# The Catholic Record. RELIGIOUS TRAINING ESSEN-London, Saturday, Nov. 24, 1900.

amongst us, console themselves when PUBLIC SPEAKERS. sending their children to schools not "Curious," says our old friend, "how speakers affect me. I heard one the other day, a very learned man with no end of titles, and I found him a perfect cure for insomnia. But I remember listening to one who quite convinced me that the tales of past oratorical triumphs were within the bounds of truth. He did not have what you would term a beautiful voice. He was simply in earnest, and with every word hot with enthusiasm. He was unconscious of everything save the truth he was preaching, and his language could readily be understood by every auditor." We think that many speakers have little or no influence, cause they indulge too largely in rhetorical pyrotechnics, or because they imagine that studied expression, which is oftimes turgid, is alone appreciated self-manifestation, and the hearers are quick to perceive it. The speech that finds a place in our hearts is the one that is tinged with the blood of the oratorthat has engrossed his thoughts and

ENGLISH AUTHORS AS POLITI-CAL CANDIDATES.

he means what he says.

The English elections were remarkable for the number of authors who were aspirants for seats in the British parliament. Amongst the successful were Mesars. Norman and the erratic Churchhill, and amongst the defeated the renegade Catholic, Conan Doyle. Dr. Doyle stood for a division of Edinburgh and was beaten, though he endeavored to propitiate the anti Catholic voters by declaring that he regarded hard and fast dogma of every kind as an unjustifiable and essentially irreligious thing, putting assertion in the place of reason, and giving rise to more contention, bitterness and want of charity than any other influence in human affairs. He professed, also, a great respect for the Catholic electors, but it had as much influence upon them as had his wishy-washy infidel pronunciamento upon Protestants-and he remains a private citizen. Now Catholics will know where to place this much belauded man of letters, and will be chary of purchasing his "White Company," a most offensive book in some respects, and "The Refugees."

# A DANGEROUS SCHOOL SYSTEM

Professor MacLaughlin of the Chicago University has joined the everincreasing number of those who believe that the public school system of the United States has, so far, fallen far short of what was predicted for it by its friends. He says that the influence of the public school on political and social conditions is practically nil. All this talk about the beneficent results of our system of free education in making the laboring classes more efficient. ly industricus is mere humbug and balderdash. "As an elevating factor on the masses," he says, "our present school system is a gigantic fraud. It makes individuals of the lower classes brassy cheeked and presumptuous, but does not in the least better their condition sociologically." The professor goes on to say that, in order to better the condition of the masses, there should be less politics and more industrial manual training in the schools.

He is evidently one of those who be lieve that the highest conception of education is to prepare children for the world. But other prominent friends of education have gone more deeply into the subject than the Chicago professor, and have declared that the godiess system such as is in vogue in the Public schools of the United States, cannot but be a failure. And to our mind that same system is a standing menace to the stability of the Republic. If the security of the State is not dependent on law or on the wisdom of those who guide its destinies, but on the virtue of the citizen, we fail to see how a system that ignores religion and morality can be otherwise than dangerous.

The truest help we can render to an s fflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength that he may be able to bear the burden. - Phillips Brooks.

TIAL. We know that some parents, even

under Catholic auspices, with the thought that no harm can come to them, because they either receive religious instruction at home, or because their faith is not directly insulted in those schools. But the idea is simply preposterous that a few moments devoted to catechism every Sunday can offset the influences of a week wherethe impressionable souls of the youth are fashioned to bethat this world should lieve enlist every energy, and wherein they are taught, by example at least, that the practices of religion are at best little more than a code to regulate the movement of the social machine. We admit, of course, that such institutions are not professedly anti-Catholic. They take care not to wound the religious susceptiby the public. This is little better than bilities of their patrons-for they are in the business of uplifting humanity for the shining dollar. But they are more deleterious in their influence upon the character of youth than schools in which Catholicity is ridicomes from his lips with an earnestness culed. Pops Leo teaches us that the that convinces those who hear him that child must be kept out of those exceedingly pernicious schools in which all religions are treated alike, as though it were immaterial if one spoke of God and heavenly things or not, or if you the Church of the Saints, and of the were in the possession of truth or falsehood. Reason itself demands that our children shall obtain at school not merely a scientific course, but also such moral knowledge as will harmonize with the principles of their religion, and without which every kind of education is not only not useful but pernicious. Hence the teachers must be Catholics, the readers and text-books approved by the Bishops, and the character of the school must be such as to be in perfect accord with Catholic faith, and with all the duties arising

# MINISTERIAL DIVERSITIES.

If John Wesley were to return to earth he would assuredly be amazed at the antics of some of his successors. Not long since we heard an editor saying that Catholics were responsible for the Boxer uprising, and soon after a Methodist Bishop thanked God that Methodists could at least be credited with a part of it. Merely a difference between friends-that is, the prelate carried hither and thither on the waves of unreasoning excitement is liable to talk any amount of nonsense, whilst the editor hobnobbing in his we whilst the editor hobnobbing in his we sanctum with the ghosts of the past, feels justified in foisting any of a disordered imagination upon Catholicity. And now comes another Methodist doing his little turn for the plaudits of the multitude. This particular one, Bishop Thorburn, says that it is God's manifest plan to do away with small nations and to leave in the world only six or seven great empires. There is a great deal of rampant jingoism, but one is startled to find a prelate one of its ardent exponents. He may charity to his ridiculous claptrap of "God's manifest plan," we may cherish the hope that he is one of those of whom it is written: Your old men shall dream dreams.

# CLERICAL CONVERTS.

Among the names of Anglican clergymen who have been received into the Catholic Church since the publication, in September, 1896, of the Bull, Apostolic Curate, on Anglican Orders, are the following :

Orders, are the following:

Rev. David Lloyd Thomas, rector of Grainsby, near Grimsby; Rev. Henry Patrick Russell, vicar of St. Stephen's, Devonport; Rev. Arthur Heintz Paine, sometime vicar of Burton, Cheshire, and curate of St. Margaret's, Princesroad, Liverpool; Rev. B. W. Maturin, of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley, Oxford; Rev. H. Mather, curate of St. Bartholomew's, Brighton; Rev. John N. L. Clarke, curate of St. John's, East Lond:"n, Cape Colony; Rev. A. St. Leger Westell, curate of St. Saviour's, Croydon; Rev. W. Evans, of 51, Splottroad, Cardiff; Rev. Hamilton Macdonald, a naval chaplain attached to H. M. S. Vernon; Rev. George Alston, of Llanthony Abbey, and later a member of the Cowley community at Oxford; Rev. A. B. Sharpe, vicar of St. Peter's Vauxhall; Rev. Thomas Barnes, curate of St. Peter's, Vauxhall; Rev. H. A. Fuller, M. A., of Trinity college, Dublin, Rev. W. R. Clarke, curate of Aughton, Ormskirk; Rev. Edmund Jackson, of Barnsley; Rev. Hubert Hickman, vicar of St. Mary's District church, Frome; Rev. W. Duthoit, LL. D. chaplain at Gotha; Rev. Edward H. Bryan, vicar of Hansall; Rev. C. R. Chase, vicar of All Saints', Plymouth; Rev. John H. Filmer, curate of St. Margaret's, Roath, Cardiff; Rev. Edward Arthur

Harris, curate and precentor at St. Alban's Holborn; Rev. Archibald Charles Heurtley, curate of St. Peter's, London Docks, and of St. Mark's, Jarrow; Rev. G. T. Gorman, curate of St. Clement's, City road; Rev. M. J. Richards, chaplain at Malling Abbey,

#### ALLSAINTS' DAY-CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT VIEWS.

The Evangelist, a Presbytarian weekly publication edited by an Episcopalian, has the following editorial

on the feast of All Saints : "To day, November 1, four fifths of Christendom are thanking God for the blessed heritage of nineteen hun-dred years of plety and principle, that belongs to the entire Church. All Saints' Day they call it, and we cannot but regret that our branch of the Church, heir of the blessed influences equally with Romanists and Greeks and Lutherans and Protestant Episcopalians, can find nothing in the festival more worthy of observance than the half pagan frolics of All-Hallow e'en. This at least we judge from our contemporaries, many of which last week anticipated the day with "Hallow e'en" stories. We would not so teach our children. Rather let us and them join to day in with the prayer of our most nearly allied

sister Church. Then follows the collect for the feast of All Saints from the Episcopalian

Book of Common Prayer. Tae editor of the Evangelist may well regret the fact that his "reformed" constituency finds nothing in the feast of All Saints more worthy of observance than the half-pagan frolics of All Hallow e'en; it is a thing he ought to be so thoroughly ashamed of as to bethink almsels earnestly of the deformation of things pertaining to her, perpetuated by John Calvin and others. neither Lutherans nor his Protestant Episcopalian co religionists would agree with him in regarding the feast of All Saints as a day of thanksgiving to God "for the blessed heritage of nineteen hundred years of piety and prin-ciple." Indeed, the carefully-worded Protestant Episcopalian collect for All Saints' day, setting forth the Anglican (and Lutheran) view of the feast, renders thanks to God for the saving graces bestowed on the saints who already are in heaven, and prays for like graces for the Christians now upon earth. If the editor of the Evangellst wanted to ee his idea of All Saints' Day comfortably housed he would have to the reformed Church of which he is a member in the matter of the meaning of the feast ; and his "Church" would have to thank the Almighty or the saintliness derived to it from their

high toned ancestry.

But we submit that our editorial friend is all wrong in supposing that the Lutheran and Episcopalian construction of the meaning of the feast of All Saints squares with the meaning as held by Catholic and Greek Churches. The difference will readily be perceived in the following Catholic Collect for All Saints' Day. The Church says: "O Almighty and everlasting God, Who dost grant us grace celebrate together the merits of all Thy saints; vouchsafe, we beseach Thee, for the sake of this great host of intercessors, to bestow upon us the fullness of y mercy; through our Lord, Jes Christ, Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Ho'y Spirit, world without end. Amen." On the feast of All Saints the Cathelic Church praises the Most High for the sanctified lives of her members who are already before the throne of God, but chiefly that through their intercession she may obtain His mercy for the living. Nor is this all. She puts before the minds of all her children the virtues of those who have gone before, to the intent that they all have been reported incorrectly, or, in may praise the virtues of God's saints, not by word alone, but by imitation The Protestant bodies can not afford to do this, for they have themselves reject ed the very virtue of faith in the Catholic Church and her teachings, which the saints of old have ever practiced, so that Protestants, as such have neither part nor lot in this matter. The great lesson which Ali Saints' Day should teach the Evangelist and his co relig ionists is this: that they must return to the obedience of the faith if they would make sure of being received into the everlasting mansions of heaven .-Cincinnati Cathelic Telegraph.

# FOLLOWS DR. DE COSTA.

The chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York City, witnessed on last Sunday afternoon the reception of another Protestant miniser into the Catholic fold, the Rev. A. R. L. Gunn, formerly of the Episcopalian diocese of Jamaica, bu for some time past has lived the life of a layman, not being able to accept the teaching found in the Anglican body. He made a profession of his faith in the usual manner after the service of enediction and was received by the Rev. Father Thomas P. McLoughlin, of the Church of the Transfiguration, Mott street. Dr. B. F. Da Costa served as his witness. The services was quite private, being known to Mr. Gunn is married and only a few. Mr. Gunn is married and has a family and is not, therefore, eligible to the priesthood.

# THE WORLD RELIGION.

Christianity Alone Satisfies Require-

M. Etienne Lamy, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, has a remarkably able article entitled "L'Apostolat," which, as he states, is to form part of the preface to an important work shortly to be issued on "Catholic Missions in the Nineteenth Century." M. Lamy shows conclusively the insufficiency of philosophy to meet the needs of humanity, the radical defects inhering in every form of idolatry, and, finally, the perfect adaptation and correspondence of the Christian religion to all the requirements of our nature. He first points out that philosophy, being founded on reason, which is fallible, cannot give us certainties. He then continues :

Philosophy is slow. It requires from its adepts so much in the way of examination and research that the whole of life barely suffices for the task of ex-How many have their plaining life. time sufficiently free to make such a study their one occupation? How many have sufficient intellectual strength to discover truth by their own unaided efforts? Most men have neither sufficient penetration nor sufficient scientific preparation to under take such a quest, not to menton that the daily toil on which their living depends leaves them no leisure to explore the laws of life, and that they cannot wait till to morrow to know the duty of

NO MISSION TO TEACH TRUTH.

Philosophy does not consider that it has any mission to teach the truth at alt. The most celebrated schools have never done more than form restricted and exclusive societies. They have done their thinking among themselves and for themselves, their sole concern being to float securely in their little ark over the deluge of ignorance in which other human beings are swal lowed up. No school has ever shown itself generous in the matter of its dis-The most ancient of all coveries. strove to keep as a secret and a mono poly that possession which most of all belongs to all-truth. The wise men of Egypt sought to conceal their doc-trines under the triple seal of their hieroglyphs, a form of writing designed not to diffuse, but to conceal

The human race, however, made no mistake in the matter. If the philosophers have not worked for it, neither has it rested its hopes on the philoso-phers. Sure of one thing, that he did not create himself, and that all his faculties, therefore, were the gifts of his Creator, man considered that the belief in a tutelary and sovereign power was a special revelation made to each individual.

THE EARLIEST FORMS OF WORSHIP which were established were rule and primitive like themselves. God, they were yet ignorant of the earth. They faced nature without having learned to subdue its forces, without having had time to learn its laws. Ignorance is the great school of idolatry, because to the ignorant man everything is a prodigy. The first temptation of ignorance, to take the forces of nature for God. Idolatry in all its forms became the

main obstacle to civilization. The commencement of civilization is breaking in of nature by man, the strife between the intelligence which he possesses and the energies which it poses to him, and, finally, the trans formation of forces that are either hostile or running to waste into tractable and productive agencies. But in order that man may become master of his own domain, it is above all necessary that he should have no doubt as to his right to direct the blind energies of the elements, to seize the varied riches of the soil, to destroy hurtful animals and employ the useful ones in his service. If, however, in these elements, in these animals, in these plants, he finds gods to adore, he no longer recognizes his right to bring them under control ; it is he, on the contrary, who must bear everything from them, as a clave from master; every temptation to defend himself against them becomes an impiety, every effort to destroy them a detcide. . . Had they been free from their superstitions, the audient Egyptians and the savages of Africa and America would have hunted the crocodiles that swarmed in their rivers; and the people of India would have destroyed the venomous serpents which infested its fields. But transformed into gods, the saurians and reptiles still infest land and water; and from age to age this form of idolatry has annually condemned to death thousands of human beings The more gods man creates for himself in nature, the greater becomes the number of things in regard to which he renounces his sovereignty.
ALL FORMS OF IDOLATRY WORTHLESS.

A second form of idolatry described by the writer is the belief in the imaginary influences of a hurtful or helpful kind, in domestic divinities, in amulets, spells and other devices of witchcraft. A third is the belief in national gcds. The former robs man of a large measure of his self-reliance and prevents him from making an intelligent use of his faculties; the

idolatry, he contends, have this in covers that it has no catechism to imthat they stand in the way of part

We have been led to make these re-

civilization. Continuing, he says : Civilization can not establish itself marks after reading an informal acwithout the aid of a moral law. Its count of the proceedings of the Wo-alm is to increase man's happiness; burn Conference of Congregational but man cannot become happier save Churches held not long since in Wakeby becoming better, and to become field, Massachusetts, and the reports of better, he must feel himself constrained a similar meeting held more recently by an infallible authority to embrace in Providence. The one topic that enduty even at the cost of pain, and be gaged the minds of the clergymen as-But how can such an elevation take the training of the child in Church place if man has nothing to rest on save doctrine. It seemed to be generally himself? By the religions which he agreed that the Sunday School, in spite himself creates he seeks only to draw of its great social prestige, had someheaven over to the side of his own interests, his own selfishness. But how. indeed, could the religious made by man transform his nature?

They have not given laws to conscience, simply because to render righte ousness binding on man's free will sur-

passes the forces of our nature. This conclusion M. Lamy establishes by an examination of the religions of classical antiquity and also of those of India and China. When Rome, he India and China. When Kome, he says, had gathered all the religions of these perfectly sincere exponsays, had gathered all the religions of these world into her Pantheon, more ents of New England Congregationalthe world into her Pantheon, more striking than all their contrasts was their agreement in this one point, that all express the contempt of man for The Jewish religion escaped man. the principal vices of the heathen sys tems. It did not seek to confine truth to the priesthood, it proclaimed one God, it forbade idelatry, and it estab lished the place of all visible things by declaring that they had been created out of nothing. On the other hand, it were a few conservative souls who was national, and it lacked love, not only the love of man for man, but the love of man for God. M. Lamy continues:

WHEN CHRIST CAME.

Then it was, when all the philosophies and all the religions had shown themselves powerless to explain life and command duty, that Christ ap-All at once, the two forces, faith and reason, which from the beginning of the world had been trying separately to find the right path, and had ever been straying from it, came together. By the light which he affords, faith is able to found itself on reason, and reason to grasp the certainties of faith. All that the greatest thinkers have conjectured respecting the divine nature He affirms. All that they have seen in glimpses respecting the destiny of man is brought into the light of day. He attacks all idelatries at once by announcing a religion which if it is true, convicts them all of It is the divine good falsehood. . . . It is the divine goodness of which Christ finally assures the world. Goodness it was-a goodness whose immensity almost renders it increditible that led the Deity to become man that He might instruct men.

# "BACK TO THE CATECHISM."

It is no paradox to say that the most anomalous feature of American Pro testantism is just the one thing which is most logically distinctive of its inner In spite of its multitudinous forms it has a common soul and a com mon life. From the spurious Angli-canism of the Episcopalian, High Church or Low, to the extremest vagar ies of the members of the Methodist les of the members of the Methodist Church South seems a far course to but in the New it suffers it to disappear travel; yet it is spanned by the com- in mountain falls and landslips. mon methods and the mon ideal of the Sunday school. in the Sunday school that American appointed leaders, or by sinful be-Protestantism yields up its secret. It we learn how is in the Sunday school all these jarring varieties of Dissent— even High Churchism is a sort of Dissent for the true student of historyspring from a common stock, how they have their root in the original sin by which they first dared to cast out the The American Protestant "Morning Service" one can under stand; but though you find Protestant ism there it is not yet the character istically American kind. It has its notes. Who is not familiar with them? The congregation well groomed or bon netted, according to their sex and the order of the months, the preacher with his large discourse, inevitably topical and of the season even racy, the impromptu address to the Almighty of the more extreme sects—an address not less topical in its degree than the serof the study-the choir, the depressing hymns with their dearth of real poetry and their the logical aspirations comic ally at variance with the prevailing millinery-all this one looks for as a matter of course.

It has been close to us from our boy-hood; no effort of the mind's eye is re-quired to reconstruct it at will. It is American, if you will; but it is not distinctive. You will find the very same thing in the popular Protestant ism of the "Mother Country" from which this form of religion, in common with our own "Papistry," was brought hither in ships; but if you wish to behold the function in which our Amer ican Protestantism guilelessly lays bare its soul you will be obliged to at tend the Sunday school and follow the bewildering methods of the Class in heat of the day. With the organized catechism. It is there that American effort of the League who can estimate Catechism. It is there that American effort of the League who will be re-Protestantism speaks. It has spoken the number of souls who will be re-there since the Puritan was dominant claimed? in the land, always with a strange irony that compelled it more imperilatter creates haired between nations ously from year to year to follow the goeth forward, and learneth the secrets and perpetuates war. All forms of path of its own logic until to day it dis-

19, as it were, raised above himself. sembled at the Wakefield meeting was

how failed to do its work. Not a few of the speakers, it was curious to note, were disposed to look on that institution as a piece of antiquated machinery. Dr. Doremus Scudder of Wo-burn even ventured so far as to invite the members of the Conference to learn a parable from the fig tree of Catholicism. The Catholic Church's fidelity to her children, her concern for their

ism. He said, of course, that the "Catholic seeks to bind the child to the Church, whereas the Protestant would tether him to God;" which sounded well and had the true oldfashioned ring about it, no doubt; but it only went to prove that the zeal-ous doctor had imbibed hazy notions, as Congregationalists always do, from his New Testament reading. thought they should return to the Catechism. For a while it seemed as though that element would win the day; but the "party of progress" triumphed in the end.

New England Congregationalists and Protestants generally are not likely to return to the Catechism. likely to return to the Witness the deep-seated discontent everywhere against the blasphemous teaching of the Westminster Creed. That school of religious thought was definite and clear, but it could not last; and now there is a cry for 're-vision." What will they revise we ask, and where shall they discover a touchstone of authority? Protestantism can never retrace its steps any more than Catholicism can. In the realm of ideas the clock is never put back; the sun will not stand still upon Gibeon, nor the moon over the valley of Ajalon. The difficulty lies further to seek than the date of the Westminster Confession. It is a weariness in a Catholic editor to be obliged to say it, but a religion which bases its creed on a series of denials cannot last, however laboriously it may revise its formularies. As a fruitful soil it will soon be exhausted; and American Protestantism, we half suspect, was exhausted long ago. We Catholics see the arid waste to-day, and we hear the few voices that still cry in the

wilderness. "Truth," says Geoffrey Chaucer, is the highest thing a man may keep." It is the highest and surest thing a "religion" may keep. It is the boast of the Old Faith that it has never blotted out one jot or tittle of the original deposit though the "ad-vanced" cried themselves hoarse in protest. Protestantism has been letthe souls that It is not by infidelity on the part of their travals of trust necessarily, but by the sheer force of the solvent which has been silently at work for so long-who is to look after them? Are w olics ready to gather them in? Have we the men and women and the schools, both Sunday and ferial, in which we can teach them the "catechism" which is as strangely "new" as it is familiarly "old?

#### THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

This is the work our Lord came on earth to forward, and which He en-trusted to His apostles to continue. All he members of the Lazgua or Apostlehip of Prayer are spostles, and are specially called on to do this work, not less topical in its degree than the ser mon itself and as suspiciously redelent prayers and good works. During this month they should strive by all the means in their power to propagate the true faith. Protestants spend money by millions, but their missions are fail-

ures; they pay, but do not pray.

Prayer sustains the missionary who often is alone in a foreign land surrounded by all sorts of privations. Prayer sustains him when he is called upon to give up his life, and become a martyr. See the countless multitudes who have willingly died in the last few nonths in China! The papers make but little note of them, but Haven receives them among the saints Less than two months of the century remain; let us commence at this the eleventh hour, and abor well and we will receive the same reward as those who have borne the burden and the

In silence and quiet the devout soul

# A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XV.

Life at Weewald Place, as Miss Edgar Life at Weewald Flace, as miss Edgar christened her father's spacious home (baving taken the name from one of the novels she had managed to read surreptitionally at school) was enchanting enough, could Ned divest herself of a certain uncomfortable feeling of dependence. Everywhere she turned there was a haunting reminder of her obligations to Mr. Edgar; a feeling that was intensified by his own a feeling that was intensified by his own cold, stately couriesy toward her; for, while he was careful to see that she rewhile he was careful actived equal attention with his daughter, he could not veil his own feelings sufficiently to treat her with more than the introct politeness. Her face recalled, or iently to treat her with more than the utmost politeness. Her face recalled, or he imagined it did, the lineaments of his hated brother, and he often forebore, even when talking to her, to allow his eyes to meet hers. So, while his countenance kindled with pleasure at the approach of his daughter, it often fell at the coming of his niece; and while his voice frequently assumed an exquisite tenderness in addressing Edna, it was more frequently cold, almost to repulsion, when speaking to Ned. And Ned felt the difference—felt it many times with a sickening heart felt it many times with a sickening heart as she contrasted it with the warm affec-

as an contractor in the contra now much she owed to him in the matter of her education. In accordance with Dyke's wish, she had taken an early opportunity of explaining to the gentle-man how she had learned, or rather of herself had divined her indebtedness, and she had attempted to express her grati-tude. But Mr. Elgar sternly desired her

tude. But Mr. Eigar sternly desired her to stop, and his manner, even more than his words, had made her feel that she was never to refer to the subject again.

