

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### "LEST WE FORGET."

"The Church as a faithful mother prays for all her children departed, that they who left no parents or friends may still have the benefit of suffrage."

It may seem that when St. Augustine penned those words, the faithful had little need to be reminded of their duty towards their brethren. But though they were bidden to assist the dead not with lamentations but with prayers, supplications and alms, and were intimately conscious that between them and their departed there still existed a union of souls, the saint put before them the practice of the Church. She never forgets her children. In the Holy Office and the Adorable Sacrifice she prays for the holy souls. Yet, with her teaching and practice before them, many Catholics are nowadays prone to forgetfulness of their dead. Our friendship for them wanes as the years go on: Memory's pictures are blurred by the world; and we pray for them occasionally, and then perchance in a careless manner. Rarely do they employ the greatest means of propitiating the infinite mercy of God—the Holy Mass. Hence they indeed are wise who make provision for Masses after their death. Otherwise they may be like the poor man who waited eight and thirty years for some one to cast him into the healing waters of the pool in Jerusalem. Men came and saw his plight and went away without helping him. Busy with their own thoughts they had no place in their heart for his sufferings. And when we are feeling "pious" we may wonder at such a story and condemn the heartlessness that withheld a helping hand. If, however, we look into our own lives, we may see the plain evidence of base ingratitude to those who loved us, and indifference to the cry for mercy that arises from the land wherein souls are being prepared for Heaven.

We must admit that our French Canadian brethren do not forget their dead. More, we know that a member of a parish who neglects to have Holy Mass offered up for his departed is looked upon as one dead to the obligations of friendship and charity. They do not have expensive funerals, but they see that their dead are in memory at the altar of God not only on the day of burial but at frequent intervals. In many English-speaking parishes this manifestation of charity and faith is not visible, at least to such an extent. In fact some pastors tell us that so far as they know forgetfulness of the dead is on the increase.

### AN ECHO OF THE 12TH OF JULY.

A reader sends us an account of a 12th July celebration with a request to comment upon it. While anxious to oblige our friend we feel that any verbal effort of ours would be inadequate. We believe also that this kind of entertainment is unattractive to the Canadians who refuse to entertain the notion that "orations" lacking in courtesy and truth are "eloquent" and "instructive." But it is strange that a few gentlemen forget that they are in Canada, with obligations to their fellow citizens. And they fail to remember that a medley of deprecating jokes and hysterical addresses are not complimentary to their abilities as entertainers of the public. We have but time to call their attention to the performance of Rev. E. J. Hopper, an Anglican minister of High Bluff. The report of it indicates that the gentleman is, as a raconteur, a joke smith, about two centuries out of date. His contribution to the 12th of July fun was not only tinged with vulgarity and alien to the spirit of the Anglican ministers whom we have the honor of being acquainted with, but was of such a character as to betray either a low order of mentality on the part of Mr. Hopper or an effort to come down to the mentality of the people whom he essayed to amuse. At any rate the High-Bluffers whom he shepherds must have an abnormally developed sense of humor. The statement that the 12th of July is a "better day than Good Friday" leads one to believe that whatsoever one may think of Mr. Hopper's tact and judgment, his imagination is full fledged. The weather was hot, and then any thing can happen on a 12th of July. We regret, of course, that any clergyman should play the buffoon, but we have the consolation of knowing that these clergymen are in the minority and have no influence over the Canadians who will work other than the

uttering of ignoble jokes, the chattering of hatred and the retelling of stories that have long since been relegated to the almanac.

### A CONTRAST.

In striking contrast with the Rev. Mr. Hopper's oratory are the remarks made by Deputy Grand Master Lindsay Crawford at a 12th July celebration at Belfast by the Independent Orange Order. He said that the new movement was a revolt against the tyranny of ignorance, bigotry and unreasonable prejudice. For generations Orange leaders had pandered to the lowest instincts of the mob and had encouraged sectarian and party divisions for their own selfish ends. Independent Orangemen had chosen the better part, and while their Catholic countrymen might disagree with the doctrines of the Protestant religion, they were determined, God helping them, that their creed would not be identified with ignorant bravado and hot house oratory.

### RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The Catholic Educational Association of the U. S. reaffirmed this year at Cleveland its principles that without religion there can be no substantial prosperity or healthy national life. Far from being a hindrance to the State, we are convinced that by our statement of religious education we support the principles of authority and obedience, charity and justice, which are the mainstay of social order and public welfare.

### ANCIENT IRELAND.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

There was once civilization in Ireland. We never were very eminent to be sure for manufactures in metal, our houses simple, our very pieces rude, our furniture scanty, our saffron shirts not often changed, and our foreign trade small. Yet was Ireland civilized. Strange things! says some one whose ideas of civilization are identical with carpets and cut glass, fine masonry, and the steam-engine; yet 'tis true. For there was a time when learning was endowed by the rich and honored by the poor and taught all over our country. Not only did thousands of natives frequent our schools and colleges, but men of every rank came here from the Continent to study under the professors and system of Ireland, and we need not go beyond the testimonies of English antiquaries, from Bede to Camden, that these schools were regarded as the first in Europe. Ireland was equally remarkable for piety. In the pagan times it was regarded as a sanctuary of the Magian or Druid creed. From the fifth century it became equally illustrious in Christendom. Without going into the disputed question of whether the Irish church was or was not independent of Rome, it is certain that Italy did not send out more apostles from the fifth to the ninth centuries than Ireland, and we find their names and achievements remembered through the Continent.

Of two names which Hallam thinks worth while rescuing from the darkness of the dark ages one is the metaphysician, John Erigena. In a recent communication to the Association we had Bavarians acknowledging the Irish St. Kilian as the apostle of their country.

Yet what beyond a catalogue of names and a few marked events, do even the educated Irish know of the heroic Pagans or the holy Christians of old Ireland. These men have left libraries of biography, religion, philosophy, natural history, topography, and romance. They cannot be all worthless; yet except the few volumes given us by the Archaeological Society, which of these works have any of us read?

It is also certain that we possessed written laws with extensive and minute comments and reported decisions. These Brehon laws have been foully misrepresented by Sir John Davies. Their tenures were the Gavelkind once prevalent over most of the world. The land belonged to the clan, and, on the death of a clansman his share was re-appportioned according to the number and wants of his family. The system of erics or fines for offences has existed amongst every people from the Hebrews downward, nor can any one knowing the multitude of crimes now punishable by fines or damages, think the people of this empire justified in calling the ancient Irish barbarous, because they extended the system. There is in these laws, so far as they are known, minuteness and equity; and, what is a better test of their goodness, we learn from Sir John Davies himself, and from the still abler Baron Finglass that the people revered, obeyed, and clung to these laws, though to decide by or obey them was a high crime by England's code. Moreover the Norman and Saxon settlers hastened to adopt these Irish laws, and used them more resolutely, if possible, than the Irish themselves.

Orderliness and hospitality were peculiarly cultivated. Public caravansaries were built for travellers in every district, and we have the very best legal evidence of the grant of vast tracts of land for the supply of provisions for these houses of hospitality. The private hospitality of the chiefs was equally marked, nor was it quite rare. Ceremony was united with great

freedom of intercourse; age, and learning, and rank, and virtue were respected, and those men whose cookery was probably as coarse as that of Homer's heroes, had around their board harpers and bards who sang poetry as gallant and fiery, though not so grand as the Homeric ballad-singers, and flung off a music which Greece never rivalled.

