

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### THE CRITICAL CATHOLIC.

Our readers know the individual who poses as a critic of authority. He may be a business man with an eye on Protestant custom, or a politician anxious to straddle the fence, or a citizen with a wife ambitious for the high places in the social world. When an episcopal letter is issued condemning mixed marriages he ventures to animadvert on its inexpediency. He is aware of course that these unions have been productive of good. Protestants also are repelled by such pronouncements. He believes that were a Bishop to write something beautifully vague, or to turn his guns on dead things, the non-Catholic would look more kindly on the Church. He dilates on the increasing spirit of friendliness among the denominations. Suppose we admit that. But is it due to the fact that the sects view the Church with more favor than heretofore? Or must it not be ascribed to the fact that people are weary of religious talk, or regard doctrinal differences as of little consequence, or are deterred from a display of bigotry because it does not pay.

### A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER.

But the carping spirit is not a characteristic of the good Catholic. In matters concerning morality and religion he is guided by the voice of authority. What it says he says. His warnings are not disregarded by him. An Episcopal letter is read with reverence, and its instructions followed with a child-like obedience. The Catholic, however, who weighs it in the scale of pride and criticism casts in his lot with the world. He can essay a justification of his conduct, but the reasons advanced are un-Catholic. His duty is to obey his spiritual chief. Doing that he acts reasonably and with manliness. But the real reason of criticism is in the majority of cases the desire to curry favor with the Protestants. He is under the delusion that our separated brethren are admirers of ignorance and presumption. The non-Catholics may use him: he may invite his wife to some function before the election and help him to obtain a minor position, but he does not respect him. That kind of Catholic will also swallow anything in the shape of a political mandate. Bitter or sweet he will bolt it in faithful henchman style and keep his critical ability well under cover.

### THE WORLD'S WAGES.

Still the political history of Canada has some lessons that can be perused with profit by the man who thinks that worldly advancement may best be purchased by the display of an un-Catholic spirit. They will tell him that ere this Catholics well equipped to play a goodly part have in their efforts to stand well in the world's eyes, lost all. Instead of being in the haven of success they are derelicts, pitted by their own and despised by those without the fold. The world does not always pay good wages to those who serve it.

### HOME ADORNMENTS.

A correspondent has been answered in these columns. In regard to home adornments it is running counter to the custom which obtains in some quarters to say that half-draped pictures should not be tolerated in Christian households. There is no need to have them, for they who wish to have the decorations of home colorless so far as religion is concerned can get works of art which are neither object lessons in anatomy nor appeals to the senses. Critics may deem this assertion to be narrow-minded. But apart from the fact that critics talk a deal of nonsense on this subject and a room may see nothing objectionable in indelicate representations, it is the duty of the parent to banish anything that may be a source of spiritual danger. His are not the world's standards. It is no excuse, the dictum of a critic, for thrusting before the eyes of the children representations bordering on the indecent. Put the pictures of God and His saints in the home, and help the children to grow strong for the contest with sensuality which uprears its head in theatres, on bill-boards, in magazines, in advertisements. Unchastity in all its forms is common enough without giving it a chance to play upon the souls of children by means of pictures. The world takes no heed of sinful thoughts and desires, is not scrupulous

as to what may give rise to them, but a Catholic cannot assent to this doctrine.

### AS TO READING.

In regard to the Congregation of the Index referred to in former issues, the pastoral letter of the English Bishops says that it is governed by a code of rules and instructions drawn up by Clement VIII., revised by Alexander VII., Benedict XIV. and recently by Leo XIII. in his Constitution Officiorum. This work of the Index is done by experts. The books are examined carefully. Dispensations in one or other of its rules is granted.

But no dispensation can leave Catholics at liberty to read whatever they please. By the natural law a man is bound to avoid reading anything that he knows may undermine his faith, his religion or his morality. Divine faith is a supernatural gift which may be lost through our own fault. Indiscriminate reading is perhaps the most insidious form under which the poison of rationalism and unbelief is injected into the soul. Feeding the mind and imagination upon arguments and pictures against the virtue of faith must end as fatally to the soul, as feeding them upon lascivious suggestions and forbidden images. To read without necessity matter calculated to create doubt or to sap faith is a sin against religion and the first commandment.

### THE CHURCH'S POSITION.

Gross ignorance is responsible for the insinuation that one cannot be a loyal citizen and a good Catholic. Years ago the famous Bishop Doyle, of whom the Duke of Wellington said: "No sir: the House of Lords did not examine Dr. Doyle, but Dr. Doyle examined the House of Lords, gave evidence on this subject before a committee of the British House of Commons." To the question: "In what and how far does the Roman Catholic profess to obey the Pope?" he answered: "The Catholic professes to obey the Pope in matters which regard his religious faith, and in those matters of ecclesiastical discipline which have already been defined by the competent authorities. Question: Does this obedience detract from what is due by the Catholic to the State.

A. Not in the slightest degree; on the contrary, as the laws of God, which the Pope does enforce among Catholics, ordain that we should pay obedience to the existing government of the country where we dwell, so the obedience we owe to the Pope only tends to confirm us in our allegiance to such government.

Q. Does that justify the objection that is made to Catholics that their allegiance is divided?

A. I do not think it does in any way: we are bound to obey the Pope in those things that I have already mentioned, but our obedience to the law and the allegiance which we owe the Sovereign are complete and full and perfect and undivided, inasmuch as they extend to all political, legal and civil rights of the king or his subjects. I think the allegiance due to the King and that due to the Pope are as distinct and divided in their nature as any two things can possibly be.

This quotation ought to be instructive to those who are trying to kill the Pope with their mouths.

### THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM.

THE ONE FORCE TO COMBAT THE CHIEF DANGER THAT THREATENS OUR FORM OF GOVERNMENT TO DAY.

From the Washington Post.

However much sectarian disputants may differ as to merits of the Catholic creed, there is a general admission of the remarkable influence of the Catholic Church over the minds of its members. That influence has always been exercised for the moral and social good. We feel justified in the assertion that no other religious organization has done more valiant work in the cause of true temperance, and no other sect (sic) has carried its teachings so thoroughly into the home. These facts being true, special significance is lent to the sermon preached the other Sunday by Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, defining the attitude of the Catholic Church on the question of socialism. The sermon was called forth by a resolution adopted by the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor, in session at Green Bay, demanding the complete separation of labor organizations from any connection with Church influence.

The Archbishop's sermon was a clear-cut declaration of antagonism to the principles and teachings of the socialists, and he stated with emphasis, in the course of his address, that no man could be a Socialist and true to the principles advocated by the organization, and at the same time be a good Catholic. He paid a high tribute to the basic principle of labor unionism,

and commended laborers for their efforts to better their condition through unions and concerted effort, but he insisted that the Socialist doctrines were a menace to religion, morality, the home and free government. The triumph of socialism, he declared, would mean the overthrow of the Church and the destruction of the fundamental principles upon which the government is founded. He declared that the Church will throw its strength into the struggle against the spread of the socialist doctrines, which constitute an evil threatening the religious institutions of the country.

Americans generally will feel that the Church is skating on very thin ice when it arrays itself against any organization which claims to be sailing under the colors of a political organization. The sentiment for a complete separation of Church and State is one of the cardinal virtues of Americans, and the socialists will undoubtedly raise the cry against the Catholics, who are leading this crusade against them. The Church, however, will present the answer that its chief duty is the protection of the homes and morals of its members, and that these are threatened by the teachings of the Socialists, who are conducting their propaganda under a political cloak. The Socialists are carrying on their work among the labor unions and seeking the control of these organizations. Leaders of the political parties recognize this plan of the Socialists as the chief danger that threatens our form of government to-day. It is a social heresy, fraught with fearful possibilities to the commercial, industrial and social life of the nation, and there will doubtless be general approval of the action of the Catholic Church in fighting against its encroachment. Members of the Catholic Church are liberally represented in the labor organizations—more so than those of any other denomination—and their influence, under the encouragement and teachings of the Church, should go far toward preventing trades unionism from being prostituted to the advancement of a theory that would prove ruinous to unionism and to the people generally.

### MASONRY'S NEW ENEMY.

For many years the Catholic Church, almost single handed and alone, has stood as the implacable foe of Freemasonry. Members of the society in turn have assailed her openly and covertly, not perhaps under the banner of Masonry, but certainly through other agencies with which they have been allied. These assaults, despite individual protests to the contrary, bear conclusive testimony to the fact that the organization itself counts the Church a powerful and uncompromising enemy.

Not in the relations we have recited, but in quarters which have heretofore been either friendly or indifferent. This is true not only as applied to the order in this country, but also in Europe. And the Mason who has kept in touch with the new movements must feel that a new enemy has arisen to give battle.

It goes without denial that Masonry's greatest power lies in the oath-bound protection which it has drawn about itself. Through this, God and civil order subverting secrecy it secures the accomplishment of all its purposes. Inasmuch as the oath-bound protection is a sacred source where it has been invoked to defeat merited punishment at the hands of the law. In fact Masons have come to regard this secrecy as especially exempted from judicial investigation, so bold and arrogant have they grown of their power.

This fact is attested by recent legal contentions in the courts of New York and Alabama. In these cases the effort was made to exclude the evidence of certain witnesses on the ground that the matters concerning which they were to testify were protected by the Masonic oath of secrecy. But in each case the court ruled against the arrogant contention. The question has been long approaching adjudication. Any other decision than that handed down would have been debauchery of justice and subversive of the fundamental principles of government. Whether the contention was made in good faith, or whether it was the last stand of an army demoralized at the inevitable danger which confronted it must not appear. Nor is it of moment. The decision, however, stands as an irremovable menace to the presumed protection afforded by the oath-bound secrecy of Masonry.

Touching this same matter of secrecy attention was directed the other day by a writer in one of our local dailies to two occurrences deserving of mention. The one in France, the other of earlier date in England. Demand has been made in the French Legislature that the grand orient of that country comply with the law which requires that its rules, laws and everything pertaining to it, no matter how confidential, be communicated to the Government and to the national library. We are also told that upon his elevation to the throne of England King Edward relinquished his grand mastership, fearing that his oath-bound duty of protecting members of the craft might involve the impairment of friendly relations with foreign governments. Under similar conditions we find Emperor William acting much the same. Though side lights on the question, we would have our readers reason these incidents to their conclusion. They must then surely see that Masonry is not only in opposition to God but that it is also the enemy of all men who are not of its membership.—Church Progress.

### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND HER SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

E. D. Ward writes in the Churchman (Protestant Episcopalian):

"I never pass one of the Roman Catholic Church's many institutions for the education of her children without doing inward obeisance to her wisdom and faithfulness in regard to this all-important duty; or without an ardent longing that our own beloved branch of the Church Catholic could have her eyes opened to the great work that she could and should do in the same field.

"In the public schools we are confronted by the problem, 'How much and what religion can be taught?' The sacred beliefs of the Christian clash with the heresy of the Jew and the unbelief of the atheist. Consequently, religious instruction, or even observances, have to be done away with or reduced to the minimum. With what results? We have hardly begun to appreciate them yet, though they are already clearly visible around us.

"The Roman Catholic Church regards this state of things, and makes her protest; then, quietly and without loss of time, goes to work to do the only thing that is to be done, erects her own schools and provides her own educational equipments. With what results? Clearly are they, also, visible in her growth and vigor. She reaps abundantly that which she has wisely sown. Do we need to hear again the saying of the wise man of old, 'Give me your son till he is ten years old, and you may have him for the rest of his life?'"

### PRIEST RISKS LIFE IN RAILROAD WRECK.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Trenton, July 19.—Rev. Father P. J. Powers, of the Cathedral, heroically distinguished himself last night, when he crawled under a pile of railroad wreckage to administer the sacraments to Bosco Baley, a railroad worker who was pinned in the debris. The wreck happened on the Belvidere division of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Montgomery street, skirting the canal. It was a wrecking train that was crushed under a pile of railroad cars from a derrick car overturning in making a switch. Many men who had been riding upon the car leaped and saved themselves, but Baley and Pasquale Cisaolna were caught under the derrick. The latter was terribly crushed about the body and his fellow-workman were just able to keep his head above the water of the canal until the ponderous mass of iron was lifted from him. He was hurried to St. Francis' Hospital and died shortly after receiving the last rites of the Church.

Baley was pinned by the legs with several tons of iron hanging over him and threatening every minute to fall and crush him to jelly. Father Powers was told that the man would not be taken out alive, and at this the heroic priest, brushing those about him to one side, crawled through a narrow space until he had reached the side of the unfortunate workman. The click of pick and shovel and the grind of derrick wheels were silenced for a period while Father Powers heard the man's confession. Then in the glare of the railroad lanterns instead of the soft light of waxed tapers the priest administered Communion to Baley. Two hours later the man was rescued and taken to the McKinley Hospital. There was found that his foot was so badly crushed that amputation was necessary. It is now thought he will recover.

### BANQUET TO MR. BLAKE.

THE IRISH PARTY RECOGNIZES HIS SPLENDID WORK.

Canadian Associated Press Dispatch.

London, July 28.—The banquet accorded to Hon. Edward Blake by the Irish party to-day in appreciation of his services was one of the most splendid affairs which has taken place in the House of Commons dining room. Mr. John Redmond, the Chairman, said that Mr. Blake's Canadian record was one of the proudest in the possession of that free and great community. All through his career he had been an outspoken friend of Irish liberties. In 1882, before many of those at the banquet had entered public life, Mr. Blake had moved a resolution in the Dominion House in favor of home rule, which had raised against himself prejudicial many quarters. For the sake of the land of his fathers, giving up the Canadian premiership, then almost within his grasp, he came to Ireland, bringing that transparent disinterestedness and calm judgment which to-day made him the most valuable asset in the Irish councils.

THE BEST SPEECH.

Hon. Mr. Blake, replying, said that as long as Britain refused them constitutional freedom they had to remain estranged from the remainder of the assembly. To attain freedom they must subject themselves to party discipline and the decisions of the National Council. Home rule was not dead. If they

were true to Ireland it would never die. The great current of public events was with them. It offered some installment of self-government at the next elections he would favor acceptance, putting it into the till as home-rule money for Ireland. The question he desired the country to address itself to was the present situation, forgetting the barren past.

Mr. Redmond, in the concluding remarks, said he had sent out addresses to the Irish people, which were only an echo of Mr. Blake's speech.

A CABLE FROM OTTAWA.

The following cable was received from the United Irish League at Ottawa: "Heartily join you in honoring our own Edward Blake. (Signed) Freeland L'Argen."—Toronto Globe, July 29.

### SOME SENSIBLE ADVICE.

The Guidon has a sensible editorial, which is timely just now, on the vocations of girls and boys. It says: "A higher education is useful, but only to those who make use of it. We have known many a young man whom college has spoiled. He might have made a good tradesman, or a man of business, but, lacking in ability to learn, and wanting in stability of morals, he wasted his parent's money, acquired idle and extravagant habits, and turned out—well, we do not care to use the word by which he is commonly described. Unless a boy has a singular aptitude for study, and a genuine love for books, let him stop where he is, and go to work as soon as possible.

If he be sober, industrious, skillful, he will enjoy the credit of himself and his family, and a useful, respected member of society. Let your boys then understand this. Let them realize this themselves and look forward to it. Take out their early any false conceit a little learning may give them, and relieve them of any misguiding ambition to fill a learned profession for which nature and God never intended them."

### PEOPLE'S EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE.

In October, 1895, the Catholic people of the country had their minds turned to Washington, for there were assembled there bishops and priests from all quarters of the United States to honor in a triduum of exercises the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It was the first convention of the People's Eucharistic League in America. There have been annual reunions ever since, and the next will be in New York, September 27-29.