Regarding other things she had nothing of which to complain. The servants were as deferential as if she also were Mr. Edgar's daughter, though they were not slow in ascertaining and repeating among themselves that she was only a dependent, and really belonged to a poor dependent, and really belonged to a poor nome up among the mountains, and he stefford took a kindly interest in her.

Mess Edgar herself, delighted with the novelty and beauty of a home that exceeded even her expectations, and in rapture with a father who seemed disposed to gratify all her wishes were the considerable of the constitution of t posed to gratify all her wishes, was ex ceptionally companionable.

It added to her pleasures to have Ned

share them, and she often astonished our heroine by a sudden embrace, and an exclamation expressive of her delight

exclamation expressive of her delight that they were together.

The cousins took long daily rides—a gentle, graceful pony having been provided for Ned—and, to her, those hours in the saddle were the happiest ones of the day. There was a sense of independence and freedom on the horse's back that proximity to Mr. Edgar's presence prevented her from feeling in the house. prevented her from feeling in the house and she was very thankful that the gentleman never offered to accompany them.

It was well she did not divine that she He would not endure oftener than was absolutely necessary the company of his

brother's child
One afternoon, somewhat tired from a longer canter than usual, and very thirsty, the riders drew up with longing eyes before a spring bubbling by the side of the road. The groom, in obedience to the imperative order of Miss Edgar, who wanted at all times to be certain that the man could never overhear her conversawanted at all times to be certain that the man could never overlear her conversa-tion, was a long way behind. There was no house in sight, and Ned decided to dismount and help herself to a drink in the manner she used to do when a child; but, ere she could spring from her stirrup, there was a racting among the foliage on but, ere she could spring from her stirrup, there was a restling among the foliage on the other side of the road, and in a moment there appeared a tall, graceful young man carrying what might be a portfolio of sketches. He was evidently no rostic, for his dress was of stylish city mode, and it was grown with a certain restling online.

rink in our rustic way."

He laid his portfolio down, and darted

He laid his portfolio down, and darted into the wood which skirted one side of the road. When he returned he bore with him leaves skilfully formed into cups. Filling one with the sparkling spring waver, he presented it to Miss Edgar. She quaffed, and returned the leafy vessel; her eyes meeting his, and her face suffused with a hot blush. She had never seen such eyes, not such a had never seen such eyes, nor such a face; to her girlish facey, all unformed in the matter of manly beauty, both were perfect, and the unbounded but respect-ful admiration his look expressed set her

heart to beating rapidly.

Ned also queffer from the second leafy cap be presented to her, but further than to thank him briefly she scarcely looked at the bearer, and she was somewhat sur at the bearer, and she was somewhat sur-prised to find her cousin asking of the groom, who had overtaken them and whom she had beckoned to her side when they were out of sight of the stranger, if he knew the latter.

"Yes, Miss; he is Jim Mackay's son.

"Yes, Miss; he is Jim Mackay's son. Jim Mackay, the gardener, that lives a little below there," indicating with his whip a point south of the direction they were taking. "He's never been much good to his father, having ways different from us country-folks, and taking to books, and painting and such things. An uncle of his took him away to Europe a few years ago, and now he's just come years ago, and now he's just come k, and his father says he's as bad as ever about books, and making pictures of everything.

Miss Eigar made no reply, and the groom fell back to his usual respectful distance.

The next day they took the same route, Ned forgetting the occurrence of the pre-vious day until handsome young Mackay started before them; there was no excuse to stop, Miss Elgar being afraid to feign thirst as she would like to do, lest her feint should discovered by her cousing and so there was only an exchange of bows. But the heiress could devise other means of meeting one who had made such an impression on her susceptible heart; and all that she had heard about heart; and all that she had heart about him but enhanced her strange predilec-tien. "His ways so different from those of country-folk, his taste for books and painting," what were they all but indica-tions of a refined and cultured mind? It painting," what were they all but indications of a refined and cultured mind? It would be like some of the stories she had so curreptitiously read, for her to help

him secretly—to lend him books, to impart to him some of her own instruction, and at length to make him feel how much he owed to her; it would be delightful, and quite justifiable, since her father so unaccountably deferred asking company to the house. Also, by making this young man her protege there would be afforded an opportunity to satisfy partially her craving for admiration, for she felt that the handsome face that had looked up to her while she drank was then and there caught in the toils of her beauty. She had some misgiving about the prothere caught in the tone of her beauty. She had some misgiving about the propriety of this quixotic plan of hers, and of the stern disapproval of her father should he hear of it; but her misgiving

should he hear of it; but her misgiving was of short duration. She craved excitement, and since Weewald Place farnished none, she would embrace this opportunity of making it for hereelf.

Thus Dick Mackay found himself the recipient of an order for some sketches of the scenery about Barrytown, and he was further delighted by the present of a valuable book on the art of sketching. The note that accompanied the present The note that accompanied the present besought the utmost secrecy, and con-tained at the same time a most flattering offer to assist the young man in any way that was in the writer's power. Dick had one confident—a sister a year

younger than he was; a fragile, delicate younger than he was; a fragile, delicate girl, but one so gentle and winning in disposition that she gained love as easily as she breathed. She sympathized with Dick; she entered into all his tastes, she admired him, and she well nigh worshipped him; all of which feelings the handsome, dreamy poetical young fellow. handsome, dreamy, poetical young fellow returned. To her, then, D.ck showed the note, and told everything, even to the revelation of his own sudden but deep at-tachment for Miss Eigar, and he laughed at the castles in the air which his sister at the castles in the air which his sister built. She could see neither the impossibility nor the improbability of a future marriage of her brother to the heiress. In her eyes, Dick was handsome and clever enough for a princess, and good enough to win even Mr. Edgar's warm regard could that gentleman but know egard could that gentleman but know him; at which sweet praises Dick laughed again, but he did not contradict her. Stranger things had happened, and love, that stops at no barrier, might even overthrow Mr. Edgar's opposition.

The canker of discontent entered more and more into Ned's heart, being enhanced by the change which had come into her consin's manner; for Edna, fast in the toils of an attachment she dared not reveal, and for the secrecy of which she was always anxiously planning, had grown unaccountably estranged from Ned. She seldom rode or walked with her, and often seemed disposed to avoid all conversation, and the sensitive, spirit ed girl was too proud to seek any explan ation, or to make any complaint. She never dreamed of the secret acquaintance She

never dreamed of the secret acquaintance progressing under her very eyes, nor that it was fear of her own truthful, straightforward character which made Miss Edgar assume so chilling a demeanor.

She heard rarely from Dyke, as his frequent journeys and ceaseless business pertaining to his invention left him little time; he did not add that by this infrequent writing to her he was schooling quent writing to her he was schooling himself—schooling himself to be prepared to yield her entirely, when occasion should demand it; and Meg, since Dyk was not likely to be home until spring had decided to spend the winter in Al

It was now November, and as New counted the months until summer, be-fore which season she could not expect to make the briefest visit visit to her

mountain home, her heart sank.

"I cannot endure it," she said, pressing her forehead against the window of her own room by which she was standing—that room, in whose comfort and elegance she found less charm than in tracing in imagination against the sky the outlines of her own loved mountains. Then she thought as the had often the which her , as she had often thought lately, about Dyke's means, and whether she for his dress was of stylish city mode, and it was worn with a certain neglige quite becoming He seemed to understand the desire of the ladies, and, with a bow as graceful as it was something like that, and then her same graceful as it was something like that. might not earn her own livelihood; and

graceful as it was courteous, he said in a deep, low, musical voice:

"Do not, ladies, be at the trouble of dismounting; allow me to bring you a drink in our matic way."

something like that, and then her summer visit would be truly delightful. She went to her desk, and wrote to Mrs. Mowbray, the womanly and kind-hearted principal of the Pennsylvania indicates that the same of the same o stitute.

It was a characteristic letter, hones

and open as her own nature, and so clearly stated that to the good lady who received it, it was a complete mirror of the writer's feelings.

She waited for the answer with feverish impatience. It came promptly, and

ish impatience. It came promptly, and she read:

"My Dear Miss Edna Eddar:—It was, as you surmised, with a good dead of astonishment that I read your letter. I think I understand the feelings you detere to be leafly, and knowing your natures I do, I must admit that I sympatize with them. Whether however, it will be best for you to choese a self-supporting life which Mr. Edgar's tome so generously shelters out I cannot say. I would at vise you to place the matter before him. "Singularly letter, I was handed another from a very wealthy, but exceedingly eccentric them of mine. She is a widow, and living nosent home. She desires a companion a date herself to whims and vagaries; her duties will be exceedingly light (but I add from my self that I fear they will be very trying) and her remuneration will be quite liberal.

"If, my dear Miss Edna, you are disposed to try this position, and that you gain Mr. Edgar: "Now the place is open you."

Ned went with the letter to Mr. Edgar she met him in the broad entrance hall, and at the same moment a servant crossed, carrying a rare and exquisite crossed, carrying a base and crossed, carrying a southern exotic. The gentleman, attracted by the beauty and rarity of the flower, stopped the bearer.

"Mr. Dick Mackay sent it, sir; it is the first of the kind that has blossomed in

one of the new sort of green-houses his father's had put up, and Mr. Dick cut this flower off to send to Miss Ned E1-

Mr. Elgar frowned, and looked with something like angry wonder at the young girl who was now standing beside im; but he said no more, only motioned

him; but he said no more, only motions to the servant to deliver the gift.

Ned, being full of her errand to Mr. Edgar, took it mechanically, and she gave hardly a thought to the strangeness of Dick Mackay—whom she rarely saw, and then never to bestow upon him the slightest recognition—making any such slightest recognition—making any such gift to her, and she turned immediately to Mr. Elgar to ask him for a private in-

That gentleman was secretly very

such an acquaintance with a gardener's son as emboldened the latter to the presumption he had just witnessed—a presumption that amounted to familiarity, judging by the fact that the plant was sent to Miss "Ned" Elgar; in the house, owing to his daughter's preference for the sent to Miss "Ned Eigar; in the losses, owing to his daughter's preference for the name, she was called Miss Ned Eigar. Such being the case, Ned was no companion for his child, and he led the way to the library with his wonted courtesy, but with a very grave and stern face. At the door he paused to say with an illegreeseled agreesm: oncealed sarcasm:
"Allow me to ring for your flower to be

"Allow me to ring for your inher to be taken care of; it may wilt before you can give it your attention," with a slightly marked emphasis on the word your. "But unsuspecting Ned noticed neither his sarcasm nor his emphasis; she noticed nothing save his sternness, which chilled and frightened her, and when the chilled and frightened her, and when the servant appeared she gave up the flower mechanically, heard like one who heard not, Mr. Edgar's directions for its care, and sank into the seat he drew forward

and sank into the seat he drew forward for her like one cruelly oppressed.

"You wished to see me," he said coldly, when he had waited an unusual length of time for her to begin.

She was roused at last; the old hot spirit flamed within her, and while her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled with secret indignation that she had borne this servitude so long, she handed him a letter.

him a letter.
"This will tell you my object in desiring this interview."

Her very voice was trembling from suppressed indignation. He read the letter, and evidently more than once-it was so long before he

ooked up.
Did she wish to leave Weewald Place so as to facilitate, perhaps, her marriage with Dick Mackay? Such was the thought that flashed through his mind and which kept his eyes fastened to the letter, even after he had perused it. Had she, even in her bold-facedness, come to tell him that she had made this low match for herself, as her father before her had done for himself? He looked up and waited for her to

speak. She arose.
"I thank you, Mr. Edgar, for the char-

ity"—there was a trembling emphasis on the last word—" which has educated me and given me a home; I thank you particularly for the education which I now feel will enable me to gain my own support.

She was obliged to pause; for pride, anger, regret that she was indebted for anything to this proud, stern man were

vermastering her. He also are Her spirited face and manner disguste

Her spirited face and manner disgusted him; he fancied that she lacked all gratitude, indeed, all heart, and that she was incapable of the very candor which he considered his due.

"You are old enough, Miss Edgar, to decide for yourself in this matter. To a young lady who has undertaken such a step as this latter, indicates, without constep as this letter indicates, without consulting me, neither my approval nor my

soliting me, neither my approvat for my consent are necessary."

She was stunned; in her natural simplicity and impulsiveness, she had never thought of acquainting Mr. Edgar with her intention to write to Mrs. Mowbray; as he was not her relative, and that she was merely a dependent, it did not seem to be any part of her duty.

She answered, as soon as she recovered

er voice:

"I was not aware that in writing to Mrs. Mowbray before I acquainted you I was wanting in any regard for you. If such has been the case, I am very sorry."

It was her old fashion of asking pardon for a fault in almost the same breath with her temper; but Mr. Elgar was not to be appeased. He looked upon her now as somewhat of an actress, and he was really anxious to have her influence removed from the house.

He answered with an unmistakable decision: "I wish to say no more upon the subject, and whenever you decide to

the subject, and whenever you decide to leave your present home. I shall see that you are provided for your journey."

He held the door open for her to pass out bowing as she did so. Then he sent for his daughter.

Miss Edgar obeyed the summons in some trepidation, having learned that Ned had just come from a private conver-Ned had just come from a private conver-sation with her father, and not knowing but that conversation might have had some reference to herself. Still, she felt assured that Ned knew nothing, and she assured that Ned knew holning, and she congratulated herself on the forethought with which she had instructed her lover always to call her Ned Eigar. She had carefully forborne to tell him at the same time that she was usurping the name of her companion, for every hireling in Weewald Place termed our heroine by the masculine diminutive; and though Mr. Eigar never used it, he at no time, after liscovering his daughter's preference for

it, disclaimed against it.

Knowing sll this, Elua smiled as she
saw the plant borne to her cousin's room.

"My dear," said Mr. Edgar, leading his
daughter fondly to a seat, "I want you to answer very frankly some questions I Her heart beat wildly; had he, despite

her heart beat wildly; had he, despite her efforts at secrecy, heard anything about herself and Died? "Do you know anything of Miss Edna's acquaintance with Mr. Mackay's son? Has she made you her confidant?"

She breathed freer.
"No, p apa," opening her beautiful eyes breathed freer.

very wide.
"She must have permitted him to make her acquaintance, for he has been bold enough to send her a handsome floral gift to day. She has also acquainted

ne with her intention of engaging as companion to a lady in C—. Has she said nothing of all this to you?"

Miss Edgar breathed very freely; she could trathfully answer, "No, papa," his last question; but she was careful not to add that it was her own coldness which repelled every confidence on the part of

ner cousin.
"Well, my dear, it is evident that Miss "Well, my dear, it is evident that Miss Edna is not a companion for you; I am very glad that she has not given you her confidence; there might have been con-tamination in it. She is enamored, I fancy, of this gardener son, and perhaps wants to leave us in order to marry him. wants to leave as in the displeasure too much to tell me; but as she is not my daughter, her marriage with this low fellow can neither hurt nor annoy me. You, my love, will never disgrace your father by an unequal marriage."

He stooped and kissed her.

was alone, told how much she suffered.

She wrote at once to Mrs. Mowbray, assuring her of Mr. Edgar's consent, and urging her to complete all arrangements with the lady in C—, that she might enter at once upon her new position. She did not write to Dyke, fearing to give the honest fallow increased anxiety, and

she did not write to Dyas, learning to be to the honest fellow increased anxiety, and feeling that she could write to him with better heart when she should have become accustomed to her new home.

Such arrangements as Mrs. Mowbray could make were speedily completed, and Mrs Doloran, the wealthy and eccentric widow of C— wrote to Miss Edna widow of C-, wrote to Miss Edna Edgar that she was quite ready to receive

Her departure was marked by nothing save the motherly solicitude of Mrs Stafford; that lady would be assured that Ned was amply provided for his journey, and when the girl protested at so much preparation, she insisted that she must obey Mr. Elgar's orders, at which Ned bit her lip and was silent.

XVII.

Mrs. Doloran's eccentricities took most Mrs. Doloran's eccentricines took most extravagant turns, not alone in the matter of dress, which made hdr secretly a constant subject of ridicule, but in the friendships she formed and in the disposition of her vast wealth. Her ample house was always open to every one whom she chose to honor with her acquaintance, house was always open to every one whom she chose to honor with her acquaintance, and were it not for the prudent care exercised over her by a nephew to whom she was very much attached, she might often be the prey of those who were most benefited by her lavish kindness. She insisted on having about her for weeks at a time any one who pleased her fancy, or contributed to her amusement by the gift of story-telling, no matter how brief might have been her acquaintance with the person, or how contrary to the rules of propriety might be her favor to him, and in this way she often tried sorely her elegant, reserved nephew. Nothing but his affection for this strange woman—his dead mother's only sister—and his firm conviction that, left to herself, she would become the speedy prey of dishonest persons, retained him with her. He had an ample fortune in his own right so that he had no need of his annule method. an ample fortune in his own right so that he had no need of his aunt's wealth, though gossiping tongues attributed all his devoted attentions to the fact that he expected to become her heir. Ned's arrival was too late for her intro

duction to Mrs. Doloran, or even to Mrs. Doloran's nephew, Mr. Carnew, and after refreshments had been provided for her, she was shown to her room. The apart-ment was pretty and homelike enough to invite to rest one even less wearied, but Invite to rest one even less wearied, but she was too full of sad emotions to slumber. Again and again she enacted her parting with Mr. Edgar; he had given her his hand, and told her to apply to him when she should be in any need, but the manner of his speech had seemed to freezs her very soul, and it renewed her determination to endure the most abject want in preference to any future aid from him. Miss Edgar, in the moment of parting, had resumed the affectionate manner with which she had treated Ned when they first came to Weewald Place. Her affection was resumed, not because it had returned (it could scarcely return, for, correctly speaking, her nature was incapable of feeling any affection save for those who ministered to her own selfish wants), and not because she experienced any sudden pity for her orphan companion going forth to earn her living, but because she was delighted at Nedly denart. the was too full of sad emotions to slun any sudden pity for her orphan companion going forth to earn her living, but because she was delighted at Ned's departure; and, as usual, anything that made her happy made her good-natured. She knew not what spy-like qualities her cousin possessed, nor what unhappy discovery she might make, if she continued to live beneath the same roof; so, under the influence of joy that there was re-moved at least one person whom she felt would denounce her secret attachment did she know it, she had thrown her arn did she know it, she had thrown her arms about Ned's neck, and kissed her warmly enough. And sensitive, loving, forgiving Ned, touched by even that late mark of affection, had thawed under it, and forgetten all the coldness that had gone before it.

"Write to me," Miss Edgar had whis-

"Write to me," Miss Engal has who pered, with her cheek, to all appearance, pressed fondly enough against that of her cousin, "write to me frequently;" and Ned had promised to doso, as well as she was able for the gulp in her throat.

These were the memories which ban ished sleep, and which made it, when it did come so brief that she awoke with

did come, so brief that she awoke with the dawn. She dressed herself, and waited for the November day to be fully ushered in; and when the sunlight broke upon everything with a radiance that seemed to belong to an earlier season, that seemed to belong to an earlier season, she threw a shawl about her and de-

Early as the hour was for a gay country house, where breakfast was served late, some one had evidently gone out before her, for the door of the main entrance was wide open. The air was somewhat chilly, but bracing, and under its invigorating influence, as she pulled her shawl about influence, as she philed her shaw about her and hurried on with elastic step, she felt her spirits rise. She had that sweet, ardent youth which requires so little to elate or depress it, and as she passed through wales, the beauty of which in summer time must have equalled those of Weewald Place, and looked about her at the vegetation that, not yet bare, was even bright with the colors which indicated its decay, she felt her griefs grow lighter and lighter. Independence was before her, and it only needed a patient, enduring will on her part to achieve it. Saddenly she came to a hedge of evergreen higher than herself; looking through the interetices, which in some places were large enough to admit of the passage of a hand, she saw a broad and well-kept gravelled walk. Wondering whether it ammer time must have equalled those

hand, she saw a broad and well-kept gravelled walk. Wondering whether it led directly to the house, and how she could get upon it from her present posi-tion, she was further attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps on the gravel.

moment there came into sight a very tall, stout woman, followed at a respectful distance by a tall, thin, awkward-looking man carrying a cup and saucer. The woman was dressed in a flowing robe of the brightest yellow silk, that trailed on the walk behind her silk, that trailed on the walk behind her like some gay plumage, a shawl of light green of the same material thrown scarf wise over her shoulders, and a red lace veil depending from her hair. Her hands were bare, but beautifully white and covered with sparkling rings, and her countenance, when she came into full view of the astonished and amused Ned was too proud te yield to tears; but the quivering of her lip, the heaving of her breast, and the moisture which came into her eyes despite herself, when she

the highest possible elevation. She took such long heavy steps that her gait was more like a manly stride, and it taxed her awkward-looking attendant to maintain the product of the state of the state

her awkward-looking attendant to main-tain the precise distance which she evi-dently required, for she turned once, and said sharply:

"You're too far, Donald; too far by two paces." Donald exerted himself to make up the two paces, and the lady, satisfied, resumed her walk; butshe had only taken a stride or two, when she stopped again, a stride or two, when she stopped again, and demanded Donald to bring to her the cup he held.

He obeyed, but with the air of one most

He obeyed, but with the air of one most dissatisfied with his work, and she, having sipped from the cup extended it for him to take. Instead of doing so, he dashed it from her hand, breaking the vessel, and sending abroad a very appetiz-

vessei, and sending abroad a very appenzing odor of coffee.
"I'll noo be your lap-dog any longer, wi' your 'Donald keep two paces farther,' and 'Donald keep two paces nearer,' and 'Donald hand me me coffee,' and 'Donald 'Donald hand me me coffee,' and 'Donald carry the cup agen.' It's fine wark Donald Macgilivray's come to when he safter a leddy's beck and call like a cur that's afeered o' a beatin. You'll just get some other dog to do your biddin.''

He was standing as erect as was the astonished lady to whom he delivered this unexpected tirade, with his arms folded, and his stubble-indented Scotch face set in sullen wrath.

face set in sullen wrath.

face set in sullen wrath.

The lady burst into a loud laugh, and at that moment an elderly and somewhat strange-looking gentleman appeared upon the scene. He was strange-looking, both the scene. He was strange-looking, both because of his deeply bronzed and parchment-like face and his odd dress, pantaloons like a sailor's and a short cloak slung over one shoulder. With an air of protecting freedom he advanced to the

protecting freedom ne accomplate in the ard you lady's side
"I heard Donald's voice, and I heard you laugh," he said in such deep, clear and pleasant tones, that they seemed out of harmony with his appearance. "What is matter?"

"The matter? Why that fool of Scotchman objects to being my dog any longer. He'd rather be an ill-treated slave than a well-fed cur." And she laughed again; a laugh so lond, so hearty, and so prolonged, that it set peeping Ned to hearthy a laugh so lond. laughing also.

But the Scotchman was not disposed to take any mirthful view of the occurrence; he stood looking as angry and dogged as

The lady turned her mirthful face to him, and said, as soon as she recovered her voice:

"I don't much blame you, Donald, and tell Cawson when you get to the house to find a place for you somewhere, at what-ever work you choose to do."

The Scotchman's face changed instant-

The Scotcoman's face changed instantly: he had expected to be summarily discharged, and instead he was promoted.

"O me leddy," he said, locking as if he was ready to fall on his knees at her he was ready to fall on his knees at here
feet, "you are too good, and—"
She waived him away, and taking the
arm of the elderly gentleman was turning
to pursue her course, when she caught
sight of Nad through the interstices of the
hedge. Ned had been so interested and
amused that she did not once think of
abancing her position.

changing her position.

"What have we here?" said the lady, dropping in her astonishment the arm on

which she leaned.

"What are you?" she continued, as Ned, violently blushing, started back; and too impatient to wait for an answer, she continued to her companion:
"Take one of your flying leaps, Mascar,
and let me know all about it."

and let me know all about it.