Shall a people, pious, hospitable, and brave, faithful observers of family ties, cultivators of learning, music, and poetry, be called less than civilized because mechanical arts were rude, and "comfort" despised by them?

Scattered through the country are hundreds of books wherein the laws and achievements, the genealogies and possessions, the creeds, and manners and poetry of these our predecessors in Ireland are set down. Their music lives in the traditional airs of every valley.

Yet mechanical civilization, more cruel than time, is trying to exterminate them, and, therefore, it becomes us all who do not wish to lose the heritage of centuries, nor to feel ourselves living among nameless ruins, when we might have an ancestral home—it becomes all who love learning, poetry, or music, or are curious of human progress, to aid in or originate a series of efforts to save all that remains of the past.

It becomes them to lose no opportunity of instilling into the minds of their neighbors, whether they be corporators or peasants, that it is a brutal, mean, and sacrilegious thing, to turn a castle, a church, a tomb, or a mound into a quarry or a gravel pit, or to break the least moral of sculpture, or to take any old coin or ornament they may find to a jeweller, so long as there is an Irish Academy in pay for it or accept it.

Before the year is out (1844) we hope to see a society for the preservation of Irish Music established in Dublin, under the joint patronage of the leading men of all parties, with branches in the provincial towns for the collection and diffusion of Irish airs.

An effort—a great decided one—must be made to have the Irish Academy so endowed out of the revenues of Ireland, that it may be a national school of Irish History and Literature and a Museum of Irish Antiquities, on the largest scale. In fact, the Academy should be a secular Irish College with professors of our old language, literature, history, antiquities, and topography; with suitable schools, lecture-rooms and museums.

### COSTLY CHURCHES AND THEIR MISTAKEN CRITICS.

Frequently we hear the clergy severely censured for building costly churches. Of course, the censures come from the pews, and almost invariably from those which meanest of their parish generosity by a Sunday plate contribution of a nickel. In the class will also be found parishioners who meet the precept of the Church bearing on the support of pastors, not with what the precept prescribes, but with a copious supply of unwholesome and unsound advice as to how the parish should be conducted. And in many instances they are individuals who have proved total commercial failures.

There are some Catholics who never seem to grasp the fact that the work of conducting the affairs of a parish is the business of the pastor. And it is his exclusive business. He serves a long apprenticeship, as a rule, after ordination, to fit him for that very purpose. His appointment to a parish by his Bishop may also be considered as a testimonial of his fitness for the task. Such being the case, every presumption of ability to do the work satisfactorily is in his favor.

But these lay critics would have money expended in costly church edifices distributed in channels of charity, or in a multiplication of churches far less pretentious. This is what they say they would do if the regulation of such matters were at their dictation. There is reason to believe, however, that the parsimonious generosity usually displayed in the financial success of their parish would find some strange structures doing service as God's temple.

By their censures these individuals display their ignorance of several important matters. They fail to see that their criticisms reflect as much upon the Bishops of their diocese as they do upon their pastor. They are evidently totally ignorant of the fact that pastors are subject to the authority and the wishes of their Bishops in the matter of placing financial burdens upon a parish, and that Bishops are very reluctant to permit their priests to incur parish debts which are at all doubtful of easy liquidation. Hence authority to construct costly edifices is not obtained for the asking and is only granted where conditions warrant the same.

They are a strange set, these individuals. They belong to a class of people the world has known since the beginning. What they want done by others is the thing they would not do for themselves. Their inconsistency is monumental. They don't want costly temples for their Eucharistic God. That is insane extravagance. But if God blesses them with a little wealth to the exclusion of their religiously superior neighbors, one of their first acts is to secure themselves a more fashionable neighborhood and a home of larger luxury. And although in many instances this entails the penalty of tightening the purse strings against church support, still they regard it as a wise, profitable and necessary expenditure.

The subject of costly churches and their mistaken critics could be developed much more fully. Not half of the story has been told. But we trust enough has been said to expose its folly, and we hope, in some measure, to correct the growing evil. It is criticism that is neither wise, healthy nor conducive to the good of religion.—Church Progress.

### WHERE ARE THEY?

In a discourse pronounced on July 12th, before the Baptist Association of the Eastern Townships, a certain Rev. A. L. Therrien, a Baptist preacher, made some startling declarations. He declared it to be the first duty of Baptists to evangelize French Canadians, that he himself had disbursed in the work one million dollars and had gained to Evangelical Christianity more than seven thousand souls.

One might imagine that the first duty of a Baptist would be to serve his God according to the light of his conscience, but, passing over this outburst of zeal and the remark that Mr. Therrien has disbursed one million dollars in fulfilling his "first duty," we should like to know what truth there is in the statement that seven thousand French Canadians have been converted from their Catholic faith through the instrumentality of Mr. Therrien or of any one else. Whether such a result represents the work of one individual or the united efforts of an organization or "church," it is useless to enquire, but it would, if true, be matter for serious reflection. On its face it appears improbable, and it is not at all borne out by the statistics which we have at hand.

The census of Canada, 1901, shows that there are 8180 Baptists—free and not free—in the Province of Quebec. A careful examination of the same shows still further that by far the greater number of these Baptists are found either in English counties or in more or less English portions of French counties. Something more than the unsupported statement of Mr. Therrien is required to convince us in these places that a man of any other nationality than English.

Here is a list taken from the Census.

	Baptists.
Argenteuil.....	844
Bonaventure.....	126
Brome.....	504
Compton.....	547
St. Gabriel's Ward (Mont.).....	345
St. Anthony's Ward (Mont.).....	635
St. Louis and St. Laurent Ward, Montreal.....	505
St. Anne's Ward, (Mont.).....	191
Westmount.....	394
Outremont.....	41
Missisquoi.....	274
Pontiac.....	197
Shefford.....	231
Shoerbrook.....	197
Stanstead.....	923
Wright.....	304
Labelle (English centre).....	8.0
Drummond and Arthabaska, (Eng. centres).....	62
Megantic (Eng. centres).....	25
Montreal (Eng. centres).....	17
Richmond and Wolfe (Eng. centre).....	69
Total.....	7091

The above list points to the conclusion that the greater number of the Quebec Baptists are first-rate Anglo-Saxons. The remaining 1389 are scattered in counties and wards of cities in which it is difficult to determine whether they are English or French, but there is reason to believe that the 61 Baptists in St. Ceneogede City, the 75 in St. Henri City, the 213 in Maisonneuve, the 67 in St. James Ward (Montreal), the 138 in St. Mary's Ward, Montreal, the 138 in Quebec city, the 36 in Valleyfield are largely, if not exclusively, English-speaking. It is consoling to note further that there are 15 counties in Quebec in which there is not a single Baptist, there are 4 counties which contain 1 each, and there are 12 counties in which the Baptist population ranges from 2 to 10. As a matter of fact there are but three French counties in which the Baptists may be able to claim a small fraction. In the county of St. Jean and Iberville, the seat of operations, there are 215 Baptists; in the county of Rouville, 131; and in the county of Laprairie, 76. There is nothing to show, however, that all or even a majority of these 422 Baptists are French-Canadians.