This devotion is likewise extended to the people, and all are asked to unite with the members of the Sanctuary in honoring in the tabernacle. When on earth with His Apostles our Lord had sometimes to reproach them with neglect and forgetfulness of Him, for they were distracted by the world around them, and had their thoughts more often upon themselves than upon their Lord and Master; and thus, in His agony, He chided them with the words: "Can not you watch with Me one hour?" Should we not feel these same words said to us when we neglect to honor His presence?

It is for this that the Eucharistic League is now extended to the people, and they are asked to come and pass a half hour a week, or even a half hour a month, before Him dwelling always on the altar. Oh, let us gladly do so, and wonder why we did not do so before. Where shall we be happier than when in His presence, and to whom can we better confide the secrets of our hearts than to Him so powerful to counsel and comfort as in the tabernacle? Let us thank Him for putting into form that which we so naturally wish by organization and blessing with indulgences this beautiful devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and let us show our appreciation by joining it and being faithful to its obligations.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

### TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Father O'Connor, of Holy Cross Church, Harrison, N. J., has just organized a temperance society on entirely new lines. To begin with he got all the young women of the parish interested and the rest will be easy. The reverend Father gives the "joiners" choice of six different pledges, to wit: First, total abstinence for life; second, total abstinence for five years; third, total abstinence for one year; fourth, abstinence from intoxicants on Saturdays and Sundays; fifth, temperate use of intoxicants; sixth, temperate use, with the privilege of occasionally visiting saloons. Any man who cannot conscientiously join that society, remarks the Catholic Union and Times, must assuredly be looked upon as hopeless.

"Anyone who takes the trouble to observe will discover that social drinking among the better class of people is decreasing," says an exchange. "Especially is this fact true of drinking in public places. It is the cheap, thoughtless, loudly dressed, new-rich class of people who appear to enjoy the display of beer mugs and wine bottles. Even when better educated and better bred people indulge in drinking they do not announce the fact by distinctive signs. The time will come when people will be as much ashamed of a drunkard in the family as an opium eater."

Temperance may not be a panacea for all the ills that afflict society, but its opposite, drunkenness, is certainly responsible for much trouble that is now set down to other causes.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

Sir Henry Moore Jackson, the new English governor of Trinidad, is a Catholic, although his father was an Anglican bishop.

A bust of the late Lord Russell of Killowen is to be put in the hallway of the Town Hall, Newry, his native place. The pedestal is to be made of Newry granite.

An embroidery copy of the Sistine Madonna, Raphael's most famous painting, has been placed on exhibition at the World's Fair. It is made entirely of colored silk thread and is the work of Miss Clara Ripberger of Dresden, Germany. She toiled for five years before her task was accomplished. The picture is valued at \$7,000, and is one of the rarest specimens of embroidery design in the world.

One of the most renowned orators in London is the Rev. Sebastian Bowden, superior of the Oratorian Fathers. He was formerly a soldier and an officer of the guards. He is the author of a "Guide to the Oratory," a study of Dante and a work on "The Religion of Shakespeare," in which the evidence for the poet's membership in the Catholic Church is fully stated.

The signal honor conferred by King Edward on Admiral Lord Walter Kerr by appointing him additional admiral of the fleet, "in recognition of the great value to the navy of the fifty years of naval service," will be a matter of congratulation to all Catholics. "Apart from the manner of the promotion," says an English paper, "we believe him to be the only Catholic who has ever held that highest rank in the navy."

The Catholic Church in England has of late received great attention from Cardinal del Val, much correspondence passing between the Vatican and London. The most important matter which it is hoped to accomplish is to have the English house of Lords modify the text of the coronation oath to suit the Catholic subjects of the king. It is sought to omit all allusions to the Church of Rome and its rites, and especially to strike out the sentence referring to the doctrine of transubstantiation.

As a contrast to the absolute prohibition maintained for the past thirty years, under which Italian Catholics were not allowed to vote at the political elections nor to attempt to gain parliamentary honors there comes the announcement that Pius X. has just been given official approval to the candidacy of a lawyer named Carusi, who is professor of law in the Pontifical Roman Seminary, and who hopes to secure election to Parliament from his native district of Abruzzo. As this is the first time the barrier has been openly removed, there has arisen the hope that Pope Pius X. may make further concession in this direction.

### BANNS OF MARRIAGE.

From London Answers.

The custom of publishing the banns of marriage dates back to the primitive Church; for Tertullian, who died A. D. 240, states that warning of intended marriages was given among the early Christians.

It appears that the publication of banns was habitual in many places long before there was any general law on the subject, since Gregory IV. (1198-1216) speaks of the banns (from Latin bannum, a proclamation; Anglo-Saxon ban) being given out in the church, according to custom. The practice was introduced into France about the ninth century and in 1176 was enforced in the Diocese of Paris.

The earliest enactment on the subject in England was an order made in the Synod of Westminster in 1200 to the effect that no marriage should be celebrated till the banns had been published in the church on three several Sundays or on Wednesdays. This rule was made obligatory throughout the Church by the fourth Lateran Council, held in Rome in 1215. By act of Parliament banns must now be given out in England on three Sundays.

### TRUTH IN ATTRACTIVE FORM.

By Rev. James H. Cotter.

The world is stuffed with unopened, dust-laden volumes, bearing Catholic titles. This being the case, I believe that Catholic scholars ought to study the great mass of readers, and write works which, not professedly Catholic, would still have the feeling of a Catholic heart, the sequence of Catholic logic, the glow of a Catholic soul. This kind of book will not be scouted, will go far with their subtle lessons, and will win recognition of the character-building power of the Church in circles where hearts and minds are shrivelled in bigotry.

A thought from a layman often gives a more chivalric defense of Catholic truth than one from the pulpit; and so with a book which, by a happy fallacy, arrests and makes a mind thoughtful, when one whose profession it is to instruct or convert would affect nothing. Many of our Catholic works would tire a theologian and certainly will not find favor with the multitude. It is well to tell Catholics not to read fiction, history or criticism, deformed by falsehood but since men will read, it is better for Catholic authors to adroitly supply the need of the true, the beautiful and the good.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the Incarnation is that the sin of poverty was changed thereby into a virtue.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Wm. J. Fisher, M. D., in Rosary Magazine, I.

Sheltered by a number of large pine trees, in the very heart of Notre Dame de Lorette—the thickly populated...

Good Pere Menard, the gentle Blackrobe, who had labored for twenty years among the Huron tribe, had not congratulated himself for he had not founded this very village and had he not also carried the faith to these deserting creatures? It was a desperate struggle at first. Tsohahissen, the brown, old, copper-faced chief, would not listen to the gentle tales of a Redeemer who had suffered the agonies of Calvary's redemption, but Father Menard was determined and in his mind, he treasured visions of a distant, glorious day that was to bring him the laurel wreath of victory. And that day did come, and when Tsohahissen bowed his head and was baptized, it was not long and the whole tribe came with him. The great mountain had crumbled to atoms, the big chief was a follower of Christ and now the way was clear and, far beyond, basking in the sunshine of God's smile, lay the wide, open fields that the Blackrobe was to explore. The soil was good, the reaper was experienced and in time there was to be a golden harvest of souls. Every day, in the twilight hours—those delicious moments so silent and sacred—one could see, there in the open air, a picture that the skilled, artistic fingers of mortal man could never do justice to. There, on the grass, silently listening, were the apartmost visions of hundreds of red children, their hearts swaying under the clear, ringing words of the casketed priest, as in soft, musical voice, with crucifix in hand, he pictured the drama of the Crucifixion. And as he stood there, in his pulpit, upon the bared stump of an old oak tree that had fallen a prey to Canadian winds and storms, tears would steal out of his eyes, while a few stray sunbeams from the west, brightened his beautiful face—a face that had the freshness of spring in it though it was crowned by the white of a premature winter.

"I am so glad," he would often say, "that God pointed my way out so clearly. Even when I was but a child, mastering the Latin elements, I dreamed dreams which have since come true. Later, I saw the hand of God directing my footsteps to this western hemisphere—this land where one sees Nature, in all her unadorned, glorious, real, a veritable garden of Eden, wherein millions of birds pour forth daily their souls in music, doing glory to their Creator." Often his thoughts unlocked the heart of nature and he stole into that holy of holies to hold sweet converse with her. He loved the glorious forest, the sun and moon and stars, the rivers and lakes that shone in the starlight, the flowers that turned their faces to the sun and the birds that madrigaled unceasingly. His was a Wordsworthian love almost. To him the earth itself was a grand poem. He studied it carefully and it brought him nearer to that other land above, where golden fields lay basking in eternal sunshines. Often he would say:

"When I shall go sleep and wake again—What will come to me for all I miss! The light, melodious footsteps of the rain, The press of leaves that rustle in the lane, The sunset wistfulness and moraine bliss, The moon's enchantment and the twilight kiss Of winds, that wander with me through the lane. Will not my soul remember evermore The earthly winter's hunger for the spring, The wet, sweet cheek of April's rain, The rustle through the summer's open door, The feeling that the scented woodlands bring. At evening, with the singing of the thrush."

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And, arm in arm, the priest and chief walked off together and, as Tsohahissen led him forward, cheer followed cheer, and cries, shrieks, war-whoops came in swift succession, until the whole forest trembled and shook with fear.

The great ceremony at last began. The large pole, about eight feet high, with hawk and eagle feathers on top, was in its place, and Tsohahissen stood admiring the red rings he had painted on it. He, himself, had also made the point from a red stone, which he found in the shallow river. The women never took part in the dance—the chief always said that their faces would scare the rain away—but they were always present and brought cakes and hominy for the men to eat. The men had now formed large circles around the pole and Tsohahissen lit the fire that had been already prepared and, when it was blazing away briskly, he threw on tobacco leaves until heavy clouds of smoke filled the air. Then he raised his proud head and, as the smoke rose skyward, extended his bare arms pleadingly to the heavens and cried in a high, strange, hysterical voice: "Kawon Niyov! I want you people! My family is here in the wide, open forest. I want rain! Things won't grow—the earth is too dry. Everything is burning up in the heat. Nothing grows and my children are starving. Hear you big, mighty, Great Spirit? We must have corn, so here is some tobacco for you that you may know we are here and want rain—rain!"

Nearby knelt Father Menard, crucifix in hand, deeply absorbed in prayer. In a moment, the red chief made for the painted pole and, bowing down low before it, the dance began. The men swayed around wildly and halted and faced the east, then the north, and

were willing—the very tongue of Nature was parched and hot and longed for the cooling showers, that God alone could give. As the earnest Blackrobe drew nearer he at once noticed that the Indians, gathered in groups, were discussing some vital issue. Their voices snote the air with their hissing sounds. The whole village was in an uproar. Loud, shrill cries rang out everywhere; men, agitated, threw their arms into the air; women, distracted with excitement, sang minor strains, clear-cut and vigorous, and the melody of many like a panting ready to spring up at the slightest provocation. He rose and faced the strange intruder in the high grass, as the latter raised himself on his hands and knees and whispered: "They must not see me over there. I have Iroquois blood—they will have Iroquois blood. They do not mix well. We hate—we hate each other. I am the servant of Geromino—big, fine, Iroquois chief, who has camped with his braves, thirty miles from here. He calls me Flying Eagle, because I am quick and strong. Two days ago we were ready to march here and burn down Huron village but Winona, chief's only child—beautiful Iroquois princess—took very sick. Ah! she is so beautiful—her eyes are as blue as the violets in the glen. Big chief, he feel bad—the cry and stay with her in wigwam all day and all night. Geromino good man! He send me here for Blackrobe and ask me to bring him back to dying girl. Strong chief heard plenty story from French hunters about Blackrobe healing sick and begs him to come to him now, before the day grows too old."

An earnest look beamed in the Indian's strange eyes. For a moment he was silent, then his lips trembled and he asked almost pleadingly: "Will you go to Geromino? His big, red heart is breaking."

A hundred thoughts thrust themselves upon Father Menard's excited nerves. What was he to do? Was he to go into the camp of the enemy and perhaps sacrifice his life for it? But he was prepared to die—what matter then? Just now, there was great excitement among the participants in the dance. A moment later—and Tsohahissen with his large, hoarse, hollowed-out voice, bellowed in the direction of Father Menard stood. One of the women, who was on her way to the shallow river for water, happened to spy the stranger in the grass. Noting that he was an Iroquois, she hastened back unnoticed to tell Tsohahissen that an enemy was in the camp.

In a moment, they were upon both howling and shrieking like a pack of wolves. Flying Eagle sprang to his feet, hung around his neck, and, when his old, dark face was full upon the sweet-faced priest, his eyes fairly shone like two balls of fire.

Father Menard was silent for a moment. Then he put his hand on the old man's stooped shoulders and said lovingly: "Much better would it be, my son, if you and your children were to get down on your knees with me this evening and ask God your Father in heaven to give you rain."

Tsohahissen raised himself proudly; the eagle-feathers on his head shook slightly and there was a dissatisfied look in his wild eyes. The priest noticed it and he knew the virulence of Tsohahissen's anger, for, good as his intentions were, it almost tore his heart in two to see the old traditions and customs of his Huron forefathers thrown aside so carelessly. Father Menard knelt all this and as he looked up at the man before him—a towering oak among the beeches and saplings—he noticed that the old chief's eyes were full of tears.

"Hear you not the big river yonder calling for water, O my Father!" the old man exclaimed with emotion. "He is calling for me. The leaves of the trees are also speaking and the lonely cry of the woodchuck hants me in my sleep. I fear they are dying and I must hurry. The birds of the air are leaving us and the moose and deer are lean and hollow-eyed. And O, my Indians, my family—they are starving now—the river is drying up and I see nothing but dead men's bones. Come, my Father! Come with me! I will take the Blackrobe to his poor children."

And, arm in arm, the priest and chief walked off together and, as Tsohahissen led him forward, cheer followed cheer, and cries, shrieks, war-whoops came in swift succession, until the whole forest trembled and shook with fear.

The large pole, about eight feet high, with hawk and eagle feathers on top, was in its place, and Tsohahissen stood admiring the red rings he had painted on it. He, himself, had also made the point from a red stone, which he found in the shallow river. The women never took part in the dance—the chief always said that their faces would scare the rain away—but they were always present and brought cakes and hominy for the men to eat. The men had now formed large circles around the pole and Tsohahissen lit the fire that had been already prepared and, when it was blazing away briskly, he threw on tobacco leaves until heavy clouds of smoke filled the air. Then he raised his proud head and, as the smoke rose skyward, extended his bare arms pleadingly to the heavens and cried in a high, strange, hysterical voice: "Kawon Niyov! I want you people! My family is here in the wide, open forest. I want rain! Things won't grow—the earth is too dry. Everything is burning up in the heat. Nothing grows and my children are starving. Hear you big, mighty, Great Spirit? We must have corn, so here is some tobacco for you that you may know we are here and want rain—rain!"

then the west, as they sang six songs for rain. The songs were all in a minor key and fairly glowed with an intensity of feeling that could not but inspire the heart of every brave. The tempo was quick and delightful and the parting words of the song were lost in loud tones of frenzy and delirium.

The priest was too much absorbed in his prayers to notice the dramatic attitudes of the participants in the dance. Suddenly he felt a light touch on his shoulder. Turning, very much frightened, he saw the form of an Indian lying in the grass behind him like a panting ready to spring up at the slightest provocation. He rose and faced the strange intruder in the high grass, as the latter raised himself on his hands and knees and whispered: "They must not see me over there. I have Iroquois blood—they will have Iroquois blood. They do not mix well. We hate—we hate each other. I am the servant of Geromino—big, fine, Iroquois chief, who has camped with his braves, thirty miles from here. He calls me Flying Eagle, because I am quick and strong. Two days ago we were ready to march here and burn down Huron village but Winona, chief's only child—beautiful Iroquois princess—took very sick. Ah! she is so beautiful—her eyes are as blue as the violets in the glen. Big chief, he feel bad—the cry and stay with her in wigwam all day and all night. Geromino good man! He send me here for Blackrobe and ask me to bring him back to dying girl. Strong chief heard plenty story from French hunters about Blackrobe healing sick and begs him to come to him now, before the day grows too old."

