his work and acknowledged that he had become convinced by subsequent research at Monte Cassino and elsewhere of the reality of supernatural manifestations in the life of the Saint, unthinking people may have inferred from the fact that he was prepared to enter the church to which the subject of his research belonged. But he has not, nor has there been any intimation given that he entertains any such intention. The tone of some of the comments to which we refer would appear to justify the suspicion of a deliberate design to mislead readers ignorant of the real facts, and lead them to think that Christ's promise to His spouse had been forgotten and He no longer was with her. A striking instance of this tendency was seen in the Springfield Republican a couple of weeks ago, when, in an editorial, it spoke of Paul Sabatier as an exponent of a new party in the Gallican church. There is no arbitrary term that has a better defined historical meaning than "the Gallican church. Every scholar at least knows it means the Catholic church in France. What can all this throwing of dust in the public eye mean, or what object can it hope to subserve? It cannot deceive anybody who knows the facts of the case. We are glad to note that the Republican has been taken to task over the matter by Dr. W. Thornton Parker, of Northampton, Mass. The writer quotes from Father Robinson's work on St. Francis enough to show what little claim he possesses to be recognized as a Catholic:

"Although M. Sabatier is not a Catholic with either a big or little C, we do not know to what particular private brand of Protestantism he may belong." He tells us that he is a Protestant, by birth, not otherwise. "Yes, as it may, his work is the very incarnation of Protestantism, being a systematic exposition of that false theory which seeks to enthroned individual conscience as the 'judge of last resort.' His writings are a most cleverly devised apology for that amalgam of creeds and dogmas that is, who reject what they call supernatural religion, to wit, the whole system of divine revelation and particularly the divinity of Christ. These liberal Protestants stuffily reason by calling themselves rationalists. Although rationalism is but the logical issue and outcome of Protestantism we are none the less surprised to find so many prominent members of the Anglican church among M. Sabatier's adherents."

We can hardly imagine deliberate duplicity on the part of the publications which go on writing about Paul Sabatier in this stupid way. But it is amazing density, anyhow.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE MOST RELIGIOUS POET OF THE SOUTH.

In Baltimore, on a recent Sunday evening, Rev. Dr. Oliver Huckel, pastor of Associate Congregational church, preached the third of a series of sermons on "Spiritual Lessons from the Southern Poets." His subject was Father Ryan. He said in part:

"Father Ryan is the most religious poet of the South. Lanier was musician, philosopher, scientist, even in his verse. Poe was a consummate artist, a melodist of the most exquisite witchery. Hayne is full of woodcraft and the pure love of literature. Key is a patriotic lawyer and theological hymnist of the noble sort. But Father Ryan in his verse seems to know nothing but the human heart and God. Every line is charged and surcharged with religious feeling. Religion is his very atmosphere, his life."

"Father Ryan is an apostle of mysticism in religion, and this fact I want especially to emphasize in his life as being most fruitfully suggestive to us. He was a spiritual mystic, and as such can help many of us in our lives. We owe much to the great mystics in religion. They call us back to some great truths."

"The greatest of Father Ryan's poems is his famous song of the 'Mystic.' It is a confession of his mystic faith. It haunts one like the strange enchantment of Schubert's 'Serenade' or the weird word of Handel's 'Largo.' It is a comment on the ancient words, 'Be still and know that I am God.' It reveals the value of solitude and silence. It tells us that sometimes we ought to shut out the world entirely and withdraw into the quiet, and there find in our own hearts a Valley of Silence where God may speak and show to us things unutterable."

From Canadian exchanges we learn of a beautiful custom prevalent among Catholics in the land of the maple leaf. Instead of sending worthless blooms in vulgar profusion at time of death, they send "spiritual offerings." Our own people can well learn a lesson here. Flowers are pretty, but they mean nothing to the dead and often are offensive to the living.—Catholic Union and Times.

The Force of Good Example.

"The force of good example in making converts cannot be overestimated," says the Missionary. "Men believe their eyes more readily than their ears. Catholicism may fail, but Catholic virtue seldom fails to attract men to the church. Words to people's ears may sound loud; words to the eyes, that is to say the beautiful deeds of the devout Catholic life, are often as loud as the trumpet of Sinai—God's loving speech. God's of Sinai—God's loving speech. Catch your Prohuman documents. Catch your Protestant neighbor's eye with your tearful, truthful, honorable and charitable deeds; catch his eye and you will catch his heart."

