





CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Teller," "The Years Between," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A RIFT OF SUNSHINE.

A week later Jerome reached Kempton. The journey home had been a long and wearisome trip. Yet as he stepped off the train at the depot and caught the twinkle of Gracia's eyes in the crowd, his heart gave a thrill of delight.

"I am so glad Jerome to see you back," Gracia said gladly, her cheeks coloring slightly. "It did seem so very lonely since you went. Often I thought that you would never return to me. I fancied myself all alone, dear, but that was foolish."

"I, too, have missed you sweet," Jerome said, looking into her joyful eyes. "I do not know what I would do without you. Your strong unselfish love seems to fill a void in life that is vast and cheerless. Without you I would miss all the gladness and brightness and sunshine."

"But where is Dick?" asked the girl, somewhat surprised. "Did he not come with you?"

"Yes, part of the way. He remained over at Trenton to see an aged uncle of his. He will reach home the day after to-morrow."

"How did you enjoy yourself, dear? Did the Place O'Pines surpass your expectations?"

Jerome could not help thinking of his meeting with Mad Nance, but brushed the thought aside, and replied: "Yes, I was more than pleased with the place. It is a beautiful country—charming climate, delightful scenery and pleasant company all the time. People are coming and going continually. Whom do you think I had the pleasure of meeting there, Gracia?"

"I hardly know, I suppose some rich duke or duchess."

"Ah, no, come down a little lower on the social scale, please. You surely could not picture me associating with the nobility."

"Why not? My Jerome, I think, is qualified to dine with kings and queens."

"But all jokes aside, I did meet the Duke of Kenyon. He startled all Europe some months ago by openly denouncing and exposing the follies of the smart set. Yes, and a rather fine fellow he is too. Sings exceptionally well, is an expert at the rifle and can say his 'ha-penny-damn' as well as any one. The Duke of Kenyon, however, is not the person I had in mind."

"Well, whom else did you meet? Some one great in politics?"

"No."

"In music?"

"No."

"In art?"

"Yes."

"I might have guessed it."

"Listen, I had the pleasure of an evening with the great Lachance."

"Really? An evening with the illustrious Frenchman? Why, all Paris, nay Europe, is wild over his canvases. I saw a reproduction of one of his latest pictures in one of the art journals. I think it is called 'Shadowland'—a wonderful forest scene of trees and moonlight."

"Ah, yes, I remember it. Do you know that very picture was executed at the Place O'Pines. I saw the original. Lachance painted it in one of the pine-woods. He has been staying at the island for several months. His physician recommended a rest, and yet the noted artist is 'killing time' by painting beautiful and wonderful pictures. Before leaving he presented me with a little landscape in oil—a very pretty bit of work. I know you will like it. By the way there is another surprise in store."

"Oh, do tell me, please Jerome, since this is the hour of surprises."

"Lachance will be so before leaving Kempton in a month or so before leaving for Paris and he has kindly promised to spend a few days with us."

"With us? You mean with yourself?"

"No, I mean us. Surely you are not forgetting Gracia that the Cardinal is going to figure conspicuously in a very important ceremony next week."

Gracia lowered her eyes for a moment and answered with a smile: "Indeed I am not forgetting, dear, but really this 'us' is very confusing to say the least. Yes, a week from to-day—"

"You shall become my wife," he interrupted. "Thank God for the gift of so sweet a gridding star!"

"All the arrangements for the ceremony have been made. The night before the wedding I shall have a birthday of my own. I shall be twenty then. Sister Benita is coming home for the two days. It will be glorious. We can hardly wait to see her in the old place. Aunt Hawkins, too, is beside herself for very joy. She has been anxious, planning for weeks. I hardly know what I would do without her. Even poor Matt Pency has been busy and exceedingly kind. He vows that not a single outside flower shall be used in decorating the house and the cathedral. All the floral tributes are destined to come from the conservatory. Oh, my dear, I have a thousand and one things to tell you. This morning Madame Landers called and fitted my trousseau. It is just a perfect gem—a lovely creation of white silk with yards and yards of—"

"Come, dear," Jerome interrupted somewhat abruptly, "there's a car. It is so far to walk to Bleur House. Besides I am very tired. Come, let's hurry! You can finish the description of that dress, sweet, when we are seated. I am sure it must be exquisite."

"Exquisite?" she cried eagerly with a certain air of pride. "Why a queen has seldom worn a prettier or a costlier one."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE UNRAVELLING OF THE TANGLE.

Jerome did not sleep much that evening. There was so much for him to think about, and in his heart he wished that he had never seen the Place O'Pines.

The confession of Mad Nance kept him awake nearly all night. He tried to shut out the sound of her haunting voice, but he could not. It haunted him as some horrible crime, awful and soul-crushing. What was he to do? He felt that he must tell the truth to some one, but Gracia was not to know. At day-break he rose from his bed and walked over to the open window. He was very tired. The morning air seemed to revive him. The birds were beginning to stir in the trees and the streets were already beginning to echo the song of toll.

Presently the bells of St. Agatha's sounded the morning hours. They brought soothing music to his heart and carried his thoughts to that trusted friend of the cloister—Sister Benita. And while they ran over the roofs of the city a thought came to him, a bright, helpful thought.

"I have it at last," he muttered. "I shall go to Sister Benita and tell her the story of Mad Nance's death and show her the document. She was at the Place O'Pines with her brother at the time the Lescot child was stolen. Surely she would remember some of the circumstances. Perhaps Arthur told her all about it. In any case I shall go to her. She seems to be the only person to whom I could relate my experiences."

"That morning at 10 Jerome Chelsea stood at the door of St. Agatha's. Sister Benita is now at class," the portress answered him, "but she will be free in ten minutes. Can you wait so long?"

"Yes, I am in no hurry."

"Very well then. I shall tell Sister."

Ten minutes later Sister Benita entered the room.

"So you have come back to us again, Jerome," she remarked. "I am sure one heart is glad in Kempton to-day."

"You mean Gracia?"

"Yes. The poor girl felt very lonely during your absence. She is so affectionate. Her whole life is wrapped up in the forthcoming ceremony. She is as happy as a child."

"I do hope she may ever remain so, bright singing bird that she is. I saw her last evening and her happiness seemed complete. Aunt Hawkins too can hardly wait for your home-coming, Sister. Remember, you are expected to taste some of Gracia's wedding cake."

"I shall be there. Reverend Mother is very good to grant such an extraordinary request. It will do my heart good to see the old home again and wander through the well-remembered rooms which are peopled with pleasant memories. It seems a lifetime since the doors of Bleur House closed behind me. But tell me, how did you like the Place O'Pines? Is it not a rare and delightful spot?"

"It is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. Yet I wish that my foot had never stepped upon its ground."

"What do you mean?" Sister Benita asked, somewhat surprised. "What has happened? You speak strangely, Mr. Chelsea. I felt that your trip had been a delightful one. Pray, do not tell me that it was not."

Jerome shifted about uneasily in his chair. Then he looked at Sister Benita strangely.

"Can I trust you, Sister?" he asked doubtfully.

"Trust me, Mr. Chelsea?" questioned the nun, her face whitening. "Certainly. But what does all this mean?"

"I would like to tell you something. I must tell it to someone whom I can trust."

A strange feeling crept into Sister Benita's heart. She waited for his words with bated breath like one standing on the brink of a precipice. His sentences had brought a new terror to her soul. She could tell from his looks that there was trouble brewing.

"Speak, Mr. Chelsea," she said unable to wait any longer, "and tell me all I trust me. What you are about to say will remain a secret forever. Surely, you bring no bad news of the good child, Gracia?" she asked frightened.

"Not exactly," she repeated. "Tell me, Mr. Chelsea—tell me all!"

"I wish I had never seen the Place O'Pines," the artist muttered.

"Come, come Mr. Chelsea unburden the thoughts that seem to weigh you down. You will feel better afterwards. I know it all concerns Gracia and you."

Jerome regained his courage, and the words came fast. He described the visit to the pine-woods, the discovery of the blood trickling down the rocks, the following of the stream to its destination and the finding of Mad Nance in a dying condition.

"But what has Mad Nance to do with either Gracia or yourself?" asked the nun.

"More than you dream. I feel very sorry to have to say it."

"Continue, Mr. Chelsea," the nun pleaded.

Thereupon in words charged with intense feeling Jerome referred to the dying woman's confession.

"My dear brother's name was mentioned by this woman as that of her tempter?" shrieked Sister Benita, overcome with emotion.

"Yes, she spoke clearly, and there was no mistaking it."

"How long since the crime was committed?"

"Seventeen years ago."

"What was the nature of the crime?"

"A three-year-old child was stolen by this woman and your brother paid her well for it."

The nun's hands stole to her throbbing temples.

"Seventeen years ago—seventeen years ago," she repeated. "The very year Arthur and I visited the Place O'Pines."

"Did she give the child's name?"

"Yes—Lescot. The child's mother's name was Mazie."

"Mazie Lescot?" groaned Sister Benita. "Is it possible! And was she at the Place O'Pines?"

"Yes, she was a widow. Her husband was drowned at sea. She sold roses for a living and they called her the Rose-Queen."

"Mazie Lescot, the widow of Lawrence Lescot," repeated Sister Benita thoughtfully. "And she was the Rose-Queen! I knew her well at one time. She lived at Kempton. Her name then

was Mazie Rawlins. Oh God! I see through it all. I am afraid the story is only too true."

But what motive could your brother have had in stealing the child?"

"Arthur was once madly in love with Mazie, but she spurned his advances and married Lawrence Lescot, a poor mill-hand. The blow was too much for him. His mind became affected and he never recovered. The Lescot left Kempton after their marriage. Providence, however, seemed to have directed that Arthur was to meet Mazie again at the Place O'Pines. They must have met, yet my poor brother breathed not a word."

The tears came to Sister Benita's eyes and she wept bitterly. "Gracia then, is Mazie Lescot's child," she murmured. "I feel sure of it now."

She paused for a few moments while her thoughts wandered back over the past to that last day which she and her brother had spent together at the Place O'Pines. How that day loomed up before her now?

"I am afraid it is all too true, Mr. Chelsea," she repeated sadly.

Before Mad Nance died, Jerome remarked, "she confessed the crime to me, Dick and myself and bade me take down her sentences word for word. Here is the document. She signed her name just before she died. Read it aloud, Sister."

Jerome handed her the strange document.

"I cannot read it, Mr. Chelsea," she said in tears. "Please read it for me."

Slowly and distinctly Jerome read every sentence. "This strange man came to me at the cottage one night wearing a red wig," he continued nervously.

"A red wig?" interrupted Sister Benita. "I can now recall this very thing. I remember finding it on his table next morning. He told me it belonged to one of the actors at the Olympic."