The gentleman obeyed, retreating to the opposite side of the road, and there collecting such force and energy for his

collecting such force and energy for his spring that it brought him flying over the top of the hedge and placed him almost at the fest of the astounded girl. She was frightened enough to scream, and only restrained herself by a great effort.

"Do not be alarmed," he said in that strangely pleasant voice. "My flight to you has only been for a very harmless purpose Since you are on these grounds you must be acquainted with some one in Mrs. Doloran's house. It is she who has commissioned me to get your name." in Mrs. Doloran's house. It is she who has commissioned me to get your name."
"I am the person whom Mrs. Doloran expects to receive as a companion; my name is Edna Edgar," was the trembling

"Edgar," said the gentleman with a sudden and strange excitement in his manner. "Did you say Edgar?"
"Yes;" she answered; but there was

herself had laughed a short time before, herself had laughed a short time before, and said with a merry twinkle of his sharp, black eyes at Ned:

"It is a young lady who doesn't know how to leap over hedges; it will go back to the end of this path and meet us where the path converges to the road," indication with his band as he spate the direction with ing with his hand as he spoke the direc-

tion Ned was to take, and then he pre-pared himself for another flying leap back to his impatient companion.

Ned pursued the course indicated, her mind very much divided between anxiety lest she should not please this exceedingly eccentric lady, amusement at the oddition she had already witnessed, and astonishment at the surprise which the mention of her name had occasioned in the strange gentleman. Lost in the maze of her

gentieman. Lost in the maze of her thoughts she reached the end of the walk before she was aware of it, and saw ap-proaching her the strange couple. "Miss Edgar, the young lady who has come to be your companion. Mrs. Doloran," said the gentleman, gracefully relinquishing the arm that leaned upon his and how inclose to both ladies. his, and bowing low to both ladies.
"Umph!" said Mrs. Doloran, holding

her head at a greater elevation, while she inspected this new addition to her house "And what's your Christian name? when she had finished her survey.

"Edna!" "Faugh! it's like most women's names good for neither sense nor sound."
"I used to be called Ned," ventured out

heroine, anxious at any hazard to win the favor of this woman, without which she might be returned to Weewald Place. "Ned, eh! well that was sensible; nothing like masculinity in some shape for raising a woman to dignity; eh, Mas

Mascar assented by a bow to the speak-er, but a look at Ned expressive of his secret mirth. TO BE CONTINUED.

Count not that labor an evil which helps to bring out the best elements of human nature. - George MacDonald.

How the Aged Bishop Favier Held Off the Chinese Rabble.

All summer the venerable Bishop Favier was desperately besieged in the Peh-tang, the North Cathedral of Pekin. The Peh tang is well within the walls of the imperial city, in its northwest quarter. It was a beautiful church, surrounded by extensive grounds, where there were buildings for the shelter and occupation of many hundreds of native converts. Bishop Favier was one of the men who understood the signs of the times and made preparations. He it was who was responsible for the conversion of M. Pichon, the Minister, to a realization of the gravity of the situation when every other Minister there was still doubtful that there would be trouble. The Bishop laid in supplies of his own when he found he could not move the French of the legation. He bought rifles for some of his converts and ammunition and prepared to defend himself. Then at last they got thirty French guards, with two officers and ten Italians. This was the whole band then-Favier and two priests, three nuns and forty two guards, with about two thousand native converts huddled in the huts around the grounds. The Chinese attacked them night and day and battered the face and east wall of the beautiful Cathedral almost to pieces with their shell fire. From the north and west they could not attack so fiercely for fear of firing over into the forbidden city just beyond.

EXPLODED A MINE. How the graveyard grew behind Oace the Chinese exhe church ! ploded a mine they had laid under the corner of the lines held by the little garrison. It was a tremendous ex-plosion and made a hole big enough to put a good sized ship in. It killed nearly three hundred of the converts, men, women and children, and delivered the garrison the worst blow it had in the loss of both of its officers and three of the guards. held on so well that the Chinese could not come over the hole they had made; they had breached the line, but it did them no good. Out in front of the cathedral the

Chinese mounted an old brass gun in the beginning which the besteged promptly sallied out and took from them. After that, whenever the Chinese fire was too heavy from the front or they were edging their barricades up too closely, the garrison would run out this old Long Tom and give them a few rounds. That always had the effect of holding them off.

It was not until the morning of August 10, the day after the American fissee on the gates, that the British deided to send a force to the relief of the French at the Cathedral. Then they found that the Japanese had done the same thing aiready. The small French force went along with the British de-tachment and did not arrive until the work had been done. There was very little fight left in the Chinese. They had had enough in the last few days and flew on the appearance of the Jap anese.

They were glad to be relieved, these Frenchmen and Chinese. They had had a long, hard fight of it, the real fight of Pekin, but old Bishop Favier simply smiled and said, Yes, they had pulled through.

BURNING OF THE SOUTH CATHEDRAL, The Tung tang, or East Cathedral, was one of the first structures destroyed, and it was clear that the Nan tung, the South Cathedral, was in danger. the Tung-tang, had refused to leave his post and had perished in the flames. But the Fathers and Sisters at the Nantang might yet be saved. Their lives "Yes;" she answered; but there was no further opportunity for him to question, for Mrs. Poloran was screaming from the other side of the hedge:
"Bring it over here, Mascar; I want to know all about it."
He laughed as heartly as Mrs. Doloran hereof here laughed as heartly as Mrs. Doloran hereof here laughed as about time before. night, and early the following morning safely escorted to the hotel every member of the mission-Pere d'Addveio and his two colleagues, a French Brother, five Sisters of Charity and some twenty native nuns of the Order of Josephine. They were rescued just in Scarcely had they reached a place of safety when the splendid edifice they had forsaken was in flames. To the sky wreathed the smoke, a pillar of cloud marking the destruction not of a faith, but of a nation. This historic pile of great historical interest, the home of Verblest and Schaal, with its memorial tablet given to the Cathedral by the Emperor Kang Hsi, was ruth-lessly sacrificed. It continued burning all the day, the region round it, the chief Catholic centre of Pekin, being also burnt. Acres of houses were destroyed and the Christians in thousands put to the sword.'

# THE MYSTERIOUS SILENCE.

How strangely mysterious is the law that presides over the departure of souls from this world! Young or old, tarnshed by vice or resplendent with virtue they disappear in silence. They go forth without telling who summons them, without saying why or how. Their faces suddenly set towards eter nity and look back on us no more, so irresistible is the beauty that enrap tures or the power that seizes them. voice has called them in the eternal distance. A sound has vibrated like a funeral reveille, which they alone can hear. And while ignorant of what thus absorbs them we still seek to retain them, to speak to them. Noiselessly they escape without bidding us farewell, gliding as invisible phantoms from our loving hand.

NOVEMBER 24, 1900.

THE PRELATE'S HAND. A Story of The Peninsular War.

BY EDWARD LEAMY.

Dr. Brisson was the last man in the world you would suspect of credence in superscitions. As a student in art his life had been a wild one, and be fore he had well crossed the threshold of manhood he was a pronounce sceptic. A daring thinker, he has questioned every creed, and found i wanting Life to him was an inscru-able riddle, because he had persuade himself that death was its end. The immortality of the soul he regarded an old wife's fable, unworthy the creence of a man of robust intellect, an he might fairly claim to be classed that caregory. His fame had passe beyond Paris—beyond France. He he published works on his art which he been adopted as text books in all t medical schools of Europe, and when made his acquaintance, in the forti he was almost as full of honors as I was a student then, living in

attic of one of the dingy streets the clustered round the Sorbonne. neighbor on the opposite side of landing on the fifth story was a veran who had seen service in the P insular wars, and who had taken p under Baron Le Jeune in the asse on Saragossa, where he had left a and from which he had carried me scars, as evidence of his devotion to The doctor had taken an in flag. est in him because it happened that as one of the French army surge had attended poor old Jacques in hour of need, and had won his g by his attention and kinds and he had met him years afterw Paris in an unexpected man when the one legged Jacques fi simself in front of the runaway he of the carriage in which the doctor his wife were seated as they were ing along the Rue de Rivoli. Jac succeeded in stopping the runav but not without some serious irj to himself. The doctor would g have recompensed Jacques by a g money, but the old soldier was at proud and grateful.

"You saved my life, doctor, wi was ebbing," said Jacques, "and shouldn't I offer it to you and ma

when my turn came?" And Jacques refused all offe money, but the doctor and his wi not forget him, and many a t heard the rustle of silken skirts ing up the stairs when the doctor ing little luxuries, which were with such unaffected courtesy was impossible for him in spite pride-the heritage of the old r tionary days, when every o -to refuse. But, despite these tions, poor Jacques was always and despondent, and again and I heard him wish that he had fa the assault on the Convent of St cis, at Saragossa, where some most desperate fighting had

One night he was seized wh den illness. It chanced that about entering my room, and a cry of anguish from my ne

"What is the matter, Jaco asked. He answered hearsely: here! He is here! Save me

His door was only on the poor fellow, he had little re bolt it, for there was nothing tempt the burglar or the thief I pushed it open I, by the flickering candle, saw him ha from his bed, or substitute for with his right hand stretched shirt had opened at the neck played the shrunken breast lank arm, and the thin fing sorry witnesses of the inevita

of age.
"This is the way he he hand!" he cried—"this is the held out his hand!"
He was I Poor fellow! He was, I delirious, and I thought i

humor him. Yes, that is the way, "But lie down and try to go "Go to sleep! Go to s shricked, and a horrible sen laughter that made my blo escaped his lips. "He we He had been asleep for years when we woke him roke him, and he held ot this way-do you see-this I had bent over Jacques soothe him, and hisfeeble ha

my face. "And there was a ring ger," he continued, "and the ring and there was a de Oh, yes, there was iewel. ! Whisper; come close And the weak hand stro

me down almost to his lips "Lock, it burned into "Look, it burned into and he showed me a fir deep, circular marks that to the bone. "There it mosned. "I were it un moaned. and the sight of it made m the jewel-oh! the jewel. 'twas alive! Alive, I say. its color every hour, even Oh! a brave jewel it was the thousand hues of the Would it not have been a it again in the coffin-in and he was dead, you kn hundred years or more? not have taken it except marry you, she said, w back from the wars with ring for my finger.' S jest, I dare say, for we we at the windows of a jewe Palais Royal, a few nig.

#### THE PRELATE'S HAND.

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Dr. Brisson was the last man in the world you would suspect of credence in superstitions. As a student in arts his life had been a wild one, and be fore he had well crossed the threshold manhood he was a pronounced A daring thinker, he had sceptic. questioned every creed, and found it wanting. Life to him was an inscrut-able riddle, because he had persuaded himself that death was its end. The immortality of the soul he regarded as an old wife's fable, unworthy the cred ence of a man of robust intellect, and he might fairly claim to be classed in that category. His fame had passed beyond Paris - beyond France. He had published works on his art which had been adopted as text books in all the medical schools of Europe, and when I made his acquaintance, in the forties, he was almost as full of honors as of

I was a student then, living in an attic of one of the dingy streets that clustered round the Sorbonne. My neighbor on the opposite side of the landing on the fifth story was a vet-eran who had seen service in the Peninsular wars, and who had taken part under Baron Le Jeune in the assault on Saragossa, where he had left a leg and from which he had carried many scars, as evidence of his devotion to his The doctor had taken an interest in him because it happened that he, as one of the French army surgeons had attended poor old Jacques in his hour of need, and had won his gratiby his attention and kindness and he had met him years afterwards Paris in an unexpected manner, when the one legged Jacques flung himself in front of the runaway horse of the carriage in which the doctor and his wife were seated as they were driving along the Rue de Rivoli. Jacques succeeded in stopping the runaways, but not without some serious injuries to himself. The doctor would gladly have recompensed Jacques by a gift of money, but the old soldier was at once proud and grateful.

"You saved my life, doctor, when it was ebbing," said Jacques, "and why shouldn't I offer it to you and madame

when my turn came?" And Jacques refused all offers of money, but the doctor and his wife did not forget him, and many a time I heard the rustle of silken skirts creep ing up the stairs when the doctor and madame came to visit Jacques, bring. ing little luxuries, which were given with such unaffected courtesy that it was impossible for him in spite of his pride-the heritage of the old revolutionary days, when every one in France addressed each other as Citizen -to refuse. But, despite these attentions, poor Jacques was always gloemy and despondent, and again and again I heard him wish that he had fallen in the assault on the Convent of St. Francis, at Saragossa, where some of the most desperate fighting had taken

One night he was seized with sudden illness. It chanced that I was about entering my room, and I heard a cry of anguish from my neighbor's

room

asked. He answered hoarsely: "He is with the dead and the dying. here! He is here! Save me! Save

His door was only on the latchfellow, he had little reason to bolt it, for there was nothing in it to tempt the burglar or the thief. When I pushed it open I, by the aid of a flickering candle, saw him half raised from his bed, or substitute for a bed, with his right hand stretched out. The shirt had opened at the neck and displayed the shrunken breast and the lank arm, and the thin fingers were sorry witnesses of the inevitable decay

of age.
"This is the way he held out his hand!" he cried—"this is the way he held out his hand!"

Poor fellow! He was, I believed, delirious, and I thought it best to humor him. 'Yes, that is the way," I said.

"Yes, that is the way,
"But lie down and try to go to sleep!" he "Go to sleep! Go to sleep!" shricked, and a horrible semblance of laughter that made my blood curdle, escaped his lips. "He went asleep. escaped his lips. He had been asleep for a hundred years when we woke him-ay, we cke him, and he held out his hand this way-do you see-this way.'

I had bent over Jacques, trying to southe him, and hisfeeble hand touched

"And there was a ring on his finger," he continued, "and a jewel in the ring and there was a demon in the Oh, yes, there was a demon in ! Whisper; come close to me."
And the weak hand strove to bring

me down almost to his lips. "Lock, it burned into my flesh !" and he showed me a finger with a deep, circular marks that went almost to the bone. "There it was," he mosned. "I were it until the touch and the sight of it made me mad. But the jewel-oh! the jewel. I tell you 'twas alive! Alive, I say. Itchanged its color every hour, every minute.
Oh! a brave jewel it was. It had all the thousand hues of the summer day. Would it not have been a pity to bury it again in the coffin-in the grave, and he was dead, you know, dead one hundred years or more? But I would not have taken it except for her. 'I'll marry you, 'she said, 'when you come back from the wars with a jewelled ring for my finger.' She said it in

Palais Royal, a few nights before my

regiment was ordered from Paris-but her words were in my mind long after cured it.
I had left her Years had passed since 'Ia I had said good-by to her, and I had seen much service, and, perhaps, there were other eyes that seemed as bright to me as hers and other lips as sweet, and maybe I did not think of her as often as she thought of me. But I saw her once-or thought I saw her-'twas the night before our final assault on the the Convent of St. Francis, in Sara-

gossa.
"I was in the trenches, 'twixt sleep ing and waking, when she came to me, and she bent down, and kissed my lips, In the act her wonderful hair, black as night, and flowing when loosened, almost to her ankles—ah! did I not often tangleit in sport in the happy days of our courtship ?-fell round my face and I felt her breath as she whispered: Dearest, when will you bring the ring to her to whom you have plighted

"I started up ; but could see noth ing save the mist slowly lifting from the sodden ground. The morning was breaking, and in a few hours we knew were to be called to our work

" Half the convent had been already destroyed. Subterranean cellars, in which whole families had found refuge, had become their tombs. Hundreds of workmen who had come to the aid of the Grenadiers in the defence had been buried beneath the ruins. The roofs of the neighboring houses were rible, reeking like shambles with the shattered bodies and limbs that the ter rible explosion which wrecked the con vent had flung everywhere; but when we made a rush into the convent it was worse than hell. We couldn't take a step without trampling on bodies still quivering in death's agonies, or torn limbs or severed hands, black with powder, and still palpitating.
"Oh, war!" cried the old sold

"Oh, war!" cried the old soldier, interrupting his story, "is a fine thing for those who were never in it or who have only seen battle from afar, and a charge up a slope with guns belching at you is right enough in its way, but to be digging your heels into the bodies of the dead and dying, as you attempted to reach the combatants making their last stand against the high altar of the doomed church of the convent, was horrible beyond telling The pavement of the nave and of the cloister had been wrenched up. The side chapels and the confessionals had been wrecked, and the bodies of monks, torn from what had been regarded as their last resting place, had been flung on to the surface. The habits in which they had been buried, some of them centuries before, were still undecayed, and in many cases the faces dried and shrivelled, but sometimes only grin-

ning skulis. From one of the old broken coffice protruded the livid, shrivelled features of a bishop, still wrapped in his sacred otal robes. His dried and bony right arm was extended, as if pointing at us, and his dark eyes set in their deep sockets, and his mouth, with its terrible expression, combined to give the ap-pearance of a phantom called from the grave to retuke and to threaten.

"On one of the shrunken fingers was a jewelled ring that sparkled and shone as no other ring had sparkled or shone before. The chapel was just cleared of Spaniards when I saw him and it, and my comrades were follow What is the matter, Jacques?" I ing the enemy into the tower, fighting was for a moment alone

> in the dried flesh. I seized the finger, buried my teeth in it below the ring, and bit so much of it off, and then, dragging the ring still with my teeth over the severed fragment, I flung the broken finger into the coffin and put the ring into my pocket.
> "I soon gathered from the shouting

and the cheers that the convent was

ours, and in a few minutes many of

the French returned to the chapel, bringing with them scores of win skins which they had discovered and which were full of wine. Our throats were dry with the powder smoke, and we drank without stint, and when the wine skins were empty we fastened them up and made footballs of them, and we played a merry game among the corpses—ay! a merry game, I tell you. And there were some who, snatching the vestments and habits from the dead, dressed themselves in them, and we laughed and shouted and swore, and I was foremost among the revellers until my foot tripped over a broken coffin and I fell head long. Trying to save myself I flung my hands before me, and they clasped a head that felt like her head! Yes, like her head, for thick and black and glossy was the hair, and silken soft to the touch as Susette's was. I dragged myself up and lifted the head. was enough. It was her face, broken and mutilated beyond recognition ! but it was hers. It dropped from my hands

and I became unconscious. "When I recovered I was in hospi What had passed seemed only like the faint recollection of a fevered dream, and by the time I was able to be invaided home I had fully per-susded myself that the incident of the head was a figment of the imagination : and so when the time came that I found myself in Paris once more I sought out Susette. She was looking lovelier than ever, and once more I

asked her to become my wife.
"'Have you the ring, Jacques?' she asked, as she shot a merry giance into

my eyes "See, 'I said, and I produced it. " Oh, it is beautiful!' she exclaim ed, 'and lock, Jacques, look ; does it jest, I dare say, for we were looking in not seem alive, it changes color every

under what circumstances I had pro-

"'Ie the wars, darling, 'I answered,

and now remember your promise.'
"Ah, that was the happiest hour in my life, monsieur, said the oid soldier, sadly, and his thin hand slightly pressed mine, and the last happy ed mine, 'and the last happy I put the ring on her finger at hour. her request, and we were to be married two days later.

'The next day I had an appoint ment with her in the gardens of the Palais Royal. I was resolved to be there before the hour that I might not keep her waiting. I was turning up from the Rue de Rivoll when I noticed a crowd. I pushed my way into
it. I saw the form of a woman lying
prone on the roadway. The soft silken mass of bair so like Sucette's almost took the sight from my eyes. sprang forward to lift the woman up. The head fell from the shoulders,

rolled a few feet, and rested on the poll, exhibiting the ghastly, mutilated face of the woman I loved, and who was to be my bride. It was the face I had seen in the convent at Saragossa!
"I was mad, I believe, for months after this, and they kept me in an

asylum for the insene. It was long after I learned how the poor girl had met her fate. She was passing a build ing in course of construction, when ar iron beam that was being put in the place intended for it fell out on the street, and striking her on the neck, severed her head from her body. They buried her in a common grave, so that I was denied the poor consolation of being able to stand on the very spot which inclosed her remains.

"I have seen her often in my dreams, and always she seemed to be endeavoring to pull the ring from her finger, as I had endeavored to pull it from the finger of the long-dead pre late, and, tailing in her task, seemed to cast on me a repreachful as if the ring had been the glance. cause of her tragic end. But she has not visited me for years, and I would fain hope that her poor troubled spirit has long since found rest.

"But another phantom haunts me now - the phantom of the Bishop. Look! look! Do you see him there there!" Look! look!

The old soldier was pointing to a corner of the room. I fear I was a little tainted with scepticism, and I believed poor Jacques was raving ; yet a queer feeling crept through me, as if there was some invisible and supernatural presence in the room.

"Do you not see him? Do you not see him?" cried Jacques, with startling "Calm yourself, Jacques," I replied,

gently. "You have excited yourself by talking too much. There is no one in the room besides myself and your "What! you don't see him with his

livid face and outstretched hand and the finger bitten off? He wants the ring, I tell you, he wants the ring! and Jacques, after this burst, fell back on the bed, gasping. Fortunately the conclerge, who was

aware of poor Jacques condition, had sent a messenger to Dr. Brisson, in accordance with the instructions which he had received from the kind hearted doctor to notify him if anything went wrong with the cli soldier.

The doctor just arrived at this crit al moment. He gave the patient a ical moment. cooling drink, and his very presence had a southing effect on old Jacques, who fell into a light slumber.

with the dead and the dying.

"I endeavored to snatch the ring who fell into a light slumber.

The doctor and I sat by his bed for the finger, but it was imbedded The doctor and I sat by his bed for half an hour.

"He is all right for to night, poor thetic tone. "I shall come again in And as he rose to take his leave I

was looking full in his face while he was speaking. Suddenly I saw his color changing. He was then an old man and there was only little left-in his cheeks, but these became ash gray as I gazed at him. His eyes, that still retained all their youthful lustre, were fixed, as I thought, on vacancy His whole form was rigid as marble. "What's the matter, doctor?"

cried, while a current of ice seemed to run through my veins.

He found speech through my fright ened eyes. "Look there! there! Do you not

see him?" he shouted. Although unnerved from the giuesome story I had heard from the lips of

Jacques, I was an easy prey to the fears aroused in me by the doctor's startled expression and fearsome question. I looked toward the quarter indicated, and there, as clearly -more clearly than I see the words am setting down here I s here - I saw the vision ged Jacques had described him. The It shrivelled face, the shruaken eyes, the came away with me. I turned it skinny arm-all were there, and the round to look at the face. One glance poor figure looked more terrible because of the faded finery of the episcopai garments in which it was clothed, but the greater horror was occasioned by the mutilated finger.
"Do you see it?" cried the doctor to

me, again in tones that indicated a strange change that was working over question aroused old Jacques.

"Oa God, he is there! he is there! Doctor, doctor, tell me what to do to great conflience. get rid of it. It's driving me mad.' I could not take my eyes from the figure. Suddenly I saw the firm lips

"If you would be rid of me, pent," came from the dead Bishop's mouth, and as a light smoke vanishes the phantom disappeared.

It seemed as if a cold hand clutching my heart had loosened its grasp, and I himself with the world! felt my vigor returning. I looked at Jacques. He was lying on his back, I dare say, for we were notking in minute—where did you get it?'

By Jacques. He was lying on his back, minute—where did you get it?'

Somehow I did not like to tell his hands were clasped, and the tears

Dr. Brisson was seated, his elbow rested on a little table at the head of the bed, and his head was supported by his hand.

He seemed buried in profound After a few minutes he thought. pulled himself together, and this scep tte-this avowed atheist - bent over the dying man - for it was evident that the hours of Jacques were numbered.

"Mon pauvre jarcon," said the doctor, in a broken voice, "would you like to have a priest with you before you go?

Three days later the doctor and I stood by an open grave, and while the burial service was being read I the doctor repeating it in a whisper When we turned away after the earth had closed over poor Jacques, the doctor rested his arm in mine.

"My boy," said he, as we moved slowly to where our estriage waited for us, "I'm an old man now, and in a few months, or years at most I must follow poor old Jacques; but, thank God ! I have lived long enough to be convinced that death is not the end of life, and that there is a future beyond the grave. Let us hope that we make ourselves worthy of it."-Irish Weekly Independent.