Where then are the seven thousand souls won to Evangelical Christianity by Mr. Therrien? Are they all dead? If so, where are their children? The French Canadian is a prolific race. Must we conclude that when "converted" it imbues a certain vice unknown to Catholic Quebec but unfortunately prevalent in Protestant Ontario? Is this then the "awakening" on which the Maritime Baptist congratulates itself? Is this the "enlightenment" to be desiderated for Catholic Quebec? Is this the "first duty" of Baptists according to the conception of Mr. Therrien?

From a careful examination of the statistics and from the assurances of those who are thoroughly acquainted with the situation, we thoroughly agree with the conclusion arrived at by La Presse of Montreal, when discussing the same situation, that there are not in the whole Province of Quebec to day five hundred French Canadian Baptists, and that Mr. Therrien is singularly astray in his figures when he claims to have won seven thousand souls. From the amount disbursed, \$1,000,000, it follows that the French Canadian Baptist comes pretty high.—Antigonish Casket.

### SUPERSTITIONS OF THE "ENLIGHTENED."

To hear some good people talk about the superstition which exists in Ireland and Italy and Spain and other Catholic lands, one would suppose that what are called Protestant countries, particularly the United States and England, are entirely free from superstitious beliefs and observances. Of course, Protestants ignorantly speak of Catholic faith and practice as superstitions, because they do not really know what superstition is, or in what way it differs and differs vitally from faith. But when they imagine the people of the United States to be too enlightened for superstition they make the judicious gripe; for if there is any place on earth where superstition flourishes it is here in this much-schooled land of ours.

There was a case of a "Doctor" recently, down in Baltimore, who pur ported to cure by means of magic, and the revelations made in court concerning the number of his patients and clients afforded striking proof of the firm hold which superstition has upon the minds of many enlightened American citizens. Belief in charms, incantations, magical breastplates, spirit mirrors, etc., was shown to exist in all parts of the country, from Vermont to Texas, in spite of flattering census statistics proving the decline of illiteracy. Policy players read the "Doctor's" choice literature to improve their luck, spinners bought "Adam and Eve root," for use in winning wool, sick persons trusted to a "correspondence course" for health, and speculative souls sought instruction for raising spirits. Pathetic cases were disclosed in which poor persons, long afflicted with a grave disease and despairing of cure by physicians, sent their last dollar to procure supernatural help. Dream books were in much demand and magnetic healing was above par.

The "Doctor" and the revelations of superstition made by his prosecution in court attracted wide attention, and the Baltimore Sun treated the matter in a long editorial in which it commented on the widespread belief in superstitious observances as (ineffectual) remedies for disease or as aids to advancement in love and business affairs. Said the Sun: "The crudest sort of fetishism and superstition continues thus among us in this twentieth century side by side with agnosticism and the refined and philosophic creeds of the learned. The learned, in fact, are often as superstitious as the most uneducated, though in a different way and along different lines. It has long been noted that those who boast their emancipation from prevalent creeds are often slaves of the pettiest delusions. How many persons are bold enough to marry on Friday? How many fear to draw their socks on their left feet first? How many are free from the dread of thirteen? The poet tells us—

Thirteen at a table's bad sure,  
But twelve is very good.

And many of us believe him. Do you touch wood after indulging in a boast? A strict inquiry would show, it is suspected, a great number of the "Doctor's" breastplates in use among our cultivated people, to say nothing of "rabbits' feet" and other implements of intelligible magic. Who is your pet superstition, cultivated and enlightened reader? for it is not the ignorant only who seek to learn the secrets of our "prison house" of clay or to pry into the future and to master the mysteries of nature. Belief in the supernatural seems to be ineradicable, and if the human soul is not anchored to a sane and editorial belief, it will be swept away into the deepest shadows and the most dangerous waters by the strong natural currents of credulity.

In other words, the people who sneer at religion, and particularly the Catholic religion, as superstitious, are themselves in numerous instances the victims of superstitions ranging from the most trivial to the grossest and most degrading. And all this in the United States!—Sacred Heart Review.

### "GAVE UP HIS RELIGION."

GOOD MOTIVES DO NOT INFLUENCE THE LAISING CATHOLIC.

The religion his father lived and died in. The faith his mother taught him as a child. The belief transmitted to him through generations.

His grandfather suffered famine for it—endured hunger and cold rather than seem to waver in it. Years back his forefathers risked their lives to teach it to their children. They travelled miles to listen to its precepts and to receive its consolations. They lost their lands sooner than compromise it. They suffered the rigors of the terrible penal code, which transported their school-masters and hung their priests.

One who bore the same name, consecrated to its service by a divine vocation, is said to have lost his life in its ministrations. Hunted down by the minions of a despotic government, he boldly avowed his faith before the tyrants who made his death a martyrdom. And this descendant of such a race, bearing a name rich with such associations, has given up—what? His religion? He has given up his religion. He no longer goes to Church, though the divine sacrifice that his fathers heard by stealth in the danger and cold of winter midnights is now free and open before him. He no longer receives the sacraments that his kinsman died to administer. The heritage of faith passed down through so many years of persecution, carefully entrusted by father to son as more precious than the lands lost to them or the knowledge debarred them, has been

squandered, lost and spurned by this man!

Why has he given up his religion? Has he thought deeply, studied long and closely and arrived at the conclusion that it is not true? Is he earnest in his search for truth, and manly and independent in his conduct and character? Or has the process of alienation been gradual, spread over many years and subject to diverse influences? Where has he received his education, and who have been his teachers? What books has he read? Who have been his associates? Has he no social advantage to seek, or no political purpose in view, or no business prospects to subserv?

Analyze the hidden motives, the occult influences, so devious, imperceptible and gradual, and see if he has given up his religion because he loves truth and possesses knowledge. Even his own conscience, led astray by worldly influences and flattered by self-conceit, will at times make its voice heard in uneasy accents. Especially on his death bed, if the opportunity for reflection is at hand, will the poor and flimsy reasons that induced him to give up his religion stand out in their weakness and nakedness.—Catholic Citizen.

### ENGLAND'S TITLED NUNS.

Some of England's titled nuns are mentioned by T. P. O'Connor in an article incident to the recent conversion of Spain's new Queen. The Duke of Norfolk, says the article, has two sisters nuns: Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite Order, and Lady Etheldreda is a Sister of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, sister to Lord Denbigh, is another Sister of Charity, and cheerfully endures exile in a convent in China. Lady Maria Christiana Bandini, daughter of Lord Newburgh, is in a convent on the Continent; Lady Frances Bertie, sister to Lord Abingdon, resides in a convent at Harrow; and Lady Leopoldina Keppel, sister to Lord Albemarle, is a nun of the Sacred Heart.

The Hon. Mary and Hon. Margaret Russell, daughters of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, are now nuns in the convent of the Holy Child at Mayfield, Sussex; and also the Hon. Violet Gibson, the pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Ashburnham.

Miss Mary and Miss Edith Clifford, sisters of Lord Clifford of Chudeigh, are both nuns; Miss Ellen and Miss Marie French, sisters of Lord French, are also nuns; Miss Leonie Dornier is a nun; and yet another religious is Miss Cicely Arundell, sister to the twelfth Lord Arundell of Wardour. Indeed, in several instances, whole groups of sisters are within walls of convents. No fewer than four sisters of the present and fourteenth Lord Herries are nuns, as are three sisters of the present and fourteenth Lord Petre. One of these is a Sister of Charity, and the others belong to the Order of the Good Shepherd, and reside in convents at Cardiff and Glasgow. And in bygone days there were four sisters of a dead and gone Lord Camoys, who had one and all taken the veil, but most of these ladies have now passed away.