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"you must not go now; wait till the storm is over." Tsohahissen's face wrinkled into a smile, as he shook his head and said carelessly: "Big chief fears neither thundering, lightning or rain. He loves it—but wife and children are all alone in wigwam and they wait Tsohahissen's return."

Then he raised himself straight as an arrow, his fiery eyes fairly sparkled, and there was a sudden sweep of his right arm and almost instantly he sprang out into the darkness and rain.

When the dawn purpled the eastern hills, Father Menard and Flying Eagle left the lodge, the latter carrying a canoe on his strong shoulders. When they were gone, Nanette, the trusty French maid, who had come to the wilderness twenty years ago with her priest-cousin, gently closed the door and slipped the key.

"Iroquois hate Hurons!" he muttered, nervously. "I fear they will capture and kill our good Father and Blackrobe and I will have to go with them. I am sad, for I love you so much. I am trembled, overcome with emotion. The kind faced priest raised his hand and, laying it on Tsohahissen's shoulder, said, consolingly: "Fear not, great chief! I am going on an errand of peace. Geromino is calling me—his chief needs me. My life is in God's hands and I will have nothing to fear. With Him I can face any danger. And you, my son, you yet become great Tsohahissen and I will join the two large families into one."

Tsohahissen opened his eyes eagerly and shook his feather-crowned head, as if what the priest said was nigh to impossible. In another few minutes Father Menard was in the canoe and Flying Eagle's strong arms raised the priest in the air. Another second and they were splashing water. There was great splashing and gurgling and the two were off and long the Indians stood and watched until the canoe and its occupants seemed like a small speck on the distant blue waters.

For evening after, there was one solitary watcher on the river shore. It was Tsohahissen—poor man! His face bore a sad and angry expression. Again and again he raised his hand to his mouth and shouted wild-sounding words into the lonely night around him, but the splashing, meaning waves alone answered.

It was late when Father Menard and Flying Eagle reached their destination. The good priest was very tired, most of the journey having been made on foot. Geromino stood in the moonlight to extend his friendly greeting and to escort the illustrious visitor to the village. The great chief of the Iroquois was a very old man; his shoulders were slightly stooped but his gait was still strong and steady. On his fierce, swarthy rough face, however, which was surrounded by a mass of iron-black hair, one could not see a soft smile, but the slightest provocation. His cheekbones were very prominent, his glance was stern and penetrating and something quick, but it melted into kindness as he eyed the Blackrobe intently.

In the central part of the village, a bonfire was glowing and, thickly grouped around, sat the braves, holding their pipe and smoking in silence. When the priest drew nearer, Flying Eagle gave one shrill cry and made for the anxious faces, staring into the flames. In a moment he was amongst them and all the men took up the cry. It was so loud and shrill that bird and beast alike became suddenly frightened.

When Geromino drew near, leading Father Menard by the arm, heads turned and hundreds of eyes flashed brightly upon the Blackrobe, who looked with a kindly face upon them all. They had heard much about this great man and they looked upon him with a feeling of awe.

"Come!" said Geromino kindly to the priest, "you must be hungry—the meal is ready," and together they sat down at a rude table nearby and most freely of venison and pieces of fat salmon and white-meated partridges, served on hard beechwood platters.

very soft, light yellow. Her lips had the color of the crimson twilight, her long, flowing hair was black as the night. Necklaces of white beads and strings of wampum lay on her throbbing bosom, and her dress was of fine deer skin, thinned and cured so that it was soft as silk. A pair of fine buckskin moccasins, embroidered with quill-work, beads and shells, covered her feet. Beside her knelt the medicine man. He was gaunt and wild eyed and it seemed almost incredible that a heart could go on beating and sustain life in so thin and wasted a body. But he was a power in his community—this strange-looking individual with the white flowing hair, the long fingernails and muffled moccasins.

Wise as the wisest in council gave. He sat with the chief around him. He knew of the ruse that was planned. He sent them down by the Blackstream's wave. He was the star of each warrior brave. And knew where the rater had found him."

Yesterday, at sunrise, he had come to Geromino. His herbs and roots had proved powerless to stay the steady ravages of the disease, and he mumbled distractedly: "Winona must die! I know it—I feel it. For two full days the white flower near the river has been fading in the sunlight—and when ever it fades someone dies. Winona cannot live to see another day." It was then that Flying Eagle was dispatched for the Blackrobe.

When Father Menard approached Winona, the medicine-man slunk away stealthily and disappeared. The sick child only smiled faintly. "The priest laid his finger on her pulse—it was very weak and fluttering, almost imperceptible. Her body was cold and covered with a clammy perspiration. The heart is failing, it must be stimulated at once," added the priest-doctor, as he opened his satchel and took from it a small vial. Quickly he poured out a few drops of a light liquid into a little glass syringe, filled partly with water, and injected it into the earthen jars with hot water and placed them around the child to induce reaction and overcome the state of collapse that Winona had fallen into. Geromino eyed the priest intently and then asked: "Will Winona, my beautiful princess, live?"

The learned Jesuit merely raised his eyes and answered: "I will be better able to tell later on. I will do my best." To Geromino, Winona was everything. Since her mother's death two years ago, she had been to him a consolation and a companion. In thirty minutes the hypodermic injection was repeated—the heart had not yet responded to the stimulus. Small pellets, containing some active medicinal substance were also given by mouth. In a few moments, Winona's eyes closed and she drifted into a calm, refreshing sleep.

Father Menard then strode to the chief's side. "You must lie down, Geromino—it is late. You look tired and worn out and to-night you must have a few hours of quiet sleep. I will watch the sick child and, if anything happens, I will call you." Geromino at first refused bluntly, but soon the priest's gentle voice mastered the latter's feelings and he sank down upon a pile of buffalo skins and was soon asleep.

The missionary stole to the side of the sick girl—she was sleeping quietly. He felt her pulse and his eyes brightened instantly. Again he raised his eyes to heaven and, laying his crucifix upon her breast, he prayed in silence. Without strong winds shrieking and whistling through the branches, and now and then the mournful cry of some wild animal in the forest stole into the lonely wigwam. But neither disturbed the sick child and the devoted watcher at her bedside.

The medicine had been administered at regular intervals and towards morning the priest woke Geromino from his sleep. The chief yawned, opened and rubbed his eyes, and when he saw the Blackrobe bending over him, a great and mighty fear penetrated every muscle in his body. He shook visibly as he raised himself to his knees. "Ah! I knew it—she is dead!" he exclaimed, almost with distraction. "Winona is dead—dead! I felt it—I knew it. In my sleep I heard the North wind calling—and he was calling her—my beautiful daughter—my queen—my Winona!"

Then his head fell into his large, brown hands and he sobbed like a child. "Geromino!" exclaimed the priest eagerly. "Raise yourself! Winona is not dead, but lives—lives! I say. This morn there is much life in that sick body of yester-night. The danger is past. Winona will not die, but sl— will live to bless, as princess, the hearts of her Iroquois children."

Quickly he led Geromino to the sick child, who greeted both with a smile that lingered for some time on two bright, rosy cheeks.

Winona—her glowing face bright in the pure sunlight that stole through a few cracks in the wigwam above, her eyes riveted upon the kneeling figure of her father at the bedside. Geromino's head was bowed and in his hands he held fast the crucifix, which the priest had placed upon Winona in the night-time. His eyes were closed and his lips moved slowly and reverently.

Father Menard stood transfixed for a moment, for Winona moved slowly and he thought he had disturbed the quiet serenity of the scene. In an instant, he sank upon his knees and covered his face as he whispered fervently: "O God! I thank Thee!" For some time, all knelt in silence, and to the good priest it seemed that the very wigwam was peopled and alive with other sweet-faced beings, who had stolen in with the sunlight and, in his heart, he felt that he had heard the stir and rustle of angels' wings.

Just then a shadow glided noiselessly into the wigwam. For a second, two eyes rested lovingly upon Winona and a smile crept into the anxious, serene, red face of the intruder and, when a moment later he brushed aside the heavy curtains with his bow and made a sign of relief burst from his lips. It was Flying Eagle, and in his wild heart was cloistered a holy secret.

One month had passed and Winona had fully recovered from her illness, and Father Menard was beginning to think of his homeward journey. Much had come to pass in all this time and the good priest felt elated, and justly so. Geromino and Winona had both become deeply interested in the story of the Christ and many were the searching questions the Blackrobe answered. One thing alone troubled him sorely. On several occasions, Geromino had given utterance to his great hatred of the Hurons. But he said nothing of their intended invasion.

One evening the three sat together in front of the chief's wigwam. Father Menard had just pictured the birth of the Infant at Bethlehem and now a spell of silence fell upon all. Up in the beeches overhead, a number of squirrels nibbled and frisked excitedly and, several yards away, a limpid brook made sweet music for tired souls. The priest ran his fingers thoughtlessly through his beard, and Winona gazed upon him intently. Suddenly Geromino's strong voice broke the lethargy of the moment: "To-morrow the Blackrobe leaves us and we will miss his kind face. Chief and daughter will be lonely without him and the wigwam will not be as bright when he is gone. But he will come again—often—and tell us stories of his good God. The way is not long and Flying Eagle will always accompany him. He knows every inch of ground in the big forest. The chief eyed the priest for a moment and his voice melted into a tone of pathos, when he asked: "Will Blackrobe forget us when he will come again, as a friend, to the camp of the Iroquois?"

"Certainly, my good man!" answered the priest, as he rose from the wooden bench. "I will come again—often—to see you. Twice every seven days, in snow or rain, the Blackrobe will journey to your village and, as a sign of trust, he leaves his crucifix with Geromino. Great chief! I will be happy to meet you and your braves here whenever I come, and you will find in me a good friend, and he handed Geromino his precious crucifix, as a pledge of his promise.

The old man took the proffered token and pressed it to his bosom. Winona, too, was pleased. Slowly she rose and took the Blackrobe's hand in her own. "I am so glad you will come again," she said. "Winona wants to become your friend and learn more about your God."

Just then, Geromino strode into the wigwam and soon returned with a bundle of rich furs and skins under his arm. "Geromino brings his costly furs and skins to the good Blackrobe," he said kindly. "He asks him to accept them in payment for his trouble and services. Skins and furs are good—the best. They will bring in much money at the trading post."

The priest thanked him kindly in the Iroquois tongue, and added: "But keep your skins and furs, my friend! I do not seek to rob you of these treasures. Only give me your good name and more—and you will let me name my own reward?"

"With pleasure, O my Father!" answered Geromino thoughtfully. "May I ask you, then, in the name of my God, Geromino, to give up all thought of your pre-arranged attack on the Hurons, who dwell peacefully in yonder village? Their lives are in my hands—my God! I know the virulence of an Iroquois' hate—but you must not harm my children! Will you promise?"

Geromino tossed his head arrogantly and bit his lips in anger. That demagogue was again lashing his soul, his face was redder than ever. It seemed as if every drop of blood in his body had suddenly run to his head to stimulate his thoughts. An indignation about crept into his face, as he stepped back proudly, and he was on the verge of refusing when his eyes stole from the priest to Winona. She trembled and, when he saw that the tears were gathering in her eyes, a shrill cry smote the air and he exclaimed, almost wildly, as his fingers tightened about the crucifix: "Geromino promises! Geromino promises! Blackrobe's children shall live in peace!" and he sprang to the priest's side and took the outstretched hand in his own.

When Father Menard again returned to Notre Dame de Lorette all hearts were glad. Tsohahissen, himself, had gone down the river in his canoe to meet him at sundown. Nanette also felt glad and, in the little lodge by the pine trees, the table was set and a brisk fire was burning in the grate and the trusty maid sang lustily, as she knitted carelessly. There was a rap at the door. A bright look stole into Nanette's brown eyes when the door opened wide to let in Father Menard.

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Glady she sprang forward to meet him. "Well, Nanette," he exclaimed tenderly after the evening meal was over, "any news from France, from home—from Gabrielle? Any letters, post-cards, parcels?"

"Yes, my dear cousin. Batiste, the French trader, brought a letter yesterday. Let me hope it contains nothing but good news!" and from the drawer she took the treasured envelope.

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed the priest, "from Paris—from the dear Countess Boulanger," as he opened it carefully. Then slowly he read the contents to Nanette and several times he paused to wipe his tearful eyes:

"Paris, July 10—  
 "My Dear Son—Your last letter arrived safely. We were glad to hear of your good work among the Indians. God is with you in that distant land—no wonder, then, that you are happy and contented. Twenty years ago you left our beautiful chateau, and what long years they were for Gabrielle and myself! But soon the spell is to be broken. Gabrielle has practiced medicine in Paris faithfully for ten years and needs a rest, and he is going to America to visit you. In another month he will sail and, not being married, he will be free to stay with you as long as he wishes. I would also like to go, my dear child, but rheumatism has crippled me in my old days and the journey would be too much for me. I suffer much—but then it is sweeter to suffer one's Calvary in this world. Your brother has been good to me and I will miss him, so, for your sake, I will make the sacrifice. I am sending you two large boxes, containing much that will be of use to you in your forest home. I also enclose several dresses for Nanette—the good girl! Give her my love. I will write her in two weeks; my rheumatism is bad to-day and my fingers are very sore.

"Pray for me often, my child, for God knows my life's sun is now westering near the horizon! I will never forget you or Gabrielle, for I have loved you both, as if you had been my own children.

"Let me hear from you again when the next ship sails.

"Your dear  
 "FANCION BOULANGER."

"The days wore on and summer faded into autumn, and one day in October, when the winds were cold and the trees were alone with color, Gabrielle entered Notre Dame de Lorette with his French girl, tired and exhausted, glad that the long journey was at an end. The good priest embraced him warmly. Nanette was also overjoyed, and for hours the three sat together in the candle-light, chatting briskly of old friends and old scenes of sunny France. Father Monard was the picture of happiness. His face softened into a smile as from time to time he puffed his quaint old Normandy pipe. Gabrielle was very talkative, and often the priest's eyes rested on the handsome figure of his brother in the fire-light, with his thickly set shoulders and manly brow. His face was fresh and ruddy and on it were written lines of tenderness and an expression of two dark, dreamy eyes—such as poets love and soften into sunshiny smiles. Verily, he was a fine specimen of manhood—a sturdy young oak, erect, strong and promising in the fresh light of life's morning.

VI.  
 The winter passed slowly by, and Gabrielle accompanied his brother on his visits to the Iroquois village. The Indians received both kindly, and the work in the mission was prospering. Hearts that had been cold now grew warmer; minds expanded and life held forth lusterful ideals to these poor red children. A new awakening was taking place, a new dawn was fast breaking, its rosy east aglow with many large-limbed hopes and resolves.

To Gabrielle, this wild life of the forest seemed glorious; he fairly revelled in the new, clean atmosphere about him. The days seemed so bright and the minutes so fleeting and joyous. Some strange thing had stolen into his being. He felt he was a different man—he knew it. Ever since his first visit to the Iroquois, the halls of his memory were lively with interest. A new people thronged its corridors and, above all else, the sunlight of a woman's face—Winona's—was continually upon him. Go where he might, there she stood before him, young, vivacious and beautiful. He could not forget her. From out that new scene of faces here stood out, clear and distinct, singular, striking and beautiful, and, above all, so un-Indian-like—a face that would have set the eyes of sculptor and artist alike mad with delight.