He then read of Mad Nance's entrance into the Lescot cottage, her stealing the child and carrying it to the bend of the river, where Mr. Gravenor met her and administered chloroform.

Sister Benita raised her eyes and said: "I remember distinctly Arthur's entrance into the boat the evening we left the island. He carried the little child in his arms. He told me he had adopted it and was going to take it back to Kempton with him. I thought nothing of the matter at the time as my brother was a man of moods, and felt that it was best to satisfy his whims. Arthur had been acting strangely for weeks. I remember distinctly smelling chloroform on the little one the night he brought it to us on the steamer. I drew his attention to the fact, but he replied that the child had had a cold and a strong smelling liniment had been rubbed on its chest. God forgive him, Arthur could not have known what he was doing."

When Jerome finished reading the document he asked: "Then, Sister, do you really think that this stolen child was no other than Gracia?"

"I am sure of it. It cannot be otherwise. I carried her all the way from the Place O'Pines seventeen years ago, and she watched her grow into womanhood. Gracia's Gracia," she wept sadly. "At last the shadows brighten. We always called you nobody's child but now we know that some mother's heart was broken when you were taken away."

"But listen," interposed Jerome. "Mad Nance in her confession calls the child Constance and you call the same child Gracia. This seems very strange indeed."

"Not at all. I am sure Arthur changed the child's name purposely."

"So Mazie Lescot, the child's mother is dead," murmured the grief-stricken nun. Poor thing! her end was tragic. I wonder what has become of the other child?"

"I did not hear," Sister Benita's thoughts instantly suggested me to read it to her on her twentieth birthday. I have not heard such genuine laughter for many a day. Sister Benita tried hard to throw a cloak over her feelings and succeeded. She could not help thinking of her dead brother. How she wished that he might suddenly come to life and explain in person all the strange mystery. Her thoughts stole to Mad Nance and her starting confession and she grew faint. Jerome, with Gracia at his side, felt that he was the richest man in all the world. He chatted briskly and his face beamed with smiles. To-morrow was to bring him the realization of all his fondest hopes; to-morrow he was to take Gracia to himself as wife. How his heart longed for the hour in which he could call her his forever! For weeks he had waited for the day. He had something to live for after all, something beautiful and precious that no one would ever dare to take from him.

After dinner all withdrew to the drawing room. When all were comfortably seated the Cardinal rose from his chair somewhat nervously and motioned Sister Benita to his side. The nun obeyed. His Eminence whispered something and she hurriedly left the room. Gracia wondered what all the strange proceedings could mean. She leaned over to Jerome and remarked, somewhat inquisitively: "I wonder what the Cardinal is going to do? He seems very nervous—poor, old man. See how his fingers tremble. He will never adjust his glasses. What do you think he is going to do, Jerome?"

"Probably speak a few words of advice and encouragement to us," Jerome replied, purposely concealing the real motive of the Cardinal's visit.

"But why did Sister Benita leave the room so hurriedly? Besides, she looked dreadfully pale. Oh, there she comes carrying something in her hands."

Sister Benita entered the room, the little casket in her hands. Nervously she placed it on the table and resumed her seat directly opposite Gracia. The Cardinal's eyes surveyed the room. They rested pitifully for a moment on Gracia. Then he began, notwithstanding his years, in a firm, clear voice:

"My dear children, on the eve of your intended marriage, let me speak a few words to you. I am glad to be with you this evening and I congratulate most heartily the young lady whose birthday is being so fittingly celebrat-

CHAPTER XXX.

OLD LETTERS.

The night of Gracia's birthday arrived. All day long preparations had been in progress for the wedding on the morrow. Gracia was the embodiment of loveliness and happiness as she went flitting from room to room in her plain white gown, on some errand of usefulness. A large red rose glowed in her hair and another on her breast.

Matt Pency, decked in his Sunday best, was a very conspicuous figure about Bleur House.

"I am sorry to see Gracia go," he said to Sister Benita as the latter was admiring the floral decorations in the dining room. "The place will be empty without her. She was life itself—music and an' song all the blessed day. Jerome Chelsea has much to be grateful for. Gracia is not one of them wall-flowers that a breath of wind will blow away. And she's no mad with the society craze either an' the pink-tea notions an' such like. Thank heaven for that! She can make her own play an' work with the best of them. But Aunt Hawkins an' I will be very lonely in this large house when she is gone."

A tear trickled down the old man's cheek and a look of sadness came into his eyes.

"Ah no," answered Sister Benita. "You shall not be left alone here. Listen, Gracia is not going to leave Bleur House. This is her home. Besides, another member will be added to your household to-morrow."

"Oh, I am so glad the young people are not going to leave us. With Jerome here it will be livelier than ever. He's a fine man, Jerome is—a regular, all-around gentleman. He brought me this card the way from the Place O'Pines, an' I think it was kind o' decent o' him."

"By the way, Matt, do you know," the nun asked, drifting into another theme, "what time of day it is?"

Matt's fingers stole to his watch. "It's exactly eight," he replied. "Just then the door bell sounded."

"I am sure it is the Cardinal."

"The Cardinal?" said Matt doubtfully. "Well, well! I think I had better go then."

"You must not be afraid of His Eminence. He is only a plain, humble old man."

Presently Aunt Hawkins came over on her crutches—rheumatism had almost made her a cripple—and whispered to Sister Benita: "The Cardinal is waiting in the drawing-room, dear."

"Pardon me, Matt. His Eminence is waiting."

The Cardinal greeted Sister Benita warmly.

"Have you brought the little box containing the letter?" he asked of her kindly.

"Yes, Your Eminence. Here it is," she said, "just as my brother gave it to me, and here is the key."

"I suppose it will fit the lock."

"I hope so. I have never tried it."

"Then this letter has never left the casket, since your brother placed it there."

"No, Your Eminence."

In a moment the key turned in the lock and the lid flew open.

"Ah, here is the precious envelope," exclaimed the Cardinal. "It does seem strange, Sister, that Arthur should have addressed it to Gracia and command you to read it to her on her twentieth birthday. When had I best read the letter?"

"After a little while, Your Eminence. I think dinner will be ready shortly. Ah, yes, there is the bell."

The two left the room, Sister Benita leading the way. In the hall the Cardinal met Gracia and Jerome.

At dinner a feeling of rare good cheer prevailed. The Cardinal was in his element and his fine, witty sayings kept everyone in good humor. Poor Matt Pency laughed so heartily that he could scarcely perform his duties at the table.

Instantly Sister Benita thought that she had not heard such genuine laughter for many a day. Sister Benita tried hard to throw a cloak over her feelings and succeeded. She could not help thinking of her dead brother. How she wished that he might suddenly come to life and explain in person all the strange mystery. Her thoughts stole to Mad Nance and her starting confession and she grew faint. Jerome, with Gracia at his side, felt that he was the richest man in all the world. He chatted briskly and his face beamed with smiles. To-morrow was to bring him the realization of all his fondest hopes; to-morrow he was to take Gracia to himself as wife. How his heart longed for the hour in which he could call her his forever! For weeks he had waited for the day. He had something to live for after all, something beautiful and precious that no one would ever dare to take from him.

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ed. I hope and trust that the young man to whom she has given her love will honor it as the most sacred gift that life can give him, that he will remain true to his promises and that God will bless both with an abundance of graces which make for perfection in this life and in the next. I have another matter to refer to and no time seems more opportune than the present. Sister Benita has handed me this casket which I hold in my hands. It was entrusted to her by her brother on his deathbed. When Arthur Gravenor was dying he commissioned her to open the casket and read the enclosed letter to you, Gracia, on your twentieth birthday. That day has now arrived and to-night your benefactor's desire shall be fulfilled, here in the presence of your friends. May God grant that it will bring into your lives added happiness!"

Gracia stirred in her chair like a frightened being. Her cheeks were pale.

"Poor thing!" thought Jerome, noticing her evident uneasiness. "I should have told her beforehand of this."

The Cardinal unlocked the casket and took therefrom the mysterious letter.

"See," His Eminence exclaimed, "the letter is addressed thus:

"To Miss Gracia Gravenor  
To be opened on her twentieth birthday."

Gracia's heart throbbled visibly, her eyes fastened on the Cardinal's wrinkled, noble face.

Slowly the Cardinal opened the envelope and read in trembling voice:

"Dear Gracia—On this your twentieth birthday Arthur Gravenor's voice speaks to you from the grave. It has a claim to confess. Undoubtedly, dear child, you have been wondering who your parents were, what became of them and how you ever drifted into the Gravenor household. I knew your parents well. They both lived in Kempton at one time. Your mother, Mazie Rawlins, was the only girl I ever loved and when she married Lawrence Lescot—your father—my heart was torn in two. My soul ached for revenge and, when five years later in company with my sister, Muriel, I visited the Place O'Pines, I again met your mother. She was a widow then, your father having been drowned at sea. Again I asked her to marry me. She refused, and again I swore that I would make her suffer. But it was madness and jealousy that drove me to it. In a far from sane state of mind I visited a low character, Mad Nance by name—"

Sister Benita lowered her eyes. Her face grew ashen white. By this time Gracia had risen to her feet looking into the Cardinal's kindly face, and waiting breathlessly for every word. Jerome stood at her side manfully, his face filled with an expression of pity that was touching.

"I visited a low character, Mad Nance, by name," the Cardinal repeated, "paid her a large sum of money and ordered her to go to Mazie Lescot's house and steal her little daughter who was about three years old. That very night I left the Place O'Pines and carried the stolen child to Kempton with me. Gracia—forgive me! That child was you. Your real name was Constance. For various reasons I thought it best to change it."

Gracia's head dropped into Jerome's strong arms. The surprise had been too much for her and her heart was heavy with anguish. The Cardinal paused thoughtfully a few moments and, noticing that Gracia had recovered, he continued reading—

"When I returned to Kempton I recognized the gravity of the crime I had committed. My remorse of conscience was great. I sought you to restore you to your mother, but it was too late. You were supposed to have been the victim of foul play. Your mother worried so that she died a day or two after the crime was committed."

As the story proceeded there was not a dry eye in the room. Gracia wept bitterly. It was the first time her heart had ever felt the pang of real suffering. Even the old Cardinal brushed aside a few sudden tears.

"I am sorry my dear children," he said "that the letter so far has not contained a cheery word, but it has to be read."

Then straightening himself he continued reading: "You had an only brother, Gracia. His name was Jerome. After your mother's death I enquired about him. I thought of bringing him to Kempton to spend his days with you, but learned from a friend in England that he had been adopted by a certain wealthy Sidney Terrace, a retired widower, living at 15 Mariton House Terrace, London."

"15 Mariton House Terrace?" shrieked Jerome, his face reddening with surprise, "the very place where I spent my boyhood days. Sidney Terrace was my adopted father. Great heaven!"