There is only one member of any royal family in Europe in a convent, and who has actually taken the full vows of a nun. The lady in question is the widow of that Don Miguel of Brazil who ruled for several years over Portugal as its king, being eventually deposed and driven into exile in order to make way for his niece, Queen Maria Della Gloria, the grandmother of the present king. The royal nun is the Superior of a convent of Benedictine nuns in the Isle of Wight.

### A CASE OF BAD MANNERS.

When Archbishop Erchesi wrote to the dying Chiniquy offering to visit him, our evangelical friends thought it a great piece of impudence on his part. Yet in the eyes of the Archbishop, Chiniquy was an apostate Catholic, one who had to all appearances impugned what he knew to be the truth of God, and who was therefore probably guilty of the awful sin against the Holy Ghost. Had Chiniquy been a Presbyterian born and reared, for whose good faith there might be a reasonable presumption, the Archbishop would never have offered him his services as a minister of reconciliation; and if in such a case the services of another clergyman had already been invoked, His Grace would have thought it bad policy and worse taste to attempt any intrusion.

The good people of Windsor who brought a Protestant Bible and tracts to a condemned criminal who was being attended by a Catholic priest, need to take some lessons in good manners; or at least they should ponder on those golden words which lie at the bottom of all rules of good manners: "Do as you would be done by."—Antigonish Casket.

### A Rev. Justice of the Peace.

In Bathgate, Scotland, a Catholic clergyman, Rev. Father McDaniel, has been appointed Justice of the Peace. This is a rare, probably a unique distinction for a Catholic priest in Great Britain. The office carries with it no salary. Justices of the Peace under the British system being honorary officials, though they sit on the bench and try and dispose of cases in the interior courts. Here they are called judges, but in Great Britain only justices. It seems very fitting that a Catholic priest, one of whose functions it is to preach justice, should also be a dispenser of justice. We are quite sure that the offenders who come before Justice Father McDaniel will get strict justice seasoned no doubt with mercy, of which he is by profession also a minister.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SHILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XIII. IN PRISON AT AIX.

After the inquest, at which nothing fresh was elicited, the body of the unfortunate lady was laid on a temporary bier in the principal passage of the convent. The doors were then opened to admit the crowds who flocked in. Mrs. Blanchard had been laughed at sometimes for her piety, but she had never made it offensive, and she was adored by the poor on account of her charity. One may imagine the grief of the people on seeing their benefactress lying cold and stark, and in proportion to their grief was their rage against the cruel murderer.

"Look at that, see how the wretch strangled the poor dear lady!" "Throttled her and stabbed her too. Look! her dress is saturated with blood!" "No, no, our good clergyman never did that!" "He must have done it. It was done with his knife. It has all been proved against him."

"The rascal ought to be torn in pieces."

"Now you see what use religion is! I for one shall never go inside a church again."

Such were some of the remarks made by the ignorant and easily prejudiced crowd. One said one thing, and one another, and only a small minority ventured to insist on their Pastor's innocence, or at least express their doubts as to his guilt. And when the cry was raised: "Here he comes!" they were turned to the small escort of police who were advancing, their truncheons drawn, ready to protect the prisoner who walked in their midst, and make a way for him through the crowd. As they passed the spot where the bier stood, Father Montmoulin involuntarily paused, and raised his fettered hands in supplication, murmured the prayer: "Eternal rest give to her O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her." Tears filled his eyes; availing himself of a momentary hush, he attempted to address a few words to the bystanders, but scarcely could he say: "My children, I am innocent, before he was interrupted with insults, and the police hurried him on, fearful lest any violence should be used against him."

At the gate of the convent a farmer's cart was standing, such as is used to carry sheep or calves to market. The driver, a rough laborer, looked at the muddy casock the priest wore, and made some rude jest as to the queer load he had to carry, which the onlookers received with laughter and reports. Meanwhile Father Montmoulin got into the vehicle, and seated himself, a policeman by his side, on a sack of straw.

The unhappy priest's feeling as they drove off may be better imagined than described. He looked up once more at the church, and remembered the last sermon he had preached within its walls, only two days before, on the seal of confession, little thinking how soon he himself would become a victim of that stringent law. He glanced at the crowd, some of whom were following the cart shouting imprecations upon him, and in the background he saw many a sorrowful and compassionate countenance; but those were believed in him and felt for him were bewildered and timid, afraid to express opinion of his innocence. So it was when our Lord was led bound through the streets of Jerusalem from the tribunal of Caiaphas to Pilate's palace, and the thought of this brought comfort to the heart of the Pastor, as the rude conveyance jolted over the rough stones of the village street. He closed his eyes and sought prayer in that for the sake of Christ's Passion strength might be imparted to him. Only once he opened them, when the village school was being passed, and amongst the voices of the adults who all turned out of their houses to gaze at and abuse him, he heard one or two children's voices calling him a murderer. This hurt him more than anything; he looked at the offenders with an expression of sorrowful reproach which silenced them; at the same time he saw others crying and bewailing his departure, and their childish sympathy was balm to his wounded heart.

The worst was over when the village was left behind. The few who would run after the cart as far as the ways dropped off, and on the high road there were only occasional groups of peasants, who were returning from the produce of their farms and gardens, or laborers who left their work in the fields at the sight of the escort of the mounted police and the prisoner wearing handcuffs in the cart. Now and again exclamations such as these were heard: "Look, the police have got a priest! They are taking him to prison! He is handcuffed! Whatever can he have done? Why is the priest of St. Victoire?" and the driver was never averse to satisfying the curiosity of inquirers by informing them who the prisoner was, and what the crime whereof he was charged. "Look at him," he would add, "they are all alike; his next sermon will be from the scaffold. That's what your clergy are; away with them all."

Not until Aix was reached did Father Montmoulin experience to the full the pain and ignominy of this vicarious. The road that a priest was to be brought in, convicted of robbery with murder, and on the way to the prison heads were thrust out of every window, the shopkeepers stood on their doorsteps, the lowest rabble filled the streets, and it was not without difficulty that the cart made its way in some parts through the crowds of roughs that surged around it. Turning a corner into the market place, where business was still going on, the conveyance came momentarily to a standstill, at the very spot where, as ill-

luck would have it, or rather as Providence decreed, Father Montmoulin's mother was standing, making a few purchases at one of the stalls.

"One moment, my good lady," quoth the stall-keeper, "sturdy weather-beaten old woman, 'I will serve you directly, only I must see who they are taking to prison. Hold the chair, child, while I get up on it to look," she said to Mrs. Montmoulin's grand daughter, who was carrying the basket for her grandmother. They did say, it was a priest who had committed murder—my goodness, is it possible! yes, the prisoner in the cart actually has a casock on! Do you see child? Get up here and look."

In the twinkling of an eye Julia climbed upon the stand, and no sooner did she catch sight of the prisoner who sat with closed eyes, pale and patient in the cart, than she screamed aloud: "Grandmother, it is Uncle!" Hardly knowing what she did, the old woman turned round, and as the conveyance proceeded on its way, she caught a glimpse of her son, and calling him by name, she fell fainting to the ground.