All that winter and following spring Gabrielle had not breathed a word of his admiration of Winona to his priest-brother. Both tolled faithfully on the one tending to the bodily, the other to the spiritual. But in his heart Gabrielle treasured many a happy secret. The warm admiration of those first days was now leading him into avenues rich with asphodel and rose, and here it was a new and mighty feeling overpowered him which made of life a beautiful abode where flowers—those bright and birds sang unceasingly to the heart that had never before realized what it was to love an ideal woman. Love had stolen in gradually and quietly and, now that she had placed her delicate fingers upon him, his temples throbbing hotly and he often dreamed of a day in the darkened future when he prayed that his dream might come true.

A year and a half passed by and many happy hours had Gabrielle spent in Winona's company. He had studied hard and now he conversed freely in the Iroquois tongue. Winona, too, proved herself an apt pupil of the former and was quite happy in being able to express herself in French. Gerónimo, also, was delighted with his progress and, in his eyes, Gabrielle was the sum total of perfection itself.

One evening late in summer, the Indians were gathered in an open space listening attentively to Father Menard's

large river that flowed through the nearby marshes. Presently, the chimes announced the hour for Mass. All betook themselves to the pine grove. Father Menard was robing for the Mass. Gerónimo and Tsohahissen were already in their places, and near the front knelt Winona and Gabrielle, their faces aglow with an almost superhuman joy.

When the Mass began, a silence as of the tomb, fell upon the kneeling multitude. Not even a child cried, or spoke, and there were many present. All was happiness and quiet, save for the sweet-voiced choristers in the trees, intoning their litanies of joy. It was a happy hour—

"breathless with admiration," and many an eye followed the officiating priest at the altar; and now the priest turned, facing the people, chimes rang, and the chimes rang out three times, all heads were bowed in prayer. Slowly, reverently, he walked towards the kneeling pair and, bowing, administered to both the Communion. Both knelt in prayer for a moment and then rose to go to their seats. No sooner had they turned, facing the crowd, when an arrow whizzed quickly through the air. Few had seen it—it had come so rapidly—but all heard the shrill cry that came from a staggering woman's lips.

Father Menard turned and, rushing from the altar, saw what happened just as Gabrielle caught Winona in his arms. The arrow had only grazed her cheek, and a look of gratitude was on the priest's kindly, old face. By this time the people were panic-stricken, but the priest motioned them back.

They laid Winona down gently in the grass and for a moment the two brothers watched the pale face of the sick woman. Just then a pine tree hissed through the air, and the priest's breast just as he had bent over to bathe Winona's dry lips with water.

The poor, old priest raised himself suddenly, his trembling hands on the arrow that stuck fast. A sickly groan escaped from him and he sank to the ground, powerless—a dying man—on his lips a word of prayer to his Maker and his God.

The Indians had now swarmed around the dying priest, their hearts sick with sorrow. The whole forest was filled with sobbing men, women and children. Tsohahissen and Gerónimo were at Father Menard's side and Gabrielle was busy administering restoratives and dressing the wound. The arrow had pierced the priest's heart. He could not live.

Suddenly there was a crash as of breaking timber, and the faithful priest's eyes opened just in time to see a man, bow and arrow in hand, falling to earth. The branch of a pine tree overhead, on which the murderer had been standing and hiding, had broken at the worst possible time—only to deliver him into the hands of his captors. It was Flying Eagle—his weight had been too much for the bough, from which he had sent his deadly arrows.

"Kill him! Kill him!" came from hundreds of throats, as he fell to the ground. Tsohahissen and Gerónimo sprang from the priest's side, their faces alight with a bitter anger.

The dying priest heard the cry. He opened his eyes and motioned the two chiefs back, as he said huskily: "No! No! You must not kill him—I forgive Flying Eagle. Do not touch a hair of his head! God alone has the right to punish and take life. I die happy—my work is done—and I see the gates of heaven—opening. I have—been the peace-maker—I am going—into the Light! Good-bye—Gabrielle!—Good-bye—Winona!—Good-bye—all!"

The trembling hands slowly raised the crucifix to the lips—the passing soul hovered a moment on the edge of eternity—and then life was extinct.

Gabrielle stole to Winona's side and wept bitterly. Now that his brother's friend was fast breaking, there was nothing to comfort him, for Winona still lay there unconscious. Would her soul, also, pass through those golden gates into the land where it is always morning? Would her eyes never open again—if only for a moment—that he might look into their blue depths? Oh! if she would only wake that he might speak but one word to her before she goes!

The people were wild with excitement and the mob would have torn Flying Eagle to pieces had not Tsohahissen and Gerónimo interceded. Both bore pain-depression—they realized that the great friend of the red man was gone. In the midst of a flow of tears they tried to assuage the sorrow of their people.

The Blackrobe's tender voice was forever hushed and their hearts were breaking, for they knew that never again would it music forth melodies to tired hearts from life's plaintive keys. And the touch of that gentle hand! How the children wailed and wept, through the little part on their chubby cheeks, which he never forgot to give. Gerónimo at once returned to the side of his daughter after he had spoken to his people. Winona stirred restlessly. Her face grew warmer and her eyes suddenly opened. They greeted Gabrielle's.

"Where am I?" "What has happened?" she sighed faintly. "O, take me away from here! You are crying—and on our wedding-day! Everything seems so strange to me—and father—he is crying. Oh! what is the matter? Am I dreaming?" The two men could not speak—their hearts were breaking with grief.

Then she turned her head. Her eyes fell upon the body of the priest nearby, whose face bore a smile and looked heavenwards. Winona raised herself on her arms and stared vainly. "He is dead—Oh! the Blackrobe is dead!" she sobbed and she fell back overcome with emotion.

And, for some time, the three wept together.

IX.  
 Flying Eagle was surrounded and watched all that day, but in the night he made his escape and, being fleet of foot, easily outran his pursuers. And

from that day on not a soul ever heard of Flying Eagle again.

It is thought that in some lonely spot far beyond the eastern hills, far away from the sound of human voice, he spends sunless and miserable years, with out friend, without rest. Even the wild animals of the glen seem to spurn him like some deadly, loathsome thing. His life is a torture and a burden and his heart suffers a remorse that is known only to those who suffer the silent penalty of crime.

For days Winona's life hung by a thread. The arrow that had grazed her cheek had been poisoned with curari—a deadly Indian poison—and a violent toxæmia fast undermined her vitality.

Gabrielle called all the resources of his profession to his aid and fought the disease vigorously and, when he felt that he was going to win, his heart gave a bound of joy that set his nerves a-trembling. Winona was to live after all—and he thanked God for it.

Years and years have passed since the opening chapter in this story. The Huron and Iroquois tribes are no more. Another race of men inhabit the country where once they lived and roamed. Notre Dame de Lorette is only a memory of other days. In its place, a great city has risen up, filled with the spirit of a happy progress. The little chapel down by the pine grove, which stands to this day, is the only relic of the past. Gabrielle erected it over his brother's grave, and it rests all that is earthly of Winona and Gabrielle.

A few, old settlers still remain and, sitting by the fireside on the cold winter evenings, with pipes in hand, they love to tell the tale of these red children, as they heard it in the long ago from the lips of some reminiscence grand-father or grandmother. And then the father of Winona and Gabrielle flowers in their minds, and the heroic mission of the good old Blackrobe, who struggled on and fought the fight for nearly a quarter of a century, and eyes grow moist and hearts expand and burn with love for those silent figures that grace the brilliant kaleidoscope of the past in a background of spreading spruce, maple and pine.

And, as long as men are men, such honest, good souls as Father Menard—men who fight the battle in life's most secluded and despised fields—will ever occupy a lasting place in the silent niches of the world's great martyrs. Winona and Gabrielle also live in the hearts of the people, and to this day even the little children love to sit around and listen to the story of the beautiful bride of the forest.

LORETO'S STORIED SHRINE.

HOUSE OF NAZARETH—ONCE BORN IN ANGEL'S GROTTO—SCENE OF ANUNCIATION—BUILT UPON SITE IN CATHOLIC DEVOTION.

Among the many shrines of Mary which the devotion of a past age has scattered over Europe, and which we recall with loving remembrance, one, on the verge of the Eastern sea, always rises pre-eminent in our mental vision, one, hallowed and favored before and beyond all others, the Holy House of Nazareth.

Here the spotless Virgin received the visit of the Archangel. Here Gabriel announced to her the stupendous miracle in which she was to act so great a part. Here, after the death of her husband, the Holy Family returned from their exile in Egypt; and Joseph, assisted by the angels, found for their daily bread. Here the Divine Child lived with His parents, and, according to the Holy Scripture, "was subject to them."

Here the faithful Joseph died in the arms of Jesus and Mary. From here Jesus went forth on His mission of love. The house of Nazareth was venerated about the year A. D. 44, it was consecrated as a church, and a stone altar erected, which is still preserved. For more than two centuries after the destruction of Jerusalem the Pagans carried on their work of profanation, raising temples and statues to false gods over the holy places. The historians tell us the Church is silent on the subject of the Holy House during those dark days, but it is supposed that, being a humble house in an insignificant town, far from Jerusalem it escaped notice, and the faithful met there secretly to worship the only true God.

When peace at length restored to Constantine, and the Empress St. Helena went on a pilgrimage to Palestine, she found the entire population of Nazareth Christian. This great and noble woman visited every spot sanctified by the presence of our divine Lord, and built at her own expense grand basilicas on the sites of the grotto, the house of Nazareth, and the tomb of the sepulchre, and the house of Nazareth, which with all it contained, was preserved entire under the sanctuary of the new basilica.

From this time forth the tide of pilgrims began to flow in ever-increasing numbers to the Holy Land; from the grotto of Bethlehem to the hill of Calvary, from the house of Nazareth. For many centuries, notwithstanding the danger and sufferings to which pilgrims were exposed, the devotion to the holy places continued unabated. Saints, monarchs, warriors, the greatest and noblest of every land, were numbered among them.

The brutality of the Saracens finally put a stop to the pious pilgrimages. The last hope of the Christians was crushed in the death of St. Louis, King of France, who had led a valiant army to defend the holy places. Eleven years after, the son of Mahomet destroyed the church built by St. Helena at Nazareth, and after twenty-five years more of unequal strength the massacre of the Tolomaide in 1291 left them sole masters. But though the splendid church was levelled to the ground, the Almighty did not permit the Holy House to be profaned. A band of angels, swiftly descending from on high, bore the sacred dwelling across the sea, and in the silence of the night placed it on the summit of a hill on the Adriatic shore. It was first seen by the shepherds, who, like the shep-

herds of Bethlehem, "were keeping the night-watches over their flocks." They ran to tell their master of the wonderful light they had seen moving over the sea, and of the strange appearance on the heights. Soon the news spread, and crowds came from the surrounding country to examine the prodigy—a house without any foundation, and of a style foreign to them, suddenly appearing in their quiet village, none knew what it meant.

But they were not long left in perplexity. A holy priest named Alexander, venerable alike from his age and his virtues, lay at the point of death. In that same night he had a vision. The Blessed Virgin, surrounded by angels, appeared to him, and commanded him to rise from his bed, as soon as it was day, and go out to the people assembled about the Holy House and tell them it was the House of Nazareth, showing them in proof thereof that he was miraculously cured of his long illness and restored to the vigor of his youth.

Alexander obeyed, and amongst those who heard the tale was Nicholas Frangipanni, a Roman of noble family, and Governor of the province. Filled with lively faith, he prostrated himself on the earth, adoring the Holy House. One of the descendants, a century and a half later, built a splendid church over the humble house, and his son added a monastery for the Franciscans.

The interior of the house when first seen had all the appearance of a chapel; a stone altar was found in it, and a wooden cross, on which was painted a figure of Our Lord; also a statue of Mary with the Divine Child in her arms. The statue was of cedar, and supposed to have been carved by St. Luke. On the head was a crown of pearls, beneath which the hair, parted in the middle after the fashion of the Nazarenes, fell over her shoulders. Her girdled vesture was confined at the waist by a cincture, the long ends of which fell almost to her feet; and over all was a blue mantle. The Infant, whose hair was also parted in the Nazarene fashion, had the first finger of the left hand raised in the act of blessing, while in His right He held a globe, the symbol of His dominion over the world.

Later on Pope Boniface VIII. sent a commission of holy and learned men to Nazareth to examine the place where the Holy House had stood and verify the miracle for the security of succeeding generations. They reported that they found the ruins of the house built by St. Helena; and beneath, exactly fitted to the measurements they had brought from the house in Loreto the site on which it had originally stood. They brought back with them some stones and specimens of the building materials used in the house, and on comparison found them identical with those in the Holy House, quite different from the materials used for building in Italy.

The Pope, satisfied as to the genuineness of the miracle, gave his sanction to the devotion, and pilgrims from all nations began to arrive in great numbers. Several large buildings had to be erected for their accommodation, and a series of spacious porticoes were built around the Holy House on all sides. Under these porticoes altars were raised so that Masses could be offered by pilgrim priests.

About that time the shores of the Adriatic were infested by the piratic Turks, attracted by the rich gifts brought by pilgrims. In consequence, Pope Nicholas VIII. built fortifications around the church, to defend it against the incursions, and sent an armed force to occupy them. His successor, Pope Callistus, sent two armies to Loreto, and strengthened the fortifications. After the victory of Lepanto, however, the Turks ceased to be a cause of fear.

The interior of the Holy House is at the present time enriched with the offerings of centuries; around the antique altar is a rich cornice adorned with gold and worked over with precious stones. The diadem is of gold and precious gems, and around the neck are strings of turquoise Eastern pearls, and strings of beads of gold, and fastened with a clasp of emeralds in the form of a rose, with large Brazilian diamonds in the centre. This statue was carried off by the French in 1799, together with all the accumulated treasures of centuries. In 1801 Napoleon succeeded in making the remainder of the stolen treasure was never returned. Among other valuables were twenty lamps of pure gold and sixty of silver, donated by the Republic of Venice, and a triregno, the gift of Pope Julius II. The gifts of the faithful, however, continue to come in; the wall behind the statue is covered with votive offerings which form a dazzling background as they reflect the rays from the numerous lamps always burning before it.

It is a grand monument to the genius and piety of centuries. Its general appearance from the outside is that of a fortified castle. From the lofty height on which it stands one gets an extensive view of undulating hills, covered with the olive, the fig, and the vine and delicious gardens stretching their brilliant parterres to the sea.—E. McLaughlin, in Guidon.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1904.

TOTTERING TO A DOWNFALL.

The bribery charges brought against Messrs. Combes, father and son were, indeed, stifled by the Chamber of Deputies by a very decisive majority of 2 to 1, as everybody expected would be the case.

The present partizan Chamber was elected to sustain M. Combes in his anti-Christian policy, and it was fully expected that it would override any decision arrived at by the Commission of enquiry.

The brutal implicity of the Government in choosing Good Friday as the day for the removal of all crucifixes from the law courts of France has also created intense dissatisfaction.

Paris itself is a doubtful battle-ground between religion and irreligion. In former years it was decidedly irreligious, but in recent years the influence of religion has been more felt.

sets at naught the whole religious sentiment of the nation.

There were many firms in Paris and other cities who absolutely refused to send workmen to do the dirty work of the Government when they were asked to send workmen to remove the crucifixes from the courts.

At Hazebrouck, which is in the Department of the Nord, the religious emblems were removed as they were elsewhere, but the public indignation was unmistakably manifested by the municipal council of the city who gave directions that the religious emblems should be removed in solemn procession to the City Hall, where the Council were assembled in their insignia of office to receive them with respect.

Another indication of the indignation of the people against their irreligious rulers comes from the army, and is on that account highly significant. Acting under orders received from the Government, the captain of a regiment assembled his men and asked those who desired to eat meat on Friday to give their names to the sergeant-major.

A NEW THEORY ON ORIENTAL CHRISTIANITY.

An address delivered at the Baptist anniversaries recently held at Cleveland by the Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of Union Theological Seminary, gives a curious view of the Christianity which is being developed in the far East.