A thousand thoughts pierced Jerome's mind. The room swam before his eyes. Then Gracia's voice roused him from his sudden stupor.

"Finish the letter, Your Eminence, please," gasped Jerome almost wildly.

The Cardinal continued. The letter was unearthing strange developments and, loud and clear, came the old man's touching voice: "Upon receiving the news of Jerome's adoption I wired Sir Sidney Terrace and in time received a reply that the report was true. He had adopted Jerome Lescot, changing his name to Chelsea."

"Great God!" Jerome sobbed. "Then we are sister and brother!"

The news was too much for Gracia. She reeled and staggered and would have fallen to the ground but Jerome held her fast.

"Poor children!" the Cardinal whispered to himself, his voice overcome with emotion.

After some minutes Gracia regained consciousness. "Have I been dreaming?" she moaned, looking into Jerome's honest face. "Is it true that we are sister and brother?"

"Yes, dear," he replied in trembling voice. "It is only too true."

"But what a blessing my dear child, cheerily spoke the Cardinal, 'that you should have discovered the truth in time.'"

"It is better so," said Jerome. "I am glad this evening has brought an unexpected treasure into my life. If Love

has not found a wife for me thank God she has found my long lost sister!"

"Turning he embraced Gracia and kissed her. For some minutes the two wept tears of gladness."

Sister Benita came across the room and tearfully whispered something into their ears. "I am glad for both of you," was all she could say. "Then she left the room. Aunt Hawkins followed her. In the mind of the latter a new light had suddenly dawned."

Gracia and Jerome had accepted the strange decree of fate with strong and courageous hearts.

Matt Pency, overcome with emotion, could not help shaking hands with them, saying: "It does my old heart good to know that you ha' found each other after havin' been parted these many years."

Presently the Cardinal rose.

"I believe, my dear children," he said smilingly "that I did not finish the reading of the letter which has brought such a sudden change into your lives, and your lives. I might therefore add that the deceased Arthur Gravenor had proven himself a noble benefactor to you both by willing each one hundred thousand dollars. So you see Mr. Gravenor has made amends and I hope, dear children, you will not withhold your forgiveness."

"Sister Benita



It was commencement day at Mount St. Edward's. The sombre granite building had assumed a festive look, every column and balustrade decked with the class colors in gay blunting, and with Old Glory floating triumphantly to the breeze. Even the hot-house had been pressed into service, and Brother Anselm and brought forth his most treasured pots of ferns and palms, not to mention huge bouquets of roses, to enhance the general beauty.

The soft June air was liquid in its sweetness. The breezes played caressingly over beds of geranium that relieved the green sward here and there and blew in at the windows of the study hall, where already the ranks were formed for the entrance march.

A band of handsome lads indeed. Any college might be proud to call itself the alma mater of the most ordinary in its ranks, and the picturesque caps and gowns of the graduates served to render these all the more attractive.

"Now, Frank, are you quite sure of your lines?" queried Brother Ambrose, as he paused in his survey of the well-formed rows and addressed the first graduate, a slender, dark-haired youth.

"Yes, that's good! All ready now? March!"

There was a burst of applause from the breathless audience as the young men stepped upon the stage, and fond mothers and proud fathers craned their necks to secure a better view of some beloved hopeful. In the front seat Ruth Ransom sat with her father and mother, and in all that assemblage there was no happier heart than hers. And why not? Was it not Frank Ransom's graduation day? Was not Frank her only brother, her idol, the object of her worshiping devotion? Was not Frank the valedictorian of the occasion, and was not this the glorious climax of all his years of study and achievement? Ruth, who was three years Frank's junior, could scarcely contain herself, but kept nudging her mother every few minutes as some evolution in the march brought him into better view. But her rapture knew no bounds when Frank, without note of any kind, stood erect and calm, ready to deliver the valedictory. The handsome lad, with his earnest, thoughtful face, now becoming flushed, his gentle, manly bearing, charmed the audience at once, and as the well-delivered oration ended he sat down amid rounds of applause. Ponder that ever though was the moment when the Brother Director, during the award of diplomas, made the announcement that for studiousness and general excellence in conduct a special gold medal was bestowed upon Mr. Frank Ransom. The picture of the young man kneeling to receive the handsome badge from the hand of his late instructor was one that Ruth Ransom treasured in her memory through all the after years.

Well, it was all over, and the boys stood clasping the hands of dotting parents and admiring friends, and receiving with becoming modesty their congratulations.

"So this is our little Ruth," cried Frank, as he gave the girl a brotherly caress. "How you have grown since last September! If you keep on, you'll be taller than your big brother, sis."

"Oh, Frank, I'm so glad you are coming home for good," the girl cried. "We have missed you so much. Still, you must be sorry to leave this lovely place where the Brothers are so kind."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the youth, with the lofty air of eighteen. "It is rather poky at times, you know. A fellow longs to cut loose. Of course, the Brothers are all right, though." There was a suspicious break in the lad's voice as he uttered the last words.

As the party made their adieux at the door, Brother Ambrose drew Mr. Ransom, unobserved, aside and said: "You have a good son, Mr. Ransom. Frank is a studious, clever boy, but he is apt to be a trifle willful, and may require a strict hand. But you will have no trouble with him! I am sure. Frank has been excellent in conduct as was shown by his winning the medal, but I, who have been so close to him, understand better perhaps than any other the undecorated of his nature."

How often did this warning recur to the mind of Mr. Ransom in after days! Very gradually, but none the less surely, the realization of his son's imperfections came home to him with a bitter pang. At first Frank was a model, the leader in all the societies his parish had set on foot for the advancement of its youth. The cleverest in debate, the most skillful in athletics, he promptly became the centre of an admiring group who were ever ready to do his bidding. As a stronger character might have risen by the very spur of this adulation to better and higher things, but Frank belonged, alas! to that too large body of young men which present-day society embraces. His head was turned by flattery; his willful spirit soon learned to chafe against the wholesome restraints of home and church, and the call of pleasure did not pass unheeded. Very quickly he tired of his parish companions. "They were too ignorant, too narrow," he would assert, with a lofty sneer. So it was that presently he made friends among more worldly, even dissolute men, an association his family viewed with grief and disfavor.

Had Mr. Ransom been spared to his family, this budding profligate might have been checked at the first sign, but unfortunately, he succumbed to a maldy of which he had long been a victim, and to the mother was left the responsibility of governing the proud spirit of her son.

For a while all went well. Frank had secured an excellent position with a large manufacturing firm in the little town where they resided. The situation was a clerical one, and there was opportunity for advancement. Subsidy by the loss of his father, Frank settled down to business for some months. The three lived very comfortably in the neat home which Mr. Ransom's thrift had acquired for his family. Their income was sufficient for their needs, and Frank's salary was taxed but little for the general support. Ruth had turned her attention to vocal music, and, having been graduated at the convent academy, of which the prosperous town was

justly proud, she was now devoting her time as much as possible to the cultivation of a rare contralto voice that promised great power.

One night, a glorious June night it was, Ruth had returned from choir practice, and now hurried to the garden walk to the porch, where she had left her mother sitting. "Well, mother, here I am. I was not gone so long, was I? Why, Frank—why, mother, what's the matter?" she cried.

Without answering, Mrs. Ransom broke into silent tears. Frank, with his arm caressingly about his mother's worry over, replied: "Now, nothing to worry over, Ruth. You see, Ruth, old Davis and I had a dispute to-day, and I simply quit, that's all. There's no other position in this dull town for a fellow, so to-morrow I'm going to New York to try my luck."

"Oh, Frank, I'm so distressed!" murmured Ruth, dolefully, as she sank down on the low porch step and looked first at Frank and then at her mother's face. "I do wish you were not so proud and hasty. I dread to see you step into the maelstrom of a great and wicked city."

"Fudge, kid! You talk as if you were forty. I can take care of myself, rest assured. Now cheer up, both of you. I have the best of references, and know I'll find something worth having."

And Frank did. He wrote from New York at the end of a few days that he had been engaged by a large and wealthy firm, and that he should enter at once upon his duties. He had secured board with a respectable old lady in a fair neighborhood, and everything looked promising.

For a short time letters came frequently. Visits were necessarily scarce but he made flying trips whenever possible to do so. After a while these also grew few and far between. Mrs. Ransom's health had become so delicate that Ruth could never leave home for long at the time or she would have taken occasional journeys to the great city in order to keep Frank under sisterly surveillance. The advisability of leaving their native home and removing to New York in order to be near him was more than once considered, but the income that warranted a comfortable maintenance in a village would, they all knew, barely furnish the necessities of life in the vast metropolis. As they had, however, almost resolved to risk all and for the sake of their loved one break old ties, a letter came from Frank stating that he had been ordered West on business of importance for his firm, and, being compelled to go immediately, the opportunity of making them a long anticipated visit was denied him.

A chill went to the heart of each patient, waiting woman as they read this letter. Something was wrong, they felt. That instinct which is said to guide woman aright, without direct knowledge, served now to raise a doubt to the plausibility of this story. When, therefore, Ruth said: "Mother, could you spare me for a day while I go to New York?" Mrs. Ransom answered promptly: "Go, Ruth; I cannot wait. You must find out what Frank has been doing."

"Ransom—Miss Ransom? No, I do not recall the name. But be seated, Miss Ransom. What can I do for you?"

It was the private office of Newcome & Co., and a gray-haired, kindly gentleman spoke the words, as with old-time courtesy he placed a chair for her beside his desk.

"I have called," murmured the girl, her embarrassment overcome by the encouraging gentleness of the other's eyes, "to inquire about my brother, Frank Ransom, who is in your employ, and whom you have ordered West on business."

"Frank Ransom? Why, Miss Ransom, we have no such young man with us; never had. But wait, I remember now we once did have a clerk by that name, but he remained with us only a few months. Are you his sister?"

Ruth detected a note of sympathy in the last words, and her face blanched. "Why, why, he told me—there must be some mistake. Would you mind saying who he left you?"

Mr. Newcome hemmed and hawed. It was a severe trial to look into the depths of those tender, pleading blue eyes and admit that it was the questionable habits of her brother which had caused his speedy discharge. The facts did not come out all at once, but after a while Ruth, by dint of persistent questioning, realized the sad truth. Her brother had for many months pursued a course of deception. He had been in the employ of Newcome & Co. but a brief time when it was discovered that his habits and associates were such as to make him unworthy of confidence.