The cry reached Father Montmoulin's ears, and he recognized his mother's voice. He sprang to his feet, and begged the guard for Heaven's sake to stop one moment, that he might speak a word of consolation to his mother; but the police only ordered the driver to go faster, and ere long they drew up at the prison gates. After the usual formalities had been gone through in the presence of the Governor, the prisoner was given in charge to one of the warders with the words: "Robbery and murder as good as proven. Take the prisoner to cell 11, and let him be closely watched."

The massive iron gates which separated the main body of the prison from the wing containing the Governor's apartments and the various offices, swung back on their hinges to admit the prisoner and the attendant warder. The porter who opened the gates looked the priest up and down with a sinister expression, then all was locked and bolted behind them. Father Montmoulin's heart was heavy as he walked by the warder's side down a long corridor, closed by a heavy iron grating, on both sides of which were the prisoners' cells. The warder unlocked No. 11, and ushered his companion into the gloomy chamber. Father Montmoulin glanced at the bare, whitewashed walls and the tiny window with its iron bars and wooden shutter; through which a narrow strip of blue sky alone was visible, the small table and wooden stool standing on one side, whilst against the opposite wall was a wretched pallet with a straw mattress; then he turned to the warder and asked if he would take off the handcuffs and get him a breviary and writing materials.

"I will take off the handcuffs," the man replied, with a searching look at the prisoner. "You seem a quieter chap than your predecessor here, who tried to commit suicide when he found he was sentenced to death. He hung himself to the bars of the window, but we cut him down in time, so the hang man was not cheated. I dare say the Governor will allow you to have the writing materials, but we have not got the book you ask for; it is quite unnecessary."

"It is very necessary for me, I am under the obligation of saying it every day. Would you have the kindness to ask the Governor to get me one from the Director of the Diocesan Seminary. He knows me quite well; my God, how amazed he will be when he hears I am imprisoned on a charge of robbery with murder!" "I will mention your wish to the Superintendent," the warder answered. "Is there anything else you want? No? We generally get no end of requests, very few of which are granted, let me tell you. A prayerbook is the last thing asked for. There is your pitcher of water in that corner; your food will be put through this sliding-door. I suppose you will wish to be supplied from outside, until after the trial. The prices are: 1st class, ten shillings per diem; 2d class, five; 3d class, three. Which will you have?" "What does the usual prison fare cost?"

"Nothing at all, it is supplied gratis, but I warn you it is not very appetizing."

"I have no doubt it will do for me. I am poor, and so are my relations. And the prison fare will be suitable for Lent, on which we have just entered," Father Montmoulin rejoined with a mournful smile.

The warder stared at him for a moment. "As you please," he said and turned to depart. Then coming back, he took up the pitcher saying, "At any rate, Sir, I will fetch you some fresh water and a piece of good bread," and left the cell, half annoyed with himself for having been moved to pity by the pale, delicate looking priest and the shabby murderer. "That is the strangest murderer I have ever seen," he said to himself as he bolted and locked the door. "I have had experience of a good many during twenty years' service here, but none has been like this one. But there must be strong evidence against him, or the Governor would not have sent him to No. 11. Perhaps he is only a better dissimulator than the others. I am not going to let myself be taken in at my years."

As soon as he was left in solitude, Father Montmoulin knelt down and made an offering to God of the bitter shame and disgrace which had been his portion during the past twenty-four hours. He did so from his heart, although he felt within him the natural repugnance that everyone feels to humiliation and injustice. He then prayed for fortitude, that he might drink the chalice of suffering like his Lord, to the dregs, and endure anything and everything rather than be unfaithful in the slightest degree to the sacred obligation of secrecy. For some time he remained at prayer; at length he found consolation and peace of mind. "I cannot do otherwise," he said to himself; "I must do my duty, and leave the rest in God's hands. He will make all turn out for the best."

In te Domine speravi; non confundar in aeternum.

After thus raising his heart to God, Father Montmoulin, worn out with sorrow and fatigue, laid down on his hard and narrow bed, and from sheer exhaustion, fell into a heavy sleep. When he awoke, it was almost dark. The warder must have been in, for he found a pitcher of water on his table, besides some bread and the writing materials he desired. A basin of soup and a small piece of meat had also been put in through the sliding door, both were cold, as if they had been there some time. He ate some bread and meat, and then said his beads, which he had been allowed to retain when his pockets were searched.

Afterwards he paced up and down his cell, endeavouring calmly to reflect what it would be best for him to do. He decided to write to his ecclesiastical superiors the next morning, giving a brief statement of what had occurred, and declaring his innocence, with an earnest entreaty that they would both counsel him how to act and take steps in his behalf, not so much for his sake as for that of the clergy in general, who would be involved in his disgrace, and for the sake of averting terrible scandal to the faithful and to unbelievers. Next to this, his principal anxiety was to speak a word of consolation to his mother; but the police only ordered the driver to go faster, and ere long they drew up at the prison gates.

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who would have dreamed of such a thing happening; I do not mean to reproach you, but one must observe ordinary prudence. What we have to do now, is to prove that you are not guilty. There must have been some one else on the premises, who had got in without the murderer; and who have been?"

"The magistrate averred that it could not possibly have been a stranger, for how could he have known that Mrs. Blanchard would pass by the lumber-room with the money at that particular time, and laid in wait for her," Father Montmoulin answered dejectedly.

"There was the sacristan; has it been actually proved that he was absent that day?"

"So I am told."

"That must be looked into. Or perhaps the maid-servant talked about Mrs. Blanchard going for the money, and it got to the ears of some rogue, who slipped into the convent after her. Take courage, all must be thoroughly investigated. I will go at once to the Vicar-General and if necessary, to the Archbishop; counsel must be retained for the defence."

"I have no money to pay for his services."

"Do not trouble yourself on that score, we shall see about that. Your disgrace is reflected upon us. I will raise it all will be of no use," Father Montmoulin replied despondently. "But I am none the less grateful to you for your kindness. I beg you will assure his Grace the Archbishop, the Vicar-General and all my fellow-priests of my innocence, and tell them how deeply it grieves me that I should be the occasion of bringing this trouble upon them. One thing more; do what you can for my poor mother, my sister, and her children, if they suffer on my account."

"Certainly I will see what can be done for them. Do not lose heart, my dear friend. In your affliction think of our Lord, innocent itself, who for our sins was counted amongst the ungodly. You have now to carry the cross as He did."

"The cross is a heavy one. Pray for me, and ask the prayers of others, that I may not fall beneath its weight," replied the prisoner, as his visitor rose to take leave. He then begged him to hear his confession, which Father Regent did very willingly. What an unhappy priest it would have been to have in confession told everything to his experienced Spiritual Father, and asked him for counsel. But not even sub sigillo was he free to mention a circumstance or ask a question which could indirectly reveal what Loser had said in confession. His lips were sealed; he was obliged to bear the whole burden alone.

The warder now came to intimate that it was time for the visitor to withdraw. At the same time he laid the breviary on the table and took the prisoner's letters. The director of the Seminary accordingly bade his former pupil farewell, after again exhorting him to keep up his courage. His visit had given much consolation to the unfortunate priest, who on being left alone, took up his breviary, and turned to the office for St. John Nepomucene's day.

