

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1907

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THE ONTARIO OPPORTUNITY.

Some of us are wont to be unduly critical with regard to our colleges. We acquire the habit of posing as authorities on questions, and are prone to much utterance which is oftentimes but an echo of non-Catholic prejudice. Not intentionally, of course, but they who consort much with our separated brethren are apt to adopt their way of speaking and to come in time to believe that institutions under Catholic auspices are inferior to all others.

That this conclusion is not warranted by authentic data is evident to the unprejudiced.

What we wish to point out for the present is that colleges are not up-bulld in a day. They need the mellowing influence of time; the rain of support and sympathy; the touch of scholars who can transmute the gold of the past into coin of the present, and whose influence is strong enough to determine others to self-activity—all this is needed to enable our colleges to become factors in our national life.

Criticism, or, rather, carping, will not help us. If we persist in our policy of non-support of our institutions, we may beget the suspicion that the best discipline of the mind is found among those who are not Christians, or at least not Catholics, and that, whatever the Church may have been in other times, her day is past. We cannot afford to let public opinion drift away from the Church. They without the fold who know that the noblest pages of our history have been written by the Catholic must wonder at our unwillingness to emulate the generosity and zeal of our forbears. We, however, do not wonder; we devote no thought to the question of education; and so strangely wedded are we to our own good opinion that we are inclined to resent criticism as impertinence. Our trouble is that we are living in a fool's paradise. We warm ourselves at the fire kindled by the past, thinking the whills that it is a fire of our own making.

What we need is a realization of the truth that knowledge is the eighth sacrament. If we are to be a social force we must have men of cultured minds, saturated with Catholic principles and able to bring them to bear upon the problems of the hour. And unless we have colleges that can nurture men of this type we must perforce live in a world unloved by the main current of life.

MATERIAL HELP.

To begin with, the material, money, is necessary. A noble cause should find generous hearts. It has found them among the non-Catholic—why not among ourselves? Toronto and Queen's, for instance, have had their difficulties, but to-day they are factors in the intellectual life of Ontario. They have men even as we have, but behind them is the non-Catholic who is proud, and justly so, of their achievements, and willing to manifest it by opening his purse for their benefit.

Within our gates is the University of Ottawa. What it stands for, and its rank as an educational centre, are too well known to warrant comment. It, however, it had the undivided support of the Ontario Catholic it could enlarge its field and play a more important role in this country. That it has achieved a certain measure of success is tribute indeed to the resourcefulness of those who guide its destinies, especially when we remember that it has always walked hand in hand with poverty and has been hampered by the apathy and censure of those for whom it was made, and makes at present, a brave resistance to opposition and difficulty. It has been ever faithful to the best traditions of the Catholic system of education. Though faddists have railed, and misled friends exhorted, it has not swerved from the path trod by our scholars. But it is not bound to the conservatism which sees no value in modern methods. It aims to be second to no university in Canada, to be, in a word, for Catholics in Ontario what Queen's is to the non-Catholic. It has, therefore, plodded on bravely, though discouragement must never have been far away, looking for the dawn of the day of unity, of the day whose atmosphere would be surcharged with love and sympathy and support. We believe that day is come.

TO BE NOTED.

For the information of our readers we append the following note, culled

from the calendar of the Ottawa University:

"In view of confused ideas and in correct assertions on this point (the dual course) it may be well to affirm clearly and authoritatively that the University Classical Course is neither exclusively in English nor exclusively in French. It is, therefore, left to the choice of parents and students to take the classical course in one or other of the two languages. Both languages are official in the administration of the institution as well as in communications with parents."

DEMOCRACY WITHOUT GOD.

That a democracy without religion is an unbridled despotism may be seen in the France of Clemenceau. So long as he can keep the crowd amused he is safe, as safe as any man who is walking on the brink of a precipice. His principal protection is the soldier; but even he who is drilled, by an education in which the existence of God is a superstition, may become restless and put up a barricade or two and give the cynical little French leader a bad quarter of an hour.

A TORONTO LECTURE.

Some time ago a clerical gentleman from France lectured in Toronto on the policy of the French Government. He referred to it as the effluence of democratic ideas and pointed out that the men who guided it had but one object in view—to make France united. As a means to this end the schools were entrusted to lay teachers, who, unlike monks and nuns, could be trusted to develop the spirit of loyalty to the Republic.

This is the old policy of enthroning the devil in the school-room. Voltaire did it—and his followers bent the knee before a naked harlot. Clemenceau does it—and already observers are appalled at the increase of juvenile crime in France. Hate and lust walk abroad to drive home the truth that education, which takes no account of God is more deadly to a country's safety than the loss of many battles. And the writers who tell us that such education has brought about the moral unity of France we can answer in the words of Jules Simon: "The miserable and sterile society that such education would produce would be in France an edition of one man in thirty-six millions of copies—such unity is death."

A PARENTAL DUTY.

Parents should inspect the "moving picture shows" before allowing their children to visit them. We advise them to pay no heed to advertisements but to see them for themselves and to protest if they think that these pictures are criminally suggestive. They will be told, of course, that these shows have an educative value and various other things which belong to the vocabulary of cant. But they are primarily responsible for the souls of their children and not the gentlemen who wish to educate us at so much per. For our part, we are of the opinion that these "shows" have no permanent place in the life of any wise community. They cannot fail to be a source of distraction to school children. But parents can, if they will, diminish the profits of these people who minister to the amusement-loving public and promote incidentally the faddishness of mind that makes life "one eternal guffaw."

ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

Our readers know how Irish industries were strangled by English law, so well described by Edmund Burke as the most proper machine "ever invented by the wit of man to disgrace a realm and degrade a people." In Charles II's reign its shipping interests were ruined. Later on its butter, etc., was driven out of the English markets. Its exportation of woollen cloths was forbidden because it interfered with the profits of the industrious English who were in the business. Imagine the two houses of the British Parliament petitioning Edward VII. to tell the Irish merchants to curb their enterprising less they "may occasion very strict laws totally to prohibit and suppress the same." But King William gave an attentive hearing to such a petition, with the result that the Irish were ousted from the world of manufacture, and bound to the soil for the benefit principally of the person and landlord. But Irish industries are reviving. The industrial movement is growing apace. Ireland's mills send cloth to the United States, Germany and other places. Rev. Father Flanagan, who is in the United States in the interests of Irish trade, says:

"We also hope to capture some of

England's market in the United States. The United States buys each year from England about \$12,000,000 worth of woollen goods. The product of our Irish mills is better and as cheap. But we have no consuls here to look after our trade, and our young industries cannot devote as much capital and attention to a foreign market as the old and long-established houses of England. But our patriotic societies can do more for us than the consuls of any country, and I am glad to say that many of the Irish societies are taking up the work and pushing it with great zeal and some success."

With Irishmen as factors in the industrial field, and by artistic endeavor rivaling the men who gave us the Book of Kells and the Tara Brooch and Glendalough and Clonmacnoise, they will have no time to give to the policy of the Sinn Fein.

SPONSALIA AND MATRIMONY.

REFORM OF UNUSUAL IMPORTANCE INTRODUCED INTO THE LEGISLATION OF THE CHURCH.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. Through the medium of the civil Catholics in this country have been in a measure prepared for an important decree issued at Rome, on August 2 last, regarding sponsalia, or mutual promises of marriage, and the valid and licit celebration of the sacrament of matrimony. Two weeks ago the secular press announced the issuing of the decree by the Congregation of the Council, and gave what purported to be a summary of its most important provisions. As was apparent at the time, the cabled summary was inaccurate. A translation of the full text of the new law is available in the August 21st issue of Rome, the weekly published in English in the Eternal City, and is reprinted in this issue of the Catholic Standard and Times.