When repeated possessions and reprimand from Mr. Newcome failed to bring good fruit, Frank was discharged, after which nothing had been seen or heard of him. Ruth never forgot the fatherly kindness with which Mr. Newcome admitted these unpleasant facts, but it could not lessen the pain that the recital caused in her loving heart. With whirling brain Ruth left the office, proceeding with all possible speed to the address of Mrs. Ferry, the old lady with whom her brother had boarded. Here she learned other unpleasant details—how Frank had drifted from one position to another, each one less remunerative than the last, and that just a few days previous to his sister's coming he had informed Mrs. Ferry of his intention of leaving the city for good. "I am going West," he said, mis. "Perhaps in that far-away country I can begin life all over and lift my head again." Ah, miss, it was a sad sight to see how such a fine young man had come down in the world, and him wish such an education, too. Why, miss, one time he showed me a grand gold medal he'd won at school, and he told me it was never out of his keeping. It was a beauty, with the prettiest crown of pearls set just above his name. 'I'll never part with it,' he said, 'but wear it over my heart inside this case with Ruth's and mother's picture. When I make a man of myself I'll hang it on my watch chain again.'"

"You gave us a rare treat this morning, Miss Ransom. It is not often that our poor little church hears such a

voice. It was good of you to favor us, especially when your beautiful singing is in such demand."

"Oh, come now, Father O'Neill, that is some of your Irish flattery," exclaimed Ruth, as a smile gayer than usually visited her face curved her lips. "It's an honor and a great pleasure to sing in church again. It seems so long since I led the choir at home in the East. Since I took up concert work I have been a veritable tramp, but now that mother and I have settled for a while in this pretty Western town you must let me sing often in your dear little church. And now, father, I am told you have some rare vestments and altar vessels that you occasionally show to visitors. Will you let me look at them when you are at leisure?"

"Delighted, Miss Ransom. No better time than the present," cried the priest, whose great hobby was the collecting of elegant altar furnishings. Father O'Neill on account of ill health, had been compelled to resign the charge of a wealthy church in the East, and in a picturesque hamlet among the Western hills had built a neat chapel to which his rich friends made frequent and valuable donations. With the eagerness of a schoolboy he promptly led the way to the sacristy, where he unlocked a closet and a heavy iron safe. Soon Ruth, with all a woman's admiration for pretty things, was examining vestments of embroidered silk and satin and altar cloths of daintiest lace and linen.

"I have left the most beautiful till the last," he smilingly said. Ruth completed her survey of these. "Here is a chalice that I prize most of all. It is made from old gold and jewels donated by my parishioners and friends. To-day I used it for the first time. See we have placed the gems just as they came from their original settings. Here is a diamond from a birthday ring. This ruby was in a bracelet given by our organist. But I like this little crown of pearls, and the story connected with it is interesting. Some time ago I was called to attend a young man at the Blue Cross Hospital here. Grace, apparently long dead, had been awakened in his heart. For many a day he had not received the sacraments, and he led a wild, reckless life for years. But believing death to be approaching, he sent for me. Well, I frequently visited him, and was glad to discover that a real change of heart had taken place. His sorrow for the past was most edifying. The upshot was that when the doctors and nurses had pulled out all the stops, I interested myself in securing a position for him at Creston, near here, and to-morrow, with health restored, he goes to fill it. One day hearing of my projected chalice, he drew from his breast pocket a large gold medal set with pearls. 'Father,' he said, 'this medal was won by me at dear old St. Edward's when life held out glad promise to my youth—a promise, alas! that, through fault of my own, has never been realized. I prize this next to the pictures of my mother and sister that I wear with it above my heart, but you have done so much for me that you must take it for your chalice. When its gold touches the precious vessel of our Lord it will speak my gratitude to Him for calling a poor lost sheep back to the fold.'"

"Father, you know all," gasped his hearer. "You have guessed the truth, that this is my brother, my poor, erring brother that mother and I have sought for years in vain! Oh, he told you of us, did he not? But where is he? Tell me at once that I may go to him, that I may take him to my mother's arms that have waited for him so long!"

Tears made even more benignant the gentle smile with which the priest replied: "Yes, I do know all. True, I never expected to meet the beloved sister of your poor Frank Ransom spoke to me so often, but Providence has surely sent you to this place. When I heard you sing this morning, and was told your name, I was struck with the coincidence, and resolved to investigate. That was why I sent you a message requesting you to call on me this afternoon. Now be calm. I have sent for Frank, too, and he waits for you in my study there. You will find him changed, no doubt, but a woman's love makes every allowance. There, do not stop to thank me. That is the door; go in. I will come to you later."

And so it came about that Frank Ransom found the peace and strength to which his wayward spirit had so long been a stranger.

A pretty cottage, nestling among the hills of a Western town, shelters the united family. The aged mother grows young again in the presence of her recovered son, slowly but surely regaining his standing among his fellow-men. Ruth, her glorious voice more beautiful than ever with its new notes of happiness, is thrilling great audiences with her music. The picture of the multitude, and the applause of the multitude is not so dear as the welcome tribute of the returned prodigal whose restoration was brought about, as it were, from the heart of a chalice.—Rosary Magazine.

THE DIVINE HARVESTING. CONTINUED. As long as we are in life we shall always be subject to change. The flower that is blooming to-day will be dying to-morrow, and so our souls, which to-day may be pleasing to God, full of life and beauty, may, unless we watch and pray, fall into sin and their life and beauty vanish. It is God's grace alone that can keep our immortal souls constantly pleasing to Him. His grace is the life of the soul and as long as we are faithful to its influence so long will virtue flourish in our hearts; but once we yield ourselves to sin, then our souls are dead, because the spark of life (God's grace) is extinguished. But God is merciful and to the sinner dead in sin He would breathe the breath of spiritual life. His grace is powerful to restore the life which sin has killed. Flowers and all the fair things of nature are but for a day. They gladden the eye and refresh the senses and then fade away, but their great Creator will replace them on the morrow with others just as fair and beautiful. But man He has made forever; He would have him live forever, pleasing to Him, and so He nourishes him with His grace that will sustain him unto eternal life. This He will not do without our consent. He has given us free will and this He will not infringe upon. Just as we must use the wheat of His providence to sustain our bodies, so we must use the wheat of His grace to keep life in our souls, and just as we must be protected from the cockle, lest it choke and die, so must His grace in us be kept free from the blight of sin.

Let us, then, co-operate with our merciful God in His efforts to save us. A little effort on our part is all He asks of us. Some few commandments must be kept, some little self-denial, and then perseverance in them for a few years at most, is all He asks that we may merit eternal life. "For the just shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of the Father."

Up to His passion and death our divine Lord was sowing good seed; sowing divine truth; sowing the saving words of truth and salvation; sowing the knowledge of God and His infinite love for men, and many were led to believe and follow Him.

In His death He prepared this world to receive the seed as it would still be given by Him through those He would send in His name, namely, the apostles and their successors, for He bedewed this world with His blood, pouring out the last drop from His sacred heart. After His resurrection His first recorded appearance was to Magdalen.

GIRLS AND BOYS GIVEN AWAY. THIS MEANS YOU!—Printing machines, cameras, watches, morning picture machine, rifles, tea sets, footballs, sewing machines, clocks, thermoses, and many other things and 500 beautiful premiums given away for OLD SCRAP RUBBER. Send for catalogue. ATLAS RUBBER CO., P. O. Box 175, London, Ont.

I expected to find it somewhere along here, but I don't see any signs of it."

"Mugg River, sir," said the man in the doorway of the log cabin, pointing to a dry gully a short distance ahead, "has been postponed this year on account of the weather."

COULDN'T FOLLOW THE PRESCRIPTION. Dr. William Osler, formerly of Johns Hopkins, now Regius professor of medicine at Oxford, was talking, during his Canadian tour, about the importance of precision in the writing of prescriptions.

"Wherever a sentence may have two meanings," said Dr. Osler, "rest assured that the wrong meaning will be taken. Hence it is important in prescription writing and in directions to patients that the greatest clarity and precision be obtained."

A young foreigner, one day, visited a physician and described a common malady that had befallen him.

"The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

"Write it down, doctor, so I won't forget it," said the patient.

Accordingly the physician wrote the directions down—namely, that the young man was to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning.

The patient took his leave, and in a week returned.

"Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked.

"Worse, doctor, worse, if anything," was the reply.

"Ahem! Did you follow my advice, and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"I did my best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up more than ten minutes at a stretch."

BRUCE'S MOTHER. The inspector was examining Standard I, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject.

"Now, tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

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coming to her in the guise of gardener, showing thus that He was now ready to go out to the world at large and sow the seeds of salvation among men through the sowing of the divine word.

The seed is the word of God. It has received the adhesion of the wise of every age; it has been preferred to life itself by the million martyrs to the faith. Of it an Augustine wrote and a Chrysostom spoke, and down through the ages it has been on the lips and in the hearts of the learned and good of every age, race and clime. And how could it be otherwise, since it is the word of God? For what can be more sublime than that which proceeds from sublimity itself, as is the wisdom of the Father, or more comforting than the promises of His Word, who is eternal truth. "Man liveth not by bread alone," says our Lord, "but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God." His word, then, is the stay and support of the soul. His wisdom is the light of our understanding, as His goodness is the consolation of our hearts. With tender, filial care and piety, therefore, has holy Church handed down to this our time the sacred words of holy writ, and the unwritten word, which together make up the precious deposit of faith, and from its stores of divine wisdom she enriches the minds and the hearts of all who give her their respectful hearing, for faith, as St. Paul says, cometh by hearing, and our divine Lord has commanded His Church to go forth and teach, saying that "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." Accordingly the Church continually preaches the word of God, sows the seed of Christian truth in fulfillment of her mission and if it does not take root and fructify it is our own fault. The word is efficacious in itself. It needs not the eloquence of a Bossuet or the suavity of a Fenelon, but of itself is sufficient to lead to penitence and reform the most sinful heart. Once having heard it we can have no excuse from practising its teachings. It is suited to the understanding of all. In the main so simple as to be intelligible to the most illiterate, and yet so sublime as to command the admiration of the greatest minds. How often have we acknowledged the beauty of its teachings as we heard it for the thousandth time put forward by the Church for our pious consideration and yet how little have we practised it! We have been taught from childhood our duties as Christians, and we are accountable to God for the lights He has given us. But do we burn with Christian charity, and are we ardent for the increase of the glory of God? We show no proper appreciation of our faith if we do not practise its teachings, and are, moreover, robbing God of the glory we owe Him in return. How many men, who are yet in the darkness of infidelity, would gladly take our places and fulfill the duties of the Christian state were they to be shown the faith as we see and know it!

This is the seed, this is the divine word that has made innumerable saints. This is the doctrine which underlies every principle of justice and order existing among men. It is wisdom to the learned, light to the ignorant; it is a check on the prosperous; a consolation to the struggling; it is, finally, the essence of all that is good for time and eternity.—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

SELF-CONCEIT. This is one of the vices to which the human race is most commonly addicted. It is a vice with which, young and old, learned and unlearned, poor and rich are more or less affected. It is found even in those who, otherwise, would appear to us as almost perfect.