Note. - The description of the scene in the chapel is that of an eye witness, Baron Le Jeune, who took part in the attack, and the incidents of the girl's hair and of the Bishop's hand protruding from the coffin are found in it.

### THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

If a soul is delivered by prayer from I will assuredly reward it according to the abundance of My mercy .- Our Lord to St Gertrude.

St. Gertrude, who whilst in the flesh, was very much devoted to the souls in Pargatory, beheld, we are told in her "Life and Revelations," many souls meeting before her to testify their gratitude for their deliverance from Purgatory, through the prayers which had been offered for her, and which she had not needed.

No consolation, however great, that can be given to the afflicted of this world is comparable with that which is brought by our prayers to those poor souls who have such bitter need of them-the souls in Purgatory. How consoling is it to the Catholic to

think that in praying for his departed friends his prayers are not in viola tion of, but in accordance with, the voice of the Church; and that, as, like St. Augustine, he watches at the pillow of a dying mother, so, like Augustine, he can continue the same office of piety for her soul after she is dead, by praying for her. - Cardinal Gibbons

Ah, it is this thought-that we, by our prayers and good works can assist those friends and relatives-that robs death of its sting and makes our separation endurable.

# IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Love of Solitude and Silence.

Seek a proper time to retire into thy self, and often think of the benefits of Leave curiosities alone.

Read such matters as may rather move thee to compunction than give reasons for hope of mercy.

thee occupation.

If then wilt withdraw thyself from superfluous talk and idle visits, as also from giving ear to news and reports, thou wilt find time sufficient and proper to enjoy thyself in good meditations The greatest Saints avoided the com-

pany of men as much as they could, and choose to live to God in secret. As often as I have been amongst men, said one, I have returned less a

This we often experience when we talk long. It is easier to keep altogether silent

than not to exceed in words It is easier to keep retired at home, than to be able to be sufficiently upon

one's guard abroad. Whoseever, therefore, striveth to ar-

rive at internal and spiritual things, must, with Jesus, go aside from the crowd.

No man is secure in appearing abroad, but he who would willingly lie

hid at home. No man securely speaketh, but he who leveth to hold his peace. No man securely governeth, but he who would willingly live in subjection

No man securely commandeth, but he who hath learned well to obey. No man securely rejoiceth, unless he hath within him the testimony of a

good conscience. Yet the security of the Saints was always full of the fear of God.

Neither were they less careful or humble in themselves, because they were shining with great virtues and But the security of the wicked arises

from pride and presumption, and in the end turns to their own deception Never promise thyself security in this life, through thou seemest to be a him—this sceptic who believed that good religious man or a devout hermit death was the end of life. His shrill Oftentimes they who were better in the judgment of men have been in greater danger by reason of their too

So that it is better for many not to be altogether free from temptations, but to be often assulted, that they may not be too secure; lest perhaps they be lifted up with pride, or take more liberty to go aside after exterior comferts. Oh, how good a conscience would that man preserve, who would never seek after transitory joy, nor ever busy

Oh, how great peace and tranquility would he possess, who would cut off all vain solicitude, and think only of the

were sliding down his wan cheeks. things of God and his salvation, and place his whole hope in God!

No man is worthy of heavenly com fort, who hath not diligently exercised

himself in holy compunction.

If then wouldst find compunction in thy heart, retire into thy chamber and shut out the tumults of the world, as it is written : Have compunction in your chambers. (Ps. iv 5)

#### THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

Good intentions are so pleasing to the Heart of Jesus that they have the power of introducing us into His Heart. Jesus Christ lavished upon Mary all the glory which His Heart measures

only by Its power. - St. Bernard. How pleasing to the Heart of Jesus are those who visit Him often and love to keep Him company in the church where He dwells in His Sacrament !

What a happiness if some day on eming from Holy Communion I should find my miserable heart gone out of Peterboro Business College my breast and in its place established the precious Heart of my God .- St. Francis de Sales.

Peace! That priceless gift beside which all others seem of little worth; whose value may be estimated by the fact that our Divine Lord Himself gave it among His last bequests to His dis-ciples: "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

The abundance of graces and blessings promised by our Lord to those who exprestly and faithfully practice devotion to the Sacred Heart should im pel all to join the League. This devo-Purgatory I accept it as if I had My tion has been shown by the experience self been delivered from captivity, and of the past to be the easiest, simplest and most effective of all devotions. is suited to all classes; to the busy man of the world, to the laboring man, as they require so little time to perform. All that you are asked to do is to make the Morning Offering: that is, offer to God, in union with the Sacred Heart, all your prayers, works and sufferings of the coming day.

## AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH.

When we come to die all the world falls away from us—we have to face the darkness alone. Our friends are of no use to us; even our relatives stand by helpless while we draw nearer and nearer to the last breath and the stream of life flows on, as if it had no further concern for us, now that we are departing from its cur rent. In at our windows comes the noise of the streets, the rattle of vehicles, the cry of children; and we lie quite still and crushed, seeing of little consequence we are, and how little we are missed.

Ah, if in that hour of gloom, when the shadows are deepening about our weary eyes, we have the company of the angels come to show us the way to their celestial home, and the society of happy souls whose salvation we have helped to procure, we shall not be utterly lonesome, as the earth fades away from our vision, and we stand, trembling and awe struck, in the presence of the Detty!

is for us now to make friends with those who may befriend us when human sympathy can no longer noticed by dulled ear and deadening brain, and who, even at the judgment, may give us proofs of

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exter minator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

There are a number of varieties of corns-Holloways's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at one

them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at cnce.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Dyspfpsia OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the billiary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give reilef and effect a cure. Mr. F.W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

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The best blood purifier, enricher and pure, the best blood purifier, enricher and vital the strength of the st



antly allay itching and irritation and santly allay itching and irritation and sheal, and Cutricura Resolvent, to cleanse the blood. A single set is dicient to cure the severest humour. Sold by all Colonial Chemists. POTTER DRIG AND CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. "How to Caro Skin Humours," free.

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must each London not later than Tuesday morning. Arrests must be paid in full before the paper san be stopped. When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD London, Ont.

The Editor of The CATHOLIC RECORD
London, Ont.:

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

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

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

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

London, Saturday, Nov. 24, 1900.

THE IRISH PARTY.

The total number of Irish Nationalists elected to Parliament during the Mr. T. Healy, who, we believe, has not yet given in his adhesion, preferring to constitute by himself a faction under himself for leader. If these 82 members stand firm for the rights of Ireland, without new and foolish dissensions, they may yet be able to do much important service for their country. It is especially important that they should press the claim of Ireland to have a Catholic University which is kept back from the Irish people solely through the bigotry of the Orangemen of the North.

THE ARCHBISHOPS PROTEST

Archbishop Chapelle, the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, and the Archbishop of Manila, have united in issuing a protest to the Phil ippine Commissioners sent to Manila by President McKinley, complaining against the confiscation of the Royal College of St. Jose by the American military rulers at Mantla.

This fact does not accord well with the assertion of some of the Catholic officials of the United States who have denied that the Catholics of Luzon Island had any ground of grievance against the American authorities.

positively of such actions on the part of his subordinates, but he must be held to responsibility for their conduct

AN ANARCHIST DRAMA STOPPED.

The Anarchists are not satisfied with the general liberty granted in the United States to people of every opinion to air their theoretical views in private, and even in public, so long as there is no likelihood of any positive danger of breaches of the peace arising out of such propagandism.

It cannot be said that the public pro pagation of Anarchical theories is an innocent use of the general liberty, Inasmuch as from such propagation arose the horrible murder of policemen on the Haymarket of Chicago thirteen years ago, when a number of Anarchists threw destructive bombs into the police force, with the result that eight policemen were killed.

The eyes of the American people were opened by this to the fact that the propagation of Anarchical principles is a public danger, and several times since then meetings have been broken up by the police at which it was announced that the principles of the Anarchists would be maintained.

As a consequence of the Haymarket outrage, several Anarchists who were found guilty of the crime were executed. But on Saturday, the 10th inst., it was announced in New York that a play entitled "A Man Without a Coun-

wickedness of the head of the family, and I cannot let it pass without a warning to villagers of Oberammergau, no outis a praiseworthy act, and there is no likelihood that the production of the play above mentioned would have been interfered with, even though it was undoubtedly managed by the Anarchical societies of the Mafia in New York and Paterson; but it became known that the play represented the Anarchists as heroes, and it was made known that its production was to be a commemoration of the Haymarket outrage, the day being the thirteenth annivers ary of this event. Consequently, the police interfered to stop the play, and a body of the regular and detective police forces was stationed near the door of the hall to turn away all who came to witness the performance. Among those who were turned away were Mrs. Bresci and her two children. Notwithstanding that we sympathize with Mrs. Bresci's affliction and destitute circumstances, in her presumed non-complicity in her husband's crime, we cannot do otherwise than approve of the course taken by the police in stopping the disreputable exhibition.

The plea made use of for preventing the performance was that its managers had neglected to get a theatre license. This technical plea would probably not have been pressed if the exhibition intended had not been an improper one, hurtful to public morality, and dangerous to the common weal.

It is stated that the play was to be managed and produced by the Italians recent elections is 82, who form now a of New York. We cannot believe that united party, with the exception of the Italians in general had any connection with it, but only the Italians connected with the Mafia. The great body of the New York Italian population are law abiding and orderly, and have no sympathy with the Mafia or the Anarchists.

> THE SISTERS OF PROVI-DENCE.

We notice with pleasure that the efforts of Archbishop Bruchesi, to have the Order of Sisters of Providence re cognized by Rome as a permanent Religious Order, have been crowned with success. The Ray. Canon Archam bault, who has recently returned from visit to the Eternal City, has brought with him the necessary documents recognizing the new Religious Order, which has, after so many years of work, proved to be an association most beneficial to the Archdiocese, and useful for the sanctification of its members. All such institutions must prove their utility by being subjected to a long test before receiving such approbation from the Holy See, and the Sisters of Providence, having passed through this ordeal, have at last gained the approbation they have so earnestly desired.

orders founded by the late Bishop Bourget which has gained the formal sanction of the Holy See. It has now until he orders the damage done to be 78 establishments in 15 discesses, and there are 1357 members, of whom 13 are deaf mutes. They have charge of men and women; 310 deaf and dumb girls, 2000 children in their kinder. garten schools, and 11,000 patients in their hospitals every year.

> THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

Judge MacMahon had occasion re cently to pass sentence on a barrister formerly well-known in Toronto for an offence which we fear occurs much too frequently, namely, the appropriation or stealing of moneys by lawyers from their clients.

Lawyers have frequently large sums in their possession which belong to their clients; and as the clients are generally not skilful in regard to the means afforded by the law to bring their solicitors to justice, dishonest lawyers have frequently the temptation to appropriate a large proportion of these funds to their own use, and

they yield to it. Judge MacMahon has done well in meting out justice to the delinquent in the present instance, and we say this, not through any hostility to the particular lawyer who has brought the penalty of his offence upon himself, but

for the public good. The Judge in passing sentence said

to the prisoner:

"It is a sad thing to see a man of your former position standing in the dock charged with an offence of this character. You are worse than an ordinary thief, because you, as a solicitor, were standing in such a relation brest, of Paterson, N J., whose husband, Gaetano Bresci, assassinated King Humberto of Italy. Mrs. Bresci is now in a distressed condition owing to the condemnation of her husband to perpetual imprisonment for his crime.

To relieve Mrs. Bresci and her childgren, who are not responsible for the to the prisoner :

The amount to which the prisoner was delinquent in the present case was \$200, and his sentence was to six months in the Central prison. The sentence was light for the offence, considering that it was a fault which needs severity as a terror to evil doers in the same line. Exorbitant charges, and the stealing of money belonging to clients are things so frequent on the part of lawyers, that a strong corrective needs to be administered.

Judge MacMahon took into consideration the fact that part of the money due had been paid. It was, of course, right that this fact should have weight in the fixing of the sentence, and so the Judge is not to be blamed for having made it somewhat light; but in view of the enormity of the offence, and the difficulty of bringing such of fences home to the guilty parties, we are inclined to the opinion that they should, as a rule, be severely deal

Our readers should take warning from the facts, to avoid litigation whereby they are almost sure to lose heavily even with the ordinary cost of law suits, and are very likely to incur the proximate danger of being robbed besides.

It is, of course, sometimes necessary to engage in the uncertainties of the law in order to obtain justice from crooked debtors, but it should be the rule to settle matters out of court whenover there is any possibility so to do.

OBERAMMERGAU.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writing recently from London (Eng.) over the signature I. N. F., made a virulent attack upon the peasants of the German town of Oberammergau on account of their representation of the Passion Play which takes place there every tenth year.

I. N. F. insinuates that it is greed for money which induces the townspeople to keep up the representation, and that for this reason he would not go there to be present at it.

Mgr. Doane, the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York, has taken up the defence of the townsmen, stating in a letter to the same paper that all the evidence goes to show that it is not for money that the representation takes place. He says :

"The money that comes to them (the performers) goes in the first place to the expenses of the play, the theatre, the scenery, the costumes, the music, etc.; and the most of what is left over is used for the improvement of the village in various ways. The performers receive hardly enough to compensate them for their loss of time in rehearsals, and the actual performances during the summer in which the play is given. If money were at all their object, would they not accept the offers that are constantly made to them to give the play elsewhere? They could sweep the world with it, and make money, hand over fist. But no. They We cannot for a moment suppose that President McKinley approved in 1843, and it is the first of the many poses to show themselves actors and actors and actors are the society was formed in Montresl poses to show themselves actors and actors are the society was formed in Montresl poses to show themselves actors and actors are the society was formed in Montresl poses to show themselves actors and actors are the society was formed in Montresl poses to show themselves actors and actors are the society was formed in Montresl poses to show themselves actors and actors are the society was formed in Montresl poses to show themselves actors and actors are the society was formed in Montresl poses. fathers' vows; and no consideration wo

The fact is that the Passion Play was first instituted at Oberammergau in consequence of the delivery of the village from a pestilence which over-1 200 orphans, 1 400 infirm and old ran Europe so far back as the years 1882 and 1888.

In the last mentioned year, the village, having been carefully quarautined by the inhabitants, was still free from plague, but a certain laboring man who lived at Oberammergan, and whose wife and children were in that village while he himself was working in an infected district, found himself affected with the symptoms of the plague, and wishing to die in his own home, managed to slude the vigilance of the authorities, and went home, where he expired within a few days. Then the plague spread rapidly, and the villagers made a solemn vow to God to perform the Passion Play every teath year for all time if God in His morey would stop the plague.

The Chronicler relates that the plague ceased in the village at once, and since that time the Passion Play has been faithfully represented every decade, not as an idle exhibition, but as an act of religion which has had a great influence in forming the character of the people there and of the neighboring villages.

The people of Oberammergau are noted for their piety, sobriety, and composed by the parish priest of the village of the date mentioned, whose name was Father Dalsenberger. He was a man of eloquence combined with plety, and the words of the play were taken faithfully from the New Testament, except where it was deemed links in the conversations, and in such cases the spirit of the history of the Passion was carefully considered and

sider being admitted to take part, as the vow was made on their behalf, but the participators are not taken at to carve or grave, is etymotogically a random. A public meeting of the graven thing, but the Holy Scriptures villagers is held under the presidency

town two years before the time ap

drama, and no one is permitted to take part on whose character there is the least stain. As it is regarded as a great honor great influence on the character of the people. Nevertheless those whose names are omitted at one performance. are selected for the next, if there be no objection to them arising out of

are pleased, as they are in hope that they will be permitted to take part in the next representation at least, even if they are passed over on any one occasion.

The one occasion when the Passion

Play was omitted in its proper year was in 1870 while the war was going on between France and Prussia, but it took place in the year 1871, on which occasion it was witnessed by the Prince of Wales and many of the English nobility. This visit of the Prince called general attention to the drama, and gave it a world wide fame, so that it is now visited by thousands who would not have thought

before of going to see it.

At the last representation, which took place this year, a considerable sum of money was collected, which goes to the improvement of the town, after paying a moderate sum to the players for the time spent in preparation for the representation ; but it has not by any means degenerated into a money making speculation, and offers which have been made by theatrical managers to the players to make the tour of the worli to represent the drama, have been refused by the townspeople, whose only object is now, as it has always been, to nourish piety by this vivid representation of the sufferings of our Lord.

THE VENERATION OF IMAGES. In the Toronto Globe of the 12th inst, there is a report of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Milligan on the first three Commandments, Protest-

ant version.

Against the doctor's teaching on the necessity of adoring God we have noth ing to say. The subject is timely in this age when people are so apt to neg; lect their duties to their Creator.

But it would appear that the doctor can never supply wholesome food for his hungry sheep without mingling with it the nauseous seasoning of misrepresentation. A few months ago he accused the Catholic worshippers in St. | practiced by some pretended Christians tchael's cathedral of adoring colorse lights! So ridiculous an assertion scarcely needed refutation. This time he asserts that we adore "graven images," and we are therefore guilty of sacred pictures which nourish idolatry.

He founds this accusation upon the Protestant version of the 2nd commandment, which is briefly :

"Then shalt not make to thyself any graves image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bew down thyself to them nor seve them; for I thy God am a jealous God."

He declares that the assertion (of Catholics) that images are an aid to worship is erroneous, because such aids inevitably become objects of worship, as history testides. The Catholic Church has made use

of sacred images to remind us that Christ died for us, that the Blessed Virgin Mary is the most holy of creafriends and servants of God, whose ex amples we should imitate, but it is un heard of that Catholics have ever made these images the object of worship. Every Catholic child knows the teaching of his catechism that we may not pray to or worship images, because they have neither life, nor sense nor power to hear or help us." They are used only to increase our love for Christ by putting before us vividly the mysteries of Redemption, and by encouraging us to imitate the virtues industry. The words of the play were of the saints. The Rev. Mr. Milligan's history is, therefore, a falsehood without any foundation in fact.

But what is to be said of the Protest-

ant second commandment? The translation "graven image" is a falsification by design. An image is the representation of some person or necessary to supply certain connecting thing, but the heathen gods, such as the Hindu Guadama and Brahma, and the Chinese God of war, are not the likeness of anything whether in heaven,

Tre Hebrew word pesel from pasal, apply it to idols, whether molten or graven, as in Is. xlx. 19, translated in of the parish priest and mayor of the the Protestant Bible : "The workman pointed for the performance of the an idol to be adored as God, and so the commandment itself declares its purpose that no graven thing (pesel) shall be made for the purpose immediately to participate, this fact has of itself a indicated : "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." The Protestants simply to vilify the Catholie use of sacred images, as was done formerly in some other passages of the their ill reputation. In this way, all Bible likewise.

It was not forbidden to make images to nourish piety. Moses by order of image of things on the earth, namely, of the fiery serpents by which the Israelites were bitten in the wilderness, against God and against Moses ; (Num. xxi.) and every one who looked upon serpent is declared by Christ to have deemer, for "as M ses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." (St. John iii. 14)

manifested Himself to His people, two cherubim or angels were placed, also by God's command. These were images of creatures in heaven. (Ex. xxvii.) When Solomon built the temple two 'cherubim of image work" were placed in the Holy of Holies, which spread forth their wings to a distance of 20 cubits, or 30 feet, and the molten sea in the temple was borne by the similitude of 12 oxen. (2 Chron. iii. iv.) At the dedication of the temple, the people bowed themselves to the ground and worshipped God, before the altar and

mercy seat. (C. vii.)

Here then we find that no fear was entertained lest the people would be ed by all this into idolatry. Four hundred and eighty years had elapsed since the nation escaped out of the abominations of Egypt, and the fear of idolatry among them had passed away. Now the aids to worship would be beneficial and they were allowed, and even commanded, as there was no fear lest Rev. Mr. Milligan's historical theory should ever become true.

The Ray. Mr. Milligan says: "The leaders of the Church in olden times condemned image worship. Augus-

tine rebuked the practice as baneful." St. Augustine does really condemn the worship of pictures and sepulchres in his day in the form of drunken and obscene orgies with bad pictures, and this is surely to be condemned but he plainly approves the use of piety. Thus, preaching one day with the picture of St. Stephen's martyrdom before him in the church, he said : "A most delightful picture is this where you behold St. Stephen being stoned. you behold Saul holding the garments of the stoners." Addressing Saul, he continued: "Thou reignest with Christ along with him whom thou stonedst. You both now hear my discourse : Both, pray for us. He who crowned you, one sooner, the other later, will hear you both : may both recommend us in their prayers.

Another incident is mentioned by Rev. Dr. Milligan, that "St. Epiphanius, the Bishop of Salamis, tore down a veil containing a figure of Christ as a tures, and that God's saints are the violation of the Second Commandment."

St. Epiphanius did tear down a veil at the entry of an oratory or church, on which there was a picture, but he himself, giving an account of the matter, does not say that it was the picture of Christ. He had forgotten whether it was of Christ or of some saint. It is difficult to say what reason he had for this; but he asserts that it was to take away anxieties and scruples from the people of the locality." This appears to have meant that as the oratory was in Palestine, in the midst of a Jewish population who were easily excited to riot, he wished to avoid the danger of bloodshed by the public exhibition of an emblem against which the prejudices of the Jews were known to be unconquerable. Probably on account of the danger such ornaments were forbidden in Palestine. At all events, he replaced this one afterward at his own expense.

It is certain, as we shall immediate-

mandment, as it forbids likenesses only, Church authorities, both before and after and during the time of Epiphan-

They were used in the Catacombs, and in the Churches both of Europe, Africa and Asia.

A single fact, even if we have not fully accounted for it after such a lapse melteth a graven image " It means of time, from what is known of the circumstances, cannot outweigh the whole testimony of Church history.

THE ICONOCLASTIC HERESY.

Rev. Mr. Milligan quotes very confidently among the "leaders of the word image has been inserted by Church in clien times" Leo III., who in 726 forbade the use of images in churches as heathenish and heretical."

Who is this Leo? One would suppose that he was the Pope, from the confidence with which Mr. Milligan refers to his decree, but this is not the God erected a serpent of brass, the case. The "leader of the Church" was not Leo, but Gregory II. who was Pope from 715 to 731. Lso was Emperor of Constantinople. He had in punishment for their murmuring risen from a low degree to this position by intrigues and force of arms, but he was totally unfitted by his ignorance brazen images was healed. This brazen to be the dictator of the faith of Christians, even if his position as Emperor been a figure of Himself as our Re- had given him any such authority, which it did not.

Leo did issue a decree against the use of sacred images of Christ, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Saints, on the plea that they were idolatrous, and ordered them to be removed from Again, on the mercy seat where God the churches. This decree said:

"In my quality of Emperor, I am the head of religion as well as of the State, and it is my duty to put an end to execrable abuses. Therefore all idolatrous images and statues shall be removed from churches, oratories, and private houses to be torn and burned in honor of Almighty God, the protector of our boly Enpire." holy Enpire. It is evident from this decree that

the real leaders of the Church," who were the Popes and the Bishops, had permitted the erection of images, otherwise the ignorant iconoclastic Emperor could not have ordered their removal. It is further evident that the people were accustomed to show reverence to sacred images, inasmuch as after the Emperor made this order he was forced by the popular indignation to modify his decree, by pretending in a subsequent manifesto that it was not his meaning that the objects of art which decorated the city should be destroyed, but that they should be placed higher up beyond the reach of the hands and lips of the people that they might be beyond the reach of profanation. The Rev. Mr. Milligan, therefore, totally misrepresents the matter in endeavoring to persuade his people that the proper use of images was forbidden in the Church at the period indicated. Images were not used to be adored, but were used for the purpose of reminding Christians of our redemption by Christ, and of the virtues of the Blessed Virgin and other saints, and to encourage them to imitate them in their holiness. They are still used by Catholics for the same purposes, and are therefore useful as an incitement to greater love for God, and greater earnestness in His service.