In a prefatory note Rome says: "Nearly four years since, when Pius X. instituted a special Pontifical Commission for the colossal task of codifying all the laws of the Church and bringing ecclesiastical legislation up to date, he desired that the first part of the work, relating to the sacraments, should be completed as soon as possible and at once promulgated. It was found, however, that the connection between the different parts of the new code would be so intimate in many points that it would not be possible to complete absolutely the legislation in the sacraments by itself. The Holy Father, however, yielding to the many petitions addressed to the Holy See to remedy the inconveniences of the present law on the celebration of marriage, decided to have this settled by a special decree. It will be found that further legislation concerning impediments to marriage will be contained in the new code of Pius X."

AN IMPORTANT REFORM.

Rome publishes also a brief commentary of the decree by Professor E. M. Canon Pezzani, member of the Commission for the Codification of Canon Law and director of the Consulate Ecclesiastico. This learned canonist writes: "Nobody can read the decree of the Congregation of the Council without being at once struck with the unusual importance of the reform which it introduces into the legislation of the Church—a reform required by the circumstances of the times, and earnestly invoked by the episcopate and by all canonists. The decree regards the celebration of sponsalia and the celebration and registration of marriage, and its effects are both sweeping and universal."

"Everybody knows that the ministers of the sacrament of matrimony are the contracting parties themselves, but that the Church has the power to add to matrimony, which is but the natural contract raised to the dignity of a sacrament, conditions regulating the lawfulness and validity of it, just as civil society has the right to put conditions for the validity of civil contracts as far as regards their civil effects."

"Hitherto the Church had laid down no conditions regulating sponsalia which might be contracted by free persons without the presence of priests or witnesses. All that is changed in the new legislation, for the future sponsalia, in order to be valid and binding canonically, must be contracted in writing, with the signature of the parties to them (or of an additional witness when one or both of the parties cannot write), and with the signature of the competent priest or the ordinary of the place, or at least two witnesses."

"Henceforth the competent priest for the valid and lawful celebration of sponsalia and marriage is not the parish priest in the canonical sense of the term. Every priest who has the care of souls in a specified district, and in missionary lands, every priest who is duly deputed by the superior of the mission for the general care of souls may for the future, notwithstanding all previous legislation to the contrary, assist lawfully and validly at the celebration of sponsalia and marriage."

"Previous to the Council of Trent marriages celebrated without the presence of priests or witnesses by the contracting parties were valid, because the Church had not added any conditions regulating the validity of the ceremony; but they were always illicit and detested by the Church, and called clandestine, because marriage being a sacrament, it ought to be celebrated before the Church, and because such clandestine marriages gave rise to the gravest doubts and difficulties in proving the validity of the celebration."

"The Council of Trent, by its Decree Tametsi (of December 11, 1563) sought to put an end to these inconveniences

by enacting that a marriage to be valid must be celebrated in the presence (willing or unwilling) of the parish priest or one of the contracting parties, and of two witnesses, but this decree was to have force only in those parishes in which it was promulgated. The Tametsi decree, efficacious enough at the time it was enacted, has owing to the changed condition of the world, become inefficient for many reasons; hence the new decree which unifies the law of the celebration of marriage throughout the world. Particularly worthy of note are the following changes: (1) The competent priest for the valid celebration of marriage is every priest duly invested with the care of souls; (2) his presence must be willing; (3) his presence is valid for the marriage not only of persons living in his district, but of those from other places; (4) in case of imminent danger of death any priest may validly assist at a marriage, and (5) when it has been impossible for a whole month to have the presence of the competent priest or the ordinary of the place, the presence of a priest is not necessary for validity. For all marriages the presence of two witnesses is required.

"It is to be noted, too, that the present decree nowhere binds those outside the Church (except apostates and the excommunicated) and that it binds all those within the Church. In this respect it differs greatly from the Tridentine legislation. The Decree Tametsi is local, and affected persons in respect to the place of their domicile or quasi domicile. The present decree is personal; heretics and schismatics (except apostates) are not affected by it, and may contract validly and legitimately among themselves quite independently of it; and while for the licit celebration of marriage among Catholics a residence for the space of a month of one of the contracting parties in the place of the celebration is necessary, no residence at all is required for validity. The decree is not retroactive, and will come into force next Easter."

DECREE CONCERNING SPONSALIA AND MATRIMONY ISSUED BY THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF THE COUNCIL, BY THE ORDER AND WITH THE AUTHORITY OF OUR HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS X.

The Council of Trent, (cap. I, Sess. xxiv, de reform. matrim.) made prudent provision against the rash celebration of clandestine marriages, which the Church of God for most just reasons has always detested and forbidden; by decreeing: "Those who otherwise than in the presence of the parish priest himself or of another priest acting with the license of the parish priest or of the ordinary, and in the presence of two or three witnesses, shall attempt to contract matrimony, the Holy Synod renders them altogether incapable of contracting marriage thus, and decrees that contracts of this kind are null and void."

But as the same Sacred Council prescribed that said decree should be promulgated in all the parishes and was not to have force except in those places in which it had been promulgated, it has happened that many places in which the publication has not been made have been deprived of the benefit of the Tridentine law, and are still without it, and continue to be subject to the doubts and inconveniences of the old discipline.

Not less all difficulties have been removed in those places where the new law has been in force. For often there has been grave doubt in deciding as to the person of the parish-priest before whom a marriage is to be celebrated. The canonical discipline did indeed decide that he is to be regarded as the parish priest in whose parish one or the other of the contracting parties has his or her domicile or quasi domicile. But as it is sometimes difficult to judge whether a quasi domicile really exists in a specified case, not a few marriages were exposed to the danger of nullity; many too, either owing to ignorance or fraud, have been found to be quite illegitimate and void.

These deplorable results have been seen to happen more frequently in our own time on account of the increased facility and celerity of intercommunication between the different countries, even those most widely separated. It has therefore seemed expedient to wise and learned men to introduce some change into the law regulating the form of the celebration of marriage, and a great number of Bishops in all parts of the world, but especially in the more populous States where the necessity appears more urgent, have petitioned the Holy See to this end.

It has been asked also by very many Bishops in Europe, as well as by others in various regions that provision should be made to prevent the inconveniences arising from sponsalia, that is mutual promises of marriage, privately entered upon. For experience has sufficiently shown the many dangers of such sponsalia, first as being an incitement to sin and causing the deception of inexperienced girls, and afterwards giving rise to inextinguishable dissension and disputes.

Influenced by these circumstances our Holy Father Pope Pius X. desiring, in the solicitude he bears for all the churches, to introduce some modifications with the object of removing these drawbacks and dangers, committed to the S. Congregation of the Council the task of examining into the matter and of proposing to himself the measures it should deem opportune.

He was pleased also to have the opinion of the commission appointed for the codification of Canon Law as well as of the eminent Cardinals chosen for this special commission for the preparation of the new code, by whom, as well as by the S. Congregation of the

Council, frequent meetings have been held for this purpose. The opinions of all having been taken, His Holiness ordered the Sacred Congregation of the Council to issue a Decree containing the laws, approved by himself on sure knowledge and after mature deliberation by which the discipline regarding sponsalia and marriage is to be regulated for the future and the celebration of them carried out in a sure and orderly manner.