What is self-conceit? It is a secret over-estimation of one's own ability or talents. It does not show itself openly and directly, for then it becomes pride; a vice which is abhorrent to all. But self-conceit manifests itself in many and devious ways. Thus one who, by election or appointment, is suddenly raised from a lowly position to a place of dignity and grave responsibility is apt to imagine that, by the very fact of his elevation, he has all the qualities requisite for the due fulfillment of his obligations. He spurns the advice and counsel of those who, by maturer experience, might rightly guide him; in this discharge of his duties, foolishly fancying that by consulting others, he might lower his dignity.

Again there are those who imagine that they are superior to others; that, by education, they are fitted for better positions than those they occupy, and hence are dissatisfied with their lot. They will not express themselves freely and openly on this subject, but their conversation leads to nothing else. They are constantly talking of what they have done and of what they are doing. They

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Don't Rush! Don't Rush! In 50 page form for 30 cents. Our Penmanship has been largely instrumental in building up this great school.

Catholic Rhode Island. The Lutheran Witness (Pittsburg) says: According to a religious census, taken in 1905 in Rhode Island, the results of which are now made public, it appears that there are now more Catholics in the commonwealth founded by Roger Williams than all other religious denominations combined. The exact figures, as officially compiled by the state commissioner of statistics are: Roman Catholics, 243,636; all others, 236,146. The most Catholic city in the State appears to be Woonsocket, where the population drawn from the province of Quebec is exceedingly large. There the Catholics number 25,900 and the Protestants only 5,700.

To Awaken the Liver. Coated Tongue, aching head biliousness, indigestion, constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels, feelings of depression and ill-temper. These arise from sluggish, torpid action of the liver. Relief comes after the use of one of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and cure with a few weeks after the use of this great regulator of the liver. With the liver right there is usually no disturbance of the digestive system or bowels, therefore get at the cause of trouble by awakening the liver to action by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mrs. L. Phillips, Virgil, Ont. writes: "I have used a number of boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and consider them an excellent for torpid liver." One pill a dose, 25 cents, a box. At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are constantly talking of what they have done and of what they are doing. They



Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., cost each insertion. Remittance to accompany order.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apollitic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1908.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

My 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.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1908.

THE KIND-HEARTED POPE.

All who have had the good fortune to visit the Holy Father bear away with them evidences of his large paternal heart and tokens of his condescending amiability.

Another day there was a pilgrimage of 2,000 Venetians, the Pope's brother amongst them. The Holy Father could not control his emotions.

CONDITIONS IN IRELAND.

Under the head of "Crimeless Ireland" the Dublin Weekly Freeman gives interesting statistics to show that of really serious crime, such as is too common in Great Britain,

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

Not long after the Eucharistic Congress in London news arrived that the Marquis of Ripon had resigned as a member of the English Government.

UNIVERSITY SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Now for our case. A Methodist Professor, the Rev. Mr. Bland, delivered a lecture to the students of the University of Toronto, upon Science and Religion, in which he manifests this unfortunate habit of using scientific terms in an unscientific way.

Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!

Bland, "essentially Christian" in four respects. "Both required the mind of a little child"—he might have added his own name of bland to it.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

We have received the following letter: "A non-Catholic friend of the writer persists in saying that the hymn 'Lead Kindly Light,' has been forbidden to be sung in the Catholic Church.

Mr. Hocken, editor of the Orange Sentinel, paid a visit to London on the 5th of Nov., for the purpose of refurbishing the old exploded nursery tales connected with the gun-powder plot.

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, the Sacred Heart Review, rightly says "it would be a mistake to suppose that Catholics who obtain political office are unworthy of our respect."

REV. FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN recently made a deliverance at the Oxford Town Hall which is well worthy the consideration of our moralists, and, indeed, of all who have at heart the welfare of the coming generation.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND CATHOLIC CANDIDATES.

Archbishop Ireland is not only a great churchman; he is an enthusiastic American. Whatever cause he advocates he does it with his whole heart, which is a largeheart.

But what shall we say of men parading as ministers of the gospel of peace consorting with these misguided people, and by encouraging the spread of Orangeism, disseminating hatred between neighbor and neighbor.

THE SUFFRAGETTE QUESTION is beginning to assume bulky proportions in some places in the Great Republic. This is a movement to give women privileges for which they have not been equipped by nature, or, in other words, it would have the effect of increasing the number of mannish women, a class altogether too large at present.

THE CATHOLIC TRANSCRIPT states that the growth of the fraternal orders should not be effected at the expense of Catholic loyalty.

ONE OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS draws attention to an article which recently appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD making comparison of the school systems of the United States and Canada, in which it was stated that in the last named country Catholics were permitted to give their school taxes to the support of their own schools.

Catholic Church had about as much to do with the Gunpowder Plot as Mr. Hocken had with the placing of the man in the moon.

It is, as we have said, to be regretted that we have in our Dominion such men as Mr. Hocken and such associations as the Orange Order.

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NOW THAT THE BASE BALL season is over, we would ask our Catholic young men to figure upon the amount of thought and time bestowed upon the game during the past season.

"A priest met a group of young men of his parish, and stopping to join them, found them engaged in a conversation on the national game.

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE seems to be the order of the day in many centres of population in the great American Republic.

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umption." Sooner or later, sooner we hope, there will be established in our Dominion a censorship along the line referred to. We trust no one will be guilty of such criminal haste as to accuse us of a desire to curtail the liberty of the press. There is a long span between liberty and license. Many a book-stall in the country contains reading matter which is playing havoc with the morals of our boys and girls. The sooner we put on the brakes the better.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON'S APPRECIATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Sacred Heart Review. Charles Eliot Norton, professor emeritus at Harvard College, who died at his lifelong home, "Shady Hill," in Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 21, 1908, was widely known for his eminent culture, profound learning and kindly spirit. He was born in Cambridge, Nov. 18, 1827; graduated from Harvard in 1846, and was for some little time engaged in mercantile pursuits; but these he soon renounced for a literary career and became an instructor and then lecturer at the university of which he was a graduate. There, in 1875, he was chosen professor of the History of Art, and this position he held until 1898 when he became professor emeritus. A number of books came from his scholarly pen; among them a prose translation, in 1897, of Dante's "Vita Nuova," and, in 1891, of the "Divina Commedia." He was also literary editor of Thomas Carlyle, George William Curtis, and Ralph Waldo Emerson; and he was literary executor of his dear friend, John Ruskin, and still dearer friend, James Russell Lowell.

Professor Norton was one of the founders of the Archeological Institute of America in 1879; editor of the papers issued by the Loyal Publication Society during the Civil War; co-editor with James Russell Lowell of the North American Review, and one of the chief founders of the Nation. He succeeded the poet Lowell in the presidency of the Dante Club which he helped to found in Cambridge, and of which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow may be called in some respects the central figure.

Mr. Norton took part in the campaign against Lincoln in Cambridge, and he was pronounced in his condemnation of our recent war with Spain. He was of Unitarian parentage and of non-Catholic training; but he had a warm and genial heart, and his personal interest in the Grey Nuns' Holy Ghost Hospital for incurables is well known.

The following extract from Mr. Norton's works is good evidence of the supernatural power with which the Church met and controlled the semi-barbarians who overrun Europe during the times to which he refers. Mr. Norton himself is not aware of the nature of the power required to produce the results he describes. No merely human agency could unite into one body elements so discordant and antagonistic. Witness the fruitless efforts that are now being made by non-Catholics to secure Christian unity.

Mr. Norton, speaking of conditions in Europe during the tenth century, says: "While the various nations were thus drawing apart within local boundaries of which the precise limits were, indeed, in many cases, but imperfectly determined, certain general influences were operating incessantly and irresistibly to unite them as they had never before been united as members of a vast and real, however vague, moral commonwealth.

"Chief among these uniting influences was Christianity. For it not only subjected all believers, whatever their difference of race and custom, to a common rule of interior life, bringing all under one universally acknowledged, supreme authority, but it also filled their imaginations with common hopes and fears, and supplied their understandings with common conceptions of the universe, of the origin and order of the world, and of the destiny of man.

"The Church, in which the authority of Christianity was organized and embodied as the divine instrument for the government of the world, claimed universal obedience. Within her pale there was no distinction of race or of persons. Her discipline exacted of all men equal submission. Her ceremonial observances were celebrated everywhere with a uniform and impressive ritual. Her sacraments were essential to salvation. By the vast mass of ecclesiastical tradition and legend she afforded the material of thought, fancy and feeling to the whole body of Christian people.

INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH ON ARCHITECTURE. "Among the Arts, the one that has alike the closest and widest relations to the life of a people—to its wants, habits, and culture—and which gives the fullest and most exact expression to its moral disposition, its imagination, and its intelligence, is that of architecture. Its history during the Dark Ages had been analogous to that of language. The requirements it had had to meet were in great part confined to those of immediate necessity. There was little thought of building for posterity. But as the condition of society slowly changed for the better, the improvement found manifestation in architecture even earlier than in literature. The growing sense of perpetuity in the life of the community promoted the revival of permanent and monumental building.

CHURCH BUILDINGS AS MONUMENTS TO THE RELIGIOUS ZEAL AND FAITH OF THE PEOPLE. "It was especially in the building of churches that the impulse for expression in architecture displayed itself, for it was in the church that the faith of the community took visible form. The two motives which have been most effective in the production of noble human works—religion and local affection and pride—acted to stimulate energies that had long been suppressed. Either alone or in combination, these two most powerful principles of action were alike existent in their highest force. The nature of medieval society

can not be understood, the meaning of a medieval cathedral will not be comprehended, and the devotion of builders of places and of the mountain tops, will not be appreciated, unless the imagination represent the force and constancy of religious motives in a rude society. [Mr. Norton, like most Protestants, did not understand the chief motive of the medieval church builders. They believed as we do that the Church is in the Sacrifice of Calvary repeated every day in the Mass.—Ed. Review] and the commanding position which the Church then occupied towards the world as the recognized representative of the Divine Government, and the authoritative expounder of the Divine will. The lawlessness and rapine prevalent during the Dark Ages, the oppression of the weak, the misery and possession among all classes, the contrast between the actual state of society and the conceptions of the kingdom of Heaven, of which the Church was the visible . . . type, brought all men to her doors.

"In the midst of darkness and confusion and dread, the ideal Church . . . presented herself as a harbor of refuge from the storms of the world, as the image of the city of God, whose walls were a sure defense. While all else was unstable and changeable, she, with her unbroken tradition and her uninterrupted services, vindicated the principle of order and the moral continuity of the race. . . .

"A deep wide-spread conviction of human sinfulness was one of the characteristic traits of these times. . . . The Church alone could lift from the world the burden of its sins; and though her ministers might fall short of fulfilling their high calling, though Pope, prelate, and priest might be partakers in sin, yet the Church remained pure, steadfastly upholding the power of righteousness, preaching the coming of the Lord to judge the earth, asserting her claim to loose and to bind, and vindicating it with the blood of confessors and martyrs.