"Saintly martyr! Thou wast drowned in the waters of the Moldau because thou wast faithful to thy duty as a priest. Obtain for me the grace to give up my life, or submit to any ignominy rather than violate the sacred obligation of binding on me."

Thus the prisoner invoked the aid of the great Saint of Prague, and strengthened himself in his determination by reading the account of the martyrdom undergone by that holy Bishop.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LITTLE SISTER'S MARKET.

"Sister, this old nag, 'Kitty,' won't carry ye many more days to market," said John O'Dowd, as he handed the reins to one of the two sisters seated in the wagon.

"Well, John, never you mind, God is good!" Sister Adelaide chirped to "Kitty," who came out of her dream, looked around to make sure of the safety of her precious passengers, and began her jog along trot to the city.

"That may be, though I dunno," replied John, as he shut the big iron gate that kept out the busy world from that retreat of peace and happiness. "Kitty needed no guiding, but calmly and sure-footedly trotted over the road up hill and down, in and out, among the swiftly moving surface cars, under the roaring elevated trains, through the square, over the bridge, and stopped at her place by right—animal right—in the heart of the market district two blocks from the warf."

Sister Adelaide handed the reins to her novice companion and stepped lightly down, to begin her rounds of the stalls; stopping at every one to ask for some little gift, be it ever so small no matter, it would do good to the "old poor folks beyond the walls."

That day the market was crowded, the streets tightly packed with wagons loaded to the sail board with a variety of fruit and vegetables, picked fresh the day before, and carted in over the road, from farms, five, ten, and even twenty miles inland.

It wasn't easy navigating in and out among the loads, so Sister Adelaide decided to try the stalls first, and then, later, the wagons, for what the drivers had left. They were always good-natured over the fat wallets from the sales.

At stall number one, the Sister made her first appeal. Generally she had good luck here, for John Gilpin knew what was charity and what was not. He could push a customer hard in a sale, and he could as easily push into the needy basket its full of fruit, free and welcome.

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home without the horse? Where is 'Kitty'?"

"Oh, to be sure. I'll get the old mare." But "Kitty" couldn't be found—another trick of Mulaney's. He pretended to look for her.

"Sister, that old mare must have gone home without ye. Let me give ye the loan of one of the four out there in the street. I'll let ye have him for such time as well—I'll let ye have him till I call for him—the lad there in the load."

It was useless to protest, for Mulaney was one who did things, whether you would or wouldn't. The big gray with difficulty was put between the shafts that "Kitty" so long and so faithfully filled, and the Sisters mounted to the wagon seat, looking sadly at the crest-fallen owner of stall number two, and with a smile and a "thank you" to Mulaney, they started home.

The gray was awkward—found it queer pulling the load that was so light for him—but once he got into the swing of things he plunged along lively through the crowded streets, back over the bridge, and brought up shortly at the gate of the old folks' home, where John O'Dowd in surprise and alarm swung back the gate and let him in.

"My, my, Sister! but where did ye get the big fellow? What a breadth of the chest he has, and look at the head of him, and the fine broad back! My, my," John continued, "Sister, I guess ye're right, God is good."

Mulaney, in the meanwhile, found "Kitty" behind a true stone, and he had securely tied her. He hitched her with the off gray horse, the latter evidently protesting, as horses can do, in his own way, at the mist of a mate, but it wasn't horse sense to balk when Mulaney was the whip, so they started for the long journey home.

Owing to "Kitty's" uselessness as a leader of a four-horse truck, the going had to be somewhat slow. The progress was slow, and Mulaney entered his own barnyard, twenty miles away, hours after "the woman" had gone to bed.

This did not prevent him from waking her, after he had securely housed the four, to tell the doings of the day, with many a loud laugh. Her comment when she had heard the whole, with all the details as only Mulaney could tell them, was, "John Mulaney, the blessing of God on ye for a good man!"—Donahoe's.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HORACE HARTLEY.

Horace Hartley was a boy. That is, he was a real boy. When he played marbles his voice was as much in evidence—or even more—as his skill in shooting. When he was on the baseball diamond he took to go full limit any and every advantage the rules of the game allowed. He would suffer the chagrin of his competitors in marbles, after he had "stumped" him. He had to be vicious first, and then he was generous.

Horace Hartley was a boy. There is nothing remarkable in this fact, but it is necessary to state it again, because the same Horace, one day, got so miserably mixed up with another person, that for some time he did not know whether he was himself or some one else. This is how it all happened.

It was a hot Friday morning in June. The day before, Hartley's class had celebrated their annual picnic, and as every boy had on that day taken advantage of every possible enjoyment, and had filled the day to overflowing with fun, it may easily be surmised that the lessons of the day were none too well prepared, or the class as a whole up to the usual standard in its intelligence or attention. Mr. Cane, the professor of the class, saw how matters were, and was unusually lenient that day in exacting the ordinary repetitions and class exercises. Horace had a colorful and decent recitation of his catechism, and the judicious professor waived the Latin lesson for that day, and instead, gave a somewhat lengthy explanation of some new portion of the grammar which the boys had not yet seen.

The teacher talked earnestly and with fluency, and with a ready power of explanation. This morning, however, his efforts seemed fruitless, fruitless to interest, fruitless even to hold the attention of his class. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead as he again and again repeated and explained the first of the four Concord.

"Pay attention, Horace," said Mr. Cane. "I shall require you to repeat this lesson to-morrow morning." "Yes, sir," replied Hartley, "and my arm aches so, and my back is blistered and I feel so—so—"

"So tired. Of course. You can't expect to play baseball for four hours, and be in the water for over an hour and a half, as well as doing many extraordinary things, without being tired the next day."

"Never mind, now, Horace. Pay attention, for although I did not call for a repetition to-day, I shall call on you to-morrow to repeat all about the first Concord."

Hartley was one of the best students in the class. He aroused himself to pay stricter attention, but soon he felt his eyelids to be again most unwontedly heavy, and his senses dull.

"Horace Hartley," said Mr. Cane, a few minutes later, and somewhat sharply this time, "please try to pay attention. I have been talking for the last ten minutes, and you might as well be a thousand miles away for all the benefit you are deriving from what I am saying."

Then Mr. Cane pointed his finger at Horace, and said: "Put yourself in my place, and see if you would care to talk on a hot day like this, to an inattentive boy for half an hour!"

Now a very strange thing happened to Hartley, which he was never afterwards able to explain. Suddenly he felt a strange sensation. He was conscious that he was growing larger and larger, and soon began to feel decidedly out of place in the benches among his class-mates. Then to his further

astonishment, he found that he was growing smaller and smaller, until he felt as if he were a tiny speck in the vastness of the universe. He looked around him, and saw that the other boys were looking at him with curiosity and amusement.

"What's all this tomfoolery?" demanded an officer, drawn to the spot by the jeers of the crowd.

"Nothing at all, Tim," said Mulaney, reassuringly. "This only a lad that's paying an election bet. They all knew Mulaney's funny vein, and the guardian of the peace went off chuckling."

The crowd of onlookers increased; once and only once the victim protested at such "an outrage"—to be met by Mulaney's ready reply: "Outrage, is it, and that wasn't an outrage ye did the poor little creature that it does us all good to see? Stop, now; hold yer tongue, or I'll muzzle ye as they do the dogs. Many a one of them is better nor ye are."