An execution, therefore, of the Apostolic mandate the S. Congregation of the Council by these letters lays down and decrees what follows:

I. Only those are considered valid and produce canonical effects, which have been contracted in writing signed by both the parties and by either the parish-priest or the Ordinary of the place, or at least by two witnesses.

In case one or both the parties be unable to write, this fact is to be noted in the document and another witness is to be added, who will sign the writing as above, with the parish priest or the ordinary of the place or the two witnesses.

II. Here and in the following articles by parish priest is to be understood not only a priest legitimately presiding over a parish canonically erected, but in regions where parishes are not canonically erected the priest to whom the care of souls has been legitimately entrusted in any specified district and who is equivalent to a parish-priest, and in missions where the territory has not yet been perfectly divided, every priest generally deputed by the superior of the mission for the care of souls in any station.

III. Only those marriages are valid which are contracted before the parish-priest or the Ordinary of the place or a priest delegated by either of these, and at least two witnesses, according to the rules laid down in the following articles, and saving the expeditions mentioned under VII and VIII.

IV. The parish-priest and the Ordinary of the place validly assist at a marriage:

1) only from the day they have taken possession of the benefice or entered upon their office, unless they have been by a public decree excommunicated by name or suspended from the office;

2) only within the limits of their territory; within which they assist validly at marriages not only of their own subjects, but also of those not subject to them;

3) provided when invited and asked, and not compelled by violence, or by grave fear, they demand and receive the consent of the contracting parties.

V. They assist licitly:

1) when they have legitimately ascertained the free state of the contracting parties, having duly complied with the conditions laid down by the law;

2) when they have ascertained that one of the contracting parties has a domicile or at least has lived for a month in the place where the marriage takes place;

3) if this condition be lacking the parish priest and the Ordinary of the place, to assist licitly at a marriage, require the permission of the parish-priest or the Ordinary of one of the contracting parties, unless it be a case of grave necessity, which excuses from this permission;

4) concerning persons without fixed abode (vagos), except in case of necessity it is not lawful for a parish-priest to assist at their marriage, until they report the matter to the Ordinary or to a priest delegated by him and obtain permission to assist;

5) in every case let it be held as the rule that the marriage is to be celebrated before the parish-priest of the bride, unless some just cause excuses from this.

VI. The parish priest and the Ordinary of the place may grant permission to another priest, specified and certain to assist at marriages within the limits of their district.

The delegated priest, in order to assist validly and licitly, is bound to observe the limits of his mandate and the rules laid down above, in IV and V, for the parish priest and the Ordinary of the place.

VII. When danger of death is imminent and where the parish-priest or the Ordinary of the place or a priest delegated by either of these cannot be had, in order to provide for the relief of conscience and (should the case require) for the legitimation of offspring, marriage may be contracted validly and licitly before any priest and two witnesses.

VIII. Should it happen that in any district the parish priest or the ordinary of the place or a priest delegated by either of them, before whom marriage can be celebrated, is not to be had, and that this condition of things has lasted for a month, marriage may be validly and licitly entered upon by the formal declaration of consent made by the spouses in the presence of two witnesses.

IX. 1) After the celebration of a marriage the parish-priest or he who takes his place is to write at once in the book of marriages the names of the couple and of the witnesses, the place and day of the celebration of the marriage, and the other details, according to the method prescribed in the ritual books or by the Ordinary; and this even when another priest delegated either by the parish priest himself or by the Ordinary has assisted at the marriage.

2) Moreover the parish-priest is to note also in the book of baptisms, that the married person contracted marriage on such a day in his parish. If the married person has been baptized elsewhere the parish priest who has assisted at the marriage is to transmit, either

directly or through the episcopal curia, the announcement of the marriage that has taken place to the parish-priest of the place where the person was baptized, in order that the marriage may be inscribed in the book of baptisms.

3) Whenever a marriage is contracted in the manner described in VII and VIII, the priest in the former case, the witnesses in the latter are bound conjointly with the contracting parties to provide that the marriages be inscribed as soon as possible in the prescribed books.

X. Parish-priests who violate the rules thus far laid down are to be punished by their Ordinaries according to the nature and gravity of their transgression. Moreover if they assist at the marriage of anybody in violation of the rules laid down in 1) and 3) of No. V they are not to appropriate the sole fees but must remit them to the parish-priest of the contracting parties.

XI. 1) The above laws are binding on all persons baptized in the Catholic Church and on those who have been converted to it from heresy or schism (even when either the latter or the former have fallen away afterwards from the Church) whenever they contract sponsalia or marriage with one another.

2) The same laws are binding also on the same Catholics as above, if they contract sponsalia or marriage with non-Catholics, baptized or unbaptized, even after a dispensation has been obtained from the impediment *nixta religionis* or *disparitatis cultus*; unless the Holy See decree otherwise for some particular place or region.

3) Non-Catholics, whether baptized or unbaptized, who contract among themselves, are nowhere bound to observe the Catholic form of sponsalia or marriage.

The present decree is to be held as legitimately published and promulgated by its transmission to the Ordinaries, and its provisions begin to have the force of law from the solemn feast of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, next year 1908.

Meanwhile let all the Ordinaries of places see that this decree be made public as soon as possible, and explained in the different parochial churches of their diocese in order that it may be known by all.

These precepts are to have force by the special order of our Most Holy Father Pope Pius X., all things to the contrary, even those worthy of special mention, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome on the 22nd day of August in the year 1907.

VINCENT
Card. Bishop of Palestrina, Prefect.
C. DE LAI, Secretary.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. Father Gordon, S. J., rector of Stonyhurst College, England. He is spoken of in the obituary notices as one of the greatest ornaments of the Jesuit Order in the British Islands.

A memorial to the Irish poet and novelist, Gerald Griffin, is proposed in Ireland. As this gifted Irishman became a Christian Brother before his death, it is proposed that the memorial will take the shape of a Christian Brothers' school at Limerick.

One of the most interesting figures at the recent Eucharistic Congress at Metz, Germany, was a prelate with fully developed pigtail and drooping mustache, dressed in Chinese raiment, over which was worn a Bishop's cassock.

The first international congress of the Priests' Eucharistic League will assemble in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa., on the 15th, 16th and 17th of next October. In all respects this will be the most important congress ever held by the League in the United States.

The Pope possesses a watch probably worth \$4, but it was inherited from his mother. A French cardinal, recently received in audience, told the Pope that he was a collector and that the watch tempted him. He asked His Holiness for it as a souvenir. In exchange he offered a superb chronometer. The matter. After looking at the chronometer he returned it saying: "We must be humble. The jewel is too fine for me."

Father Bernard Vaughan has again been entertaining royalty in the East End, having the other day among his audience at Dunstan's Court the Archduchess Maria Theresa, the Princess Henri de Bourbon, the Archduchess Maria Annunziata, and the Countess de Bardi, who took the opportunity of a passage through London to be present at one of his instructions to a thousand East-End children. They visited also Lady Edmund Talbot's settlement. The House of Bourbon are no strangers to the English Jesuits, for Don Jamie, the eldest son of Don Carlos, was their pupil at Beaumont.