THE GREAT POPULAR INSTITUTION. "But, besides all this, the Church was the great popular institution of the Middle Ages, cheering and protecting the poor and friendless; the teacher, the healer, the feeder of the little people of God. The services of monastic and secular clergy alike, their offices of faith, charity, and labor in the field and the hospital, in the school and the hospital, as well as in the Church, were for centuries the chief witnesses of the spirit of human brotherhood. . . . In times when lord and serf were farthest apart, when the villain had no rights but those of the beasts which perish, the Church read the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and declared the equality of man in the presence of God.

POWER OF A UNITED PRIESTHOOD. "Her priesthood, spread abroad over the world, formed a vast corporation, inspired by similar motives, linked by common interests, and supplying to a distracted society the priceless example of strength that had its source in unity. For every member of this vast body of the priesthood was strong, not only in the sanctity of his office, but in the numbers and in the sympathy of his brethren, and in the authority of the Church herself. The clergy formed the first general society in Europe, and was a semblance of interchange of thought was maintained among widely separated nations.

"Is it not strange, then, that when, towards the close of the tenth century, in various parts of Europe, the sense of increasing civil order and security was distinctly felt, one of the first signs of this improvement was a general zeal for the building of churches—a work of piety to which all, poor and rich, weak and strong, alike could contribute, and in the merits of which all could have a share. It was a work for the glory of God and of His Mother, for the honor of the saints, for the credit of the community, for the eternal benefit of every individual. The hearts and imaginations of all men were engaged in it; the dispersed resources of the people were brought together to achieve it; capacities that had long been unused were evoked, and, as in other ages, a vivid and earnest faith found its just and characteristic expression.

SERVICES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS. "Of these new churches, a great number were those of abbey and monastery. The inestimable services which during the most troubled times, the religious orders had rendered to society, by maintaining the standard of self-discipline, of obedience, of humility and charity; by cherishing the faint and almost expiring coals of letters and learning; and the arts; by the shelter and immunity which they afforded not only to their own brethren but to the poor people settled on their lands; by their well-directed labor on the soil and in the mechanic arts, as well as by the powerful influence of their example as centers of orderly life—all these services had been rewarded by the increase of their possessions and their power. Exemptions and privileges, the donations and bequests of the pious and penitent, had enriched the abbey and monasteries in all parts of Europe, and had extended their domains till they included a vast portion of the land.

THE CHURCH EDIFICE ITSELF A TEACHER OF DIVINE FAITH. "But it was in the great church edifice that many arts were united, as in no other work, in a single joint and indivisible product of their highest energies. From the pavement rich with mosaic of tile or marble; or inlaid with the sepulchral slabs of those who in life had knelt upon it, up to the cross that gleamed on the airy summit of the central spire, each separate feature, instinct with the life of art, contributed to the organic unity of the consummate masterpiece of creative imagination. Religious enthusiasm, patriotic pride, the strongest sentiments of the community, the deep-

est feelings of each individual, found here their most poetic expression. "The church was not merely picturesque, but pictorial. The system of mosaic decoration, with which arches, vaults and domes were covered, was intended not merely for ornament, but as a series of pictures of religious instruction. The Scriptures were here displayed in imperishable painting before the eyes of those who could not read the written word. The church became thus not only a sanctuary wherein to pray, to confess, to be absolved, but also a school-house for the teaching of the faithful.

"The scheme of its pictorial decoration includes the story of the race of man, his fall and redemption; the life and passion of the Saviour, and the works of His apostles and saints.

ENLISTING PROTESTANT SCHOLARS TO DISPEL ANTI-CATHOLIC PREJUDICE.

Sacred Heart Review. Under the above heading the following article in the Catholic fortnightly Review, St. Louis, Oct. 15, written by the able and versatile pen of Mr. Arthur Preuss, publisher and editor of that learned and influential periodical, furnishes news and convincing evidence of the value of Mr. Starbuck's work in the Sacred Heart Review.

"We learn from the *Souvenir* recently published in honor of the triple anniversary of the Rev. John O'Brien of East Cambridge, Mass., founder and managing director of the Sacred Heart Review, that the much discussed collaboration of the Protestant minister Mr. Frank of Andover on that admirable Catholic weekly did not come about accidentally but grew out of a systematic plan of the owners of the Review to reach honest Protestants.

"The new owners (after the incorporation of the paper by a number of clerical friends of the founder) we read there, pp. 79 sq., inaugurated in a short time what was the most surprising, and the most important, as well as a unique departure in Catholic journalism. They determined to secure the assistance of Protestant scholars to correct Protestant blunders and to instruct honest Protestants in the doctrine, history and practices of the Church. Some Catholics and even Catholic papers do not appear to understand the great advantage to the Church of having Protestant, as well as Catholic, scholars correct Protestant errors. But it should be clear to all that a Protestant scholar will get a hearing where a Catholic could not. Assuming the correctness of the gospel principle: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free,"—free from error, free from passion, and prejudice. Father O'Brien made strenuous efforts to find some Protestant scholar, who, for the sake of truth, of patriotism, and of love for his fellow-citizens, would be willing to work with them to remove from the Protestant mind the blight of religious error, and to neutralize as much as possible by the presentation of the truth, the poison of misinformation or ignorance. Finally, the Rev. Mr. Starbuck of Andover, Mass., easily the foremost Protestant scholar in America so far as a knowledge of the doctrine and history of the Catholic Church is concerned, was induced to undertake this work; and as a consequence, as our readers know, the Review has had that series of irenic and conciliatory papers which has been and continues to be the surprise of the country, any one of which is worth many times over the annual subscription price of the paper.

"The Sacred Heart Review goes into the editorial offices of the principal Protestant papers of the country, in order to realize somewhat of an influence for good, one has but to consider the tremendous effect on intelligent Protestant minds of such articles as the Rev. Mr. Starbuck furnishes every week in refutation of Protestant misconception or misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine or history. (Ibid. p. 81).

"Mr. T. P. Morley, in a letter to the Sacred Heart Review from Richmond, Va., in 1904, (reproduced on p. 85 of the O'Brien Souvenir), cites one example of the direct good effected by this policy. "Some years ago," he writes, "living in a western city, the name of the principal of the high school in the town of Arkansas, appeared in the local paper. A subscription for six months to the Sacred Heart Review in the name of the lady, was paid for. Some time after, a Catholic friend wrote me how pleased Mrs. — was with the Review sent her. After (my) moving to the present address the same friend sent me the Review, and her sister were under instruction by the resident priest preparatory to becoming members of the Church."

"Five or six years ago, in Germany, when the apostate Hoansbroech and others violently attacked the Jesuits, and the Catholic Church in general, the Augsburg Postzeitung engaged Dr. Viktor Naumann, also an eminent Protestant scholar, who at first wrote under the pseudonym of "Plinius," but soon came out with his real name, to set forth the truth—*la verite vraie* as the French would say. Dr. Naumann's contributions were later on published in the form of a book, which, it is no exaggeration to say, has done more to dispel prejudice than the writings of a score of Catholic apologists. Of late Dr. Naumann, through the medium of a Munich newspaper, has taken a hand in the notorious Wahrmund case, with the result that the eyes of many non-Catholics, who would not listen to Catholic scholars of the high standing of Father Fonck, have been opened to the incompetence and dishonesty of the notorious Insbruck Jew professor of canon law.

"We think there is to-day no longer any doubt among Catholic editors, whatever their first impressions or earlier opinions may have been on the matter, that the policy of the Sacred Heart Review in enlisting Protestant scholars for the removal of Protestant errors is most commendable and effective. The disadvantage under which the rest of us labor is that there are not enough Starbucks to go round. "We were about to conclude this article by expressing the hope that like Dr. Naumann, Mr. Starbuck would pub-

lish in a more permanent and accessible form his scholarly "Considerations on the Catholic Church by a Protestant Theologian," when, on reading further in the O'Brien Souvenir, we came upon a notice (page 122) to the effect that "at Father O'Brien's suggestion, he (Dr. Starbuck) is now devoting most of his time to the preparation of his many papers for future publication in book form, soon to be ready for sale. We are sure it will have a wide circulation and do much additional good."

"It appears now that Mr. Starbuck's papers will make two volumes. The intention is to get out a paper covered edition as well as an edition bound in cloth. As soon as final arrangements with the publishers will have been made, and a price fixed, subscriptions will be invited, the money to be paid on delivery of the books.—Ed. Review.

THE OLDEST POSTMASTER IN CANADA.

In all you speak, let truth and candour shine.— Pope. The Globe of 12th inst. contains an interesting account of the starting of the Rural Mail Delivery between Hamilton and Ancaster, by Mr. Geo. Ross, Chief Superintendent of Post Offices for the Dominion. Many persons were present and speeches were made by Mr. Ross and others. During the proceedings Mr. Geo. Ross called upon Mr. Adam Brown, "as the oldest postmaster in Canada, to say a few words."

Now, it happens there is an older postmaster in Canada than Mr. Brown which we prove by the following records: Mr. Adam Brown was born on the 3rd of April, 1826, came to Canada in 1853, and was appointed postmaster of Hamilton in 1854.

Mr. Matthew Teffy was born on the 18th of April, 1822, came to "Muddy Little York," Upper Canada, in 1824, was appointed postmaster of Richmond Hill, in 1859; therefore it appears that our postmaster is the oldest postmaster in Canada—Mr. Brown's senior both in age and official appointment.

The ambitious city, at an early date, was known by the euphonical name of "Coot's Paradise," as we find in Bouchette's early description of Upper Canada, where he says: "From York to the westward there is another good road, called Dundas street, leading to Coot's Paradise, at the extremity of Lake Ontario."

In 1823, Dundas was the nearest post office on the list of post offices now before us. W. H. Conison was postmaster, "Hamilton" is not mentioned in the list.—Richmond Hill Liberal.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.