A Protestant Divine on Catholic Training.

"It does no good to drive God out of the schoolroom and expect Him to find an asylum in the souls of men," said the Rev. Mr. Newton, a prominent Methodist minister of Australia at a recent meeting in Victoria, where the "Protestant Defense Association" was in session. "Catholicism is a wonderful power that is not abating," he confessed. "As far as I can see you are tired. I have no impression on Roman Catholicism. The general opinion is that Romanism depends on the keeping of the people in ignorance and darkness. To my mind this is a popular delusion. Take, for instance, Roman Catholic schools. People send their children to convent and secondary schools, and even people who profess to be good Protestants do so, and why? Because they say they get a first class education there at less cost than any other secondary school."

A PROTESTANT CONFESSION.

There is no denying the fact that the Reformation parted with much that might have been helpful to the churches which would not admit the sovereignty of Rome or the superiority of church over the Book.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

Character is what distinguishes one man from another. One is strong in character; another is weak; one is gentle, another is severe; one is good and noble, another is bad and low, and as a man is in his character so is he classified by those who know him.

In God alone we have perfection; but He is so great and perfect we cannot comprehend it, and we must confess that it is beyond human comprehension, so relegate it to the infinite.

Thus, Christian character is that quality of mind and heart which recalls the life of Christ in His going about doing good. It tells of the lives of the saints who strove to walk in the divine footsteps.

But while this is the standard of perfection and this is the character for all men, since all have been created by God and all have been redeemed by Him, we cannot expect to see it realized in a high degree other than by Christians, for these alone have the light in its fullness and these only have the grace accompanying it.

Christian character is the strongest kind of character, as virtue is stronger than vice, good more powerful than evil. It is far reaching and enduring. It may be checked but it cannot be stopped. It may be delayed but it cannot be overcome.

Our perfection is God's expressed wish and He is striving in a thousand ways to bring it about. Grace is ever trying to work upon the senses to draw man to higher and holier things, and the thoughts of creation, sacrifice, redemption and the promise of eternal happiness, are continually brought before his mind in the endeavor to lead him to perfection, but his free will must first, he must desire, he must pray, he

must co-operate, he must yield his faculties before anything can be accomplished.

And yet what should a man more strive for than to perfect himself? A man will do much to perfect his bodily strength that he may enjoy good health and prolong his life to a good old age.

BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the church. The priest enters and kneel down, one of them unlocks the Tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament, inserts it upright in a monstrance of precious metal, and sets it in a conspicuous place above of the altar, in the midst of lights, for all to see.

DIocese of London.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATHAM, ONT. I was with a "Good Mile Faith" as we welcomed our beloved Bishop Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., one bright day last week when he honored us with a visit, the first since his return from the Eternal City.

His Lordship favored us with a delightful and interesting description in his own happy style, the Sovereign Pontiff, his life and other interesting and important subjects. We felt such genuine pleasure on seeing our revered Shepherd again in our midst, safe at home, after his long and arduous journey that we were

On the feast of the universal patron of the Catholic church, glorious St. Joseph, the beautiful marble altar of St. Joseph which now adorns our convent chapel was used for the first time when solemn High Mass was offered there, for the generous donors, Mr. James Marshall and family, who enjoyed the well deserved privilege of being present on the occasion.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS. Marriage announcements and death notices in condensed form not exceeding five lines, fifty cents.

DEED. O'NEIL.—At the residence of his brother, 121 1/2 St. George, on March 18, 1906, Mr. John O'Neil, aged thirty four years. May he rest in peace!

TRACHERS WANTED. Catholic teacher wanted for St. Mary's school, District No. 2, N. W. T. Male or female, holding 3rd class certificate. Duties to commence April 1, 1906. Apply to the principal, St. Mary's, St. Andrew's P. O., Via Wapella, Sask. N. W. T. 131.

WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION 11, HAY. Male or female teacher, holding 3rd class certificate. Duties to commence April 1, 1906. Apply to Nelson, S. S. Joseph, Ont. 1432.

WANTED — WOMAN TO KEEP HOUSE. On farm for widower with two children. Catholic. Reference required. Address: W. L. Vesnes, Inad-fall, Alta. 1433.