For the first time in the history of the Church in this country the Polish-Americans are to be given representation in the hierarchy by the appointment of a Polish priest to a Bishopric. A recent meeting of the Polish clergy of the archdiocese of Chicago, at the invitation of Archbishop Quigley, nominated a tern for the office of Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago. Last Monday His Grace sent the names to Rome, and in a short time the desire of the Poles to have one of their own nationality in the purple will be fulfilled. With one more Bishop, Chicago will have the largest number of Bishops of any diocese or archdiocese in the world—four in all, one Archbishop and three auxiliary Bishops.

wonderful German. At last the train moved on slowly. The porter clung to the carriage door to the last. Then, breathing a parting malediction, he leaped down, panting and perspiring. Luke leaned back in the carriage, and as they plunged into the night, and congratulated himself on his firmness.

And then through all the wonders of Cologne and the Rhine; and up, up, through the Black Mountains of the Hartz, through the thirty eight tunnels that zapped out of the corkscrew railway, swallowed the train and disgorged it; up, up, through pine forests and along the crest of hills, in whose bosom nestled the loveliest valleys, each with its church and spire and cemetery, until at last they rested at Bingen. Then a plunge downwards and they were at Schaffhausen, where the mighty legendary river curls and ricochets in childish humor before assuming the majesty of its seaward course.

Here Luke sojourned for two days—golden days that ever shone pale but resplendent from the mists of memory. That Sunday at the Schweizer Hof was a dream for a lifetime. He went down to early Mass at the village, heard the beautiful Gregorian for the first time since he left Maynooth; heard, without understanding, the sermon in German that stretched through 45 minutes; breakfasted at 11.30, and lounged through the day under golden sunshine, the great river fretting itself at his feet, and the horizon serrated with the yellow crests of the mighty Alps. In the afternoon he sauntered out for a walk and climbed Hohen Flub. After the narrow and limited and choking surroundings of the past years, the superb panorama that opened to his eyes from the high summit of the hill fairly took away his breath. "Lord," he said, lifting his hat, "it is good for us to be here." He felt free again. The clear air, the almost boundless horizon, the vast infinity of the mountain barriers, closing the vista, yet opening the imagination to undreamed sublimities, the long ribbon of the Rhine flowing amidst its vineyards and orchards, the villages clustering under red roofs here and there across the landscape, a hill crested with a crumbling castle, as if Nature were trying her eternal masterpiece, and moving here and there, little groups of peaceful Germans, enjoying the sweet Sabbath air—Luke thought for a moment, as he sat and listened to three German children, singing a Sunday hymn, there amongst the pines, of the equal and factor, the smoke and sin, of the mighty mill called England. The noise and the j-r and the cold, deadly, soulless machine were in the air. "Ugh!" said Luke. "Thank God I am done with it and the ugly dream forever." He turned round to descend the declivity and came face to face with Halleck.

Had they been two Celts they would have passed each other with a scowl. One was a Briton, and he said: "How do you do, Mr. Dalmage? This is a rare pleasure."

"How do you do?" said Luke, too surprised to say more.

"I did not know that you had come abroad," continued Halleck. "Let me hope that you intend a long sojourn in this delightful country."

"A long sojourn of twenty-four hours," replied Luke.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SALTING OF THE MAPLE.

"See them beans, Jessie! Stunned, I say, stunned! An' if 'tish' beans, it's potatoes, or carrots or what not. That plaguy old maple tree's a nuisance, an' it's got to come down."

"O father!—Not be cut down, that lovely tree? Why Mrs. Millray thinks so much of it!"

"What d'ye suppose I care what old Mrs. Millray thinks of it? What do I think of my garden, an' been thinkin', these last twenty year or so? Seems 'aif, though, this last year them pesky limbs hev spread out over my side like all creation. I say they've got to come o'ff!" As if summoned in defense of her favorite tree, on the other side of the fence from the lean and irate old man and his pretty daughter, now appeared a plump and placid middle-aged woman.

"Fine day, Mr. Benson."

"Not much fine about it, down under this confounded old tree."

"My tree, do you mean? Why, what do you under a tree for if you don't want shade? I often say it's the coolest place in Taylorstown out under this maple."

"Yes, siree,—an' what d'ye think coldness does for beans an' potatoes an' turnips? Half my garden's shaded by that plaguy old tree, an' I can't raise garden sass any more'n ye could pull teeth out of a hen."

"Now that's too bad, Mr. Benson," began the widow mildly. "Mebby sparrowsgrass—"

"Sparrowsgrass!" shouted the old man. "You'll be sayin' 'mushrooms' next, an' I'd as live eat one as tother. Seein' we're in the subject, I might as well hev it out. Air ye willin' I should cut off all them limbs that hang over an' shade my ground? I warn ye 'twill 'bout split the tree, seein' the trunk's only two foot from the line fence, but rights is rights. An' I hold no man nor woman has a right to cheat me under my garden sass."

"Why, Jim Benson, what an outlandish idea!" said the widow, shocked out of her usual placid manner. "You know as well as I do how Ben used to call that our 'courtin' tree,' an' I wouldn't hurt it, no more'n you'd hurt Jessie there."

"I hops I'll be able to keep Jessie from injurin' other folks' property, an' you don't seem able to do that with that air tree. Now, Miss Benson, I mean to be reasonable, 'f ever man was. We'll cut that tree at the right time, so's 'twont kill it, an' 'twill look 'bout as good on your side. Then seein' it's at the back o' your lot, what difference is it if it's a half or a whole tree, anyhow?" These last sentences were in a rather conciliatory tone, but as the widow kept silence, the old man's jaw set and he ejaculated: "Then all there is about it, I'll hev

the law on ye!" Turning on his heel, he strode away with all the dignity which a small, bent old man could summon. The kind-hearted widow, in whose eyes tears had sprung at the thought of trouble with her old neighbor, also turned hastily and went into the house.

Meanwhile Jessie, in a pink gown and hat, a music roll in hand and ready to go for her lesson, had stood amazed and silent through all this altercation, which was unexpected and shocking to her. She found all her sympathy going out to Mrs. Millray and the beautiful tree. She knew that her father was abundantly able to buy all the "garden sass" they could ever need, and Mrs. Millray had endeared herself to the motherless girl by years of unbroken kindness. So in a moment more a pink vision had flashed into the widow's kitchen without the ceremony of knocking, and an impulsive young voice cried:

Father's just mean, I think! He never shall cut that tree in two!" Then for the first time she saw her neighbor was not alone—a tall young man, wearing black glasses, was sitting in a rocking chair by the window, balancing a gray kitten on each knee. Jessie stopped short in her exclamations, and her cheeks grew pinker than her dress.

"I'm glad you ran in, Jessie, an' don't you worry about your father's goings on. I know him a good many years before you did, an' he'll calm down all right. Now let me make you acquainted with my nephew, Professor Waite." As the "idiot" said this with accents of pride, the young man promptly took both kittens in his left hand, rose and gave Jessie's timidly offered hand a hearty grasp.

"Seems to me when I visited Aunt Melissa last, I saw you out in your yard making mud pies. I'm very glad indeed to renew the acquaintance."

"Paul's eyes are too bling him so badly that he had to leave off teaching a spell, so he's here with me to rest."

The big fellow shrugged his shoulders saying: "I feel more like playing on a football team than I do like r-ating, but when you can't see any more than a bat, it shuts you off pretty much."

Genuine sympathy for his misfortune and as she started away in haste for the belated music lesson she said cheerily: "Well, your aunt Melissa will cure you, if any one can, and if I can help you pass away the time I'll be glad to."

The young man watched her hurry down the path and remarked, "Dandy little girl, aunt. Shame I had to look at her through these old black glasses. What sort of a bee has her father got in his bonnet, did she say?"