By the death of Mr. Alexander Robertson of the Ontario Colonization Office, on the 7th instant, there passed from this changing scene one of the last survivors of the little group of journalists who gave to the pre-Confederation press of Canada that note of distinction which has ever been regarded as its chief characteristic. The great fact of Confederation is probably as much due to these men as to the statesmen whose names are identified with it, yet they have not to any appreciable degree participated in the fame which has fallen to the lot of "The Fathers." Alexander Robertson, though little known to the present generation of journalists or public men, was a well known figure forty years ago, and bore a conspicuous part in the newspaper life of Canada in those strenuous and epoch-making days. To a high degree also he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the governing forces of the time. Born in the parish of Margreuil, Kinross-shire, Scotland, in 1833, and completing his education at Blair's College, Aberdeenshire, he came to Canada in 1851, and settled in Hamilton where, after five years apprenticeship on the Spectator, he in 1856, became editor and joint proprietor of that well-known paper, the firm of Gillespie and Robertson, succeeding the Stills, who up to that time had conducted it. Here he developed that pointed and vigorous style as a writer which brought him into prominence and stamped him as one of the foremost editors of the day. His connection with the Spectator lasted until 1873 when he removed to Mount Forest and took charge of the Examiner, which in 1878 he relinquished to become editor of the Ottawa Times. The succeeding ten years was perhaps the period of his greatest activity, marking his connection with the Times and his editorship, for the Deserats, of the Canadian Illustrated News, the first ambitious venture in this country of a weekly illustrated paper. During this time he was on terms of close intimacy with Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, Hon. D'Arcy McGeer and other members of the Government whose policy he championed with great ability in the columns of the Times. With D'Arcy McGeer in particular he was especially intimate, and was in the company of that ill-fated statesman a few minutes before he was struck down by the assassin's hand.

In 1878 Mr. Robertson came to Toronto as editor of the Tribune, a Catholic paper, which later, on receiving an appointment in the Immigration office, he relinquished into the hands of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin. His entrance to the Civil Service of course terminated his active career as a journalist but he continued to contribute occasionally to the columns of the Catholic Weekly Review and the Cause, a religious weekly published by his son in Los Angeles, California. In addition to his duties in the Immigration office Mr. Robertson was for some years in charge of the staff of sessional writers of the Legislative Assembly, where he came into touch with the younger school of newspapermen. In this capacity he enjoyed a high degree of popularity. He was also for several years one of the editors of that useful compendium of information, the Dominion Annual Register.

Mr. Robertson was a man of marked intellectual power and wielded a graceful and trenchant pen. He had the

faculty of getting immediately to the heart of the question and of discerning its ultimate drift to a degree that few men possess. Joined to this was a gentle and most winning personality and a thoughtful consideration for younger men that never failed to enlist their enthusiastic admiration. He was equally at home in a gathering of young men or in a group of "old stagers" and his reminiscences of Confederation and of the men who laid the foundation of Canada as a nation possessed a rare charm. He was always a devout and loyal Catholic and an amateur theologian of no mean capacity.

Mr. Robertson was married in 1856 to Miss Catherine Dunn, a well-known vocalist of Hamilton. She died two years ago. One son and one daughter survive, Edward J., of Salt Lake City, and Miss Mary at home. Another and older son, John Carayon, died at Canastota, Alberta, in 1905.—H. F. M. in Toronto World.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS AND THE PAN-ANGLICAN.

In the latest issue of the Dublin Review, Father Robert Hugh Benson summarizes the late Pan-Anglican Congress which shared with the Eucharistic Congress the hospitality of England and Benson sees a gleam of hope for the return of England to Catholic unity in many aspects of the Congress. Their humble attitude as being only a part of the great Catholic body, disclaiming any pretensions to call their meeting a council or ecumenical though they were gathered in fact and near; their affectionate and respectful references to the Church of Rome; their devotions which (except for the absence of the Holy Sacrifice) might have been offered in Saint Peter's.

But there were discouraging elements, too, in that gathering of the only body of Churchmen, outside the True Church, who seem to have any coherence left. In the first place the nationalism—the Anglican feature—was well to the front always and therein is at once a strong bar to Catholicity. Then there was no discussion of doctrinal subjects though the diversity of beliefs, among the members, on many points was tacitly understood, says Father Benson.

"It is the dogmatic attitude that will tell in the long run, since a union of Christians—that is of those who accept Christianity as a Revelation—on any basis other than that of faith, is an impossible dream." "But little they said about matrimony had been better left unsaid. Their spasmodic coquetting with the word "Socialism" breathed a vague sense of unrest and indecision.

"Compare for an instant," says Father Benson, "the Eucharistic Congress which, by the time that these words appear will have been held in London, with this Pan-Anglican gathering. Both are assemblies of Christians—neither claims any legislative function; both meet to discuss matters that lie close to their heart; and there all likeness ceases. For the one is composed of persons of all languages and races who are met round the most dogmatic of dogmas, the most mysterious of truths, and who find themselves in an utter accord that rises to an adoring love—they are drawn there, in fact, by the unity of that faith and love.

The other is composed almost entirely of men of one language and one blood, who meet to discuss a variety of subjects, and whose common presence find themselves forced to ignore those mysteries that should be the mainspring of every Christian heart, since hardly two of them are fully agreed as to what those mysteries involve. In the one case it is the mystery that lies nearest to the Incarnation that unites these men of many nations into one; in the other men of one nation are notoriously divided by this same mystery.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE MOTHER OF GOD.

Our present civilization, the governments of the world, the enlightenment of the people and their general morality are based absolutely on Christianity. It was the advent of Jesus Christ in the world that inaugurated the Christian era, and it has been in this era that the people have advanced from darkness into light. No matter what religious profession you may make, whether you see eye to eye with us or not in doctrinal matters, or whether you disagree with the Catholic Church in all its professions of faith, these things cannot be pleaded in denial. The evidence in profane and sacred history is one long unbroken chain of facts which establish beyond peradventure a truth that nobody with the ordinary gifts of reason will attempt to deny or dispute.

It being plain that the civilization, the governments, the enlightenment and general morality of the people of the world are based on Christianity, the thought naturally suggests itself, on what is Christianity based? For it must be more than a mere code of morals and a mere man-made system of government perpetuated through many centuries by authority drawn from man alone. Christianity is based on Christ, the Divine Son of God, the Virgin Mary. There are those so-called Christians who attempt to deny the Divine Nature of the Son of God, and to place our Lord in the same category as Confucius—that of a great teacher. But when they do this they strike at the very foundation of Christianity, for if Jesus Christ was not the Son of God then Christianity is not what it purports to be, and any worship of a mere man becomes a sacrifice. The Catholic Church bases its belief in the Divinity of Christ and worships the Son of God and venerates His Holy Mother as they have a right to be worshipped and venerated, and as it is the duty of all mankind to worship and venerate.

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

SORE THROATS AND COUGHS

They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. Your druggist or from us, 10¢ in quantity. Laxson, Mizus Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, 1908

HOW TO CURE A HEADACHE

To attempt to cure a headache by taking a "headache powder," is like trying to stop a leak in the roof by putting a pan under the dripping water. Chronic headaches are caused by poisoned blood. The blood is poisoned by tissue waste, undigested food and other impurities remaining too long in the system. These poisons are not promptly eliminated because of sick liver, bowels, skin or kidney.

If there is pain in the back or wing kidney trouble—if the skin is sallow or disfigured with pimples—it shows clearly what is causing the headache. "Fruit-a-tives" cure headaches because they cure the cause of headaches. "Fruit-a-tives" act directly on the three great eliminating organs—bowels, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-tives" keep the system free of poisons. "Fruit-a-tives" come in two sizes—25c and 50c. If your doctor does not have them write to Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

All orthodox Protestant churches admit the divinity of Christ. It is one of their tests of orthodoxy. While holding that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, born of the Virgin Mary, by some process of reasoning that is not clear, our Protestant friends seem to have an aversion to turning the relation of the Mother and Son around, for in none of the denominational churches do we ever hear the Blessed Virgin spoken of as the Mother of God. Especially do our Protestant friends seem to dislike the Catholic nomenclature which always prefixes the "Blessed" when reference is made to the Mother of our Lord. This is especially noteworthy because in the Protestant version of the Bible (Luke 1, 48) appear the words "from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." In the light of their own version of the Bible, it seems strange that objection could be taken to the veneration given to the Blessed Virgin by the members of the Catholic faith.

The only reasonable explanation seems to be that they fear the Blessed Virgin may become of more importance in the minds of the people than God Himself, yet such a fear would never enter the mind of a Catholic mind making its First Communion. No matter how highly exalted the Mother of God may be in the minds of Catholics, the fact is she is not God, but merely the instrument of God the Father by which God the Son was brought into the world, is always perfectly clear.

We honor the Blessed Virgin Mary because she is the Mother of God, and because of the intimate association which must have existed between the Mother and the Son during all the years that our Lord was upon the earth teaching the people in the way appointed by His Father. It is a most beautiful tribute to the Mother of Christ, and emphasizes the attitude of the Church toward motherhood in general, for are we not the children of God, made in the image of God, bearing the likeness of God, and gifted with immortality?—Intermountain Catholic.

REFORMED CHURCH

MINISTER THANKS GOD FOR THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Dr. Herman Vandervort, of the First Reformed Church, in Haeckesack, N. J., talking recently on "Atheism and Anarchy," said: "Religion is a national necessity. No government ever tried to live without it. Unless there be somewhere a mightier ruler and a mightier heart there is anarchy lost loose in the universe, anarchy stands for no God, no government, no home. Of all countries under the sun, anarchy has less cause to exist here than anywhere else. Cardinal Gibbons said at the Catholic celebration in New York recently that anarchists ought to give thanks to this country for letting them come here, for here they can enjoy more religious and personal liberty than anywhere else, and under our flag everyone has the right to make something out of himself.

No country is free from the threat of anarchy, be it of the low and brutal kind or of the high, defying corporation. Every country has a batch of anarchists, be they those who are roughshod over existing laws to fill their own pockets or they who kill existing rulers or presidents. America is in danger of both kinds. I thank God for our Catholic friends, who teach us reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to the law.

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THE CHURCH A PUZZLE, HER LIFE INDESTRUCTIBLE.

A book has been published—a remarkable book in its way—by James Anthony Froude, the English and anti-French historian; a man who hated the Catholic Church with an intensity deeper, if possible, than he hated the Irish people. Mr. Froude, in this work, speaking of the present position of the Catholic Church, uses these remarkable words: "The tide of knowledge and the tide of outward events have set with equal force in the direction opposite Romanism. Yet, in spite of it, perhaps by means of it, as a kite rises against the wind, the Roman Church has once more shot up into visible and practical consequence. While she loses ground in Spain and Italy, which had been so long exclusively her own, she is gaining in both the stronghold of Protestantism. Her members increase, her organization gathers vigor, her clergy are energetic, bold and aggressive; sees long prostrate are re-established; cathedrals rise, and churches with schools and colleges, and convents and monasteries. She has taken into her service her old enemy, the press, and has established a popular literature."

Evidently the position of the Church is a puzzle to Mr. Froude; and he confesses that in spite of scientific progress and in spite of what would be called religious progress, she still gains, and gains in the energetic nations. "What is the meaning?" he asks, "of so strange a phenomenon? Is progress, of which we hear so much, less real than we thought? Does knowledge grow more shallow as the surface widens? Is it that science is creeping like a snake upon the ground, and eating dust and bringing forth materialism, that the Catholic Church, in spite of her errors, keeps alive the consciousness of our spiritual being, the hope and expectation of immortality? Why does Rome count her converts from among the evangelists by tens whilst she loses to them but here and there an exceptional and unimportant unit?" (Revival of Romanism, pp. 4 and 5.)