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The queer-looking parade made a circuit of the market, the wagon growing heavier as they went. Finally, when it was packed to the cover, they stopped at stall number two, where Mulaney unhitched the brutal dealer, and left him before his eggs and pullets, with this admonition: "Ye've larned yer lesson, this day. Don't ever forget it. If ye expect any comfort down here amongst men that are yer betters, then give, don't beudge what ye give, to the little woman, or her likes. Never mind now, Sister," as Sister Adelaide began to protest against the humiliation he had inflicted on the vendor, "yer ideas of this may differ from mine, but 'twasn't human what he did to ye."

"You know, Mr. Mulaney, what the Master says about returning good for evil."

"Yes, ye, I know, and that's just what we did to him. We treated him good and kind, kinder than most donkeys get treated. Didn't we teach him the lesson of his life, and niver a cent for the schoolin'! Isn't that good for evil? Go along, now, little woman, and take home them good things, and say, give me best regards to old Tim Downey, from me own town's land, and say that John Mulaney is doin' now and then hearty laugh. And Mulaney laughed his hearty laugh."

"But Mr. Mulaney, how can ye go

surprise, he watched his professor, and saw his broad shoulders grow smaller and smaller, his legs shorten, and his whole body contract, until he was no bigger than any other boy in the room.

All at once, by some process Horace could not explain, he found himself sitting at the professor's desk, and the diminished professor had taken his empty seat.

By some peculiar impulse which Horace was unable to resist, he began to teach the class. He first looked around the room, however, to see if the boys had become aware of the exchange.

No one appeared to notice anything unusual. He began to talk, and was surprised at his own fluency, and his wonderful and certainly newly acquired facility of explanation.

Looking in the direction of his own seat he saw the metamorphosed professor. Just as Horace looked up he saw his own substitute deliberately throw a ball of paper at a boy.

The ball was hard and his aim good and the boy who was aimed at unexpectedly received a stinging blow on the ear, and in a way a mean sort of a fellow immediately set up a prodigious howling, out of all proportion to the injury received.

"Who threw that paper?" demanded the new professor. "I did, sir," replied the changed one.

"Then see me after class," said Horace severely, and he was surprised at the magisterial authority. For the next few minutes there was quiet in the class room but the few professor knew, from his own previous personal experience, that this calm preceded a storm, but as Horace was more in a position of responsibility he was proportionately anxious.

In a few minutes he noticed that a note from his substitute had been passed to the boy who was so proficient in howling. When the missive reached its destination the mean boy, while pretending to hide it, awkwardly displayed it while reading it, with the evident purpose of attracting the professor's attention.

"I'd like to kick that fellow," thought Horace Hartley, "but as I am somehow or other the professor instead of myself, I suppose I must take official notice of the affair," and so he said aloud.

"What have you there?" "It's a note, sir, from Horace Hartley."

"From Horace Hartley!" thought Horace, "then the boys don't know of the change of positions between me and the professor, that's certain."

"A note, sir," continued the mean boy, "and Hartley threatened to lick me when class is out for hollerin' when he hit me with the wad."

"Serve you right, too," thought the professor, but he said: "Bring me the note."

The mean boy came shuffling up to the desk and put the note on the professor's table. Looking at the scrawled epistle Horace was horrified to recognize his own handwriting, and he cordially recognized his own boy sentiments in its contents. The note ran as follows:

"Look here, Spindles, I can lick you one hand behind my back after school and I'm going to. You are smart, ain't you, giving me away by your confounded howling which you did so old Cane could catch on? I'm on to you."

"The Honorable Horace Hartley Esq. 'Chuse you backer.' "It seems you want more practice, Hartley, in letter writing," said Horace to the delinquent. "We will arrange this matter after class this evening."

Work continued for a few minutes and then the new professor heard a new, persistent humming noise. From his own experience he knew it was the vibration of a broken pen point under some desk. "Ting, ting, hum-m-m-m. Ting, ting, hum-m-m-m." To the occupant of the professional chair the noise was maddening. As a boy he had often done the same trick, but now in his changed condition he realized for the first time how annoying it was.

"I wish to goodness the professor had not told me to put myself in his place," thought Hartley. "Who's that making that noise?" he said aloud.

No answer. "I think it's Horace Hartley, sir. He stole my pen just now," said the receiver of the note.

"Do you intend to continue this kind of conduct, Hartley," said the quasi-professor, who saw his substitute blinking violently.

"Precisely," said Hartley; "and you never are. Bring that broken pen point."

ground instead of bringing them into the class room.

Then he suddenly felt some one shaking him violently by the arm. "Wake up! Wake up! Horace. The bell has rung, and all the boys have gone," said Mr. Cane. "You have been sleeping for half an hour."

Rev. J. E. Curtis, S. J.

HOW HEROES DIE.

TOUCHING SCENES AT THE DEATH BED OF BISHOP DELANEY.

The Guildon Manchester, N. H. "It was a surprise to many," says "The Guildon," "to learn that for some time previous to his death Bishop Delaney had been far from well. He had suffered, within the year, several attacks of nausea, accompanied by severe pain, but had treated them so lightly that those who knew of them were forced to do the same. As the warm weather approached he had become over-weary, had taken less exercise than formerly and in minor ways had shown a lethargy foreign to his vigorous temperament. But it was not until Friday, June 1, that his condition was such as to give concern.

Against the advice of his physicians, the Bishop celebrated pontifical Mass on June 3, and gave confirmation that day and on June 4. His condition grew worse from day to day until Thursday, when the necessity for an operation was evident. When placed on the operating table in the hospital, while every one else was visibly affected, the Bishop himself, though suffering intensely, was composed. He said to one of the Sisters: "Don't be worried about me. Whatever God wills is right."

"The operation," continues The Guildon, "revealed a virulent case of appendicitis. The appendix was ruptured, and general peritonitis had set in. Dr. Richardson gave little hope. The Bishop was at once removed to a room in a quiet corner of the third floor. . . He had a fairly good night, being, if anything, too alert in mind, for he questioned eagerly about the operation. Upon receiving creative answers, he said: 'You need not be afraid to tell me, Sister. It won't trouble me. Long ago I made up my mind to take things as God sends them.' He pushed his inquiries until he was told it would be a violation of rule to explain to him. Then he desisted.

"That nothing should be left undone for the safety and comfort of the patient, Dr. Garland was recalled from Boston Friday morning and given full charge of the case. All that day the Bishop tossed without ceasing. The night was an anxious one. Two nurses, one a Sister, and two doctors were in constant attendance. That the Bishop realized his danger was clear. Once, when the others were momentarily absent, he said to the Sister, 'What do you think of my chances?'

"The doctor hopes you will be better." "He tried to read her face. 'I am not so attached to earth that I could not give everything up. I gave those things up long ago. God's will be done?'

"He got no sleep until between 3 and 4 o'clock, when he dozed for a little while. Though he tried to conceal his sufferings, he once or twice asked for prayers, particularly that he might have patience to endure. His thoughtfulness for others was remarkable. Never once did he fail to say 'Thank you' for the least attention and he spoke repeatedly of the kindness shown him by every one, particularly by the Sisters of Mercy. Saturday morning brought no improvement, but as the forenoon advanced he talked less and slept more. After each nap he seemed stronger, and when Dr. Richardson came in the afternoon he was so bright and cheerful that the most encouraging bulletin of the week was given out. The Bishop was like his old self. He talked with members of his family, and bade his mother go out and enjoy herself, since he was 'almost as good as new.' All were hopeful except the nurses and Sisters, who watched closely for the change that they felt was near.