His inference is that it is possible to separate the Gospel from any denominational interpretation of it, and to carry the message of it to the East that God's spirit may do with it as He may. He says: "A body of doctrine, an ideal of life, a type of experience—these are the kind of gifts conferred by missionaries in the East and borne to the East by the pioneers, to bless the East."

They are capable of caring for their own Christian development through religious aspirations outside of Christ, and our policy toward them must change, so that we must recognize an oriental type of Christianity which is working out its own formula.

Of course all this new development of Christianity will be a new form of Protestantism, and Rev. Mr. Hall's theory stripped of mere verbosity is that every nation should invent its own doctrines, instead of accepting the teachings of Christ.

VAGARIES OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

The vagaries of M. Combes, the French Premier, have been so numerous and gross that we cannot know what the next term of the wheel will bring forth.

The Concordat has already been vio-

lated most grossly by the persecution of the Church which Premier Combes and his Government have carried on so spitefully, and now it will be regarded by the Holy Father as a small loss if the Concordat be declared by the French Government to be no longer existent.

From another direction, also, the madness of the present Government of France seems to be begotting confusion. M. Pelletan, the Minister of Marine, by the foolish utterances some time ago gave wanton offence to Great Britain and other powers by a seeming threat that France might soon be engaged in a great war with them, from which she would emerge victorious.

THE PROPOSED CHURCH UNION. A meeting of the Congregational Union of the Maritime Provinces of Canada was held on July 6th and 7th at Keswick Ridge, N. B., at which the proposed union of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches of Canada was discussed.

UNITY vs. SCHISM. In a previous article in this issue, we make reference to the views enunciated by the Rev. Robert Pegrum before the Congregational Union of the Maritime Provinces, and which may be regarded as embodying the views of the Congregationalists of Canada in reference to the moot question of union of Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists into one body.

It is to be seen from this that the new Church's teaching will be framed on the principle of being agreeable to the contracting parties, instead of being founded upon what God has revealed; and similar language to this has been used by the advocates of union who belong to the other churches concerned in the matter, so that this may be regarded as a point settled beyond dispute.

We have many times pointed out that the proposed "organic union" which is now "in the air" is based upon the principle of ignoring the differences of belief of the various sects which are to unite, and that this process implies the re-ignition of the doctrines on which the sects differ to the class of non-essentials in Christianity.

It cannot be denied that there are considerable differences of this kind between the sects named. The Presbyterians in their Creed, as contained in the Westminster Confession, lays down clearly the Calvinistic doctrines that there are persons so fore-ordained to heaven that nothing which they may do, that is, that no sin they may commit, will deprive them of heaven; whereas there are others, described as the reprobate, who are so passed over by God in His distribution of grace, that they cannot gain heaven, whatever may be their efforts to do so.

His life long, this Apostle labored to secure for all, irrespective of sex or race or subordinate beliefs, a part within the gospel, and a peace within the comprehending routine of the Church. Yet even in Apostolic days, there were serious contentions in some of the Churches, and actual divisions occurred, until the Church was split into numerous discordant sects.

brought about a revived interest in this subject. "The question of reunion is the most important matter of consideration at present before Canadian Churches: 'Is it desirable? Is it practicable?'"

There is absolutely nothing in Holy Scripture to show that Christ instituted more than one Church having authority over all its members to guide them to the knowledge of saving truth, and this one Church is built upon His Apostles, but especially upon the rock, Peter, with the promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

St. Paul received by direct revelation from heaven the knowledge of the doctrines he taught, but we may be sure there was nothing in this revelation, divergent from that which had been given to the twelve Apostles by Jesus Christ in person, and so when we read what He states of the teachings which His disciples must believe and accept, there is nothing at variance with what the other Apostles taught, being commissioned by Christ Himself to "teach all nations, all things which I have commanded you."

But St. Paul may speak for himself. In his Epistle to the Galatians (1-8, 9), he declares that under penalty of anathema, they are not to receive any other gospel but that which they had already received, as he had preached it to them, even though the preacher of a strange doctrine should be himself or an angel from heaven.

Elsewhere the Apostle declares the Church to be "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." (1 Tim. iii., 15.) It is the depository of "the great mystery of godliness which was manifested in the flesh, was justified in the spirit, appeared unto Angels, hath been preached unto the Gentiles, is believed in the world, is taken up in glory." And in Eph. iv. 11-15, he tells us that the reason for which Christ instituted a pastorate or teaching body in the Church was "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edification (or building up) of the body of Christ, until we all meet in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, and that we may not be tossed to and fro as children, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive."

All this does not show that Christians have St. Paul's authority to establish distinct Churches for themselves, over which the pastors whom Christ instituted "to rule the Church of God, (see Acts xx. 28) should have no authority. It is evident from all these and numerous other passages of Holy Writ that the theory so boldly put forward by Rev. Mr. Pegrum, and which is commonly held by Protestants, has no scriptural authority.

From Rom. xvi. 17 we may learn what St. Paul thought of those who divided the Church of God, and created new sects by their doctrinal dissensions: "Now I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who make dissensions and offences contrary to the doctrines you have learned, and to avoid them. For they are such as serve not Christ our Lord, but their own belly; and by pleasing speeches and good words, seduce the hearts of the innocent. For your obedience is published in every place. I rejoice therefore in you. But I would have you to be wise in good, and simple in evil. And the God of peace crush Satan under your feet speedily."

It is thus seen that those who disobey the authority of the Church are doing the work of Satan, whereas those who obey have the blessing of the God of peace. To show further that St. Paul inculcated unity of faith, and not a divergence of creeds, we shall merely quote one passage more. After three years preaching St. Paul went to Jerusalem to see Peter, and, no doubt, to confer with him on the one faith which both preached. This is declared by St. Paul to be the cause of a second journey which he also made to that city fourteen years later, when he went up "according to revelation to confer concerning the gospel. . . . lest perhaps he should run, or had run in vain."

The doctrine of St. Paul on the question of doctrine is evidently at one with that of the Apostles and the Catholic Church, that the Church, the pillar and ground of truth, will constantly teach Christ's doctrine, which is to be believed by all without demur, and that her precepts are to be obeyed, and her doctrines believed as the faith once delivered to the Saints. It is a mistake on Rev. Mr. Pegrum's part to say the Church of Apostolic times was made up of discordant sects; for the sects were soon cut off and cast aside as dead branches. Thus, St. Paul says in 1 Tim. i. 19-20: "Which (faith and a good conscience) some rejecting have made shipwreck concerning the faith of whom is Hymeneus and Alexander, whom I have delivered up to Satan that they may not learn to blaspheme. But if sects are so necessary in the Church as Protestants have till now had the temerity to maintain, why should they now begin to make such strenuous efforts to unite again so that there may be one fold and one shepherd?"

THE NEW EMBROIDERY IN FRANCE. The exact nature of the most recent trouble between the Pope and France has not as yet been made known by mail, but from the cable despatches it would seem that the Holy Father has summoned some of the Bishops to Rome, whereas Premier Combes has forbidden them to obey the summons, threatening that if the summons is insisted upon, France will break off relations with the Vatican.

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The doctrine of St. Paul on the question of doctrine is evidently at one with that of the Apostles and the Catholic Church, that the Church, the pillar and ground of truth, will constantly teach Christ's doctrine, which is to be believed by all without demur, and that her precepts are to be obeyed, and her doctrines believed as the faith once delivered to the Saints. It is a mistake on Rev. Mr. Pegrum's part to say the Church of Apostolic times was made up of discordant sects; for the sects were soon cut off and cast aside as dead branches. Thus, St. Paul says in 1 Tim. i. 19-20: "Which (faith and a good conscience) some rejecting have made shipwreck concerning the faith of whom is Hymeneus and Alexander, whom I have delivered up to Satan that they may not learn to blaspheme. But if sects are so necessary in the Church as Protestants have till now had the temerity to maintain, why should they now begin to make such strenuous efforts to unite again so that there may be one fold and one shepherd?"

THE NEW EMBROIDERY IN FRANCE. The exact nature of the most recent trouble between the Pope and France has not as yet been made known by mail, but from the cable despatches it would seem that the Holy Father has summoned some of the Bishops to Rome, whereas Premier Combes has forbidden them to obey the summons, threatening that if the summons is insisted upon, France will break off relations with the Vatican.

Notwithstanding this threat, it is stated that the Bishop of Dijon, M. de Saurin, is on his way to Rome. The Holy Father has answered the imperious note of Premier Combes, but to the time of our going to press, the exact nature of the answer has not been given. We may safely say, that whatever course the Holy Father may take in prudence in reference to the present trouble, he will not resign into M. Combes' hand the right of ruling the Church which God has given to the successor of St. Peter, and not to Premier Combes.

When we look back to the glories of France which have come to her through the fidelity with which she guarded the interests of the Catholic religion in the past, we cannot but feel a deep regret that she is forfeiting her claim to be the most Catholic of nations. A great loss of prestige and glory must come to France by her casting aside the traditions of many centuries; but we derive consolation from the thought that the interests of religion will become once more, in better times, the care of the French nation and its rulers, as has been the case since the days of Pepin and Charlemagne, with but slight interruptions during the darkest days of the history of the French people.

Invariably in the past the clouds have been dispelled in due time, and we have confidence that in this respect history will repeat itself.

The consecration of the new cathedral of St. Patrick in Armagh, Ireland, took place with great pomp and ceremony on the 24th July. The occasion was graced by the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Vincent Vanutelli, who was specially delegated by His Holiness the Pope. One despatch says, however: "The occasion was marked by a gang of Orange fanatics, who seized the opportunity to assault and insult the Catholics. Shots were fired and the police stoned." Nor did the "lamb" stop there, as according to another despatch they tore down the flags, arches, etc., erected by the Catholics in honor of the solemnity.

It having been stated that His Eminence was also to visit England, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, in a letter to the Dublin Freeman contradicted the rumor and said that the Cardinal's visit was solely for the ceremony at Armagh. Further, Cardinal Vanutelli himself, in replying to local addresses of welcome said distinctly: "His Holiness has sent me to bring to you (the people of Ireland) and to you only the expression of his paternal affection on the inauguration of a new cathedral of the Primatial See of all Ireland.

He who martyrs his predominant passion has put to flight an army of demons.

COMBES AND THE VERY STRAINED between the Holy Government have d the Concordat has t than a century has necting Church and The Combes Govern trying to utilize it limiting the spiritual Holy Father. Rece Laval and Dijon we per before July 20, the summons to the French Govern them not to leave very act of appeal the rights of the equivalent to a d matters ecclesiasti the civil power is p the Vicar of Chri Episcopal function communication, ma meted out for this The Combes Go only too glad to displaying its anti- appeals to the Con of its encouraging Holy See. It will, esting to give a br instrument. After social degree, kno French Revolution came necessary to apaches to the Cong out of the recogniz re-establish the rel viously existed by State. The Conc of his efforts in th It consisted of The first guarante of the Catholic The next four dea tions of bishops, that the Holy Se Government will archaic fabric for a declaration that the titulars acquiesce in the and that "in the fare, the peace an relinquishment of this exhortation sacrifice, (refusa Holiness, (refusa provided new tit grant of dioceses, to some of the bi touch with the ne who consequently to the First Cons Article fourth, the First Const ing the Archbishop new diocese, add confer the according to the station to France of Government, have just quote a provision of th the Holy See had been ratified had remained in French Revolut this provision the Archbishop Pope confirmed the investigation to be Archbishop Passing over t deal with the fo the Government his consecration bishops in the m priests, with m bers in Cathed seminaries, we c 24, which read "Article 13— peace, welfare ment of the Cat that neither be molest in any confiscated Church queurers des alienes), and e sion and titles the revenues shall remain having juridica "Article 11— sures a prop and pastors who shall be include ment." The article article 13. In moyal by the resting on al Church proper ment. It edged salaries to his was a contract as is the con enters into w bonds. Repud Concordat in bishops and pre cast as great a France as w United States ated the bon United States "It is well t The Catholic benefactor an of the French in order not t tured Church Bishops and p \$7,000,000 in the public fu the sequester was less than of the endow sequestered. not be out of number of ed Governments each receive 42,415 officia whose avera francs (\$180) 17 archbisho (\$3,400) a ye 000 francs (8 receiving fro to \$900); 685 francs (\$320 from 000 to and 70,000 francs (\$450 francs (8 were establi creased in ar It was stil whose outli be ratified

COMBES AND THE CONCORDAT.

The very strained relations existing between the Holy See and the French Government have drawn attention to the Concordat or treaty which for more than a century has been the link connecting Church and State in France.

The Combes Government is just now trying to utilize it for the purpose of limiting the spiritual authority of the Holy Father. Recently the bishops of Laval and Dijon were summoned to appear before the Holy Office in Rome on or before July 20.

Instead of obeying the summons the bishops appealed to the French Government, which ordered them not to leave France derogatory to the rights of the Holy See, as it was equivalent to a declaration that in matters ecclesiastical the authority of the civil power is paramount to that of the Vicar of Christ.

Suspension of Episcopal functions, followed by excommunication, may be the penalty meted out for this flagrant offense. The Combes Government, which is only too glad to have an opportunity of displaying its anti-Catholic sentiments, appears to the Concordat in justification of its encouraging resistance to the Holy See.

It consisted of seventeen articles. The first guaranteed the free exercise of the Catholic religion in France. The next four dealt with the nomination of bishops. After the statement that the Holy See in concert with the Government will arrange a new hierarchical fabric for France there follows a declaration that the Pope expects that the titulars of the dioceses will acquiesce in the new arrangements.

Article 13—His Holiness, for the peace, welfare and happy re-establishment of the Catholic religion, declares that neither he nor his successors shall molest in any way the purchasers of confiscated Church property (les acquereurs des biens ecclesiastiques alienes), and consequently, the possession and titles to such property and the revenues appertaining thereto, shall remain incommutable in those having juridical titles thereto.

Article 14—The Government assures a proper salary to the bishops and pastors whose dioceses and parishes shall be included within the rearrangement. The article 14 is supplementary to the article 13. In consideration of the removal by the Holy See of the cloud resting on all titles to confiscated Church property the French Government pledged itself to pay proper salaries to bishops and pastors. This was a contract as binding upon France as is the contract the United States has with the Concordat in the matter of paying bishops and priests their salaries.

It is well to keep this fact in mind. The Catholic Church in France is a benefactor and not a mere beneficiary of the French Government. Napoleon, in order not to disturb titles to sequestered Church property, agreed to pay to Bishops and priests a yearly amount of \$7,000,000, in the form of salaries from the public funds in lieu of returning the sequestered property. This sum was less than 1 per cent. of the value of the endowments that had been sequestered. In this connection it will not be out of place to give the present number of ecclesiastics on the French Governments pay roll and the amount each receives. There are in France 32,415 officials of the Catholic Church whose average salary is less than 900 francs (\$180). They are divided into 17 archbishops, who get 17,000 francs (\$3,400) a year each; 67 bishops at 10,000 francs (\$2,000); 165 vicars general receiving from 2,500 to 4,500 francs (\$500 to \$900); 685 canons, from 1,000 to 2,400 francs (\$200 to \$480); 31,000 priests, from 900 to 1,300 francs (\$180 to \$260); and 70,000 assistant curates who receive 450 francs (\$90). These salaries which were established in 1801, have not increased in amount since then.

It was stipulated that the Concordat whose outlines we have given, should be ratified within forty days. Pius

VII, who was then Pope, signified his acceptance within the given time. But the document was not promulgated until nine months later. When it did see the light of day it had tacked on to it certain articles called "organic articles," which were the handiwork of the notorious Talleyrand, ex-Bishop of Autun, who had taken a leading part in the deliberations of the commission that had formulated the Concordat.