So the old Church is not dying. The old Church is one day said to be dying and in the next day we find her giving audience to the nations. We find her an indestructible vitality. — Archbishop Ryan.

LED BY SCIENCE TO FAITH.

DISTINGUISHED FRENCH SCIENTIST WHO DISCOVERED GOD IN STUDYING NATURAL PHENOMENA.

The death of Henri Becquerel, the distinguished physicist, is called by the French papers an irreparable loss to science. He was but fifty-six years of age. One might have hoped for many years of successful research. Glowing tributes to his great achievements will be paid by all the scientific periodicals, but we fear there will be scant mention of the fact that his scientific work, to quote his own words, "brought him to God and to faith." The funeral discourse, pronounced by his parish priest, was published in La Croix, September 9, 1908. The expressions used imply that in early manhood Becquerel neglected his religious duties. His conversion was attributed by himself to his study of science. Behind the marvelous phenomena, some of which he was the happy discoverer, and behind the laws that rule in nature, he discerned the intelligent First Cause before whom he bowed his mind and his heart. Becquerel was in later life a practical Catholic, a faithful attendant at Sunday Mass, and a model in his family, joining in daily prayer with all the members of his household. His life is a fresh refutation of the charge that faith and science are incompatible. — The Messenger.

Catholic Missions Require as a necessary adjunct, supplies of devotional goods, and in these days it is essential also that instructive and controversial literature in a cheap form should be had. We recommend to our customers who desire a good assortment and low prices, to correspond with Messrs. W. E. Blake and Son, 123 Church St., Toronto, Canada. advt-2

DIED. COBURN.—At Norham, Ont., on Oct. 15, 1908, Mrs. Elizabeth Coburn, widow of the late Timothy Coburn, formerly of Hamilton, Ont., but recent of Toledo, Ohio. May her soul rest in peace!

MCCUE.—In London, on Nov. 5th, Mrs. Mary McCue, widow of the late J. G. McCue, aged ninety years. May her soul rest in peace!

DIocese of London.

THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE ALUMNI MEETING.

The annual meeting of the alumni of Assumption College was held on Oct. 27, at the college. Although the meeting was not well attended, the enthusiasm was great and much important business was transacted, which will bring good results. As usual the exercises opened with solemn High Mass. The officers of the Mass were: celebrant, Very Rev. J. J. McManus, P. M., Canon; Rev. A. W. White, London, Ont.; master of ceremonies, Rev. F. White, London, Ont.; cross-bearer, Rev. H. Robert, Windsor, Ont. Under the direction of Rev. E. Pageau, the students sang the Mass in excellent style. At the conclusion of the religious part of the ceremonies the visitors and students assembled in the refectory to partake of the banquet tendered the guests of the occasion. After the refreshments had

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been partaken of, Rev. J. Caplan, Marshall, Mich., who acted as toastmaster, made a few brief introductory remarks and introduced the Right Rev. Monseigneur Meunier, Windsor, Ont., who replied to the toast "The Pope." He recalled some incidents in the life of Pope Pius X. and urged the students to emulate the virtues of the wonderful pontiff. In introducing Rev. J. Hally, the toastmaster expressed an interest in the word "Wyandotte" and had been unable to learn whether it was an Indian name or derived from the well-known brand of egg layers. Father Hally reminded the alumni that while a good beginning had been made by the association, much still remained to do and that the need was most pressing.

Prof. A. Langlois met with frequent interruptions by way of applause in speaking of "The Old Boys" and boasted that the students prior to 1878 were as loyal as any despite the inconveniences which they had to undergo in the winter. The venerable speaker compared the staff to the machinery which drives the ship forward, through storm and danger to the harbor. Then in a rapturous mood he recalled the difficulties which the staff had to overcome in early days. Among other inconveniences he declared that the chapel, unlike the present beautiful structure, was so small that the Mass-server was forced to kneel outside the chapel door. The present, Father Foster, concluded the speech-making, thanking the alumni for the many kind things they had done for the college. Among the guests these were: Rev. A. P. Ternes, Detroit, Mich.; Very Rev. Grand, Toronto, Ont.

Soon after the banquet the Alumni association met in the students library to transact the business of the year. The officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Very Rev. Rev. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.; First Vice President, A. Weter, Tasteria; Second Vice President, Rev. H. Sullivan, Adrian, Mich.; Chaplain, Rev. J. Tobin, London, Ont.; Secretary, Rev. P. V. Moynihan, college. The need of more systematic work to secure funds for defraying the cost of building the chapel was discussed and Rev. J. Tobin proposed that members be appointed in each district to visit the students and to secure from them the promise of a certain amount annually for five years.

The suggestion was unanimously adopted and the following were chosen to solicit funds in places where there were alumni. In London diocese, Eastern section, Rev. D. Foster, Western section, Rev. P. H. Hennequin. In Detroit diocese, Rev. J. Hally, Port Huron; Deanery, Rev. J. Latty, Monroe; Deanery, Rev. H. Sullivan; Kalamazoo diocese, Rev. M. Comford; Lansing Deanery, Rev. Denney, Branchburg.

In Toledo diocese, Rev. A. Weber. In Cleveland diocese, Rev. J. Smith. In Grand Rapids, Eastern section, Rev. E. Caldwell. In Grand Rapids, Western section, Rev. Lefebvre. In Toronto, Rev. M. D. Whelan. In Hamilton, Rev. J. Ferguson.

The question of the college paper was discussed, and it was decided to promote it in every way possible. The meeting then adjourned.

A tea for the number of the old boys took of their coats and entered into a strenuous game of football.

SAINTLY LIFE ENDED.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN RYAN, OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

On Sept. 27, after a long and successful career of forty-two years, Very Rev. John Ryan, D.D., Dean of the Archdiocese of St. John's, Newfoundland, died in the parish of Dowry, County Tipperary, Ireland, in January, 1845, the pious and humble child which he conceived at that time, and which he nurtured until he was destined for the priesthood. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Mount Melroy College, at which he resided for four years. He then proceeded

to All Hallows, where he pursued his theological studies. He received the doctorship in April, 1862, and in the following October he arrived in Newfoundland. On his arrival he was welcomed by the late Most Rev. Dr. Mullock. Until the following year he acted as curate to his uncle, then parish priest of St. Mary's at the hospital of his uncle in Placentia. He was then removed to St. Patrick's parish, St. John's, where he remained until his death.

In Dean Ryan, the Church in Newfoundland lost one, who, though always endeavoring to shun publicity, yet shone forth as a luminary of great magnitude. His marvellous eloquence, his deep learning, his unaffected piety, his hidden charity, added to humility which, like those of the saints, seemed capable of being admired rather than imitated. He realized to the full the awful responsibilities of those who are engaged in that "high office, nor lightly given, to serve as messengers of heaven." He was a man who always bore in mind that greatest incentive to perfection—the presence of God. In private conversation, or when speaking at public gatherings, he always left the impression upon his hearers that he was accustomed to view things from a spiritual, rather than from a purely material standpoint.

To Dean Ryan the words of Richard LaSalle apply almost as really written in reference to him: "He is meek, composed and placid, and has an expression of patience, sweetness and benignity united with strong intellectual intonations, that would fit him to meet him in the public way. He has great dignity and simplicity of deportment, and has a bearing befitting his rank without the least touch of arrogance. His voice is singularly soft and harmonious, and even in rapid speech he does not put his Christian eagerness aside. His preaching is of the first order. There is something independent of the charms of diction and the graces of elocution, which he is a master, an internal evidence of his own profound conviction of what he utters that makes it go to the heart. He stands in the pulpit as if no exaggeration to say that he diffuses a kind of piety about him. He seems to belong to the edifice, and it may be said of him with perfect truth: "At church, with meek and unaffected grace after a sermon, the venerable prelate."

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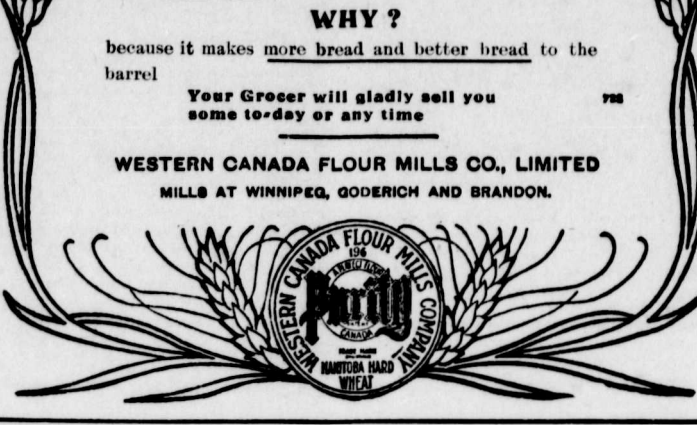
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to All Hallows, where he pursued his theological studies. He received the doctorship in April, 1862, and in the following October he arrived in Newfoundland. On his arrival he was welcomed by the late Most Rev. Dr. Mullock. Until the following year he acted as curate to his uncle, then parish priest of St. Mary's at the hospital of his uncle in Placentia. He was then removed to St. Patrick's parish, St. John's, where he remained until his death.

In Dean Ryan, the Church in Newfoundland lost one, who, though always endeavoring to shun publicity, yet shone forth as a luminary of great magnitude. His marvellous eloquence, his deep learning, his unaffected piety, his hidden charity, added to humility which, like those of the saints, seemed capable of being admired rather than imitated. He realized to the full the awful responsibilities of those who are engaged in that "high office, nor lightly given, to serve as messengers of heaven." He was a man who always bore in mind that greatest incentive to perfection—the presence of God. In private conversation, or when speaking at public gatherings, he always left the impression upon his hearers that he was accustomed to view things from a spiritual, rather than from a purely material standpoint.

To Dean Ryan the words of Richard LaSalle apply almost as really written in reference to him: "He is meek, composed and placid, and has an expression of patience, sweetness and benignity united with strong intellectual intonations, that would fit him to meet him in the public way. He has great dignity and simplicity of deportment, and has a bearing befitting his rank without the least touch of arrogance. His voice is singularly soft and harmonious, and even in rapid speech he does not put his Christian eagerness aside. His preaching is of the first order. There is something independent of the charms of diction and the graces of elocution, which he is a master, an internal evidence of his own profound conviction of what he utters that makes it go to the heart. He stands in the pulpit as if no exaggeration to say that he diffuses a kind of piety about him. He seems to belong to the edifice, and it may be said of him with perfect truth: "At church, with meek and unaffected grace after a sermon, the venerable prelate."

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