Almost at the same time Mrs. Millray was setting forth the case for the defense of her beloved tree. Mr. Benson, in a much more wrathful manner, was stating his case to Lawyer March:

"I tell ye, the law must be on my side. Haint I a right to complain of a nuisance? 'Twouldn't be so terrible hard to get it down to cold dollars an' cents, the damage that old tree's done in the last fifteen year. An' it's stretchin' an' growin' every year. Looks like pretty soon I wouldn't hev a sunny patch big enough for an onion bed."

Lawyer March heard him patiently through—opened a ponderous book or two, rubbed his head, and then gave his opinion with a gravity and wisdom worthy of Solomon:

"I'm sorry, Benson, but I think you've got a poor case. Supposing they were dead branches, now, maybe it would be different, but there's the sap where does it come from? No, sir, those limbs are nourished and fed by your neighbor, and they're a vital part of her property. Furthermore, she's unwilling to cut, you say. That brings in another factor. Now in the case of Brown versus—"

"Don't tell me none of your veru-sesses! S'posen I owned a dog an' fed him, an' he went mad. Wouldn't ye shoot him, even if I had fed him?"

"Now don't get excited, Mr. Benson. As I was sayin', had you served notice, say seven or eight years ago, and waivered against trespass of limb—"

"Bosh!" shouted the old man. "What's your fee? If this is all the good I get from law, I'll manage the case myself. Five dollars, is it? Well, mebber it's worth it to see a child's idgit exhibition."

With this parting shot the indignant old man started for home as rapidly as he had left it an hour before. Jessie was still away when he reached there, and he went straight through the rambling structure, that like many old New England houses of a certain type, was narrow in width but long, with the various ells and sheds all attached endwise to the main structure. In his passage through he came at last to the particular shed known as "the shop," and a good variety of tools, for the genuine man of New England was a "handy man," who seemed to call a carpenter for every little job. Here Mr. Benson stopped to look enviously and vindictively at a shining ax hanging on the wall. How he would enjoy sending lusty blows into the very heart of that miserable tree trunk! Or, lacking that pleasure, what delight it would be to chop, chop, chop at those offending limbs till every one crashed down!

But how about the next row of tools? He perched his small frame on a sawhorse, grasped his pointed chin in his left hand and did some vigorous thinking. When he finally rose and started back kitchenward, there was an unpleasant expression around his mouth. About the same time Jessie came in from her music lesson, took a big-sleeved apron from a closet, and began to make ready the supper. Stepping into the pantry for bread, to her astonishment she found her father already in there, with a sheepish expression on his face, and the shaft box in his hand.

"My, you scared me, father! What are you after in the pantry?"

"I was 'jast gettin' a mite o' salt, Jessie," said the old man in a suspiciously mild tone. "Jest a mite o' salt,

Jessie, to kill the pesky cutworms on the coveumbers."

"That's good, father," Jessie answered, unobtrusively. "I didn't have hardly any coveumbers for pickles last year." The old man disappeared with his bowl of salt, but soon returned to wait for his supper. Often a silent man, that night he was absolutely dumb, and by 8 o'clock he shut the door and went to bed. Jessie read her library book till 9, and then the still house sent her gaping to rest also. All was perfect quiet for two hours, but at 11 o'clock the old house saw strange By the moonlight that streamed into his room, old Mr. Benson dressed, except for his shoes, then with those in his hand tiptoed down stairs and on through the oil to the "shop." Here he put on his shoes, laboriously for want of his usual bedside, then taking the salt bowl and a shining tool, went out into the moonlight. Now for Taylor's! 11 o'clock was as late and disappeared an hour as 3 o'clock would be in a large city, and the old man felt care-free as far as watchers were concerned. So he might well have been, with native Taylortownites, but he was entirely ignorant of Prof. Paul Waite's presence in the neighborhood. This young man liked with an existence that banished his beloved books, had spent much of the afternoon in a prolonged hammock nap, hence was decidedly unready for a 9 o'clock curfew. He tried the hammock for a while, then sauntered around the house in a vain search for amusement. He was just at the rear shed corner when a singular grinding sound made him stop in his tracks. A steady creak-creaking went on, accompanied by the perfect stiness revealed, as if by a laborer breathing. Were there burglars on hand? But every outer door of the house still stood open in the night, waiting for his final locking.

"It's over by the maple, by jove!" he said to himself. "Whatever is that old villain doing now?" The creaking came to a sudden stop, but the labored breathing continued, and the old man was certainly employed at some other work of mischief. Nemesis came suddenly upon him in the shape of a tall form which towered over him and sternly said: "Come out of that, whoever you are! What are you doing to that tree?"

The agile old man sprang to his feet and brandished a gleaming something which his startled antagonist at first took to be a pistol.

"Git out an' lemme be! Who be ye, anyhow?"

But a powerful grasp was on the wrist of his "pistol hand" and the weapon was wrenched away—to reveal to the young man as he stepped into the light, a powerful auger!

"So that's your game, old man!" said Waite, with strong anger in his tones. "You deserve to be hit with your own auger—sneaking over in the dead of night to kill aunt Melissa's maple!"

"A few auger holes won't kill a tree," sullenly growled the old man.

"That's so," admitted Waite. "What in creation are you doing it for?"

Still keeping hold of his captive, he struck a match and bent down to the holes. There were three at irregular heights, every one bored deep, but they pointed to the young man as three white spots, for every hole was packed full of a white substance. Waite looked at it, then touched it with a moist forefinger and raised the finger gingerly to his mouth. His face darkened:

"You miserable wretch! A more sneaking thief I never heard of in my life than to kill this grand tree with salt! Over the fence, you go, I say, and I warn you to stay there!" He lifted the old man bodily and was about to pitch him over the pickets which he had piled from the fence.

"Go to bed, Jessie! What you up this time of night for?"

By this time the old man had come boldly out into a patch of moonlight.

"But, father, you never get up like this. Something must be the trouble. Who else is out there? I surely heard voices."

"Oh, you was dreamin', Jessie. An' mebber I talked to myself a little. I've been givin' them cutworms a dose. Now no more talkin'. Go straight to bed."

With this summary order the old man himself came in and went directly to his room without a further word. There was certainly something curious about it all, and Jessie was by no means satisfied with her father's explanation. Away above all these perplexities the great moon was sailing tranquilly on, and Jessie dropped into her little white rocking chair by the window for a midnight meditation. Very presently, however, there was some astonishing occurrence to be observed. Out of the widow's back door came a nodding and swaying lantern by whom carried Jessie could not see but as it came to rest under the maple tree where other operations seemed to be in progress, Jessie came to a hasty conclusion that mischief had surely been done there, and if trouble had been brought upon Mrs. Millray it was her own duty to do it. Girdling her hair a hasty brushing and dressing with the utmost speed in her morning dress. Hurrying through the dewy grass to the back fence, where the heavy shade of the maple was only faintly illuminated by the lantern, she reached there breathless to see—not the widow but Prof. Paul Waite. So the professor, freed by the night from his black glasses, kneeling before the great tree while holding an undigested wash basin and dishcloth, it was a startling but rather delicious moment when he looked up into scared blue eyes and heard a nervous voice say:

"Whatever did father do to the tree?"

In springing up to reassure her, the washbasin was partly upset, and the dripping hand the professor held over the fence obviously could not be shaken.

"Your father? What made you think of him? I'm—er—er—performing a scientific experiment on this maple.

A—er—very superior kind of moth may come to this trap."