The Emperor, notwithstanding his duplicity in endeavoring to explain away his own decree, still continued to make insidious attacks on the Catholic usage, and this was the origin of the iconoclastic or image-breaking heresy which John Knox introduced into Scotland, and of which Rev. Mr. Milligan is a present-day votary.

But the Catholic truth was maintained in spite of Leo the Isaurians's iconoclasm. Leo, by the terror of his power, obtained at last the adhesion of three courtier Bishops, and in order to gain his end, even himself turned preacher to bring the people to his side. But he was nobly opposed by St. Germanus, the holy Patriarch of Contantinople, who both in his letters and public addresses explained the truth.

He wrote :

"Christians give supreme worship only to God: but the Catholic Cheach has always venerated the holy Virgin as the most eminent of creatures, and the angels... and saints as our intercessors with Jesus Christ. Their images are worthy of reverence, and we honor them in remembrance of those whom they represent."

This great prelate then pushed his argument against the image-breaking Emperor, and the few prelates whom he had terrorized, showing that the custom at Constantinople obliged all subjects of the Emperer to prostrate themselves before him when they were admitted to his presence for an audience, and he asked: "Did ever any one imagine that this prostration implied that the same adoration was given to the Emperor as to God ?"

We may likewise say that if Rev. Mr. Milligan or any of his flock have in their parlors the picture or image or on earth, or in the waters, and if ly see, that pictures of Christ and the of the Queen, or of a favorite politician The performers have always been the Protestant version is correct, they saints were in constant use every- or hero, or of a mother or a father, we carefully selected from among the are not forbidden at all by this com- where else with the approbation of the shall not accuse them of giving to these souvenirs divine honor, but neither should they accuse Catholics of doing this to the images of Christ and His Saints.

It is true we keep these images or pictures in our churches as well as our parlors, but this is because the respect we pay to them is founded on a religious motive, and not merely that of civil or natural affection. The reverence we show to religious pictures is a tribute to Christ or His saints inciting us to gratitude to God for His mercies, and to the imitation of the virtues of the saints, and thus the Church is the most suitable place for them.

Leo persecuted St. Germanus for his determined maintenance of the Catholic truth, and in a brutal manner demanded his recantation, but the saint

"Christians (i. e. Catholics) do not adore images: they revere them. . . . They recall the memory of the Saints and their virtues. Paintings are an abridged history of religion. That is no idolatry. Absolute honor is not to be confounded with relative honor."

St. Germain was then deposed by the Emperor and sent into exile, notwithstanding his venerable age of ninety two years; but his testimony regarding what had always been the faith of the Church is of more value than the dictum of an illiterate Em

Pope Gregory II., when appealed to on behalf of Leo to approve his con duct, wrote a consoling letter to Germanus praising his constancy to the faith, and quoting, as having main tained the same doctrine, the grea eastern doctors Basil and Chrysostom

"Your illustrious predecessor Chrysoston said: 'Nothing touches my heart like sacre-pictures in our Churches' and the grea Doctor Basil says: 'Our yeneration for images has for object the Saints whom they Writing to the Emperor the sam

Pope said :

Pope said:

"Before promulgating your edict, wh did you, Emperor and chief of a Christia nation, not consult some wise man will would have taught you what you are ignorant of, for you are noted for gross ignorance? The Pontiffs are placed over the government of the Church, and do not meddle with the administration of the Stat so the Emperors should not mix themselve in the affairs of the Church, but should rewithin the limits of their own sphere."

The holy Pontiff and head of th whole Church proceeds to rebuke L for his ill treatment of St. Germanu then 95 years of age, and for havin caused the destruction of a miraculo crucifix which had been erected Constantinople by Constantine t Great, and which attested that t faith of the Church had always be that sacred images should be honore He rebuked him also for having thre ened to send an army to Rome to d troy the great bronze statue of Peter which stands to this day near door of St. Peter's basilica. T statue was erected in 453 by Pope Leo the Great.

The Rev. Mr. Milligan belongs, understand, to that section of the P vterians which has maintained independence of the Church from State, and it is an act of gross dish esty in him to deceive his audier by maintaining that the ruler of State is the "leader of the Cath Church," unless he did so in ign ance of the real position of Leo out if he was ignorant on this po he should have had more modesty to pose as "a doctor in Israel."

We have dwelt somewhat lengt on this page of history because it importance as showing the true to tion of the Church in regard to sa images. We shall add here only fact that to this day may be seen in palace of the Cæsars in Rome, ove great hall of entry, a large repre tation of Christ's crucifixion, w was erected by Constantine the C as a public declaration of his faith that of the early Church in Chris Redeemer.

This history throws light on the statement of Dr. Milligan that Council in Constantinople in 754 ecclesiastical sanction to this () Condemnation."

"A Council!" Yes. A legit Council? No. Constantine Co ymus, the successor of Leo the ian, adopted his heresy, and by r similar to those employed by Elizabeth in England, succeed establishing an Iconoclastic or l cal Episcopate, after slaughteris banishing the orthodox Bi priests and laity to an almost t

That Council presided over by ronymus had no more author settle the faith of the Christian than had the recent Pan-Presby Council, which openly admitted possessed no authority whatsoever

Go to Him, who says in the m His eternal tenderness, and His pity: "Come unto Me, all y labor and are heavy-laden and give you rest."—George MacDy these souvenirs divine honor, but neither should they accuse Catholics of doing this to the images of Christ and

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Leo persecuted St. Germanus for his determined maintenance of the Catholic truth, and in a brutal manner demanded his recantation, but the saint

relative honor.

St. Germain was then deposed by the Emperor and sent into exile, notwithstanding his venerable age of ninety two years; but his testimony regarding what had always been the faith of the Church is of more value than the dictum of an illiterate Em-

Pope Gregory II., when appealed to on behalf of Leo to approve his conduct, wrote a consoling letter to Germanus praising his constancy to the faith, and quoting, as having maintained the same doctrine, the great eastern doctors Basil and Chrysostom,

"Your illustrious predecessor Chrysostom said: 'Nothing touches my heart like sacred pictures in our Churches' and the great Doctor Basil says: 'Our yeneration for images has for object the Saints whom they represent."

Writing to the Emperor the same Pope said :

Pope said:

"Before promulgating your edict, why did you, Emperor and chief of a Christian nation, not consult some wise man who would have taught you what you are ignorant of, for you are noted for gross ignorance? The Pontiffs are placed over the government of the Church, and do not meddle with the administration of the State, so the Emperors should not mix themselves in the affairs of the Church, but should rest within the limits of their own sphere."

The law Pontiff and head of the

The holy Pontiff and head of the whole Church proceeds to rebuke Leo for his ill treatment of St. Germanus, then 95 years of age, and for having caused the destruction of a miraculous crucifix which had been erected in Constantinople by Constantine the Great, and which attested that the faith of the Church had always been that sacred images should be honored. He rebuked him also for having threat ened to send an army to Rome to destroy the great bronze statue of St. Peter which stands to this day near the door of St. Peter's basilica. This statue was erected in 453 by Pope St. Leo the Great.

The Rev. Mr. Milligan belongs, we understand, to that section of the Presindependence of the Church from the State, and it is an act of gross dishonesty in him to deceive his audiences by maintaining that the ruler of the State is the "leader of the Catholic Church," unless he did so in ignorance of the real position of Leo III., out if he was ignorant on this point, he should have had more modesty than to pose as "a doctor in Israel."

We have dwelt somewhat lengthily on this page of history because it is of importance as showing the true tradition of the Church in regard to sacred images. We shall add here only the fact that to this day may be seen in the palace of the Cæsars in Rome, over the great hall of entry, a large representation of Christ's crucifixion, which was erected by Constantine the Great as a public declaration of his faith and that of the early Church in Christ our Redeemer.

This history throws light on the next statement of Dr. Milligan that "a Council in Constantinople in 754 gave ecclesiastical sanction to this (Leo's) Condemnation."

" A Council !" Yes. A legitimate Council? No. Constantine Copronymus, the successor of Leo the Isaur. ian, adopted his heresy, and by means similar to those employed by Queen Elizabeth in England, succeeded in establishing an Iconoclastic or heretical Episcopate, after slaughtering or banishing the orthodox Bishops, priests and laity to an almost unlimited extent.

That Council presided over by Copronymus had no more authority to settle the faith of the Christian world than had the recent Pan-Presbyterian Council, which openly admitted that it possessed no authority whatsoever.

Go to Him, who says in the might of His eternal tenderness, and His human pity: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."—George MacD.mald.

#### LORD RUSSELL'S CATHOLIC FAITH.

There is, in the Fortnightly Review an admirable paper on the late Lori Russell of Killowen, from the pen of Edward Dicey, C. B, who writes of the great Catholic Chief Justice, not as an eminent lawyer or a public and impress the public that with Lord Russell had passed away not only the most eminent legal and judicial notability of his time, but a man singularly worthy of respect in his private whom his family and his family entertained, and rightly entertained, not only deep admiration, but keen per-sonal affection. We regret that our quotations from a paper so eminently quotable will have to be, by the exigencies of space, comparatively short, but, at least, we can give Dr. Dicey's description of Lord Russell's Catholicity, some attention. Mr. Dicey tells of his stay with Lord Russell at Carlsbad and of the congenial relations that ex-

isted between them: "The very fact of the differences of opinion that existed between us," he "on all the important topics of the time might have been expected to make our intercourse uncongenial. Russell was an advanced Radical, a devout Catholic, an ardent Home Ruler, and an admirer of Gladstone. My convictions, whether they were strong or weak, were politically, theologically and personally the exact opposite of those entertained by my fellow-traveller. But, notwithstanding our divergent points of view, pos sibly by reason of those very divergencies, we always agreed to differ.

I can not recall a single instance in which Russell ever said any thing to me in our travels calculated to jar on my feelings. He never made any attempt to conceal his own convic tions, but he was willing to give me, or my friend he liked, credit for sincerity, however much he disapproved

of his opinions. . . . To any sound appreciation of Russell's character it is necessary, especially for men of the world, to realize how much his career was influenced by his re ligion. . . . He was devotedly attached to the faith of his birth. Many members of his

birth. Many members of his family were members of religious orders; and he resented any disparag-ing remarks about the Catholic Church and about conventual establishments as being personally offensive to him He was, even when traveling abroad, a regular attendant at the services of his Church, and would, I have no doubt, have been distressed if he had seemed in any way not to attach due importance to the ministrations of the

priesthood. . . . This much, however, I must say in justice to him, that he was, for an lrishman and a Catholic, singularly free from any prejudice against England and the Anglican Communion. . He was a man whose life had been passed

amidst men of the world, belonging as rule to a class amongst whom a certain freedom of language is habitual. Yet, without any pretence of setting up a higher standard of morality than nis associates, his conversation was at all times exceptionally free from In as far as my observation went, the sort of stories told in club smoking rooms, and at bar messes, always met with a reception ians which has maintained the from Russell which did not encourage by no means squeamish in his language, he carefully avoided all talk the borderland of which even lay on In the course of a cheqimpropriety. In the course of a cheq-uered life I have known many men whose conversation was void of off once, but then they were not, as a rule, men who had lived in the society in which Russell-by the exigencies of his position and by his tastes-had necessarily passed the greater part of his life. lways attributed his distaste for loose conversation of any kind to the influence of a religion which had taken a strong hold of his mind from the days of his early education. I was the more impressed by this peculiarity from the fact that Russell was so emphatically, in other respects, a victions, and prejudices of a strong vigorous manly nature, and with nothing of femininity about him, unless it were an almost womanly kindlines; of heart. . . . In private life and in his own home Russell showed a side of his character which was not easily recognized by strangers

who only knew him professionally, that of a singularly domestic, affec-tionate and kind hearted head of a family. . . . It was not only that he returned to the full the affection he inspired, but that his household seemed to me more united than any one it has ever been my lot to know. utmost good will and affection on both sides, the relations between parents and sons and daughters who are no longer children are apt to strained. This is especiall between fathers and sons. This is especially the case however, at Tadworth Court could fail that the Chief - as his boys used to called him - was not only respected and loved by his sons, but was recognized by them as a friend. I should say that few sons knew so much of their father, and that, what is more remarkable still, few fathers knew so much of their In the Russell household there

terests, affections, tastes and ideas."

In connection with this we are ed to be able to say that the materials for a biography of Lord Russell are well in hand. A diary kept in America includes, among other interesting matter, the late Lord Chief Justice's impressions of a visit to Salt Lake City.

was an exceptional community of in-

where his powers as a cross-examiner were brought to bear upon certain professors of Mormonism. Another document of interest contains Lord Russell's views on the procedure of the Dreyfus trial, at several sittings of which he was an alert and watchful spectator. Mr. Barry O'Brien hopes complete his task as biographer within the space of a year.

## SOME FAIR PROTESTANT BOOKS.

Sir .- The following names of more or ess specially just Protestant books may

useful to some readers. If Catholics cannot or will not have placed in libraries standard Catholic histories, such as Montalambert for Monasticism, Kenelm Digby for Catholic civilization, Paster for the Papacy, Janssens for Germany, Lingard and Gasquet for England, Butler for the the Saints; then at least let them add such books as these which are presented here in such strange sequence. Yours truly

W. F. P. STOCKLEY. Cobbett.- History of the Reformation; ed. by Gasquet. 1s.
Treacy.—Tributes of Protestant writers.
(N. Y. Pustet). \$1.

(N. Y. Pustet). Sl. M. Arnold.—Essays on Ireland. Sl. Burke.—On Irish Affairs. Edited by Mat-thew Arnold (Macmillan). Sl. Thorold Rogers.—Work and Wages. Econ

mic history. 2s.
Parkman's History.
Lacky.—History of England and Ireland Lecky.—History of England and Ireland in eighteenth century. 8 vols. Walpole.—The Kingdom of Ireland. Ke gan Paul. \$1.

Walpoie.—The Analysis of Paul. \$1. Bryce.—Holy Roman Empire. \$1.50 Von Rank.—History of the Popes. Cuffs.—Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages. 81.

Buckingham.—The Bible in the Middle

Ages.
Maitland. — Essays on the Reformation .50. Maitland.—The Dark Ages. \$1.50. Spelman.—History and Fate of Sacrilege

Cave.—In the Days of Queen Bess. 75c. Ower.—English Studies (History and Brower. — English Studies (History and Literature). \$1.50 Andrew Lung.—History of Scotland. [1 vol. published]. Guizot.—History of Civilization in Europe [1 vol.] \$1

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facmillan]. 50c. Hutton [4]—Life of Cardinal Manning facmillan]. 50c. De Pressense.—Cardinal Manning. \$1. Jessop.—The Coming of the Friars. \$1.25. Jessop.—One Generation of a Norfolk House during the Reformation. \$1.25. Starrs.—S. Bernard [Hodder and Stough-

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Col. 32s.

Mrs. Wilson.—The Christian Brothers
[Kegan Paul.] \$1.

Bishop Creighton.—Persecution and Tolerance [Longmans.] \$1

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Baldwin Brown—Stoics and Saints.

[Glasgow: Maclehose]. \$1.50
Etgar.—History of Education in Scotland.

[Edinburg: Thirt] \$2.50.

Kingsley.—The Hermits.

Siduey Lear.—Bossuet.

Siduey Lear.—Fencion.

Siduey Lear.—The Revival of Priestly

Life in France.

Siduey Lear.—A Dominican Artist.

Bright.—Chapters on Early Church History in England (Claredon Press.)

Schaff.—Creeds of Christendom.

A. H. Tarleton.—Ticholas Breakspear [the only English Pope], [Hatebards.]

Freytag.—Martin Luther. [Translated by Heinewan.] Freytag. — Martin Luther. [Translated by Heinewan.]
Lummis.—The Awakening of a Nation.
[Mexico.]

Lanier.—Mexican Guide. Mexico as it Wa Brantz Mayer.—Mexico as it Was and Is.
Kay.— Social Condition of the English
eople. (Harper 1804.)
Lester.—The glory and the shame of Eng.

nd. Laing.—Notes of a Traveller, in 1846. Ridder. Sketches of Residence in Brazil. Thieblin. Spain and the Spaniards. Carroll. — Religious forces of U. S. A.

[1890 Census.]
L. W. Bacan.—A History of American Christianity. [Christian Literature Co. Baring Gould. Lives of the Saints. [15

vol.] \$15.
Cross. — Beneath the Banner. Father
Damien, etc.] [Cassell.]
Farrar.—Saintly Workers.
The Warwick.—History of England. 75.
Ransome.—Elementary History of England. [Percival.] 50.
Religion in Ireland.—[London Sunday School Association.]

DO NOT MISQUOTE FIGURES.

Some advertisers are using the Inland Revenue Department's recent fficial report upon baking powders to show the comparative strength and qualities of these articles as they are sold in the Dominion. It is not fair, however, either to the Analysts or to the public in making this use of the official figures that they should be misquoted, as it is alleged has been done in some instances.

The following figures are copied from the official report printed by the Canadian Government and correctly, as per that document, the strength value of the baking The analyses in all powders named. ases were made by the Government

Analysts : -Per cent. of available leavening gas. 'Royal" [average of three highest tests]..... 'Cleveland's " [average of two highest 13. Dearborn's " [average of three highest tests; "Imperial." [average of two highest tests], "Magic." [contains alum], [average of three highest tests], 9.9

These tests should set the baking powder question at rest. - Montreal Pharmacetical Journal.

7.7

Blessed be the goodness of God, for giving us the grace to remember Him, for out of that grace will all others come: and thrice blessed be His infinite compassion for the further grace of loving Him, and of yearning to make others love Him, more.—Father Faher

#### PRESERVING THE WORLD'S REVERENCE.

A Protestant Divine's Tribute to the Catholie Church.

A rather notable sermon on "The History and Place of the Roman Catholic Church" was preached last Sunday in Chicago by Ray. Dubois H. Loux at Crerar Chapel.

"Catholicity has made vast strides in swelling the volume of the world's reverence," he said. "The seven reverence," he said. "The seven sacraments, Baptism, Eucharist, Pen ance, Confirmation, Ordination and Matrimony, carry to a fault the deep est natural spring of devotion in the human heart. Nor are we aware to what an extent our emotional nature has been deepened by Catholic institu-

tions. "How much Sir Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne and the numerous writers of the present day have done by mere description to bring the Protestant mind in touch with the beauty and grandeur associated with the Catholic Church! Art, architecture, Cathedral, Vatican, Michael Angelo, Raphael - because human genius and its creations belong to all by right of our one common time, and because the symbol does awaken the thirst and quicken the conception of final glory, therefore the Church universal is greatly indebted to Catholicity even for the enrichment of its ideals.

"Protestantism recognizes Catholicity as a true Church. The Presbyter ian Church, by the authority of Supreme Court, receives Catholics into full membership without rebaptism Historically neither Luther nor Calvin denied the true communion of this

The age of big otry passed. Protestant. ism no longer refuses fellowship with Catholicity on the ground of former persecutions, for did not Calvin burn ervetus at the stake, and did not the Congregationalists hang Quakers on Boston Common, and did not the Episcopalian dye English soil red with Paritan blood?

"When the American Catholic Church, which, as under the Propaganda or committee of Cardinals, still treated under the head of a mission Church, has rounded out into its full, nay, its commanding place, the Church may look for great, good things. Meanwhile by its model Church conscience, by its power to quell riot, by its solidarity, by its Catholics since four Americanism, igned the Declaration of Independence, by its sweet charity, by its ten souls in our land whom no other Church could hold to God, we find cause for encouragement in the Catholic Church.'

#### INDIAN MISSIONS IN BRITISH AMERICA.

In reading of the Canadian missionary, Bishop Durieu, and his work among the Indians, one gains a very good idea of the careful and systematic way in which these people have been grounded in their new religion. For instance, at certain meetings that were held among them, lasting some times for three hours, the Bishop would say to his dusky flock, at the beginning of the session, "Mamook lapiosh," by of the session. which they were given to understand that they were to spend some time in steady reflection on what they had al ready heard in church in the morning,

so that they could render an account of other to remember what they each couli of the sermon. They were allowed about ten minutes for this, and then the Bishop would call on some body to tell him what had been dis covered. Sometimes the man addressed would have but little to answer and then the others would help him, and the Bishop would lend his aid. until the instruction was fairly well

repeated.

That there were among them some very apt pupils we can judge by the account given of the chief, named Alexis, who came from Cheam. Bishop Darieu once told him that, as he wa very much fatigued, he would not be able to preach the next morning, and therefore would expect him to repeat, atter Mass, the sermon that he would hear the Bishop himself preach that evening. The chief crouched down at the Bishop's feet throughout the sermon; then, for fully half an hour after all was over, and the other Indians had gone the church, there he remained, his head resting in his hands, as though absorbed in thought. next morning he repeated the entire ermon and gave much satisfaction thereby.

Oa another occasion, Bishop Durieu had gone on a sick call to Cheam, was asked by the Indians to address them. Though not then atla to use the Chinook language with great ease, he spoke in that tongue for fifteen or twenty minutes. Alexis was present, and when the discourse came to an end he addressed the good missionary. saying: "Now I am going to tell them what you said, because they do not all understand Chinook" then he repeated everything, and in the same

When the sermon was over, it was the Bishop's custom to instruct his flock on some portion of Christian doctrine, and here we see the pains and care he tock—so great that it is said that the Indians prepared for confession by him always made their conessions in the correct way not wandering off into useless stories, as Indians would be apt to do. The Bishop used to take each commandment and tell them how to accuse themselves upon it. He would then have them practice, each in his turn, all the ceremonies,

though the work was, and needing much patience, day after day, in camp after camp. In the same way he pre-pared them in the manner of receiving Communion. His people thus had the Ten Commandments, the pre epts of the Church, the dules of the different states in lained to them; and in the same way hey were taught prayers and hymns Moreover, there were disputes to settle among the indians, and the mission ary had to act as judge, and settle

Bishop Durieu never failed to keep his appointments with his scattered flock. "Dead or alive, I will come to see you at such a time," he used to Once, to reach a certain point, he had to travel fifty miles in fright ful weather, through snow, and over ice that finally broke beneath his feet, threwing him into water up to his waist, after which his clothes froze apon him, and he reached his destina tion nearly exhausted with fatigue Naturally, his people grew to love one who so loved them, and was so self forgetful for their sake.

#### THE HOME SICKNESS FOR ROME.

The " Newman of the North," as some have called the Lutheran theologian, Professor Krogh Tonnings of Christ iania, who while still a Protestant

wrote:

"There are many among us who look with wonderment upon the remarkable unity of the Roman Church; who see therein a community which has preserved its own through all the ages without yielding to the cries, the mockery, and the threats of the world; with out fear of numerous apostasies of which we are intimidated by the spirit of modern society, and sacrifice one after another all our spiritual possessions.

"Such persons see in the Roman Church a unique ecclesiastical body, which preserves its internal extrinsic unity, in spite of the times; while we break up daily into new sects and religious parties. They say to themselves: The Roman Church, and she alone, corresponds to the Biblical image of the one Church; our ecclesiastical body, on wrote:

themselves: The Roman Church, and she alone, corresponds to the Biblical image of the one Church; our ecclesiastical body, on the other hand, seems like that which the Scriptures condemn to destruction because of its internal discord, all the more so that many of its members look upon disunion as an expression of higher freedom of the spirit. Those of whom I speak look up to the Roman Church as to an ark of refuge; and they apply to her the famous words of Bagler in the poem of Welhaven:

'Ich sage, ihr Maenner und Kuechte, Ich schwoer'es auf meinen Schild: Ich Wuenschte, der Asen Geschechte Kehrt wieder in Nordlands Gefild." chte

I speak, O ye men and vassals, I swear it upon my shield: I swear it upon my shield: I wished that the race of the mighty. Were back in the Northman's field."

These words of the learned convert -let us Catholics live up to this our high calling by energy and humility combined; praying (did not St. Ignatius say?) as if everything depended on God, yet working as if everything depended on ourselves—these words were quoted in Dr. Shahan's address in Montreal last year, which now ap-pears in the Cathelic University Bulletin for October, as an article on "A Century of Catholicism"; telling of the ups and downs, the hopes and fears, the failing of some churches or of some churchmen, while the Church herself does not fail - in short a valuable article of references as to what has been done, and is doing; and specially, a sympathetic judgment on the part the English speaking people have now to play in relation to the Catholic Church. W F P. STOCKLEY.