PRIEST'S HOUSEKEEPER. WANTED A HOUSEKEEPER BY Address C. D. CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London Can. 1434.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY FOR CATHOLIC. With moderate capital and experience, to open general store in one of the best towns in Ontario. For particulars address: 1122 Y. Record Office, London Ont.

FIVE GOLDEN RULES.

First—Eat only 3 meals a day, 5 hours apart. It requires 4 to 4 1/2 hours to digest a meal. This leaves 1/2 to 1 hour for the stomach to rest.

Second—Eat nothing between meals. If anything is taken into the stomach while digestion is going on, digestion stops and may not start again for an hour.

Third—Eat slowly and chew food thoroughly. This insures food being well mixed with saliva and partially digested before it reaches the stomach.

Fourth—Drink little fluid with meals. The stomach gives out about a pint of gastric juice to digest each meal. If you take another pint of tea, wine or water, then the digestive juices are too diluted to properly digest the food.

Fifth—Take one "Fruitatives" tablet about twenty minutes before meals. "Fruitatives" tone up and sweeten the stomach—insure an abundant flow of digestive juices—and cure Dyspepsia. Follow these directions for a month and see how much better you are in every way.

At all druggists. See a box.

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The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request. Address THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT., CAN.

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YOUR ATTENTION is respectfully drawn to the opening of a Branch of this Bank at 635 Dundas Street, London East where accounts of societies, lodges, churches, charity organizations, schools, factories and business men can be opened.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada. London Branch, opposite City Hall, F. E. KARN, Manager. London East Branch, 635 Dundas Street, W. J. HILL, Manager. Flattering compliments are being paid those who are wearing The New High Bust Straight Front D. & A. Corset. No Corset Suits present styles as well.

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada

WATERLOO, - ONT.

Thirty-Sixth Annual Statement for the Year 1905.

Table with columns: INCOME, DISBURSEMENTS, ASSETS, LIABILITIES, GAINS IN 1905. Includes financial data for the year 1905.

Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation, \$1,261,955.00.

Directors' Report. INSURANCE ACCOUNT—The volume of new business was 3,637 Policies for \$6,014,576, being an increase over 1904 of 183 Policies for \$966,418.

INCOME—The total income for the year was \$1,956,518.91, derived from Premiums, \$1,547,596.45; Interest and Rents, \$407,922.46, and profit from the sale of Real Estate, \$1,148.52.

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS—The payments to Policyholders consisted of Death Claims, \$231,921.10; Matured Endowments, \$159,470; Purchased Policies, \$61,168.88; Surplus, \$87,928.58, and Annuities, \$9,424.56; being a total of \$532,914.19.

THE EXPENSES AND TAXES were \$348,491.75, and Profit and Loss \$1,519.18, making a total of \$3,060,914.91, or 17.8 per cent. of the total income.

ASSETS—The cash assets at the close of the year were \$3,816,558.12, and consisted of monies received, \$4,285,331.89; Debentures and Bonds, \$1,245,401.89; Loans on Policies, \$388,670.39; Premium obligations, \$28,810.60; Real Estate, including the Head Office building, \$56,281.05, and cash in Banks and at Head Office, \$261,063.60.

LIABILITIES—The liabilities at the close of the year were \$3,210,011.12, and consisted of Reserve, 1 per cent. \$1 per cent. and 3 per cent. \$5,210,061.24; Reserve or Unpaid Policies liable to revive or surrender, 2,400.31; Death Claims Unadjusted, 64,630.00; Present value of Death claims payable in installments, 35,614.98; Premiums paid in advance, 11,378.42; Amount due for medical fees, 5,889.50; Accrued Rents, 805.33; Credit Ledger Balances, 10,224.25; Surplus on Company's Valuation Standard, 952,001.12.

The interest on our investments has been very well met, especially in the city of Winnipeg, where on mortgages amounting to \$745,355 the interest in arrear at the close of the year was only \$227.

THE LIABILITIES were again computed on the same standard as in former years viz.: Combined Experience Table with 4 per cent. interest for all business up to January 1, 1900. From that date to January 1, 1903, on the Institute of Actuaries' Table, with 3 per cent. interest, and thereafter on the same table with 5 per cent. interest. The reserve computed upon this standard of valuation amounts to \$3,210,061.24, and the total liabilities are \$3,849,091.03.

As in former years, the Executive Committee has examined all the securities and verified all the entries relating to them on the Company's books.

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