"The Organic Articles" consisted of eight articles. The spirit that breathed through them is made manifest in the wording of the first two articles, which we give in their entirety: "Article 1.—No bull, brief, rescript, decree, mandate, provision, signature of provision nor other documents emanating from the court of Rome, including those relating to personalities, published or circulated unless authorized by the Government.

"Article 2.—No individual under the title of nuncio, legate, vicar or commissary apostolic, or acting under any other title of similar functions, shall, without the same Government authorization, exercise on French soil or elsewhere any function relating to the affairs of the Gallican Church."

Another article declared that no decree of any synod outside of France or those of a general council should be published in France before the Government had examined them and approved of them. There was another provision that no diocesan synod should be held without the express permission of the Government. Article 6 of Talleyrand's "Organic Articles" probably supplies the basis to the Combes Ministry for the position it has taken in the cases of the bishops of Laval and Dijon.

"Appeal may be taken to the Council of State in all cases of abuse on the part of superiors and other ecclesiastical persons. Cases of abuse are the usurpation or excess of authority; contravention of the laws and regulations of the Republic; intransigence of the rules established by the canons received in France; attempts against the liberties, franchises and customs of the Gallican Church; or any proceedings in the exercise of religious functions which may compromise the honor of citizens, arbitrarily disturb their consciences, or lower them by oppression or injury or public scandal."

It is hardly necessary to say that Pius VII, did not accept and approve of a plan devised to shake the Church in France. A century has come and gone since the evil work of Talleyrand was accomplished, but up to this moment it has not influenced any one of the successors of Pius VII. Each of them has firmly withstood every attempt to interfere with the Church's mission in France. Pius X, is but following in the footsteps of his predecessors in letting it be known that he will not permit any, even the slightest, infringement of the rights of the Church.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST. The intention for August is to be "a greater use of reason in religion." This should appeal to all, particularly to those of us who have been heretofore too indolent to apply any reason to our religion. In this connection the promoter's leaflet has a practical little talk on the subject which commends itself to all. "To make this point eminently practical, ask yourself things at all; that you consider them useful for simple or illiterate persons, but altogether too elementary or mechanical for you. Perhaps you have paid more heed to the flippant remarks which thoughtless persons sometimes make about these practices, than they mix up arithmetic with piety or flatter a spiritual vanity."

See that you follow up the intention for August, in spirit and in practice. We do not, adds the leaflet, make enough of our reason as a means of appreciating our faith or of enabling others to appreciate it. We leave this task too much to the clergy or to others who have had more advantages of education than ourselves, forgetting that the truths of faith are simple enough to be apprehended, to some extent, by everyone, and that intelligent grasp of them depends on prayer as well as on our study. For this reason we are asked this month to pray that Catholics generally should strive to obtain more intelligent view of the great truths of faith, in order to be able to offer to God a more reasonable service and to recommend His Word to others who have not been blessed by the gift of faith.

THE FREEMASONS.

Dear Editor: I don't understand why the Church condemns Freemasonry. The Masons seem to be a harmless, social, beneficial organization. I can't see why a Catholic should be excommunicated for joining them. Will you kindly inform me? And greatly obliged. ROBERT NICHOLS.

1. The Church is opposed to Freemasonry because Freemasonry is opposed to it. Freemasonry had no right to do with the temporary downfall of the Pope's religious orders from the exile of the religious orders from France; with agitation for and legislation for divorce, the secular education of the young, civil marriage, opposition to "sectarian appropriations," cremation, and every other anti-Christian idea that has obtained in public life.

THE FINAL COMPENSATION.

ALL WHO SUFFER WILL ONE DAY FIND REWARD. Rev. D. J. Stafford, D.D.

The most appalling fact is the existence of evil. It is the most universal, the most continuous, the most saddening. Our reason rebels against it, our heart sickens at it, our nature cries out against it. Every other question we can in some wise answer; every other problem solve, every other mystery in some measure every other mystery for this, the greatest question, we have no satisfactory answer as far as reason is concerned. All the so-called rationalistic objections against religion, conceding once God, Christ and the Gospel are easy of solution. But when the infidel says "God is not all-powerful or He could prevent evil, or He is not all-loving or He would prevent it," he really sums up, whether he knows it or not, all that in the last analysis can be said against religion.

Many, like the comforters of Job, look upon all calamity and suffering as the direct result of sin, and say: "Sin, and you suffer; sin not, and you suffer not." But Christ seems to point to a higher harmony and a more profound meaning and indeed to a solution of the problem which, though it may leave something to be desired by human reason, is all satisfactory to reason illumined by faith. "Neither this man hath sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God may be made manifest in him." One of suffering comes all good, and in the providence of God it is the means of lifting man to the very pinnacle of greatness here below and to eternal beatitude hereafter.

In the face of calamity, sickness, suffering, death, we must remember that God must govern the universe, by general law, otherwise chaos would reign and law would be interrupted. It is God's obligation to interrupt the operation of those laws to save an individual, even a city; and as an individual should die for his country, for his family, so those who die thus for the general observance of law, die for God. This seems to appeal to reason.

I can understand the operation of general law, and even the sacrifice of the individual to it, but upon one condition—that compensation will be made to the individual thus sacrificed. "All," says a great writer, "which is not fault meriting punishment is misfortune meriting compassion and compensation." And this applied not only to the body but to the soul. He that hath made the eye, shall He not see? He that hath put compassion and mercy in the heart of man, shall he not be, though in a degree infinitely transcending the human, compassionate and merciful? Now if I, a sinful man, in carrying out an assertion of my rights should, without willing or intending it, injure you, would you find it in my heart to make you compensation—so will God.

It is not too much, therefore, to hope that every sentient being which comes up out of the ocean of birth, passes over the continent of life, and disappears in the ocean of death will, in the providence of God, be compensated for all suffering which fell to its lot. The Redeemer of Christ has sanctified all sorrow and made it efficacious, tending toward the final triumph of good.

A VERY GOOD CUSTOM, INDEED.

"One of the best features to be noted in our Catholic societies of men," says a Pittsburg paper, "is that drink is tabooed at their public dinners and luncheons. The initiation is due to the Knights of Columbus, and the custom has spread. There was a time when it was deemed the proper thing to have the menu garnished with a list of wines which was thought good fellowship could not be exemplified without the social glass. The generous wine was the incentive for the flow of conversation and the happy, witty and intelligent after-dinner speeches. This was all a mistake, and it is well that it has been found out and acted upon. The absence of stimulants on these occasions has elevated them, giving them a higher tone of purity and intelligence. In purely social assemblages, bankers, doctors, lawyers and the various unions the custom now is to dispense with liquors at the public festive gathering. It is a movement that should spread and be encouraged and promoted among all classes and conditions."—Sacred Heart Review.

MEANEST KIND OF RASCAL.

A swindler, forger and ex-jail bird of national ill-fame, fell into the clutches of the law in New York recently. He gave his name as "Michael J. Sullivan," untruthfully, for he possesses a genuine Anglo-Saxon name, and moreover parts it in the top heavy way affected by many English persons and some American Anglo-manics. This criminal is J. Edwin Stoddard, and he comes from Chicopee, Mass. He is but one of an army of the meanest kind of rascals made up of all nations, creeds and colors who supplement these other crimes by masquerading as Irish when caught, thus throwing undeserved opprobrium of the Celtic race.—Boston Pilot.

HAWTHORNE AND THE CHURCH.

"Hawthorne got into closer sympathy with the Catholic Church than most of the eminent Americans who visited the Eternal City in his day," says the Pilot. "But he had stumbling blocks apparently insurmountable. He could not understand the heavenly treasures being entrusted to earthen vessels. He would admit the divine origin of the Church, but would contend that it should be managed by angels. He loved Catholic art, and he loved Rome, but he calls 'more intimately our home than even the spot where we were born'—a characterization which every Catholic who has ever visited the 'city of the soul' will appreciate, while marveling that a non-Catholic could have made it."

Little children are the jewels of a home. Let us try to forgive all and every one from our heart, as it is the only way to heaven.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

The present is a time crowded with grave consequences for a host of Catholic children. For we take it that many parents are now engaged selecting the institutions in which their children are to receive their higher education. It ought to be an easy task. Such it would be if parents had proper fear of jeopardizing the faith of the young under their charge. Actuated by this spirit it would then be only a matter of choice between various Catholic colleges and academies. And it should never be otherwise. For higher education under such influences is just as essential as the primary instruction of parochial school. It is folly to expect that the religious training of the latter can be preserved from contamination when brought in contact with the materialism which pervades the modern non-Catholic colleges of the country.

But why the need to select any but those of our own? Is it those alone which teach true ethics. In these alone that there is to be found a system deserving the name of philosophy. They are equally as well equipped. Their moral atmosphere and moral influence cannot be equaled, much less surpassed. Their teachers are laboring for God's glory and not the rewards of Mammon. All legitimate amusements are abundant. No extravagant tastes are fostered to drain the purses of parents and close watch is kept for conduct which might lead to degrading habits.

Yet in spite of these facts there are many parents who show preference to the non-Catholic institutions in their selection. Charly prevents us from giving the reason. No one does not hesitate to say that their course is unfair, unjust and dishonest. And if they afterwards reap the reward of heartaches they have no one to blame but themselves. The only question with them, therefore, should be which Catholic institution they should select.—Church Progress.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES MURDERED IN CHINA.

VICAR APOSTOLIC OF HUPEI PROVINCE, AND HIS BROTHER, SUFFER MARTYRDOM AT ICHANG. A press cablegram from Shanghai on July 23 contained a report from Ichang, in the province of Hupei, that a French Bishop, a priest and two converts had been killed, two brother priests taken prisoners and three chapels burned at Siehuan, near Singau-Fu. Later advices are to the effect that the victims were Belgian Franciscan monks, the Vicar Apostolic of Hupei province and his brother. According to a Paris cablegram, the French Government, which exercises a protectorate over all Catholic missions in the Far East, has promptly instructed the French Minister in Peking to demand the exemplary punishment of the murderers and the surrender of the two priests carried off as hostages. Ichang, where the crime was committed, is the furthest navigable point for trading vessels on the Yangtse-Kiang, and is the centre of that very rich district. Consequently, it is very hostile to missionaries. It is where the late Boxer rising had its origin. An Italian missionary was murdered there last May.

OUR CONVERTS AND THEIRS.

What ex-Catholic is there among the Protestants who compares with such ex-Protestants among the Catholics as Cardinals Manning and Newman, the Marquis of Ripon and a score of others? There must be some meaning to the fact that while we get some of the best minds and the purest of hearts among Protestants to come to us, the few "Catholics" who Protestantize are open to moral impeachment all around. Catholics regret even when the vilest sinner strays away from the true fold; but if we must exchange who can fall to recognize our immense advantage in losing Slattery and gaining Maturin. The Catholic convert is usually free from the "shadow of reproach." When a distinguished Protestant knocks for admission to Rome, it is never necessary to appoint a committee to investigate his sobriety, his honesty or his purity. His moral character is usually high and impregnable among the sects he leaves. And this fact makes his conversion significant to thoughtful Protestants. The fact generalized ought to be food for recurring meditation among seekers after truth.—Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.

A Grand Probation.

How many hearts were set to ponder an eternal things by the unearthly joy which took visible possession of all the nations, tribes, and languages of the Church at the definition of the Immaculate Conception; and how it seemed to darken the dread shadow in which those who stood back hurt and seared by that outburst of light from the Eternal Truth, that making visible of Mary's Throne by the Incarnate Word Himself! It is as if the definition of the Immaculate Conception were the grand probation of our times, when the Mother is now, like her Son, set for the rise or fall of many who deemed themselves in Israel.—Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCLXII.

The Presbyterian Witness says: "In Christ alone is found the true refuge from atheism."

True. But the Witness goes on to make peculiar applications of this truth. These applications seem to mean that Catholics, at least large classes of their leaders, are not in Christ and so teach religion as to drive their pupils into atheism.

It goes on to say: "Voltaire was a pupil of the Jesuits, who would not, if they could, leave the slightest exercise for reason in relation to religion."

Now, even if this were true of the Jesuits, it would not be the point. Voltaire's religion, like himself, was frivolous and shallow, but he was not an atheist. He was a very decided Deist, and wrote in defence of Deism. Moreover, there was sufficient energy in his Deism to drive his disciple, Robespierre, into sending a good many people to the guillotine because they were atheists. The middle part of the Reign of Terror has been defined as a successful struggle of Theism with Atheism.

In Voltaire's odious motto *Erasez l'Église, et le Diable s'en va*, "Erase the Church, and the Devil goes with it," the *Église* does not mean God, but Christ. There seems little reason to regard Voltaire's hatred of Christianity as due to any reaction against Jesuit influence. In his contempt of the Gospel, he naturally speaks more or less contemptuously of the Jesuits, less as Jesuits than as Christians. Besides, as the current was then running decidedly against the Society, he would hardly have been Voltaire if he had not wanted to be "in the swim," for that was what he dearly desired. Yet, as a former pupil of the Jesuits, he bears affectionate testimony to their friendliness, their purity, their piety, their simplicity, their disinterestedness, their skill and diligence in their calling. Had he been a man of deeper religious character, there really seems little reason why he might not have become one of them. In that case his incomparable wit and sagacity would have been directed to his want of profundity, and possibly have enabled him to extinguish the antagonistic influence of Pascal.

His hatred of Christianity seems to have been due to the severity of its morality, so opposed to his frivolous immorality; to the worldly sympathy induced in the higher French clergy (not in the lower) by the mingled oppression and patronage of the State; to the inheritance of intolerant cruelty under which all Christian Europe still labored, and which so revolted his generous temper; to the decline of theological ability induced by the wearisome struggle between Jesuits and Jansenists; and to the obstinacy with which good people, in every age of fresh knowledge, will still identify old superstitions with the Gospel, a temper against which the Jesuits appear to have contended manfully from the beginning. The Jesuits seem to have had little specific responsibility for Voltaire's hatred of Christ.

How strange, to say that the Jesuits would not allow reason any scope in religion if they could help it! This of the Order which its Founder directed to build on St. Thomas, that reasoner of the reasoners! Where did the Jesuit Bellarmine obtain his wonderful fairness of presentation in the Protestant controversy, if not from the Angelical Doctor, who marshals the arguments on either side of every conceivable proposition, from the being of God to the sacrament, with such impartiality, that it is only the conclusion by which we learn how he himself leans? The Doctor who draws into service the philosophy of the pagan Aristotle, of the Jewish Maimonides, of the Mohammedan Averroës and Avicenna!

Yet, although the Jesuits began with St. Thomas, we know how freely they have varied from him where they saw occasion. There may, perhaps, be divines who trace his definitions as if they were of faith, but the Jesuits have always known how to distinguish between even this great Schoolman and the Catholic Church. We know how their freedom in dealing with the forms of expression, and with many current opinions, for a good while rendered the Spanish Inquisition very suspicious of them. Indeed, more than one Jesuit fell a victim to its harshness, not to say into prison by it, and St. Francis Borgia, the third General, found it expedient to leave Spain for the more friendly asylum of the Holy See.

We know how there long prevailed within the Order itself, between Molinism, represented by the General Aquaviva, and the stricter predestinarianism of the eminent Mariana, a sharp controversy, spreading thence into the Church at large, the Apostolic See refusing to condemn either side. I wonder whether the Witness imagines that the controversy between Calvinism and Arminianism had been carried on without the strenuous exercise of reason. Yet this intra-Jesuitic controversy bears a close analogy to it, although Molinism saves the electing purpose of God, which modern Arminianism seems to abandon. Indeed, it was a Catholic divine, and I believe a Jesuit, who first effectively defended the Calvinists against certain popular caricatures of their system.