"But that's water, not stickiness. One of our high school teachers used to catch moths at night with molasses." The professor looked at her with genuine astonishment. He was certainly "blown up by his own miao." So even if it complicated the situation he felt a sense of relief when his aunt's voice called from the back door:

"Paul! Paul! Is that you out there? You'd better be in bed. Even with her eyes growing used to the semi-darkness, to her astonishment and horror she saw his golden-haired companion.

"Why, Jessie Benson! What does this mean? What in the world are you out in the yard for at this time of night?"

The professor was "hard put to it," in Benny's good old phrase, and feared there was nothing ahead of him but truth-speaking. His aunt was making a rapid journey to the fence, where it seemed to relieve her a little to see that the young people still had the pickets between them.

"Say, auntie, Miss Jessie's all right. She saw me tinkering over the tree, and it was the most natural thing in the world for her to come out." Decidedly this explanation did not suit Miss Jessie, and with cheeks fairly burning she leaned over the fence to say earnestly:

"Oh, no, Mrs. Millray, it wasn't that at all! I saw father out here first, and then I thought it was you out working over the tree, and I felt sure father had done—"

"That's that about father?" put in a gruff voice, and with a gasp of dismay, Jessie turned to see the arrival of the last actor on the scene. Then young Waite took a firm grasp of his common sense, and all peeping aside, began to tell exact truth:

"Aunt Melissa, about 11 o'clock I found this neighbor of yours trying to kill this tree with salt and filling them with salt holes into it and filling them with salt. I was so mad that I was going to throw him over the fence, when our talk waked up Miss Jessie, so I let him go home in peace. I sat in the hammock for half an hour to let things calm down, then I brought some water to wash out the holes—and since that you've all come."

The widow was looking reproachfully at her neighbor, whose gaze was steadily directed upon the stunted beans at his feet. Finally with a quiver in her voice she said:

"Jim, this don't seem much like old times, when you an' Ben used to sit out under this tree an' smoke your pipes. I'll—I'll pay for your beans, Jim—but as for cuttin' into Ben's tree I won't."

"Melissy!" the old man burst out with the stilled passion of years. "Didn't you know I've hated that tree ever since that courtin' time. By good rights, I'd a hated Ben too, if he hadn't been so good natured. Ye ought to 'a' been on my side o' the fence, Melissy, an' if I'd 'a' had the spunk of a sheep, ye would 'a' been damo and the dimesse. Jessie shook with indignation till she had to cling to the fence for support.

"Jim, don't talk so," said the widow, in a voice they scarcely recognized. "As true as I live, I never supposed you cared. You never said so."

There was a tense stillness, which it seemed as if eternity could not break. Prof. Waite was just thinking, "What on earth can be said by anybody now?"—when to his horror, a wholly unexpected, resounding sneeze burst from the doctor, and he could check it. But there seemed to be a magic in it for the loosening of tongues—

"Mercy on us! What are we all thinking of? Paul will get cold, an' it will settle in his eyes; Jessie will be too hoarse to sing at the concert, while Jim an' I'll have rheumatism for kithen an' be dosed with ginger tea."

Jessie expected rebellion on her father's part, but with meekness he crawled through the two loosened pickets and the girl obediently followed him. It was all like an amazing Arabian Night's scene to young Waite—the sudden change from the discomfort and passion of the group under the dark maple to the light and comfortable friendliness of his aunt's bright kitchen.

Meekly still, old Benson took his steaming cup of ginger tea, but the first gulp seemed to choke him, for he set it down hastily and went straight across the room to his neighbor—

"Melissy, I guess you've made me ashamed o' myself. D'ye s'pose I've killed the tree?" Here the professor broke in—

"Sure not, Mr. Benson! Miss Jessie and I will give it a good washin' in the morning." The widow laid a motherly hand on her old friend's arm—

"There, John, don't you worry no more. I've always meant to tap that tree and never got it done. Now you've saved me the trouble, an' if you'll jest stop to work and whittle me out some spiles, I'll be all ready, come spring." Her imagination warmed as she went on, and with a beaming smile she added, "Why I can jest see Paul and Jessie sittin' here stirrin' of sugar together!" This sweet vision was almost too much for the young folks, but the old man slowly nodded.

"I guess Melissy had a good sap year, 'twould fix ye out for sirup."—Grace Jewett Austin in the Springfield (Mass) Republican.

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A Hunt for a Protestant Clergyman
A correspondent of the Outlook gives the story of his hunt for a Protestant clergyman in New York on the evening of July 10. He was a doctor who had a patient about to undergo a very serious operation, the patient and his friends being strangers in New York.

Archbishop Who Made Pope Leo Laugh
Archbishop Murphy, of Tasmania, the record prelate, who has just entered on his ninety-third year, is a humorist, and the fact may account in some measure for his remarkable longevity, says the London Chronicle.

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Jesuit's Advice to You
That a young man should trouble face to face, meet it, grapple with it, and by power of his spiritual will, no cure, but a blessing, and what is manly elevation makes one sturdier braver, and therefore a man who has had what he has had, returns to it again and over it until his eyes become clear, lament over it until he is despondent, shiver and shiver until his nerves are uncal, this is not manly. It is worry.

When you must think give it all the quiet thought that you need, a broad limit to your study. Let it be real, social study. Meditate what you can do and order to avert or endure misfortune, or it may let not your thought one moment, upon any practical.

What is to be done? question that you have answer. Who you are best road as you think keep looking back, who whether you be, hurry not decide in a hurry have thoroughly sifted. But when you have your face resolutely exorably set further re-

If still you allow, haunt your night with and to dog your boys' after-thought, your mind bird caged and terrified, seeking to escape through, will beat itself in fatal bars; your energy, evaded, yet vacillating, morbid; your whole wasted, worthless.

When trouble is clinging to it. "Let the past be dead." If there past that tells a wise listened to. If there sacred to friendship. If there should have far more than few the we should thank God, now lost, let it be to a recollection to be to Paradise.

But the past is dead from it. We may look, we can not live in the present. We work to do, our present cross to our present comfort to lean upon, present life to live, course, look forward. At the future with a field glance of infant forward with the clear of robust anticipation quick intuition of thought. Many of their own imagination morbidness they come, so as to fasten before ever it is. Detards live in the future; men live brave, then, in your Robert Kane, S. J.

Social intercourse. It is astonishing learn from some people how rightly. You know it is only get a great giving them a great. The more you ramore magnanimous generous of yours fling yourself out to serve, the more you You must give much. The current you until it goes out all you get from the currents from generosity you give in return. You will give out stingily. You must give of hearted, generous, give only stingily might have had torrents of blessing. A man who might, well-rounded himself of every life along a pygmy in every little speciality, cultivate his social.

It is always a opportunity of about us, because away something of social intercourse corners are rubbed polished and shiny. It is possible to social life elsewhere. If determination to make it a school for calling out y ties, for develop calm, which have the lack of exercise society either a. But you must give will not get any. When you leave one you meet something which life, which will your own experience more of a man time in the draw. The man who on will look upon an educator, as will make his life and attractive.

Why he play a young grasp of affairs ment to promote trusted employ deeply hurt should be pr-

GOD SAVE ALL HERE.

There is a prayer that's breathed alone
In dear old Erin's land;
The altar on the threshold stone,
With smiles and clasping hand;
And oft, perchance, 'tis murmured low
With sigh and with a frown
The grandest meeting man may know—
The prayer, "God save all here!"