The age of great men is going ; epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiit. Upon this, the Indians would get into gryups of three or four, and help individualism, if abstract quality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual levelling and division of labor, society come everything and man nothwill become everything and ring. - Henri Frederic Amiel.

A good intention clothes itself with sudden power. - Emerson.

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#### Sacred Heart Review PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

SY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

CXII

We have examined the few facts procurable concerning the person and character of Teizel, and have accer-tained that although Luther is on the watch to speak evil of him, he brings no charges of immorality or dishonesty, and withdraws the charge of blasphemy almost as soon as brought. His renew al of it twenty years later rests on no al of it twenty years later rests on no new evidence, but on a new outbreak of uncontrollable hate. Dr. Kolbe's laudatory account of Tetzel's early years, of his life long friendship with Duke George and his plous Duchess, and of his high standing with Bishop Lohn of Meissen, is plainly nothing John of Meissen, is plainly nothing but a religious romance. Dr. Groene, however, whose life of Tetzel Father Schleuter has kindly lent me, shows clearly enough that our customary pic ture of him as " brutal and veual of very doubtful authority. In fact, as Groene shows, Luther and the Lutherans attacked Tetzel only so long as their courage had not yet reached the point of attacking the Pope. As soon as they dared do this they forgot Tet zel, and Luther wrote him that he must take comfort, for that the Reformation was "a child that had quite another father.

The main importance of Tetzel is that, as a noted popular preacher, and a preacher of indulgences, he gives the prevailing type of popular theology. If, then, as Dr. Hodges assures us, the Catholic Church of that time was, in teaching, no less than in life, a mere bastard caricature of the great Catholic Church of the past, and of the future, we are sure to find this degeneracy realized in Tetzel's literary re mains, which amount to some thirty

large octavo pages.

That, practically, there was the deepest need of a reform of the Church. nobedy disputes. The sense of this need seems to have been earlier and stronger in Germany than in Italy, which was too much blinded with th glory of the Ranaissance, and this dif ferent level of feeling doubtless had much to do with the sudden and irre parable breach. In Italy, in point of life and discipline, it would not be going far amiss to say, with the Spec that the century from 1430 to 1530 was " the Nadir of Christianity. Cardinal Capecelatro, in his life of St. Philip Neri, does not use the term, but his description implies it.

As to the deep, practical need of a reformation, therefore, there is no dispute. Dr. Hodges, however, tells us pute. Dr. Hodges, however, tens us that theology was as much deprayed as life and discipline. He really represents the Counter reformation and Jesuits as having re-created the Catholic Church, in dectrine as well as in life. The present, and the earlier Catholic Church, he heartly recognizes as an illustrious Christian body, less freely evangelical, he would maintain, the Protestant creeds, but yet teaching and exemplifying Christian faith and holiness, above all where the adistorted influence of Loyola con

Batween these two regenerate epochs tors were disowned, but that, so far as concerns the conditions of union with God they were forget en

view of the condition of the Cath olic Church in Tetzel's time seems to be about the same as that of Cowper of the state of the Eaglish church just before the Wesleys. Here the forms of constitution and worship remained unchanged, nor were the creeds and homilies rejected. Yet practically the clergy, as a body, are commonly believed to have contemned even the elementary principles of Christian experience and holiness. Cowper, speak ing of the clergy before the great revival as a body, describes them as having been, evidently in teaching no less than life,

"A priesthood such as Baal's was of old," The same representation is given by Hodges of the priesthood of the Cathelle Church just before the Reformation

The Doctor is unlucky in one expression. He says that salvation had come to be treated as "a contract be tween God and man" And pray what else does the Bible make it out to be? We say Old and New Testament, but all allow that the more precise term is Old and New Covenant, that is, Od and New Contract Under Moses and under Christ God says to men . Turn to Me and do the orks of righteousness, and I will for give your sins Here salvation is reented emphatically as a contract, fulfilment of the terms of which by men obliges the veracity of God to admit them into His kingdom.

The Dean, however, would say, and the answer is wholly pertinent, that a covenant in fulfiling which man acts by the spiritual strength given him of God is a very different thing from a contract in which man, by his inde pendent power, accomplishes certain works, and then proudly exclaims "Give, Lord, for I have given." In this the Dean would whelly agree with Trent, which says that God, in His infinite benignity, is minded that the gifts of His own grace should become e merits of His creatures. Most Protestants would reject even this, al though the rejection of it is not a test of Protestantism. Bossuet points out the Augsburg Confession does not reject human merit in this derivative The English clergy are free to hold any Catholic doctrine not con

find this to be condemned by the articles. No one will deny that the Independent is a Protestant sheet, and I saw lately in it an editorial censure of those who deny human merit. In deed, a theological professor of pecu-liarly strong Calvinism said to me once that he did not quarrel with those who maintain merit as a fruit of grace, provided they own, what of course i beyond denial, that grace is infinite and that merit is infinitesimal.

Now the doctrine of T. ent concern ing justification, though not accepted throughout by Protestants generally, is owned unreservedly by Dr. Hodger as standing fully within the limits of admissible Christian teaching. Trent declares that the justification of those never yet justified or having lapsed again into mortal sin must be received, under the appropriate conditions, from the pure goodness of God. An unjustified soal can offer to God no work that obliges Him to justify. Man must receive justification as a pure gratuity, through contrition, which is itself a fruit of grace. But, once brought into the love of God, he may, in the strength of that, do works which, not intrinsically, but by God's benignant covenant, deepen his just fication, abridge his term of purifica-Now if, just before the Re-formation, the magisterium of

formation, the magisterium of the Church taught differently, taught that, by a contract with God, unjustified man may, by his independent strength, do works of penasce or mercy which give him a claim on justification undoubtedly we here have hearbeaten, undoubtedly we here have hearbeaten instead of Christianity. The Caurch would have lost her continuity, for she would have lost her faith. On this showing Trent would really have recalled the Catholic Church out of tem porary non existence. Saint Ignatius and his fellows would have wrought a miracle like Ezekiel's miracle in vision over the dry bones. They would stand on a level with the twelve apostles, a claim which would horrify alike the society and the Church.

Now Dr. Hodges plainly teaches that this was the state of the Church in the years before 1517. It was not, according to him, an aberration of some, but the practical theology of their time. " Men were being taught a doctrine of Now this does not mean the merit " Tridentine doctrine of merit, for the Dean holds Trent and the Jesuits to have recalled the Church to Christian-He means merit as an indepen dent power, applied by men, in

not strength, heighten salvation, through grace, but to attain it through mere works They were told that their good deeds and their penances earned and de-erved salvation "—that is, gave them a covenant claim upon it. "On man's a covenant claim upon it. part penance—on God's part pardon."
Evidently this does not mean that, by
God's covenant and kindness, those whom His free goodness had already admitted to a state of grace were re warded in proportion to the good deeds done in virtue of this grace. This is simply the Catholic doctrine of all ages, the reality of whose Christianity Dr. Hodges fully admits. It can then only mean what the whole passage means, and says, in various forms, that the Catholic magisterium of that Dr. Hodges puts an interval of plain day taught that men, yet unjustified, heathenism of teaching as well as of without either contrition or love, in life. Of course he does not mean or say that the creeds and the great doc with an eye bent purely on deliver- delicacies, or curious confections ance from eternal fire, could do works in vir ue of which, by God's previous promise, they could demand of Him to be forgiven. If this is true, then cer-

> If we find this heathen doctrine in Tetzel, it is a bad showing. If we find exactly the doctrine of Aquina and Trent, it will show that this lapse of continuity is a pure fiction. CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

tainly the Catholic Church had lapsed

Andover, Mass.

into non-existence.

# TRIBUTE TO JESUITS.

An interesting tribute to Catholic elergy from a non Catholic source is that paid to Jesuit Fathers of Kentucky by General Roeliff Brinkerhoff in his Recollections of a Lifetime.

In writing of his experiences in win ter quarters at Bardstown, Ky., during the season of 1861 62, the General says: -

" Among the few pleasurable incidents I remember of my winter in Bard stown was the generosity and Christian courtesy of the Catholic authorities at St. Joseph's College, the famous school of the Jesuit Fathers. the school was closed, but the faculty, consisting of twelve or fifteen priests, with Father Verdon at their head, remained in charge, and daily attentions to sick soldiers were unremitting, and when the smallpox appeared they never quailed for an instant, whilst the

Protestant clergy disappeared.
"One day I received a telegram from the front to make hospital ar rangements for six hundred sick and wounded soldiers, who would be forwarded in a few days. The only possible way for me to comply with this order was to take possession of the buildings of St Joseph's College. I sent for Father Verdon, showed him my telegram, and told him what must be done. He at once assented to the situation, and I arranged to make matters as easy as I could for him. I told him to concentrate his valuables in the stone library building and I would protect it with a guard. I told him also we would need all the bedding, and especi ally the mattresses, and that I would pay him what they were worth or re-place them. They also agreed to furthe English clergy are free by Catholic dectrine not con the articles and I can not hospital very quickly, with the constant. There is

ministrations of the Fathers and Sisters the investment of it in indulgence

of Charity. .. When I was ordered to Nashville later on, I requested Father Verdon to present his bill for propeaty taken. He simply replied: We want nothing. Ministrations of mercy in times like these should be without money and without price.' From that time to this I have always had a kindly feeling for our Catholic brethren. If we, as Pro-testants, would imitate their virtues more and criticize their failings less, it would be better for us all. Charity and not censure is what is needed from Protestants and Catholics alike, for 'we are all miserable sinners ' '

### FIVE - MINUTES' SERMOR

Twenty Fifth Sunday After Pentecost THE USES OF PROSPERITY.

One of the dangers of prosperity when it comes with a rush to pe who were born to limited means, is the reckless plunge into unaccustomed

Prudence and fitness are disregard ed in the determination to have enough of some long coveted indulgence, or to cut a dash " or "make a show," as

ommon minds express it. Indeed, one of the surest proofs of a ertain commonness and coarseness of fiber is this disposition to "eat the whele cheese," to quote O iver Wendell Helmes' summary of such cas s.

We are not speaking of forbidden pleasures, but oil; of vulgar or frivo us immoderation in what is lawful. Take those to whom every day brings a surfeit of dainty food, who must have the first and highest priced of the game fruit, vegetables, etc., as fast as the re-frigerator cars or the forcing houses can bring them, and every novelty in auces and confections !

Their conversations lower to incessant discussion of the table, and noth ing spiritual or mentally elevating can flourish in the mind that is preoccupied with dinners supplied from the four quarters of the globe.

We are far from criticising the abundance and variety of a generous table. Those who can afford it, are entitled to it, and many a one would want for bread, if the rich restricted themselves, to lentils and porridge.

In this country, it is possible, with good management, to have wholesome and varied meals at comparatively slight cost, and the house mother should economize anywhere rather than in the nourishing and pleasant food that sustains the breadwinner through his labors, and the children through their school tasks. It is the excessive devotion to food which characterizes some well to do people, that is blamable, and is certainly a misuse of prosperity, inasmuch as it keeps the gourmand from higher things. overfed are sluggish in brain, irritable in temper, and hard of heart.

We read of the mellowing influence of good wine. The man who had just a little too much of it is willing while the glow lasts, to give half his king dom to someone who needs none of it; but next morning, when his headache makes him peevish, he will drive a needy and deserving suppliant from

his door. If the rich were but to take stock, se to speak, of their larder, and to see wrought to stimulate a jaded appetite, while, at the same time, leaving enough for every healthy and resson able taste, they would be amazed at the net sum resulting, which could be applied to nobler purposes. And if they were to go further, and count up the noney saved in physicians' visits and prescriptions for ailments chiefly traceable to excessive luxury in food, they might awake with regret to the oppor tunities of real and parmanent hap piness coming from the service of our tellow creatures, forfetted for transient delights which leave long-lasting aches

and pains behind. " It isn't the cost of the quail and the partridge and the pate de foie said a shrewd woman of homely gras," said a shrewa woman of wit, "but the stuff they take before wit, "but the stuff they reli h it; they eats it, to make them reli h it; and the stuff they takes after, so they won't be uncomfortable. It isn't the brandy they drinks at night, alone, but the mineral water they have to ge first thing in the morning, so they's feel as if they hadn't had no brandy. There is much wisdom in the com-

plaint of this humble philosopher. Yender excessive smcker might have paid the rent of several poor families for a year with the super fluous cigars which have brought him a

weak heart. That unnecessary bottle of champagne would have bought schoolbooks for a certain little collegian, whose mother has such a struggle to put him through his course. It is true that it has not actually intoxicated the host and the guest who shared it; but both have had bad nights; and one got worsted in a bargain next day, by rea son of clouded brain and irritated nerves ; while the other had a most depressing and annoying family jar through the same cause.

The expensive cardies, over and above what the children of a certain rich home could safely enjoy, but which their mother gave them, weakly yield ing to their greedy insistence, would have bought and stocked a modest Christmas tree for the poor little family in the back lane.

The rich children had several days of misery with indigestion; the poor children had little or nothing to mark their Christmas, and looked with bitterness of spirit on the superfluous luxuries of the pampered darlings of the

There is no poorer use of money than

ure to bring a harvest of thorns.

Over-indulgence in the pleasures that appeal to the eyes and emotions is less vulgar, to be sure ; yet who could have much respect for the man or woman who boasted of having gone to the theater every night without fail during the entire season, or several This is, indeed, eating, not to say,

belting, the whele cheese.

Moreover, it is not credible that every performance on every evening. was such as could instruct the mind, or give innocent pleasure to the heart.

The dramatic critic hears the beast with disgust, and thinks of the plays he would "have paid to stay home from," as one of them once forcitly xpressed it.

But for the play-goer of a hundred nights there remains perhaps only b urred memory of the best; and an active germination of evil seeds in mind and heart from the worst.

#### A CHANGE IN PROTESTANT SENTIMENT.

"Thinketh no Evil" is the significant tile of a significant editorial in the current issue of cur esteemed Methodist contemporary, Z'on's Herald. It has been in pired, apparently, by Protestant criticism of the proposed federation of Catholic societies, with a view to the vindication of Catholic tights when these are assailed.

Says (ur e. c. :

It will mark a decided advance in the acceptance of the teaching and spirit of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians when Protestant Christianity shall cease to misapprehend and misjudge the Roman Catholic Church. In a recent issue we claimed that there was nothing unusual in the action taken by the young people's Catholic societies in federating into one general organization for self-protection. We are immediately informed by several readers that the purpose of the federation is political and for the purpose of exercising political influence; but of the federation is political and for the purpose of exercising political influence; but we find no authority for this unbrotherly in sinuation and inference. Why thus presume against the Roman Catholic Church? Would it not be more Christian to wait and see what is done, than to proceed to condemn it vigorously in advance? The fact is however, that the instigator of the movement (Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N. J. unequivocally asserts that he had no intention of inaugurating political action. Why should he not be believed? What should we say if an explicit statement by any one of our board of Bishops was ignored or disbelieved?

Every Catholic who works and prays for Christian unity will rejoice at those words, and applaud Zion's Herald for applying the Golden Rule to Catholics. Quite true, indeed. Why should a sinister political motive be attributed to Catholics for doing precisely what Protestants have done, unchallenged and uncritised for many years in

The Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Men's Christian Union cover the land with their branches, as with a net work, and no Catholic looks into the matter with an expectation of political solidarity.

Their admirable organization, their practical methods for the social and business advancement of their members are, however, often discussed, and praised among us. Nor are Cath-olics unwilling to take a suggestion from them for enhancing the efficiency of their own societies' work

It is pleasant to note elsewhere in Protestant journ sire to be fair to Cathelic matters.

The Independent is often conspicuus in this h onorobla way: 89 for example, is published not long ago a memorable refutation, and from a Protestant pen, too, of a calumny against the Jesuits. So is the Congre gationalist; and, though less often, the Churchman.

Religious controversy is more frequently seasoned with courtesy. Perhaps this is merely a sign of the soft-ness of the time and the trend to gentle manners. Perhaps, say some it has its roots in the religious indifferentism, so prevalent cutside the Catholic Church to day.

For our part, however, especially when we see it united with a disposi tion to honor herces of the Church, and to admit the world's debt to her religious orders, and to her art and song, we see in it a straightening of crooked paths, and a preparing of the way of the Lord .- Boston Pilot.

#### THE POPE COMMENDS THE DE-VOTION.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., says this of the League of the Sacred Heart : "We greatly desire to see the clergy and people of our dioceses acquainted appreciating and embracing the Apostleship of Prayer and its practices. Our wish is that all our parish priests and all directors of pious assoclations should devote themselves to introducing and fostering this work in the parishes and confraternities under their charge.

" At all times, prayer has been the weapon and divine instrument which the true children of Jesus Christ have used in order to triumph over the en-But in the midst of the emy of souls. present calamities, when the adversary of all good is making his last effort to extinguish faith, to disseminate error and win seciety, it is more indispens able than ever to awaken in the hearts of Christians, the love and the desire of prayer. In this way, united closely in the very Heart of Jesus, we may be

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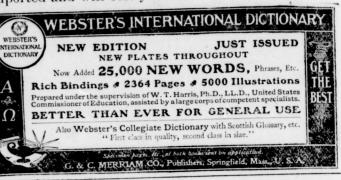
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able to repair the harm which is daily being done to religion and the Church by the hateful sects of implety."

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# LORD RUSSELL'S LAST WORDS

In the Ostober number of The Irish Monthly, the editor-Father Matthew Russell-makes the following reference to the last words of his illustrious brother, the late Lord Chief Justice. "His childlike faith," he writes, "was shown in the last words that have reached us from his deathbed. When a priest of the O. atory had adminis tered the final sacramental rites and was withdrawing from the deathchamber, he was recalled by the sum-'Father, lay your hand upon mone: my head and bless me.' The last words, except the aspiration faltered out half consciously toward the very end by the feeble lips that had uttered so many strong and noble words:

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healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

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A Pailadeiphia writer relates the story of a parrot that protected howner's home from burglars, who hentered through one of the front parl windows. They crept through the jimmying open the sideboard in t dining room, where the silver w kept. One of the other men gather costly Turkish rugs on the floo and another had taken down the cu tains when Polly spoke up.
"Is that you, Frank?" she querie

The burglars stopped as if they h been shot. Polly repeated the questi in a louder and more imperative ke The noise of the parrot awakened h master, Mr. Fisher. He grasped a volver, which he had bought only few days before, and kept under pillow, and made for the head of t stairs. He pressed an electric but on the wall and lit the lights in the h room, where he saw three men str gling to open the front door. promptly opened fire, but they ceeded in getting away. Dr. Fis then went down stairs, where he for the parrot in her cage under the pix The cage was upset but the bird injured. The owner placed her riside upon the plane, when she li her frightened head from under

wing, and asked : "Is that you, Frank?"

Holy Guardian Angel, Pray For

Oh! my dear children, if you loved and trusted as you ought, Angel Guardian, how he might s assist you in your greatest difficult Here is one instance, of a thou that could be given, which prov beyond dispute. It is not an old s either, for the circumstances occ in 1843, at Aigen, a small town i Tyrol, one of the provinces of Aus It was the 5th of September; a j had been piling up some wood had been brought him; he had it to a considerable height, and to remove the ladder on which h been standing. Suddenly the shakes, and the whole mass of topples down, and buries und ruins the joiner's little daughte two and a half years old, who w ting on some chips on the floor. agine the despair of the child's pa they ran in all haste, but thei word, the first feeling was this: Angel Guardian of our child, pr They hastened to remove debris, using the utmost cautio fear of new accidents. Every m seemed an age to these worthy p who expected nothing else but their child lifeless. They wer taken; their prayer had been i the little girl had not even a sc I need not tell you how thankfi were to the good Angel who he

tected her. The Joke on Ellen Ann.

"In a tin pail!" Cicely's voice was so astonish horrified that it made mamma "A nice, shiny tin pai amended. Come and see your And that isn't all there i either !"

There were crinkled tarts a cate sandwiches, and a little cup custard, with one of Cicely silver spoons to eat it with. was a twisty doughnut that loo a man, and a little, round p pricked into the crust.

"The inside's nice," admitted admiringly. "But must I to a tin pail, mamma? I'd rath way home-yes, I would-even ! Nobody else but Ellen bets carries a tin pail, and the laugh at Ellen Ann. And, o that pail is 'zactly like Eller mamma! Her's is shiny, too.

Mamma was fitting on th She locked rather sober now. 'A little girl who loses h lunch basket must carry her a tin pail, or—go without,"
gravely. "And maybe it wi for her to learn how little H feels to be laughed at."

"I never laughed at her mamma !- 'cept up my sleeve "Well, maybe now you we even there, dear. Now kiss off with you !" It was a beautiful morni

sunshine enough in it to days. The pall cover jing little tune as Cicely walked sun caught the shiny surface made it look like a silver cov Half through the morning came for Eilen Ann Tibbets home, as her mother was

there was only one tin pailir ing room at noon recess. forted Cicely a good deal ; fe have been dreadful to see eating out of a tin pail just She took her shiny pail an into the sunshine with it, how "deluscious" mamma would taste, and how-

Cicely almost dropped the twouldn't have spilled in had. It was nearly emp wasn't any little round pie

on the cover! There wa

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Polly Earned Her Cracker.

A Pailadeiphia writer relates the story of a parrot that protected her owner's home from burglars, who had entered through one of the front parlor windows. They crept through the hall-room past the bird and began jimmying open the sideboard in the dining room, where the silver was kept. One of the other men gathered up costly Turkish rugs on the floors

and another had taken down the cur-tains when Polly spoke up.

"Is that you, Frank?" she queried.

The burglars stopped as if they had been shot. Polly repeated the question in a louder and more imperative key. The noise of the parrot awakened her master, Mr. Fisher. He grasped a re-volver, which he had bought only a volver, which he had bought only a few days before, and kept under his pillow, and made for the head of the stairs. He pressed an electric button on the wall and lit the lights in the hallroom, where he saw three men strug-gling to open the front door. He promptly opened fire, but they succeeded in getting away. Dr. Fisher then went down stairs, where he found the parrot in her cage under the piano The cage was upset but the bird uninjured. The owner placed her right side upon the plane, when she lifted her frightened head from under her wing, and asked:
"Is that you, Frank?"

Holy Guardian Angel, Pray For Her

Oh! my dear children, if you only loved and trusted as you ought, your Angel Guardian, how he might assist assist you in your greatest difficulties Here is one instance, of a thousand that could be given, which proves it beyond dispute. It is not an old story, either, for the circumstances occurred in 1843, at Aigen, a small town in the Tyrol, one of the provinces of Austria. It was the 5th of September; a joiner had been piling up some wood which had been brought him; he had built it to a considerable height, and went to remove the ladder on which he had been standing. Suddenly the pile shakes, and the whole mass of wood topples down, and buries under its ruins the joiner's little daughter, but two and a half years old, who was sit-ting on some chips on the floor. Imagine the despair of the child's parents they ran in all haste, but their first word, the first feeling was this: "Holy Angel Guardian of our child, pray for They hastened to remove the debris, using the utmost caution, for fear of new accidents. Every moment seemed an age to these worthy people, who expected nothing else but to find their child lifeless. They were mistheir child lifeless. They were mis-taken; their prayer had been heard; the little girl had not even a scratch. I need not tell you how thankful they were to the good Angel who had protected her.

The Joke on Ellen Ann.

" In a tin pail !" Cicely's voice was so astonished and horrified that it made mamma laugh. "A nice, shiny tin pail," she amended. Come and see your face in And that isn't all there is in it, either !

There were crinkled tarts and delicate sandwiches, and a little golden cup custard, with one of Cicely's little silver spoons to eat it with. was a twisty doughnut that looked like a man, and a little, round pie with pricked into the crust.