There is hardly a more decided test of independent conviction than the measure of courage with which a new school of thinkers deals with popular acceptions to the truth. This is seen in the freedom with which the Hollandist Jesuits have dealt with the Lives of the Saints, throwing out legend after legend which had come to be popularly accepted almost as if it were a part of the faith. Herzog-Plitt remarks on Jesuit independence in such matters. Yet often, we know, it is safer to propound a heterodox tenet, somewhat disguised, to attack a popular tradition. When a Switzer first impugned the legend of William Tell, he was condemned to be burnt alive, and only escaped because he could not be found.

This spirit of courageous independence does not seem to have forsaken the Order. At a late Catholic Congress it was a Jesuit who called attention to the many superstitions and unwarranted legends which Catholic scholarship has yet to uproot, and who reminds us that while pious feeling, intertwined with a pious tradition, is to be reverently regarded, only Apostolic Revelation is of the faith. Indeed, some of his illustrations were of a boldness which surprised me. I submit to the Witness, that if its editors will keep their eyes open, they will find that the Jesuits are by no means afraid to use the graining-knife of reason in matters of religion.

For some fifteen centuries the Church had included in her Canon Law an implication of the possible salvation of non-Catholic Christians, living in piety and good faith. Yet the statement is embryonic and in the constant process of being revised, and had scarcely come into Catholic consciousness.

Now, for two hundred and fifty years the Jesuits have applied themselves to develop this embryonic statement into full distinctness, using the weapons of reason, of philosophy, of tradition, of pious feeling. Their first great victory was achieved in 1713, when Rome condemned the Jansenist position: "Grace is not given out of the Church."

In 1718 they were arraigned before the Inquisition of Naples, on the ground that they had taught that "many heretics, and even many heathen would probably be saved." They did not answer and the Inquisition did not act. Thenceforward they went on developing the implications of the Canon Law and of the Scholmen, until, remarks Cardinal Newman, whose satisfaction is shared by Cardinal Manning and by Mr. Ward, there appeared, on August 10, 1863, the first authoritative papal declaration, making no distinction of race or religion, that all persons whatsoever, being withheld from Christian and Catholic Communion only by the invincible influences of education, but honestly doing the will of God as far as known to them, "are able by the operation of divine light and grace, to lay hold on eternal life." Nor, except in official form, is this anything new for says the Pope to the Bishops of Italy, "it is already known to us and to you."

Then, at a time when the American Board, and other Protestant Boards, were speaking of the heathen as "going down in one unbroken array to eternal death," the substance of the Pope's encyclical, supported by Jesuit teaching, was already a commonplace in instructed Catholic circles. The infinite importance of knowing the gospel of Christ, in its authentic form, was not disparaged, but the extravagant of our common Protestant talk about the heathen had long since been effectively discredited in Catholic circles, not least under Jesuit influence. Really the Jesuits do appear to have made considerable use of their reason.

There are some points yet to be noted.

SALVATION THROUGH THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Salvation is through the Precious Blood. We will take that for our study of Jesus this time. When love is humble, it prays with David to be washed more and more from its iniquity. But there is no washing away of iniquity, except in the Precious Blood of our most dear Redeemer. When love is bold, it prays to be set on fire with the flames which Jesus came to kindle. But it is only the Precious Blood which makes our heart beat hotly with the love of Him. So let us take the Precious Blood for our study now; and let us study it in a simple, loving way, not so much to become deep theologians, though deep theology is near of kin to heroic sanctity, but that our hearts may be more effectually set on fire with the love of Jesus Christ. There is so much to be said that we cannot say it all, because we do not know all. We must make a choice, and we will choose these six things, the Mystery of the Precious Blood, the Necessity of it, its Empire, its History, its Prodigality, and, last of all, the Devotion to it in the Church.

We must take a saint to guide us on our way. Let it be that grand lover of Jesus, the Apostle St. Paul. His conversion was one of the chief glories of the Precious Blood. Redeeming grace was ever magnifying and praising the Blood of Jesus. His heart was filled with it, and was enlarged by grace that it might hold yet more. After the Heart of Jesus, never was there a human heart like that of Paul, in which all other human hearts might beat as if it were their own, unless it be that other universal heart, the heart of King David, which has poured itself out for all mankind, in those varying strains of every changeful feeling, by means of its sweet psalms. St. Paul's heart feels for every one, makes every one's case its own, sorrows and rejoices with those who sorrow or rejoice, and becomes all things to all men that it may save them all. Among the wonders of creation there are few to compare with that glorious apostolic heart. The vastness of its sympathies, the breadth of its charity, the unwearied hopefulness of its zeal, the delicacy of its considerations, the irresistible attraction of its imperious love—all this was the work of the Precious Blood; and that heart is still alive even upon earth, still beating in his marvellous Epistles as part of the unquenchable life of the Church. It is impossible to help connecting these characteristics of St. Paul's heart with the manifest devotion to the Precious Blood. Let us take him then as our guide amidst the unsearchable riches of Christ and the superabounding graces of His redeeming Blood. As it was with the disciples as they walked to Emmaus with Jesus, so will it be with us as we go along with His servant Paul. Our hearts will burn within us by the way; and we ourselves shall grow hot from the heat of that magnificent heart of Him who guides us.—Fr. Faber in the "Mystery of the Precious Blood."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF HAVING CONFIDENCE IN GOD WHEN WORDS ARISE AGAINST US. It is hidden for the most part, and to few laid open in everything; yet it never errs nor can it err, though to the eyes of fools it seems not right. To Me, therefore, must thou run in every judgment, and thou must not depend upon thine own decision. For the just man will not be troubled whatever happens to him from God. (Prov. xii. 21.)

And if any thing be wrongfully pronounced against him, he will not much care. Neither will he vainly rejoice, if by others he be reasonably excused. For he considers that I am He who searcheth the reins and hearts (Apoc. ii. 23.), who judgeth not according to the face, nor according to human appearance. For oftentimes that is found blameworthy in mine eyes, which is in the judgment of men is esteemed commendable. Disciple 5. O Lord God, the just Judge, strong and patient, Who knowest the frailty and perverseness of men, be Thou my strength and all my confidence, for mine own conscience suffices me not.

Any man may make a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eleventh Sunday After Pentecost.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE IN GOD. He hath done all things well. (S. Mark vii. 35.)

The spectators of the double miracle related in this day's Gospel were filled with admiration at our Lord's power and goodness; they could not help exclaiming, "He doth all things well." Would to God, brethren, that such a sentiment of our Lord's love and power filled our hearts! Confidence in God, however, is the very virtue many Christians lack most. True, we say and believe that God is infinitely good—that He is mercy itself. But such language is very indefinite and may express a very dim conception. It is something like saying that a stone is very hard or that water is very wet. We are apt to form pictures of God's attributes in our minds, just as a painter may make a portrait of some historical personage he never saw; many of our notions of God are fancy portraits, all imagination.

But just think of the actual grounds of our confidence in our Blessed Lord. Just realize that this wonderful Being is filled with the tenderest human love for the worst of us, and has all the divine power at His command—being both man and God—to make good His love by bringing about our spiritual and temporal welfare. The incarnation is the divine Mercy made man for the love of us. Can we suppose that such being, having begun the good work of our salvation by giving us the true religion, will leave anything undone, that we will let Him do, to bring us to the kingdom of heaven? Do you think that such a loving Father would teach us, His children, A B C except with the set purpose of going clean through to X Y Z? Just think that, if positively never happened, that ever wretched sinner, never degraded, ever implored our Lord's forgiveness and was rejected; nay, that He Himself secretly inspires sinners with their grief and horror for their evil ways, and then imparts forgiveness in return for His own gift. The fact is that the question is not whether God will forgive us, but whether we will let Him do it. In a word, this infinitely good and infinitely powerful Being is bent and determined that we shall enjoy perfect happiness, world without end.

What a wonder, then, that we can treat our Lord in our cold-hearted way! Scrupulous persons treat Him as if He were a tyrant; lukewarm Christians treat Him like a stepfather; obstinate sinners treat Him with open contempt. The practice of prayer, the reception of the sacraments and other aids of religion—we treat them as school children do their lessons; we do it all because we are afraid of the consequences if we do not. Considering how much God loves us His service should come as easy to us as breathing the air; it should be the element in which we live. If our faith were a little more practical, God's loveliness would be as plain to us as the open day and the sun in the heavens.

Furthermore, and this is still more practical, lack of confidence in God is why we repine at His visitations. It is easy enough to say, he resigned to the will of God; but how can we be content to suffer unless we are penetrated with confidence in the divine goodness? Brethren, you know how we sometimes take medicine. We wrap it up in a pleasant-flavored water or hide it in a spoonful of sugar, and down it goes and we never taste its bitterness. So a lively confidence in God, if we only have enough of it, is the sweetest thing to wrap around the bitter things of life. Temptations, long and wearisome poverty, ill-health, unpleasant companions in the household, these and other such trials are the bitter pills of the soul; when we fairly realize that God means them for our spiritual good we can bear them with patience, even with thankfulness. Did you ever hear of the witch hazel, and how people used to fancy that a crooked branch of it thrown into the air would fall on the spot where a bad illness, or a bad accident, or a bad spring of water could be found? Well, the witch-hazel of the Christian soul is just this question: how much confidence have you in the love of our Lord Jesus Christ for you? If that does not reveal the hidden springs of your heart and bring the waters of love gushing forth, then that heart is hopelessly dry.

THE SIXTH PRECEPT.

In a previous review it was pointed out that the impediments placed in the way of matrimony by this law were twofold. Namely, those which render the marriage null and void, and those which make it sin of disobedience. All Catholics should thoroughly familiarize themselves with these impediments. Otherwise it cannot be said that they possess an intelligent understanding of their faith.

Such conclusion is certainly not to their credit. Neither is it to their advantage. For matrimony is a sacrament and it is the duty of all who know when and by whom the same may be received. Moreover, without such knowledge misstatement of the law cannot be corrected, nor are persons in position to protect themselves or to counsel others against its penalties. The importance of the duty, therefore, is quite apparent.

First, then, as to the impediments which render marriage null and void. We shall confine our review of those which are of most likely occurrence or least understood. As to those which remain we would advise the reader to consult some good catechism, where all will be found explained at length. Under this head persons related by blood to the fourth degree are prohibited from marrying one another. So, too, if either party before marriage has made a solemn vow of perpetual chastity. Should such persons marry the marriage is null and void. The same is true should either the husband or wife again marry while both are living. Again, where one who is a Christian, and baptized, marries another who is an infidel, or who is not baptized, such marriage is null and void. Finally, in all places where the discipline of the Council of Trent prevails all marriages which are not contracted before two witnesses in the presence of the pastor are clandestine in character and consequently null.

As to the impediments which do not annul the marriage but make it a sin of disobedience, these are four in number. First, where ecclesiastical authority has imposed delay for a specific time and marriage is contracted contrary to the prohibition; secondly, if solemnized within forbidden times; thirdly, not to marry the persons to whom a future promise has been made, if that person is already married; and, fourthly, to marry after making a private vow of perpetual chastity, or a vow to enter into religion or Holy Orders. Concerning these impediments we shall say a few concluding words in our next issue.—Church Progress.

IRISH TEMPERANCE WORK.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Association of Dublin, is a record of steady progress made in a great and holy cause, says a correspondent. The Capuchin Fathers have reason to feel proud of their work done for temperance not a one in Dublin but nearly every part of the country. Among the many interesting items referred to in the report is the establishment of the Father Mathew Union of Total Abstinence Priests. "As time rolls on," it says, "the fruits of the unique assembly are likely to be far-reaching, and every diocese in Ireland will reap the reward of its labors." Another important fact is that the register of total abstinence families established last February is being taken up throughout the country. Five hundred Dublin families alone have joined it and others are joining it every week.



NESTLÉ'S FOOD. Talk It Over. Yes, talk over the question of the best food to give your baby with every one who can help you. Especially if you have a young child. You may have been fortunate during the past summer, but you know of very many mothers who have had serious trouble with their children because the right food could not be found for them. You remember the experiments they made, the constant change from milk to one food or another, and the struggle and danger which it all meant. As we will send you, free of charge, a trial package of Nestlé's Food sufficient for eight meals. Send us a postal card. LEEMING MILES & CO. Canadian Agents MONTREAL.

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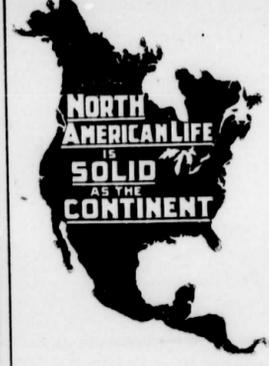
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BABY'S DANGER.

The summer months are a bad time for babies, and an anxious time for mothers. Fermentation and decomposition in the stomach and bowels are the cause of the many summer complaints of babies and young children. This is the reason why the hot weather months are more fatal to little ones than any other season. Baby's Own Tablets should always be found in every home, where there are young children and their prompt use during hot weather may save a precious little life. The tablets cure constipation, diarrhoea, and stomach troubles, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Walter Rollins, Sissons Ridge, N. S., says: "Before using Baby's Own Tablets my little one cried almost continuously with stomach troubles. I can truthfully say I never had any medicine act so promptly and give such satisfaction as the tablets do. I do not think you make any claim for them which their use will not substantiate." The tablets can be had from any medicine dealer or by mail from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Price 25 cents a box.

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CHATS WITH

No man can ever be in life unless broad and changeable and truth. Yet thus unless his mind the principles of light of the Holy G. evilt. Make Yourself It was a practical that Bishop Garve nates of St. John Altona, on occasio nouncement. " Aim to make able to others. " Thus, when you a position sions come, as com at times, you may not do without you. A Good Cathol The Catholic stands the aims Church must be with every move good. And the m the spirit of relig forms in his daily ings, all the more terness; or, in better the Cathol izon."—Rev. Mo. questionab Met LI. There is a high tion than making fame. There is deeper, and nob than these, who ental. Making a in it. It should character built school for broad reaching into sy beauty all the within us. The dictations in you not fit you for the right. nature, all law, help you, beca rectitude is the. It is the very verso it, and pledged to defes To the young for advice let making money sheer will powe what does not e or that into w your entire be that it is not q thousand times which has your consent. If yo ability, no ma you will thereb power a thousa an "Success." Our Duties Let me own our duties as time. The present people of this responsibility, the period of tion: we are e sults and ful faith in the know how wise The future v There is mu things for the fare of our co of religion are is ours to hav There are man ing problems educational li to help in t gan Shedy. Some A good ch stone. Those helped by yo for get-me-ny your name or —C. H. Spun client to see closes them, then in you Your tempta benefit. A is a simple ishies our im invited to G you in the w Lacordaire. Every di school, ever else done so such adve son or task; son, every slished pi power for t cess. Do not be to too selfis of kindness be meted of. Man's id of his nat agency in the ideal v life's aim nearer we smaller an if our ide necessity v nobest in exercise au est faculti A. Powers No man his own profit, and Persol at N Do not has the m promise of or fame, will call w will deve and sym nobility! wealth a sional bo ing or an O. S. Ma There stands pr

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

No man can ever hope to be successful in life unless he build upon the broad and changeless principles of justice and truth.

Make yourselves indispensable. It was a practical hint of great value that Bishop Garvey gave to the graduates of St. John's Parochial School, Altoona, on occasion of the recent commencement.

A Good Catholic a Good Citizen. The Catholic citizen who understands the aims and spirit of the Church must be in active sympathy with every movement for the public good.

There is a higher meaning in a vocation than making a living or seeking fame. There is something broader, deeper, and nobler in an occupation than these, which are merely incidental.

To the young men who have written for advice let me say that, if you are making money by forcing yourself by sheer will power to engage your whole heart, or that into which you can not fling your entire being, because you fear that it is not quite right, you can do a thousand times better in an occupation which has your unreserved, unqualified consent.

Let me point out briefly what are our duties as citizens at the present time. The present is for the Catholic people of this country a time of great responsibility. We are now reeling over the period of prophecy and speculation; we are already in the time of results and fulfillment.