In other lands they know not well
How precious is the lore
That heiges with a sacred spell
Old Ireland's noble door.
To those it's no "imp" sound
Who think of with a tear
Of long loved memories wreathing round
The prayer, "God save all here!"

Live on, O prayer, in Ireland still,
To bless each Irish child true,
The echoes of her homes to fill
With fervor ever new;
And, guarding with a holy spell
The soul and conscience clear,
Be graven on each heart as well—
The prayer, "God save all here!"

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost

FEAST OF THE SEVEN SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother. (St. John xix. 25)

A month ago Holy Church placed before us for our contemplation the triumphant entry of the Mother of Jesus into heaven, and invited us on the great feast of the Assumption to glory in our Blessed Lady's triumph and rejoice in her joy. To-day Holy Church places before us for our contemplation the sorrows of the Mother of Jesus, and invites us to mourn over her sufferings and sorrow in her sorrows. One is the feast of hope, and the other is of earth. And our Blessed Lady's sorrows, being of earth, come close to us and teach us a practical lesson—sojourners as we are in a vale of tears.

Sorrow is in very truth the monarch of this lower world, and sooner or later every soul is sure to feel the touch of his sceptre. There is nothing that men find so difficult to understand and accept as this sorrow that rises up from generation to generation throughout the whole wide sea of mortal life, and extends to its most distant shores. What is the reason of all this suffering that exists in the world around us? Is a question that has been asked day after day, and year after year, and century after century, since the first human tear fell upon the conscious earth. And the attempt to solve this enigma of mankind has founded schools of philosophy and philanthropy, systems of religion, and methods of life, from the dawn of human history and before it to the present hour. Yet the reason of sorrow, though it has escaped the search of mankind, is not far to seek—it is sin, and sin is everywhere. On any other theory than the religious one of the probation and fall of man, this present existence is a dark and hopeless riddle. But even Christians, to whom this explanation is the first lesson of their faith, seem to lose sight of it in their practical views of life. We have not the heart to meet the stern truth face to face, and recognize that our life in this world is not a season of joy, but rather of sorrow; that we are not here to loiter through the light of a long summer day, but to endure and to labor in darkness and sorrow. And this is the great lesson of the feast of today.

Picture the Mother of Jesus in her early childhood, when, a fair vision of innocence, she rested in the arms of St. Ann; behold her growing up a spotless flower in the Temple of God; contemplate her in the tranquil purity and beauty of her girlhood, and the bright hopes that embled in the right hand of a Virgin Mother, sword-pierced in the Temple, a fugitive in a foreign land, a distracted pilgrim seeking her lost Son, the mother of a persecuted, betrayed, and convicted Man, the saddest follower in that sad procession to Calvary, meeting her Son face to face on His way to death, standing by His gibbet, the witness of His ignominy, the sharer of His agony, and the bright hope of His resurrection, and the bright crown of the sentinel by His Cross, the mourner over His bier, the guardian of His tomb, and learn from her that suffering is the portion of all who follow faithfully in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ and secure His salvation. For "Unless you take up the Cross and follow Me you cannot be My disciple."

ABOUT PRAYER.

ITS EFFICACY AS THE LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL.

Without prayer religion lacks the vitalizing power that shapes and molds the lives of men into patterns that show the marks of service and sacrifice. The skepticism regarding prayer is the result of our absorbing interest in things material and the consequent spiritual. The stress, and strife of modern days bent pre-eminently upon the acquisition of those means that will secure more and better creature comforts, are unconsciously favorable to the development of our mortality and unfavorable to the culture of our finer feelings and sentiment. Sentiment unfolds in an atmosphere that is pervaded with the warmth of the soul. Prayer is such a sentiment that must, therefore, be interpreted in the language of the soul, and not in the terms of the intellect.

Not all that pass for prayer is, therefore, the genuine article. The mere saying of prayers is not necessarily praying. The one is oftentimes a meaningless and mechanical task, as is the turning of the prayer wheel in Tibet; while praying is the drawing of the individual out of self into that larger self that it conceives to be divine. "A prayer without reverence and awe," says the rabbi, "is like the human body without a soul." They also liken prayer to a burning fire the smoke of which rises while the ashes remain behind. So in the true and devout prayers the spirit that prompts it ascends to God's throne, while the words, like the ashes, remain behind to be scattered by the winds.

Over the main gateway of one of England's ancestral homes there stood a marble statue, in one hand she held a wine cup; in the other an urn. The wine cup was turned down; it was empty. Over the lip of the urn there flowed the water

of which it was always full. On the pedestal below was inscribed the single word "Endure." The water was brought to the urn from the high hill beyond the house, where there was a spring that never failed. It was not the capacity of the urn that gave it its sufficiency; it was its connection with the spring.—Catholic Columbian.

GAVE UP PALACE FOR THE CLOISTER.

On the Feast of St. Dominic, founder of the Order of Friars Preachers, the Prince of Loewenstein, direct descendant of Frederick the Victorious, Elector Palatine, carried out to effect his determination of laying down his princely rank and possessions and entering as a simple novice the Order of St. Dominic. At the age of seventy-three he has followed the example of his sister Adelaide, the august widow of King Dom Miguel I., who on June 13, 1897, took the Benedictine veil at the Monastery of St. Cecilia of Solesmes. The eldest, Princess Marie, died a Benedictine at Solesmes, where she was joined by her sister Agnes. Another daughter, the Princess Frances, chose the humble state of the Poor Sisters of St. Francis.

The ceremony of clothing this distinguished man, who has given up a palace for the cloister, took place in the conventual church of the Dominicans at Venlo, a town celebrated in the Wars of the Low Countries, situated on the Meuse, not far from Kempen, the natal town of Thomas à Kempis.

The part of the church upon to the lady was filled to its utmost capacity. Place was reserved for the son of the prince postulant, Prince Aloys de Loewenstein, to whom his father had given over the administration of the domains and lands of the principality and its territorial dependencies. His daughter, the Duchess of Braganza, wife of Dom Miguel II., and his niece, the Princess Henry of Bourbon-Parma, the Infanta, Algodonda of Portugal, witnessed the clothing of their father and uncle. About the princesses were ranged representatives of the historic Rhenish nobility.

IN COURT DRESS.

The ceremony was preceded by Pontifical Mass, celebrated, according to the ancient usage of the sons of St. Dominic, by a friar minor of St. Francis. The prince made his entry into the choir simultaneously with the arrival of the monks. He was in court dress, and wore around his neck the Collar of the Golden Fleece, and from a gold chain hung the Grand Cross of the Sovereign Order of Malta, while on his breast sparkled the insignia in diamonds of the Order of Christ, long since conferred by the Sovereign Pontiff. At the conclusion of the Mass, during which the future novice remained kneeling at a prie dieu, Father Albert Kaufmann, provincial, stood before the prince, and, reciting all his titles, recalled that he had implored two mercies—that of God and that of the Order of St. Dominic—and dwelt on the fact that God had manifested mercy to him many times.

"Is it more a prayer of the divine mercy," said the provincial, "that a man who had always a place in the bosom of the Church, and who always held firmly aloft his flag for the defense of truth, liberty and right, should die in flag in hand? In your Royal Highness this mercy has been doubly manifested. All your life has been consecrated to the service of the Church. You have ceaselessly combated in the shadow of his banner, and now the good God accords you the grace of being able to consecrate the remnant of your life to Him. By divine grace you have freely renounced the splendors which environed your existence. By the same grace you accept freely the conventual life, with all its rules and rigors. I am persuaded, then, that God has accorded you the mercy you have asked of Him. To the second mercy, which you ask of me, it is to give you the habit of St. Dominic. I can accord it to you only on condition that you be ready to submit in everything to the rule of our order, and to make the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience. The life of the monk has many onerous and inconvenient, from the corporal and the spiritual point of view. I ask you, then, this: "Will you submit to this life of a monk, with all its annals and inconveniences, as much as is possible, freely and with a full obedience?"