"The inside's nice," admitted Cicely, admiringly. "But must I take it in a tin pail, mamma? I'd rather come way home-yes, I would-every single Nobody else but Ellen Ann Tibbets carries a tin pail, and the boys all laugh at Ellen Ann. And, oh, dear, that pail is 'zactly like Ellen Ann's, mamma! Her's is shiny, too. Mamma was fitting on the cover.

"A little girl who loses her pretty lunch basket must carry her dinner in a tin pail, or—go without," she said for her to learn how little Ellen Ann feels to be laughed at." "I never laughed at her-honest,

She locked rather sober now.

mamma !- 'cept up my sleeve. "Well, maybe now you won't laugh even there, dear. Now kiss me, and off with you !"

It was a beautiful morning, with sunshine enough in it to make two days. The pall cover jingled a jolly little tune as Cicely walked, and the sun caught the shiny surface of it, and made it look like a silver cover.

Half through the morning somebody came for Eilen Ann Tibbets to go right home, as her mother was sick. So there was only one tin pail in the dressing room at noon recess. That com-forted Cicely a good deal; for it would have been dreadful to see Ellen Ann eating out of a tin pail just like hers !

e took her shiny pail and went out into the sunshine with it, thinking how "deluscious" mamma's custard would taste, and how-

anything, except just two lonesom biscuits sliding round at the bottom ! "Why !" Cicely cried over again. Then she knew what it meant.

was Ellen Ann's shiny pail. Ellen App had carried hers home. "Well, she's mean!" cried Cicely, hotly. "I hope my custard an' my 'nitial pie'll choke her—'most! Yes, I do! I'm 'most starved to pieces, and

she didn't even leave any butter on her old biscuits !" She went off all by herself, to be cross and hungry. It was ever so long before she would be sensible and stop trying to believe Elien Ann had done it just to play a mean joke on her. It was ever so long before she took out the poor little butterless biscults and

oked at them pityingly. Was that what Ellen Ann ate for lunches? And not any butter on 'em at all? Didn't she ever have any custards or tarts or twisty doughnuts? And never any little thin slices of pink

It made Cicely so hungry to think about little thin slices of pink ham that she took a nibble of Ellen Ann's biscuit. Then she slowly dropped it back into the tin pail Cicely would rather go without any dinner than eat bread without a speck of butter on it.

Poor Ellen Ann! Cicely hoped she would like the custard and the crinkly tart-yes, and even the initial pie She suddenly remembered that Ellen Ann's father was an invalid, and Ellen Ann's mother "took in" house cleaning things. And the patched places in Ellen Ann's clothes—Cicely remembered bered them, too.

On the way home from school, what should peep out at Cicely from the bushes beside the "Halfway Spring" but a dainty little red and white lunch basket! Just where she'd left it to hunt for water cresses

She carried it home to mamma. "But I want the tin pail, too, to mor-row, mamma—this tin pail. I'm going to play a joke on Ellen Ann Thibbets, she said. And then she whispered to mamma, and mamma nodded to her. And the next day two dainty lunches went to school with Cicely, and one of them was in Ellen Ann's shiny tin pall.

-Young People's Weekly.

# CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

It has always been a cherished con viction with us—a conviction which daily experience and a close observance of men and things has only tended to strengthen-that a man should rather accept the decrees of nature and make that his life work, for which he has an inborn aptitude than to choose from out a vast field, a position which vanity or money prospects suggest, but for which nature has not intended him. One had better be a successful shoemaker or hod carrier, than a mediocre teacher or lawyer. Fitness and com-petency in the humblest walks of life, are better than mediocrity and incapacity in the highest position of State or Church. In many cases it is true the choice does not rest with us; and too often the work is thrust upon us without consulting a man's capabilities or leaning toward this or that trade or profession. It is far from my purpose to find fault with a young man in this unenviable position. If this be your predicament you will do best not to stop to grumble or fight with past circumstances, but put your hand and heart into your work and make the best of it. There is a divine purpose in every life and much of truth and strength has the grand old text: Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Who Are Concerned.

s had to that large class who find themselves doing that for which nature qualifies them, but are dissatisfied with their lot, for reasons of money or position. Somehow, their heads have been turned and they grow tired of the old farm, with its great rich fields of staggering grain, its purple hill side of grazing cattle they have discovered that the honest dirt and grime of a hod carrier or stone mason, is not compatible with the modern idea of a so called gentleman, the hand that, in the manly pride of a light, honest heart, drove the nail and planed the board has lost the oldtime enthusiasm, and the owner thinks he has discovered that he can better take care of accounts, in creased trous ers, and leave the sawing and building to some one else; the plumberbut why enumerate more examples? These are sufficient and expose and refute the crude and common sense-de stroying ideas which have found audience among a large percentage of our young men. Hereditary influence is paramount to all other considerations even environment. Every live kernel, whether botanical or human, is stamped with its destiny. An acorn can never grow into anything but an oak. All men are not run in the same mould, and a man's success is handicapped by his mould. If one has been born in the country ten chances to one, his natural apitude is for work a field, and while he is pretty sure to make a thrifty and capital farmer, he will inevitably make a poor and un-successful tradesman. The same successful tradesman. reasoning holds for all the walks of

No one should choose the life-work for a young man. Leave that to his good sense and natural leaning. It does not follow because the father has proved a worthy undertaker that the son will be better fitted for burying the dead than for any other occupation. Prudent advice is in order, but a par Cicely almost dropped the pail, but it wouldn't have spilled much if she had. It was nearly empty! There wasn't any little round pie with "C" on the cover! There wasn't any—

can't do it for us we must do it our-selves. You had better be a farmer because you feel yourself called to the work, than a doctor because you must. You will never know the value of fresh air and honest toil of the hands until you are boxed up in the narrow, dark and stuffy rooms, where "brain-men" earn their bread and mortal disease. There is no reason for the discontent and melancholy of which we hear so much a long as we have God's great gifts of sanshine, fresh air and the flowers. That man's capacity for real enjoyment must indeed be limited, not to speak of his narrow little soul and depraved taste, who does not revel in the warm sunshine and the flowers.

Why is it we so frequently meet with young men who have a distress ing impression of life and who cling to it. Only indifferently though at the same time they have not the cour-age to undergo suffering or the wish

A Pertinent Question

to die. I do not refer here to those blase youths who have exhausted the entire round of pleasure and are destined to fall from the tree of life faded before their time like unsound fruit. I am speaking of those sensi-tive and morbid souls for whom even the daily round of nervous life has become painful and resembles its normal state no more than the deep and inimit able roar of the ocean resembles the irritating jingle of the stage ocean. Why is it because their pleasures are artificial and exhausting, stimulating the nerves instead of quieting them. Amusement is excitement. Physical exercise and manual labor are the only remedy for this distressing state of affairs. They alone are the power that can restore and permanently hold

body. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' Advice What the gifted author of "The Gates Ajar," (in McClure's) writes apropos of literature as a profession may, with some limitation be applied with equal force to all the professions. "Do not write," she says, "if you can earn a fair living applied to the professions." Make at electricity or hod-carrying. Make shoes, weed cabbage, survey land, house, make ice cream, sell cake, climb a telephone pole. Nay, be a lightning rod peddler or a book agent before you set your heart upon it that you should write for a living. Do anything honest, but do not write unless God calls you and publishers want you and people read you and editors claim you. Respect the market

Living? It is more likely to be dying by your pen; despairing by your pen; burying hope and heart and youth and courage in your inkstand. Unless you are prepared to work

like a slave at his galley for the toss up chance, of a freedom which may be denied him when his work is done, do not write. There are some pleasant things about this way of spending a life time, but there are no easy ones. There are privileges in it, but there

are heartaches, mortifications, discour agements, and eternal doubts. Had one not better have made bread

or picture-frames, run a motor or invented a bicycle tire?"

Money. Every young man should know the use and value of money; but at the same time it is of supreme importance that he learn the whole lesson—that he learn the limits of money. It is an undeniable fact, that our sphere of use fulness and good depends in great measure on our pocket book. We can not carry into execution any great plan for the good of our fellow men or ch to the sacred cause of religion and education unless we have a certain income. Money is neces-sary,—there is no getting over the fact. But that a great fortune is necessary, that the best of soul and body should be given in the services of this unholy god, that a man's one aim should be to become rich, is the fallacious and sophistical teaching of modern society. This led the poet to exclaim:

"What is that which I turn to, lighting upon days like these? Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys." Money is the deity in which modern society puts its trust, to whom it instinctively pays its homage. But we would have our young men see the falsehood and the evils of such a system. Do you believe that the rich are fortun ate, are happy, that the best of life has been given to them? Money has the sovereign efficacy to save us from beg gary, from sneers and insults, but you ceive yourselves if you think it can transform you, that it can take away the poverty of mind, the narrowness of heart, the duliness of imagination, which make you weak, hard and com The poor think they are mon. wretched because they think money the chief good; and if they were right it would be a holy work to join with the Socialists to overthrow modern society as it is now constituted. is not the best, and to make it the end of life, is idolatry. Man is more than money, as the workman is more than his tools. The soul, the craving unappeasable element, of every man craves quite other nourishment than that which the whole material universe can supply. Man's chief good lies in the infinite world of thought and righteousness. Fame and wealth and pleas ure are good when they are born of high thinking and right living, when they lead to purer fath and love; but if they are sought as ends and loved for themselves they blight and corrupt.

#### THE TRUE SPIRIT OF PROTEST-ANTISM ILLUSTRATED.

One of the most striking illustrations of the true spirit of Protestantism is furnished by the conduct of the Eng-lish Government in reference to the demand of Ireland for a Catholic Uni-The overwhelming majority of the Irish people are Catholics, yet, in obedience to the demand of a small minority of Protestants, the Catholic majority are steadily and persistently refused the important and very neces sary educational institution to which, by every consideration of justice and mined to make an effort to do so. propriety, they are entitled. The minority have a thoroughly Protestant institution — Trinity Cellage—which they seem to think the Cathelies cught trying circumstances, I reached my old home. I was so used up, and protection to the control of the co to avail themselves of, though the pro fessors are Protestant, the text-books are Protestant, and a thoroughly Pro testant atmosphere pervades the whole institution.

Year after year the hierarchy of Ireland have brought the matter to the attention of the government, presenting a strong and incontrovertible claim for an institution in which the Catho-lic young men shall have the privilege of being educated without prejudice to their religious preferences. What agtheir religious preferences. What ag gravates the case is the fact that lead-ing Government officials—those who know most of Ireland and have been brought into most intimate relations with its people—are all in favor of satisfying the Catholic claim in this respect. All the Chief Secretaries of recent years are on the same side in this matter. Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Mr. Gerald Balfour have all acknowledged the justice of the Catholic demand for educational the equilibrium between mind and equality.

Earl Cadogan, the representative of the Queen in Ireland, appointed and retained in his high position by Lord Salisbury, two years ago declared: "I am convinced that as long as you leave the question unsettled, as long as you do not intend to render justice to those who are not of the same religion as yourselves in this high and im grievance which will be unredressed. Mr. Baltour, leader of the House of Commons, has more than once declared in the most emphatic manner, his thorough conviction of the justice of Ireland's claim for a Catholic University. Speaking in his place in the House of Commons on a recent oc casion, he did not hesitate to declare that it "filled him with dismay that Parliament should tamely acquiesce in a condition of things which practic ally and substantially deprives two

thirds of the population of Ireland of higher educational advantages."

Mr. Horace C Plunkett, in a recent speech, delivered in Dablin to the Protestant Orangemen, proved conclusive ly that the denominational principle was really already recognized in Ire even to some Cathelic institutions, and showed them how absurd it was for them to object to the Cathelic University. It seems he made the matter of plain and according to the Cathelic University. It seems he made the matter of plain and according to the Cathelic University. sity. It seems he made the matter so went to work to deprive him of his seat

in Parliament, and succeeded That is true Protestantism. The whole history of the case proves conclusively the awfully tenacious and relentless power of religious prejudice and bigotry. The more plainly and convincingly you present to them the truth which they do not like, the more obstinately do they reject it and the more persistently do they seek to overthrow and destroy it and deprive their opponents of the benefit of

We have been looking for a long time for the coming of the age of reason, of enlightenment, of peace and concord among brethren and of a spirit of brotherhood among mankind. But when will that day dawn upon this wicked world? all the spirit of Protestant bigotry and hate has been cast out, and the spirit of fraternity and Christian charity, or at least of justice and fairness, shall have taken its place.—Sacred Heart Review.

BLOOD POISONING

Follows a Wound in the Knee Caused by a Pitchfork

FIVE DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION GAVE THE SUFFERER BUT LITTLE HOPE OF RECOVERY - HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED.

Brockville Recorder.

Among the old families in the township of Augusta, in the neighboring county of Grenville, there is none better known or more inflaential, than those that near the name of Bissell. The Bissells were among the earliest settlers in the township and have ever since taken an active part in all moves to promote its welfare. The subject of this narrative, Mr. Silas Bissell, is one of the younger members of the family, who some years ago left Canada to make his home in the state of Ne braska. He has passed through ar experience almost unique, and considers that he is fortunate in being

alive to tell the tale.

The story as told in Mr. Bisseli's own words, is as follows: -- "In the autumn of 1898 I sustained a serious injury through having the tines of a pitchfork penetrate my left knee The wound apparently healed, but I did not enjoy the same health I had previous to the accident, and it was but a short time before I was compelled to take to my bed on account of ex-The only important thing in good works is the amount of love we put into them. The soul of an action is its motive. —Father Faber.

and then told me the trouble was blood poisoning. He treated me for some time, but I steadily grew worse, and finally five physicians were called in for consultation. My entire system seemed to be affected, and the doctors said the trouble had reached one of my lungs, and that they could hold out but little hope of my recovery. After remaining in bed for eleven weeks, I decided that I would return to my old home in Canada I was so much run down, and so weak that it was a ques tion whether I would live to reach there, but I was nevertheless deter-mined to make an effort to do so. my friends had no thought that I would recover. I continued to drag along in this condition for several months, when one day a cousin asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was willing to try any medicine that was likely to cure me, and I sent for a supply of the pills. After I had been using the pills for about three weeks I felt an improvement in my condition. From that time I gradually grew better; new blood seemed coursing through my veins, the stiffness in my joints disappeared, and the agonizing pains which had so long tortured me, vanished. took in all ten or twelve boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe they saved my life, for when I returned to

Canada I had no hope of recovery. Mr. Bissell has since returned to his old home at Lincoln, Neb., but the statements made above can be vouched for by any of his friends in this section, and by all of the neighbors in the vicinity of his old home.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such

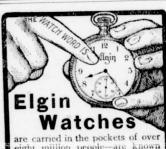
apparently hopeless cases as Mr. Bis sell's, because they make new, rich, red blood, and thus reach the root of the trouble. These pills are the only medicine offered the public that can show a record of such marvellous cures after doctors had failed. If you are at all unwell, this medicine will restore portant matter, so long will Ireland you to health, but be sure you get the have one grievance, and one serious genuine with the full name "Dr. Wilgenuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box.

Rich, warm, healthy blood is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus coughs, colds, and pneumonia are prevented. Take it

Nearly all infants are more or Nearly all intants are more or less sub-ject to diarrhosa and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be with-out a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint. complaint.

complaint.

CAN RECOMMEND IT. Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is all that you claim it to be, as we have been sing it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."



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ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH, LESLIE

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH, LESLIE

At High Mass on Sunday, Nov. 4th, Rev. Father McEntee was tendered a heartfelt and cordial reception from his parishioners in the presbytery on his return home from Europe after five months leave of absence which was needed to restore him to his former health and vigor. Needless to say the Rev. Father was agreeably surprised the splendid reception given to him, and responded most feelingly to two addresses from his congregation and his many outside friends. The following is the address presented which was accompanied by a purse—the doration of the parish:

Rev. and Dear Father McEntee—On this occasion of your return from your trip to Kurope which was taken for the benefit of your shattered health, we, on behalf of the parishieners of St. Joseph's, wish to tender you this slight token of affection and esteem. No priest could have done more than you have to endear himself to his people. No man could have worked more zealously and indefatigably in their interests: at the same time you had firmness coupled with prudence and moderation in your dealings with the people. But, Rev. Father, it is with the assiduity with which you discharge your pastoral duties, the zeal which has inspired you to establish various pions associations amongst us, and, above all, your single-hearted devotion to our spiritual interests, that especially endear you to us. Joseph's:

Signed on behalf of the parishioners of St. Joseph's:

Lincal Health and wishing you many happy versa amongst us.

TRIDUUM IN HONOR OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE
LASALLE.

A solemn triduum in horor of the canonization of St. John Baptiste de la Salle will be
held in St. Michael's cathedral, Toronto, on
November 23rd. 24th and 25th inst. The order
of services will be as follows:
Friday, Nov. 25rd. I ond all High Mass at 9
o'clock by His Grace will take place the blessing
the course of will take place the blessing
the course of St. John Baptist de la Salle.
The sermon on this solemn occasion will be
presched by the Archbishop of Toronto.
Baturday, Nov. 25th, Mass at 8.30, at which
all the pupils of the schools of the city will raceive Holy Communion. At this Mass Rev. J.
L. Hand will be the preacher.
Sunday, Nov. 25th. Mass at 9 o'clock during
the course of which Rev. J. R. Teefy C. S. B.
president of St. Michael's college, will deliver
the sermon. Solemn High Mass at 10 30, when
Very Rev. J. J. McCann. V. G. will preach.
In the afternoon at 2 30 Rev. J. P. Tresev will
give the instruction. At 7 p.m. solemn Vespers
and Benediction will be given, when Rev.
Father Ryan will deliver the sermon.

## ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

A pamphlet containing six of the principal Lenten and other Pastoral Letters of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate—including his Letter of anieut oh is diocesans—on being appointed to his present position, has made its appearance. The translation from the Italian into French has been made with the sanction of His Excellency and the approval of the Very Rev. Father Provincial, by Rev. Father Lacoste, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, Professor in Ottawa University; letters from both of the distinguished Ecclesiastics are incorporated in the volume. It is printed on fine paper and the letter press is clear and bold, and reflects credit on the Ottawa Printing Co.

A League of Prayer for the establishment and perpetuation of Family Prayers in the parish of St. Patrick has been founded by the Rev. Rector.

The Rev. Father Murphy, O. M. I., the chap-

Rev. Rector.

The Rev. Tather Murphy, O. M. I., the chapalm to the Gloucester street convent of ia
Congregation de Notre Dame, having been engreed by the Congregation of the Chesterville on Sunday,
the Congregation of the Chesterville on Sunday,
the Congregation of the Chesterville on Sunday,
the Chester of the Ches

vii. 9. The Reverend Mother Previncial of la Con-Rregation de Noire Dame has returned frm a visit to Montreal and Cornwall. On Sunday morning St. Catherine's church, Metcalfe, was taxed to dis utmost capacity to contain all who eame to assist at the Holy Sac-rifice of the Mass offered up for them for the last time by their beloved pastor, the Rev. W.

last time by their octaves.

Cavanagh.

The surrounding villages were largely represented, and among the congregation were noticed also a number of non-Catholics of the different denominations of the villege with whom the rev. gentleman had become a

with whom the rev. generated accommittee of general favorite.

At the close of the last gospel a committee of representative men of the parish stepped for ward when a substantial sum of money was handed to the Rev. Father, and the following address was read by Mr. A. P. McDonald, ex. Warden of Carleton county:

Warden of Carleton county:

Rev. W. E. Cavanagh:

Dear Father—With feelings of the deepest sorrow, we, your devoted parishioners, come this morning to take leave of you.

When you announced to us two weeks ago that His Lordship had decided to remove you from amongst us, to fill a more important charge in the Master's vineyard, feelings of sorrow and disappointment filled our breasts—sorrow at losing so kind, so devoted, so beloved a pastor.

Your stay as parish priest amongst us has been marked with every sign of zeal and energy and progress.

Your stay as parish priest amongst is has been may ked with every sign of zeal and energy and progress.

You have unified the parish, increased the Christian fervor and piety of your people and restored to the Catholic community of Metcalfe a unanimity which has seldom been exhibited before.

To day you can truly say that after two years of labor in St. Catharine's you leave a people who stand second to no other congregation in the diocese in all that constitutes true Christian piety.

The temporal affairs of the parish have been so simplified and perfected by your untiring energy that they run with the exactness and regularity of the planets.

Our hearts are sad when we gaze on the beautiful structure high completion and which was to be or that pastor under Divine Providence directs all things for the best we humbly submit to his will in this hour of trial feeling ones is another sgain.

But dear Father, in bidding you good bye we

submit to his will in this hour of trial feeling our loss is another sgain.

But, dear Father, in bidding you good by ewe cannot refrain from telling you how much we have appreciated your arduous labors in all parts of this parish.

How we have watched the sacrifices you have made in order to give us in Metcalfe the inestimable boon of the Holy Mass every day. How we enjoyed all the blessings and exercises of our holy religion, with the utmost regularity, and your example has been to us a beacon light, guiding us ever in the paths of right.

right.

Be assured then, dear Father, that we shall always endeavor to retain the good impression received from you, and we ask you to accept this little souvenir of our affection for you. We beg that when offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in your northern home you will sometimes remember your devoted parishioners of Metcalfe.

time that I have had the honor and the pleasure of being your parish priest.

I think the address shows too much flattery, as a young man might be led away, but I hope that God will strengthen me to walk in the right path, which was the parish path as young man be discussed in the parish in this Diocese.

I but parish in this Diocese.

I but you will be as kind to my successor and you been to me. Pray for me my dear friends, and in return I shall cheerfully grant the request you make in your address to be remembered by me in offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in my new home. Anothis long to be-remembered meeting was brought to a close by the pastor giving his blessing to the assembled flock.

On the following day the members of the holir waited on the rev. pastor and presented him with a bandsome silver tea set and a well-world address.

## DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

Dring your visit in Brace bridge, as guest of our pastor. Rev. Father Collins. you very kindly took upon yourself the difficult task of instructing us in Latin, and your constant labor and ceaseless efforts to instruct us in this, and also in our catechism, will occasion you to live in our remembrance with every feeling of affection and tender regard.

We therefore ask you to accept this purse as a slight token of our esteem and gratitude, and with every good wish for your health and welfare.

and with every good was to Journal welfare.
Signed on behalf of the children's choir of St. Joseph's church, M. Barnhardt, T. Pelky, D. Guiney. D. Lacombe, M. Dunn, D. O'Hanley, Miss K. Barnhardt, R. Caisse, N. Sullivan, M. O'Hanley, L. Connors, A. Lacombe.

combe.

Father Healey made a feeling reply. He thanked the children for their appreciation of his work and give them much good advice and bade them farewell with a parting blessing.

# DIOCESE OF HAMILTON

A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT.

St. Patrick's Literary and A'hletic Society of this city held their second annual concert in Association Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 14. It was a great success, both in attendance and merit, and we hope the club will continue to furnish many such excellent and high class entertainments.

The singing of Miss Alma Gayfer, a young city lady with a pleasing and well cultivated voice, was particularly appreciated by the audience, as was also that of Miss Alice Hanley, Miss Susie McGrath, in her rendition of "Hanging a Picture" from "Three Men in a Boat." was specially pleasing, and the friends of St. Patrick's hope to hear her again quite frequently. Mrs. Findlay McLean also sang very sweetly, and was heartily encored, The programme opened and closed by selections by the Glee Club of the society, which The following is the programme:

The following is the programme:

The following is the programme:
PROGRAMME.
Part 1.
lee Club-"Kathleen Mavourneen,"Chrouch St. Patrick's L. & A. Glee Club.
ong-Selected
ong—"Spring Song."— Lynes Miss Alma Gayfer.
ong—"My Moon Beam Babe," R. Keiser
ecitation—"The Song of the Market Place," Buckham
Mice Susie McGrath.
ong-" A May Morning," Denza
Miss Alice Hanley.

Mr. Eugene Jorge.

Song—"Her Majesty."
Miss Alice Hanley.
Miss Alice Hanley.