Some Helpful Thoughts. A good character is the best tombstone. Those who loved you, and were helped by you, will remember you when for-get-me-nots are withered. Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.

Do not be afraid to be kind; do not be too selfish to be kind, for a gift of kindness to others, so shall kindness be meted out to us again. Man's ideal is the truest expression of his nature, and the most potent agency in developing its powers.

There is no impossibility to him who stands prepared to conquer every hazard. The fearful are the failing.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY

By LOUISA EMILY DOBNER.

The Assumption of Our Blessed Lady into Heaven.

LUCY'S OFFERING.

Mr. Charley went off to sit with his wife before she went up to bed, and the girls rose soon afterwards.

"Are you going to Benediction, Mary?" asked Lucy. "No, I cannot," said Mary. "I have to see mother in bed, as Anne is out to-night."

"Why did she go out when you could have gone to Benediction if she had been at home?" "Her sister is not well and she wished to go and see her."

"I do care, Lucy," said Mary, "but I have no money just now that I can spend. Isn't it time for you to dress if you are going to church? Phil is going with you, I suppose. You know mother does not like your going alone," she added, anxious to change the subject.

"Yes," said Mary, turning as she had her hand on the door. "Oh, never mind!" said Lucy. "I shall be down in two minutes, wait for me, please."

"Well, what is it?" "You haven't taken your muller. Here it is," said Mary. "Oh, bother!"

As Mary saw her brother and sister go off to the church for the Benediction, which was daily in the month of May just commencing, she looked rather wistful, for she would dearly have liked to have accompanied them. However, she felt that she could not have gone as matters were, and it never seemed to occur to Lucy to try to take her place in any way.

There was no end of small things to do that evening besides seeing Mrs. Charley comfortably settled for the night, and it was nearer 11 than 10 before Mary went into their own seat, after kneeling some time at the shrine of Our Lady, and thinking, as she did so, that her flowers were the best of any there.

Every difficult lesson mastered in school, every finished task, or anything else done as well as it can be done, gives so much added power for the next lesson or task; likewise every slighted lesson, every half-finished task, or every slipshod piece of work weakens the power for the next undertaking.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT WE OWE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S BROAD AND GENEROUS TREATMENT OF THE SUBJECT—DR. DIMMICK'S SERMON.

Remarkable in many respects was the sermon preached last Sunday in Wesley chapel, perhaps the most prominent Methodist church in Columbus, by its pastor, the Rev. B. F. Dimmick.

It is not often that the claims of the Catholic Church receive such fair, clear and comprehensive treatment in a Protestant house of worship, and this discourse is all the more noteworthy because of the rather distorted vision of some past incumbents of Wesley's pulpit in their view of Catholicism.

"I offer no apology for asking you with me to thoughtfully and seriously consider the contribution that the Roman branch of the Church Catholic has made to our common Christianity and to the progress of civilization."

"For centuries the Roman Church was the only organized representation of Christianity in the world. During all this time she stood as a bulwark of defense against all foes that assailed our holy Christianity. But for her, the Church of God would have perished from the earth."

"Roman Catholicism has never wavered from her steadfast adherence to the divine emanation of the Son of God, in His vicarious death, in His resurrection into heaven, and in His divine rulership as the King of kings and Lord of lords over the world."

"A Church that has given the world the example of so many holy saints as has the Roman Church has made a contribution to the uplifting of the race that is incalculable. She may go too far in her adoration and worship of her saints, but no one will deny that she has gone very far in presenting the world with rare Christly lives."

"The world would be very poor if there had not lived in it such characters as Pascal, Pascal, Thomas A' Kempis, Savonarola, Faber, Newman and a host like them. Of such the world was not worthy."

"Her long list of martyrs, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, stand as a divine attestation to the power of Christ to save unto the uttermost. While it is true that there have been times when this branch of the true Church has in large measure been recanted to her Holy Trust, it is also true that there has never been a time when she has not had living witnesses to the truth as it is in Christ. She has always had her holy men who have lived the incarnate life of Jesus."

"The devotion of her people to the Church is an example to our Protestant people. Every Catholic Church has services at 5 or 6 o'clock Sunday mornings, and great congregations attend, while there is no Protestant church in the world that is trying to keep up a service at that hour, and for the very good reason that it would not be done."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION.

On the 15th of August the Catholic Church celebrates solemnly the feast of the Assumption of Mary, by which we believe that the Blessed Virgin immediately after her death was taken up into Heaven.

"There was for her no waiting; no fear; no decay; no time in Purgatory; with soul and body she was carried at her death by angels' hands into the presence of the Most High. She closed her eyes on a world of created things, and opened them to behold the Beatific Vision of God—that joy which it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive."

"We are often inclined to look upon Mary as altogether separate from ourselves, and consequently we do not find the encouragement that we ought in this her Assumption into Heaven."

"It all came to her," we say, "because she was the Mother of God, and in that she must ever stand alone on a height in that no other creature can attain." But in that we err. Mary's reward came to her as it comes to us all, as the result of merit. That she was the Mother of God was the pure gift of God; but that she was pleasing to God and secured her eternal salvation, was because she corresponded on her own part to divine grace."

"And our Blessed Lord, seeming to think that we would place the Blessed Virgin on a plane where she could not be our example, impresses this truth on us. When a woman of the crowd cried out, as He was passing, 'Blessed is the womb that bore thee, blessed is the breast that nursed thee,' He answered: 'Rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.' No one doubts that Mary kept the word of God. And her blessedness consisted in her own faithful adherence to the law of God, to His inspirations, to His requests from the days of her childhood to the hour of her death."

"So the lesson of it is plain to all—Mary's destiny is a type of our own. She was a girl, a woman, a creature as we all are, lived here, lived even as we all live, working out her salvation through the duties of every day. That she worked it out perfectly is proof that with God's help perfection can be reached, and should encourage us to endeavor to work out our salvation perfectly."

"If Mary is the Daughter of the Most High, so are we all the 'Sons of God.' And if we are faithful sons, so shall our reward be even as Mary's—a life everlasting, life glorious in Heaven for eternity."

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

Take care to stir up in yourselves deep veneration for the Most Kind Heart of Jesus, that Heart so overflowing with love and mercy. It is the Heart of Jesus which inspires all our sacrifices, sanctified all our sorrows, and is the source of all our virtues. In every peril, in every difficulty, throw thyself confidently upon the Heart of Jesus; cast thy anxieties upon Him, because He has a care of thee. My child! If thou dar'st to be proud, measure thou, on the one side, the abyss of thy heart's misery, and on the other, the depth of My Heart's love. Deep was calling on the love of My Heart heard, and wilted that I should be humbled to the deep, that I might snatch thee from the abyss.

Repentance is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity. The "IMPERIAL" won the championship of the world; in a two months' trial held by the Royal Agricultural Society in England. There were twenty-one American, British and Canadian mills in the trial. WE ALSO MAKE GAS AND GASOLENE ENGINES GRAIN GRINDERS, ETC. GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR CO. LIMITED Brantford, Canada

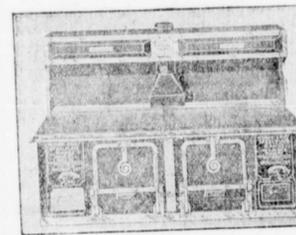
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At Cornell's commencement, President Schurman delivered a strong denunciation of unmarried collegemen. "I have no patience," said President Schurman, "for the college graduates who deliberately elect bachelorhood. In this country where there is no place for drones and idlers, the primary duty of every young man is to earn a living, but this is the lowest expectation that can be had of you."

"It is equally your duty to provide for a wife and family. The college men who deliberately leads a single life whose social circle is the club and whose religion is a refined and fastidious epicureanism, is not a man. It would not be worth while maintaining colleges and universities for the production of froth like that."

THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be on the diseased organs of the system long-continued cases in which the disease has been long-continued in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

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NEWMAN'S "APOLOGIA"

Interest in the historic controversy between Charles Kingsley and John Henry Newman may be revived by the clear and vivid account of it given in the new biography of the Cardinal written by William Barry, a London priest and theologian.

gracious and Greek of the Ionian school, the amused observer, the artist before all; and on that a solitary, an enthusiast, for whom eternity had an awful insignificance and doubt an intolerable anguish."

CHARACTER-GROWTH

Character implies a great deal, and many battles must be fought ere it be established, writes Rev. Lawrence A. Deering, in St. Joseph's Chronicle. Character supposes an honest manhood, going through life with a clear cut, definite purpose; supposes a knowledge of the right and a fearless following of the right, simply because it is the right.

Moreover, the circumstances were such as make a thing a world's tragedy, set forth in the high stage of Othello, in the background of St. Mary's reminding us of the temple that so often figures in Sophoclean drama, solemn as religion itself.

Such is the natural side of character. Before character reaches the ideal, religion must add the supernatural touch. The fear of the Lord must enter the soul and cast out every other fear, and the principles of faith must fashion that character after one divine model, Jesus Christ.

This element of character is the soul of all true greatness. This is the immortal part of the hero. This is the source of the saint's sanctity.

All ambitions are not easily attained. Most ambitions are never realized. After years of striving many stand empty-handed. The desired boon has often been within reach, but just as we stretched forth our hand, some unforeseen circumstance snatched the treasure from our grasp.

In this ambition, though, to possess character and thus to become a source of strength to ourselves and to others we need have no fear that we are chasing a phantom, a will-o-wisp. Led by a phantom, a will-o-wisp. Led by a phantom, a will-o-wisp.

"Instead of a fresh volume added to the interminable series of controversy, here was a life, revealed in its innermost workings, the heart put under a glass that made it transparent. It had been Rousseau's boast that he would do this unparalleled thing in his own person, and he did it—at what cost!

Two final reflections upon the positions and comparative merits of Newman's confession may be quoted here: "Concerning the 'Apologia' two things may be said by way of epigraph of conclusion. It fixed the author's place not only in the hearts of his countrymen, but in the natural literature. It became the one book by which he was known to strangers who had seen nothing else from his pen, and to a growing number at home, ignorant of his life, yet willing to admire the living spirit at whose touch even a buried and forgotten antiquity put on the hues of resurrection.

"Our second is that the 'Apologia' should be compared and in due time measure contrasted with Renan's 'Souvenirs of My Youth.' We cannot attempt here the interesting task. A keen critic judges that, as a work of art, Renan's bears away the palm. Newman, he says, earnest and strenuous as becomes his English breeding, falls into the tone of collegiate reminiscences which makes us feel how secluded was life at Oxford sixty years ago. And Renan, thought in style not more plastic than his great contemporary—for both preferred musical impressions to those of sight—was happy in possessing the Breton canvas, Treignier, with its ancient Cathedral, the sea over which his ancestors had voyaged, the legends and the landscape emblem wild, from which he went on to Issy.

There are, there are, undoubtedly, these differences. But a more vital one lies in the character; on this side an amiable dilettante, who saunters through his time

parents and pastors to omit to do what is easily within their power to prevent mixed marriages? Shall the matrimonial offices of our young people be left to chance, to their own inexperience, and to the devil? Shall we take no thought to make our children acquainted with Catholics suitable to become their lifemates?

We know of a parish in a city of an ecclesiastical province contiguous to this one. There is a social meeting of the members of the congregation in the parish hall once a month. The first part of the programme is a eucube, or a stereoscopic exhibition, or a musical; then some dainty refreshments are served; next there is some dancing, and for those who do not care to dance there are opportunities to chat or to take part in games—chess, checkers, dominoes, billiards, basket ball, bowling etc.

What is the consequence? Everybody in that congregation, almost, knows everybody else in it and some persons from the adjoining parishes as well; there are practically no mixed marriages in it; the members of it are drawn to one another by new ties; and the spiritual life of the congregation as a whole is improved by the Catholic tone of their social relations and the mutual benefit derived from good example and the reception of the sacraments.

The cost of admission to these parish festivals is 25 cents, which not only defrays all expenses, but also leaves a residuum of profit which is applied to the relief of the poor, especially to provide food, clothing, books, etc., for destitute children attending the parochial school.

And these regular meetings do not seem to interfere with the success of other entertainments that are gotten up for special purposes.

The people of the parish are like one large family, of which the priest is the head. He can say: "I know mine and mine know me."

Would that in all other places a similar sociability were cultivated!—Catholic Sociability.

CLARK - COURTESYMANCHE - At St. Basil's Church, 21, Victoria, in Italy, by Rev. F. Murray, Nicholas J. Clark of the Ontario Bureau of Statistics, to Miss Emma Currie, Manchester.

REDMOND BURNS - In St. Peter's Cathedral, London, on Tuesday, July 26, by the Rev. J. J. Aylward, Rector, Joseph Edmund, son of the late Mrs. Ann Burns, of 85 York Street, London.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. At a meeting of St. James' Court, No. 106, held on the 12th instant, at St. Joseph's, a resolution of condolence was unanimously passed to Mrs. Joseph and John S. Gb., on the death of their sister, Mrs. T. Blake, of Paris, Ont. May her soul rest in peace!

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DEATHS. McDONNELL - At Charlottetown, July 11th, Mrs. John J. McDonnell, aged forty years. May her soul rest in peace!

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TEACHERS WANTED. TEACHER WANTED FOR PRESBYTERIAN School, DuRoi, to commence in August. Apply to Rev. J. J. Levesque, St. Joseph's, Hamilton, Ont. 1345-2f.

WANTED TWO TEACHERS FOR R. C. Separate school, No. 7, Rochester. Duties to begin Aug. 15. State salary and conditions. Address: "M. C.," Catholic Record Office, London, Ont. 1345-2f.

TEACHER WANTED FOR ST. JOHN'S Roman Catholic Separate School, Section No. 1, E. Hill. Second class Professional. Female. Duties to commence Aug. 15th. Applicants should state their qualifications and salary expected. Inexperience received till Aug. 8th. Apply to Jos. Quinlan, Sec. Treas., Stratford, P. O. Ont. 1345-3f.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR School, No. 1, Ruthers. Male or female, second class professional certificate. Salary \$75 per annum. Duties to begin 15th Aug. Apply at once to P. R. deLamandiere, Sec. School Board, Killarney, P. O. Ont. 1345-2f.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE LOWER grades of the Wikwemikong Industrial School, Department. About forty-five pupils to teach. Duties to begin Aug. 15. Board and lodging furnished. State qualifications and salary expected. Inexperience received. Address: Rev. J. Paquin, S. J., Principal Wikwemikong, Ont. 1345-2f.

FOR THE PEMBROKE SEPARATE School, to fill position of Principal, a male teacher, second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Applicants to state experience, qualifications and salary expected. John Corkery, Sec. 1345-2f.

A MALE TEACHER FOR INDUSTRIAL School. Address: Rev. Father Hugonard, Qu'Appelle, Assa. 1345-1f.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE School, No. 10, Normandy. State salary. Duties to commence after holidays. Salary. John Hawkins, sec. Aylton, Ont. 1345-2f.

WANTED A TEACHER, HOLDING A second class professional certificate for the separate school of the town of Parkhill, for the balance of the year 1904. Applications, with salary required and testimonials enclosed, will be received up to Aug. 6th at Aug. by James Phelan, Sec. Separate School Board, Parkhill, Ont. 1345-3f.

PARKHILL, CAPABLE OF TEACHING English and French, and the holder of a third class professional certificate, and a certificate. Duties to begin after vacation in August. Theophile S. Sylvain, Sec. Treas. R. C. S. S. No. 3, Big Point, Ont. 1345-1f.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE JUNIOR department of the Sarnia Separate School. Duties to commence after holidays. Applications, stating qualification and salary expected, to be sent to D. McCart, Secretary, Sarnia. 1346-1f.

C. M. B. A.—Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, on Albion Block, Richmond Street. Rev. D. J. Egan, President; P. F. Boyle, Secretary.

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