"Yes, with the grace of God," answered His Highness in a clear and firm voice.

Rising, the prince then went to the altar and there laid down the Golden Fleece, the chain of the Order of Malta and the Order of Christ. Then the brothers took off his court dress, and he received from the hands of the provincial the white robe of St. Dominic, the cincture and the black tunic and skull cap.

The "Te Deum" was then intoned, during which the novice remained outstretched before the altar, his face to the ground and his arms extended in the form of a cross. He then arose to give the kiss of peace to all the monks and Brothers and lay Brothers present.

Going back to the altar, he received the accolade of the provincial, who, addressing to him a paternal allocution, said that he had now exchanged his princely splendors for the humble habit of St. Dominic—the white robe of innocence and the black tunic of penitence. He told him that the order accorded him a year's probation, during which he could examine his spiritual disposition and prepare himself definitely for conventual life. The provincial terminated by expressing the wish that he would be able to receive him as a professed monk at the conclusion of his probation, and in saying the words, "God wills it," gave him the name of Brother Raymond.

This new and latest sacrifice made by him who bore the title Serene Highness will bring Brother Raymond many graces. These graces will extend through the Catholic world, wherever the story is told of this prince becoming a Dominican novice—an example to the great ones of the earth and to the humble and disinherited.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

WHAT CAME OF A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Rev. John P. Dunn, who died years ago in Philadelphia, often related the following strange incident of his own experience:

It was in the early years of his priesthood that Father Dunn was granted this touching proof of the secret workings of the Blessed Sacrament. He was summoned one day to the house of an Episcopalian minister, who was distinguished for his bitter hostility to everything pertaining to 'Romanism.' Wondering a little at the summons, the good priest instantly went thither, expecting to be taken to the bedside of some faithful servant whose opportunity for the rites of the Church had triumphed over the bigotry of her employers. To his amazement, he was shown at once into an elegant chamber, where the minister's only child lay on her deathbed. She was a fair and winning child of nine summers, the idol of the household, intelligent beyond her years, and blessed with perfect health and watched over with tenderest solicitude, had bid fair to blossom into womanhood unmarked by pain or sorrow. Yet the little child had for nearly four years borne a secret sorrow which at last had brought her, without knowing the pain, of the child's illness. There was nothing to grapple with, the doctors said: she was fading away before their eyes with no symptoms of illness, no token of decline, only dying. The medicine men studied the strange case with interest; friends wondered and wept; the parents grew stricken and hardened in their grief. Well they knew what had brought their children, their only one, to this condition.

On this day the family physician had caught the first gleam for his guidance. It was a bitter exclamation against the "Popish servant girls" which broke from the lips of the mother, as, with wild, tearful eyes, she gazed upon her fading flower. The doctor demanded an explanation of her words, sternly reminding her that he had a right to know the cause of the child's illness. Her reluctance being finally overcome, the mother began by stating that they had once unhappily been persuaded to engage an Irish Catholic girl as the attendant to their little Lena. The girl was far superior to her station, and in fact they treated her almost as one of the family, "little thinking they were cherishing a viper." They had strong hopes of her conversion, for she went to church, had no Popish book or emblem of any sort, and was really so indifferent about religion that they were convinced she had not the slightest recollection of the superstitious of her native country. They had not striven to hasten her conversion, believing that the attention she gave to their instructions to the child, at which she was generally present, was sowing

One afternoon she took Lena out for her usual walk, and for the first time in years, according to her own statement afterwards, felt an inclination to go to church. It was a day when "Benediction" was given, and from that fatal day dated all their misery. The child was so impressed by the ceremonies that she longed to go again. From a mood of quiet disposition she became disobedient and stubborn, no longer taking any interest in her prayers or Bible lessons, and at divine service showing none of her former reverence and thoughtful attention. Of course the faithless servant was dismissed without delay. The little victim of her diabolical art surrounded with all good influences, but in vain; the child clung as she clung to the Popish ceremony, and the terrible infatuation or possession, whichever it might be, was destroying her life.

The physician's comment on the story was an instant command that a Catholic priest should be brought to his patient. He suggested Father Dunn, whom he often met; and despite the opposition of the mother, the young priest knew better than the aged physician; but he hesitated no longer. The innocent child made her act of love and contrition as he prompted, received her Lord, and with a happy smile sank back on the pillow. As Father Dunn gave the blessing, the seraphic soul fled to its Love.

HE TURNS FROM CHRISTLESS PROTESTANTISM.

Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, of Bridge-water, Mass., is a son of the great novelist, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher. He is also a Congregational preacher of splendid standing. One evening recently during a sermon delivered in his church, he took off his gloves and boldly assailed the Protestantism of the hour and its alleged "higher critics." Thus he said in part:

"Our Puritan Fathers never would have made the break they did with Catholic Christianity could they have foreseen as a result thereof the Christless, moribund, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth, life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weight and weariness of sin. Thank God, that is not true of all Protestants! The great doctrines of Catholic Christianity are still believed and preached in many of our churches. But, alas! it is only too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan fathers yearned for and sought with prayers and tears, has become, to many of their Christless descendants, a frigid city of ice palaces; a city of pale negotiations, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and unsubstantial intellectual worth.

"As the icebergs from the frozen north floated with the ocean currents, only to be melted and disappear in the warm waters of the equator, so shall these transcendental ice mountains melt in the warmer currents that the Holy Spirit will bring to human hearts from our crucified but now risen and glorified Lord.

"The full, rich, glorious Christ of Catholic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these 'advanced' thinkers (God save the mark!) and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodless, emaciated Syrian ghost, He still dully haunts the icy corridors of the twentieth century Protestantism, from which the doom of His final exclusion has been already spoken.

"Then in their boundless arrogance and self-assertion they turn upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,' and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic Church. If this be so, then for me most gratefully and lovingly I turn to the Church of Rome as a homeless, homeless wanderer to a home in a continuing city.

"We are hungry for God, yes for the living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker and its meat thinner and drier every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and important respects life is brighter in the so-called 'Dark Ages' than it is to-day. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled in the dirt."—The Missionary.

A DISGRACEFUL ACTION.

Rather an unusual point, but nevertheless a good one, was made by a priest preaching a mission in the cathedral of Brisbane, Queensland. He was speaking of many dangers that surround Catholics at the present day, and the necessity of safeguarding the faith by Catholic reading, when he digressed a bit to score severely the Catholics who show meanness or carelessness in the matter of paying for Catholic papers. Catholic publications, he said, suffered very much from unpaid subscriptions. Often times the paper was sent for years, and when the bill for payment came, very often a post-card was sent, stopping the paper altogether. This, he declared, the preacher, was a shameful and disgraceful action on the part of Catholics, and a great deal of the weakness and inefficiency of the Catholic press, complained of by some people, is due to Catholics who seem to have money for everything else but who "get mad" and stop the paper if they are reminded of their remissness.—British Columbia Orphan Friend.

The having had courage to begin the work for God will be most meritorious; so be courageous; God will not permit you to give way.

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