Heritaga Picture.

(From Three Men in a Bnat)
Miss Susie McGrath.

Song—"Merrily I Roam."
Miss Alma Gayfer.

God Save The Queen.

# THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED

Founded in France in the very infancy of the nineteenth century at a time of draadful strife and bloodshed, the Society of the Sacred Heart star ds to day a grand and powerful educational institution. Madeleine Louise Sophie Barat, us foundress, lived a life which seems to be a picture of the meckness and humility of the Heart of Jesus. Isolated from the world, Madam Barat and the companions who joined her took up their abode in a poor little house in picture of the meckness and humility of the Heart of Jesus. Isolated from the world, Madam Barat and the companions who joined her took up their abode in a poor little house in Paris, the humble beginning of a religious order which now spreads far and wide over the old and the new world. The institute of the Sacrad Heart unites the contemplative with the active life, its great object being the perfection of its members and the salvation of souls. The latter end is attained by the education of young girls and gratuitous education given to all classes in connection with the work of the academy. Eager to keep their pupils united during their school days. and afterwards when moving in social life, Madame Barat organized the Society of the Children of Mary, March 25, 1832, the meetings being held at the Convent of the Sacrad Heart. The object proposed is the spiritual welfare of the members, works of charity, especially that of providing for poor churches. "The little Society" suffered much in the beginning, but God was watching over it, and with prayer, patience and confidence obstacles were removed, and soon many houses were opened and the schools well attended.

In 1818 Mother Duchesne, in company with o her holy Religious set sail for America. The first house of the Society on this continent was opened at St. Charles, Missouri. Taking a retrospective glance at the years that have rolled by since that little Community commenced its first school in America with three pupils, and recalling the crosses and hardships which those first missionaries to America Mexico, the West Indies the United States and Canada. A little band of Nuns with Eugenie Desmarquest at their head, came to London, August 18, 1857, to establish a new house of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for blessing the mustard seed so that now there are numerous convents of the Sacred Heart all over our continent, in South America Mexico, the West Indies the United States and Canada. A little band of Nuns with Eugenie Desmarquest at their head, came to London, A

sometimes remember your devoted parishioners of Metcalfe.

Signed on behalf of the parish of Metcalfe John York. Hugh McLindon, O. D. Sullivan, treatees.

Searcely affected, thanked the congregation in the following words:

Dearly Beloved Brethren I thank you sincerely for your kindness in presenting me with this address and accompanying cift. I also thank you for your kindness to me during the

#### THE TRANSVAAL WAR

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

The Boers, notwithstanding the heavy losses they still endure in their endeavors to harass the British garrisons in the towns of the two ex-Republics, are keeping up the fight with great pertinacity over a considerable extent of territory, and even to the neighborhood of Marking.

The Vreiheid garrison is practically under seige, and has evacuated the town. General Delarcy with a considerable Boer force nade an attempt on the lith inst. to move some different ward through the Magallesburg mountains, but was checked by Gen. Plumer who now holds possession of the passes.

At Schweizerinke also a British garrison of 250 has been besiged by a force of 1,250 Boers. In consequence of such untoward events, Lord Roberts has intimated that it is impossible to withdraw of so necessary is it deemed to keep still a large and effective force at the seat of the well-ned to England from Natal some on the Cape.

Commandant Snyman, a Cape Colony rebel who was General De Wet's right hand man down to the last retreat of the latter into the Free State, is now in Amsterdam, and in an interview with the London Daily Mail's correspondent declared that the Boers will continue to hold the country, as England has not soldiers enough to garrison it. He estimates the number of Boers still in the field at 17 300, which is most surely an extravagant overestimate. He says also that if they cannot win they will at least do all the damage they can to the Boers will fight it it were for no other object than to inflict damage, is partly confirmed the Boers will fight it it were for no other object than to inflict damage, is partly confirmed the says under date Nov. 11, that:

"They are fighting like men who have nothing left to live for, and are resolved to digame."

Lord Roberts appears to be of the same opinion, for in a despatch dated from Johan.

which the Bo rs have been trying to get into the Transvaal at the same point for the use of guerillas.

It is stated that in consequence of a strong appeal from General Joubert's widow to General Botha, the latter has sent notice to General Botha, the latter has sent notice to General Roberts of the terms on which he will surrender. It is not believed, however, that any but unconditional surrender will be accepted. That this report is very dubious will be evident when it is compared with the later report that Botha has formed a new Republic at Roosenakal, west of Lydenburg. Both statements can hardly be true, though both may be false.

General Roberts has given the supreme command over to Lord Kitchener, who will from this forward employ his own tactics to bring the Boers to subjection, though the despatches will still be signed by Roberts till his departure for England which will now take place at an early date.

It is stated that a measure to be put into operation by Lord Kitchener will be to concentrate the burghers in the large towns near the coast so that they may not afford help to the enemy. This measure, it is said, is to be taken because they put the fighting Boers on the enemy. This measure, it is add, is to be taken because they put the fighting Boers on the scent of provisions which are brought to the interior to furnish food to the population, and thus the fighters are not troubled for supplies, which they readily obtain by these means. The burghers on their farms also furnish other useful information to the Boers in the field.

# IN CHINA

The demand of the allied ministers in Pekin that eleven of the chief officials of the Chinese Empire be put to death in punishment for their causing the outrages against foreigners. Prince Tuan and offer Princes of the blood royal being and out of the Princes of the blood royal being and only the number, has caused great consternation among the Chinese dignituries. The execution of four of the principal officials the Posting fu has added to the indignative, they are the state of the control of th

The ministers very properly point out that

The ministers very properly point out that the foreign troops came to China to prevent outrages, and to punish where they are persisted in. As China has hitherto shown no serious disposition either to prevent them or to punish the perpetrators. It was the duty of the foreign military authorities to do so.

The executions at Paomgti 'u have made a great impression upon the Chinese, who now see that they cannot massacre foreigners with impunity. The populace have also witnessed the trial of a number of presumed Boxers who were supposed to have participated in the massacres, but who were set free for want of sufficient evidence against them. This has impressed on the Chinese that the Europeans is reported to punish those who are proved to the trial do punish those who are proved to fave been guilty of atrocious crimes. The result has been highly salutary, and the murders of foreigners have now almost entirely ceased, except, perhaps, in distant parts of the Empire.

It is stated that the Empress-Dowager can-

except, perhaps, in distant parts of the Emprier.

It is stated that the Empress-Dowager cannot be brought to realize her position, and that she continues to issue decrees appointing officials even for the localities which are in possession of the allies. Of course such appointments are not accepted by the allies, and the officials cannot do the duties of their offices. Among her decrees is one severely censuring the plenipotentiaries for allowing the allies to send forward punitive expeditions. She seems to imagine that she may still govern the whole country, as if the foreign troops were not there at all.

to imagine that she may still govern the whole country, as if the foreign troops were not there at all.

During the last work, the unexpected news came that the Empriss Dowager has appointed Sir Robert Hart, the Englishman who until the general attack on foreigners, was the Chief Commissioner of Chinese Customs, to arrange with the powers the amount of indemnity to be paid to each. This shows an extraordinary confidence in the fairness and honesty of a foreigner, and were it not that there are good reasons for suspecting the honesty of the Empress is the appointment might be taken as an assurance that the Chinese are ready to give the satisfaction reeded and demanded. But, to feounderbalance all this, we are informed that the Empress is still making such preparations as she can to resist the allies and has particularly enjoined on the governors of provinces to resist the advance of all punitive expeditions. Yu Chang, the Governor of Honan, appears to be disposed to carry this order of the Empress instill the hambelized 20,000 Chinese troops and a sked for reinforcements and modern guns to enable him to offer a successful resistance to any advance the allies may attempt to make. The latest intelligence is to the effect that the Chinese Government has at last arrested Prince Tuan just as he was about to flee for safety.

It is also probable that, owing to the protest.

Prince Tuan just as no was about to field of safety.

It is also probable that, owing to the protest of England, Yu Chang, the Boxer leader who was to be promoted to be Governor of Wu Chang, will now not be appointed. This shows that the Chinese authorities are at last being brought to submission.

Resolution of Condolence.

Resolution of Condolence.
At a meeting of Branch No. 82, Kingsbridge,
Ont., the following resolutions of sympathy
was unanimously resolved to be tendered to
Bross. John and Wm. J. Long on the death of
their brother, Michael.
Also to Bro. Chris'opher Lambertus, on the
death of his beloved wife:
Re olved that while we bow in submission to
the will of Divane Providence, the members of
this branch tender to their bersaved brothers
their heartfelt sympathy in this time af affliction. Further
Resolved that a copy of the above resolu-

tions be forwarded to the deceased brothers, and placed on the minutes of this meeting and sent to The Canadian and CATHOLIC RECORD for publication.

M. WHITTY, Rec Sec.

## MARRIAGE.

COUGHLIN-DOYLE.

The church of our Lady of Mount Carmel was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Tuesday, Oct., 30th, when Miss Mary Doyle, daughter of Mr. James Doyle, of Brinsley, was marginer of Mr. James Doyle, of Brinsley, was margined to Mr. James Doyle, of Brinsley, was margined to Mr. James Doyle, of Brinsley, was margined by Mrs. Angels Doyle, of Brinsley, was margined by Mrs. Angels Coughlin, sister of the groom. The bride looked charming in a costinution of the Mr. James Doyle, of the Groom. The bride looked charming in a costinution of the Bride looked looked charming in a costinution of the Bride looked life so the Bride looked life so the Bride looked life so the public looked life so the Bride looked life so the B COUGHLIN-DOYLE,

Than tropic heat or polar cold.

Yet well I ween ye never leave
This planet till the bilssful hour
When, durance o'er, ye cease to grieve
And pass to realms of kingly power.
But some beneath earth's surface keep
Their darksome vigil; others roam
The desert sands, the wind swept deep;
And some, more favored, haunt the home
Their childhood loved, or where they died,
Yet all are purged and purified
By pains intense we cannot guess—
Or searching sacramental fire.
Or darkness to which night were day;
What tho' they be at peace no less,
And gladly suffer while they pray—
Their thought of thoughts, their one desire
To see the God in whom they live.

The Infinite Beauty, and possess
That All His Face alone can give

#### OBITUARY.

MR. James Fitzgibeons, London.

Mr. James Fitzgibeons, grocer, corner Ridout and York streets, London, died on Monday morning, November 12th in the sixty-second year of his age. Mr. Fitzgibbons, who had been in delicate health for a couple of months past, though not confined to bed until a few days before his death, was an old and respected resident of this city and being naturally of a kind and gentle disposition he made friends without number, one and all of whom will regret to hear of his death. He was a native of Drumcoloher. County Limerick, Ireland; and besides three sisters, he leaves to mourn his loss, Mrs. Fitzgibbon's, his widow, two sons—Messra Thomas and Jamesthree daughters—Mrs. John McShea of St. Thomas, Mrs. J. Guittard of Windsor, and Miss Margaret, and four grand children. The funeral, which was very largely fattended. took place to the Cathedral on Wednesday at 9 o'clock, Requiem High Mass being celebrated by Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector, and the interment was made in the family plot in St. Peter's cemetery. May his soul rest in peace!

Mrs. Lucy Robinson McPhillips, London, We regret very much to be called upon to announce the death of this most estimable ladv MR. JAMES FITZGIBBONS, LONDON.

MISS MAGGIE M. HAMMOND, HAMILTON, ONT Miss Maggie M. Hammond, Hamilton, Ont, On Monday, November 12th, the death ocurred at her residence at 8 Macauley street West, this city, of Miss Maggie M. Hammond, clitest daughter of James Hammond, City Scate Clerk. The young lady, who was in her nineteenth year, was an universal favorite and the special comfort of a loving mother and a devoted father. She had been alling only one week when she succumbed to that dreaded disease, diphtheria. We trust that the grief stricken parents may receive comfort from the knowledge that she who was the joy of their home has gone to a better world where she now joins with the angels to sing for all eternity the praises of Him Who orders all things for the best. R. I. P.

Mr. John Mugan, Theoneurg.

for the best. R. I. P.

MR. John Mugan, Theonburg.

Died in Chicago, of pneumonia on Nov. 14th.
John Mugan, youngest son of Patrick Mugan
of Tilsonburg. The remains were accompanied
by his two brothers, Rev. J. Mugan, P. P.
Corunna, and Michael Mugan, barrister, Port
sanilac, Mich., to Tilsonburg, where, in the
presence of a large concourse of friends and
sympathizers, Requiem High Mass was celebrated last Saturday by Rev. P. Corcoran of
La Salette, for the repose of the soul of the deceased. Before the last absoute, Rev. Corcoran addressed a few touching remarks to
the people, on the certainty of death and the
uncertainty when we shall be called upon to
quit this world and give an account of our
stewardship. The deceased, John Mugan, is a
sad illustration of this truth He was only
thirty two years of age at the time of his
death, and was called away with the prospect
of a bright future before him. He was born in
this neighborhood, in the township of Dereham and received part of his education in Tilsonburg, where he was known as an exemplar
young man.

The funeral cortege proceeded from the MR. JOHN MUGAN, TILSONBURG.

MISS JOHANNAH BRADY, ST. THOMAS. Miss Johannah Brady of St. Thomas died on Sunday, Nov. 18th inst. Miss Brady was a sister of Drs. M. and J. Brady of Detroit, and cousin of Rev. Father Brady, Windsor. May her soul restin peace!

Mrs. Timothy Coughlin, Hashiks.

MRS. TIMOTHY COCCHEIN, HASTINGS.
Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Timothy Coughlin. The late Mrs. Coughlin was one of the pioneers of Hastings parish, and died there, at the home of her daughter, Miss Ellen Coughlin, on Monday evening the 12th inst., aged eighty-eight. R. I. P.

# Baking Powder **Economy**

The manufacturers of Royal Baking Powder have always declined to produce a cheap baking powder at the sacrifice of quality.

The Royal is made from the most highly refined and wholesome ingredients, and is the embodiment of all the excellence possible to be attained in the highest class baking powder.

Royal Baking Powder costs only a fair price, and is cheaper at its price than any similar article.

> Samples of mixtures made in imitation of baking powders, but containing alum, are frequently distributed from door to door, or given away in Such mixtures to use in food, and in many cities their sale is prohibited by law. Alum is a corrosive poison, and all physicians condemn baking powders containing it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

How sad the peal, that rings high o'er the trees And bids my thoughts be still! How sad the That from St. Peter's steals—some wears

Sighs deeply 'neath the mournful sound that steals
And fills my heart with sorrow's note so sad.
I muse and dream and happy thoughts so glad
From me have flown, and deep my heart now feels,
That some day, too, you tolling bell will ring
Alas! for me; e'en now its throbbing breath
Doth fill my weary soul—yet doth it bring
With it remorse—for though we sleep in death
Not it, the end of all. O Soul! Be brave!
Thy trust in God! There's Life beyond the
grave.

—J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

edition now occurs.

appeared and is re-written and enlarged. Copp clark & Co., Toronto,
Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay Street. New York,
have recently published some very handsomety bound and interesting stories for youth, at
40 cents each. "The Mysterious Doorway." by
Anna T. Sadlier, and "Old Charlmont's SeedBed" by Sara Trainer Smith are among the
latest. Either of these would make a very
suitable and appropriate gift for the young
folk.

latest. Either of these would make a very suitable and appropriate gift for the young folk.

"Confirmation." The Sacrament of Confirmation explained in simple explained in simple language for children. With questions for teachers. Edited by Rev. J. J. Nash, D. D. Publishers, Benziger Bros. Price 5 cents each. Per hundred copies 83.50.

"The Way of the World and Other Ways: A Story of Our Set," is the title of a new volume by Katherine E. Conway, published by the Pilot Publishing Co. Prettilly bound in red (with gold letters). It is, as can truly be said of all the writings of Miss Conway, a most interesting volume, and one which we have much pleasure in recommending to our readers.

Price \$1.

Little Missy, by Mary T. Waggaman, Benziger Bros., publishers. Price 49 cents. Another interesting story, also for the young folk, and published by the same firm, at the same price, The Queen's Page, a Story of the Days of Charles I. of England, by Catherine Tynan Hinkson.

# MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. straw, per load, \$3.00 to \$3.50; straw, per ton, \$5.00 to \$6.00.
Live Stock—Live bogs, \$4.40 to \$4.60; pigs, pair, \$3 to \$5.00 to \$5.00; by \$7.00; by \$7.00;

and 15c. to 20c more quoted for choice grades; Manitoba flour steady, at \$4.60 for Hungarian patents, and \$4.30 for strong bakers, in car lots baga included. Toronto. Millfeed dull, at \$12 for shorts, and \$11 for bran west. Barley quiet; No. 1, at 43c east, No. 2 at 38jc, middle freights, and No. 3, extra at 57c west. Buckwheat firmer, at 48c, middle freights west. Rys steady, 17sc, middle freights. Cornsteady, at 38c, for old Canada yellow, and 32 to 32t of 17r new west; American is steady; at 46ic to 47c for old No. 3) ellow, and 44c, for new Toronto, Oats steady, at 28c for No. 1 white east, 24c, for No. 2 white middle freights, and 23jc, for high freights west. Oatmeal steady, at \$2 20 for cars of barrels, and \$3.10 for bage in car lots, Toronto, and 20c, more for small lots. Peas in demand and firmer, at 58c, east, 58jc middle freights, and 58c, high freights.

With it remorse—for though we sleep in death Not it, the end of al?. O Sou!! Be brave! Thy trust in God! There's Life beyond the grave.

—J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received from Longmans, Green & Montreal, Nov. 22.—Manitoba wheat No. I hard, 83c; spring wheat, 76c; red wheat, 75c; co. 39 Paternoster Row. London, England, a very valuable work on Psychology, written by Rev. Michael Maher, S. J., Professor of Mental Philosophy at Stoneyhurst College, and examiner for the diploma in teaching the data of the Royal University of Ireland. The distinguished author has a thorough and sound knowledge of his subject and treats it in a scientific manner, and on that account the work cannot be too highly recommended to students. The edition now before us is the fourth which has appeared and is re written and enlarged. Copp Clark & Co. Toronto.

Benziger Bros. 36 Barclay Street. New York, have recently published some very handsome by bound and interesting stories for youth, at 49 cents each. "The Mysterious Doorway," by Anna T. Sadlier, and "Old Charlmont's Seed-

# Latest Live Stock Markets.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

TORONTO.

Teronto, Nov. 22.— The following is the range of quotations at Western cattle market this morning:
Cattle — Shippers, per cwt., \$4.00 to \$4.50; butcher choice, do., \$4.00 to \$4.50; butcher, medium to good, \$3.25 to \$3.75; butcher, inferior, \$2.25 to \$2.75; stockers. per cwt., \$2.25 to \$3.00;
Sheep and lambs—Sheep, per cwt., \$3.00 to \$3.40; spring lambs, per cwt. \$3.25 to \$3.75; bucks, per cwt., \$2.25 to \$3.75; bucks, per cwt., \$2.5 to \$3.00.

Milkers and Calves.—Cows, each, \$20 to \$40; calves, each, \$2 to \$8.00.

Hogs.—Choice hogs, per cwt., \$4.75 to \$5.00; light hogs, per cwt., \$4.50 to \$4.62; store hogs, per cwt., \$4.50 to \$4.62; store hogs, per cwt. \$4; \$0 to \$4.62; store hogs, per cwt. \$4; \$0 to \$4.00; stags, \$2.00 to \$2.25.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 22.—
Cattle — Fair demand; market steady at Monday's close for good butcher cattle. Calves choice to extra, \$7.75 to \$8; good to choice, \$7.25 to \$7.50. Sheep and lambs—Offerings hieral; lambs, choice to extra, \$3.15 to \$5.25; good to choice, \$5 to \$5.15; fair to good, \$4.50 to \$3.50; sheep, mixed, \$3.50 to \$8.50; ewes, \$3.75 to \$4; wethers \$4 to \$4.25; Canada lamb, \$5.10 to \$5.25; Hogs—Fairly active and lower; beavy offered, \$5.10 to \$5.15; mixed, \$5.10 to \$5.125; Yorkers, \$5.10; ptg. \$5.10 to \$5.125; Toughs, \$4.65 to \$4.80; stags, \$3.75 to \$4.25; late in the day market declined; Yorkers selling for \$5 at the close and phys, \$5.12

# TEACHERS WANTED.

FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 2. HULLETT, FOR 1901. Section small. Salary \$225. Apply to Thos. Carvert, jr., Clinton P. O, Ont. 1152 2

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE JUNIOR Department of the Boys' Separate School, Renfrew. A temale teacher holding a second class professional certificate. For the year 1901. Applications with testimonials and stating salary expected, will be received by the undersigned up to December 5th, 1900 Duties to commence January 2nd, 1901. P. J. O'Dea, Secretary S. S. Board, Renfrew, Ont., Drawer E.

WANTED FOR R. C. S. S., NO. 5, RALKIGH, a female teacher, holding s'second class professional teacher's certificate Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1901. Applications, stating salary and testimonials, will be received up to Dec. 8th, 1900, by Alex. Martin, Sec. 17684. Chatham, P. O., Ont.

VOLUME XXII.

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, December 1, 1900.

A VALIANT PRELATE.

The venerable Bishop Farrer took a memorable part in the siege of Pekin. Instead of fleeing and leaving his spiritual children at the mercy of their heathen brethren, he stayed with them and encouraged them to put up a desperate defence until relieved by the Japanese. His conduct is in sharp contrast with that of the majority of the gospel heralds who at the first sign of danger put themselves under the protection of ships of war, with never a thought of the fate that would be

meted out to their respective flocks. We have not seen this fact chronicle by the gentry who have laid the hear and front of the trouble upon the Cath olic authorities. But it is useless t expect fair-play from some of the s called religious weeklies. Perha their bitterness on this question w occasioned by the uncomplimentary r ferences to their missionaries made Protestant travellers. SaysMr. Hen. Worman in his book, "The F

"A careful distinction must be made tween Roman Catholic and Protestant in sionaries. The former enjoy, on the wifer more consideration from the natives well as from foreigners, and the resulter work is beyond question much grea. The Roman Catholic Church missionary; to China once for all: he adopts native drilives on native tood, inhabits a native ho supports himself upon the most meagrellowance from home, and is an example of characteristics which are as essential to Eastern idea of priesthood as to the Wespoverty, chastity and obedience. The testant missionary, on the other hand, majority of cases looks upon his work career like another: he proposes to device the interest of the care of the

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIO

The recognized authority on st tics M. G. Mulhall gives some valu the religious denominations of Assuming the populatio the globe to be 1,450,000,000,he p on the side of protessed Chris 501,600,000, and on that of the va brands of heathenism 948,400,000 bers. Amongst Christians, Prote ism, the refuge of over 100 clam and contradictory sects, has 163 000; the Greeks, 98,300,000;

Catholicity 240,000,000. In missionary countries the Pr ants number 2,622,000 and the

lics 11,458,000. Speaking of the Romeward ment in England Mr. that since the Tractarian Movem 1850 the persons who have got to the Church of Rome include graduates of Oxford, 213 of bridge, and 63 of other unive besides 27 peers, 244 military 162 authors, 139 lawyers, physicians. Among the gr were 446 clergymen of the Esta

Church. And remembering the effor have been made to retard the of the Catholic Church-that land the blood of her noblest once stained the public gibbe profess her tenets was to court its cruelest form, and reflecting position of to-day, her vita standing as the sole refuge f weary and error-tossed se must, surely, see in all this t

Upon us who have the in privilege of being within th volves the responsibility of de ing that may bring discredit faith and discourage our bre the quest of truth. We my to them by our lives and hearing the voice of the Sav will be one fold and one She

ANTI - CATHOLIC SO

We wonder why some hanker after Protestant org We have enough of our o spare, and there can be no cuse for anyone to cast in l with a society not under C pices. A staunch and intel olic will never dream of ta course, but the one who looked upon as liberal wi purpose of business, good or social ambition, affix his membership roll of an o without the Church. And