"If only I can receive my God." "It came that night at 10 o'clock. Suddenly the Bishop's pulse began to quicken and his pain grew almost unbearable. Twice the doctors were obliged to give opiates. Still he did not complain, and whenever the attendants inquired about the pain he invariably answered, 'It is passing.' About 4 o'clock violent vomiting set in, while his heart was so weak that death seemed imminent. Father Brophy, chaplain at the hospital, and Father O'Leary were sent for. The Bishop expressed a wish to receive Holy Communion. He was told that it was not possible then, but might be later. He turned to the Sister, 'Is this a collapse, Sister?'

"Hardly knowing what she said, the Sister replied, 'Why do you ask, Bishop?'

"Because I feel worse," he answered. "Now if I am going to die I want to know it. I must be told. I have done all that I could, and if I am to die I want time to be alone with God and to ask forgiveness for my sins. Every moment since this operation has been agony, but I have offered it all to Him and I am not afraid of Him. Tell me the truth."

"They could not tell him, so all withdrew except Father O'Leary, who talked with him a few moments, and then heard his confession. Again the Bishop begged for Holy Communion, but the vomiting was almost incessant. Recalling the fact that washing out of the stomach on the previous day had stopped the nausea, he asked that this be done now. The Sister reminded him of the anguish it had caused him then.

"That does not matter," he replied. "Any agony if only I can receive my God!"

"As he insisted, Dr. Garland complied. The Bishop was so weakened by the operation that it was necessary to inject a strong salt solution. This is among the most painful of treatments, but he made no murmur. After resting a few moments, he was pro-

nounced able to receive Holy Communion. Father Brophy brought the Blessed Sacrament, and in presence of the priests and religious, members of the Bishop's family and a few intimate friends, administered the Viaticum. Immediately the Bishop seemed stronger. His eyes shone with almost unearthly brightness, and his voice was strong and clear as he addressed his priests:

"Be good priests always, good and faithful. Give my love to all the priests and to the people. All have been kind to me. You have been a comfort to me. I want to beg your pardon for any fault, and disedification, any unkindness I have shown you. No, no," as he murmured dissent, "I mean it. I might have done better, I am sorry for any fault."

"He blessed the priests individually, and asked them to pray for him. When they gave expression to their grief, he said, 'God needs me more than you do. I am ready to go.' He then blessed each of the Sisters, giving to the heads of the various institutions a special benediction for the souls entrusted to their care. To each friend he said a kind word, giving here a bit of advice, there a remembrance for some absent, but oftenest expressing gratitude for favors. During the afternoon his sufferings increased, yet he insisted on having all who came admitted to his room. The Sisters of Jesus and Mary, the Benedictine Fathers from St. Anselm's College, the Gray Nuns, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Brothers of different orders, the Sisters of his household, the Superior of the cloistered Order of the Precious Blood—to all he bade an affectionate farewell and bestowed his blessing on their work. His salutations were so characteristic as to be doubly pathetic.

"YOU ARE MY BOY." "Ah, Father William," he said to a young priest from the college, "you must be good always, for you are my boy. You are the first priest I ordained, are you not?'

"No, Bishop," replied the young man in a voice broken with sobs; "I was Father Ignatius."

"Finally he said the Bishop, 'Don't cry. You are my boy just the same, and you must be good just the same.' As Mother Gonzaga, at whose fifth anniversary he had pontificated a month before, approached, bowed with grief, he smiled tenderly and exclaimed, 'Come here, you holy patriarch! May God bless you. When I go to heaven I will pray for you Old Men's Home.'

"The last words were hardly audible. His life was all but gone. Weaker and weaker he grew. Finally, with supreme effort, he repeated slowly, but with perfect distinctness: 'O Sacred Heart! In Thee have I hoped. I know I will not be confounded. And the weary waiting was over at last. The soul of the Bishop had passed to God.'

'That is just about where our Lord was pierced.' He then questioned about the operation.

"I had appendicitis?" "Yes, Bishop."

"What is this, peritonitis?" "Yes, Bishop."

"No one is to blame. Thank you, doctor, I will have nothing more done."

"O SACRED HEART!" "Toward midnight his mind began to wander. From that moment he failed gradually. More than once he was thought to be dying, but each time his wonderful vitality conquered. Over and over he asked the attendants to say the prayers that he could not; over and over he breathed familiar aspirations, particularly that one on which his motto was based. 'O Sacred Heart! In Thee have I hoped. Let me not be confounded.'

"Even in his delirium he talked to and of God. Not long before he died he seemed to fancy he was in the confessional. 'When you make your meditation, Sister,' he said, 'make it in the presence of God. Try to bring the Holy Spirit into your heart, child. Beg of Him for His light and His love that you may keep this ever in the presence of God. Beg of Him to fill your heart with His peace, because without God's love and peace we have nothing. Do this always. Amen.'

"After a little while he began to pray with difficulty and with long pauses between the words and syllables: 'Sweet Jesus, look down upon a poor, frail, suffering being, who has not the strength to do for you all that he would wish, but who, with these inarticulate, inexpressible words gives forth those sentiments from the depths of a loving heart. O Holy Spirit of Truth! Spirit of Life! Spirit of Guidance I direct my footsteps always in Thy paths. O Holy Spirit of Purity! give me the grace to follow Thee.'

"The last words were hardly audible. His life was all but gone. Weaker and weaker he grew. Finally, with supreme effort, he repeated slowly, but with perfect distinctness: 'O Sacred Heart! In Thee have I hoped. I know I will not be confounded. And the weary waiting was over at last. The soul of the Bishop had passed to God.'

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MAY BE PERMITTED TO RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION WITHOUT FASTING. Very Rev. Louis Estevenson, S. S. S., Superior general of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, who is now in America, visiting the several houses of his order, sailed from New York to return to Rome on Aug. 2.

Father Estevenson is well known in New York, as he was for a time the rector of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste there. He is considered one of the most influential priests in the Eternal City, and has the privilege of visiting the Holy Father any time. It was largely through Father Estevenson's influence at the Vatican that the privilege of daily communion was recently granted to the faithful. Another privilege which it is expected will shortly be granted by the Pope is that for sick persons, convalescents, invalids or others who cannot go to church, to receive Holy Communion without fasting. At present sick persons cannot receive Holy Communion if they have broken their fast from the previous midnight, even though it was but a spoonful of medicine that was swallowed, unless in case of a very dangerous illness. By virtue of the expected privilege a sick person or a convalescent can receive Holy Communion after having taken medicine or nourishment.

LOYALTY OF PROTESTANTS. Lansing says that the Catholics are not loyal to the nation, but that the protestants are, writes Professor Starbuck, the eminent Protestant theologian, in the Sacred Heart Review. What great impudence! Hitherto the controlling religious influence over our government has been Protestant. Almost everything has been done as we wished it. Why, then, should we not be loyal to our own creation? Turn the tables and let Catholicism come to the helm, and for generations (direct) a frowning countenance upon Protestantism, and do everything possible to keep Protestants in the background, and we should be apt to hear a very different story.

Elizabeth hated the Puritans, and persecuted them, but as she persecuted the Catholic still more the Puritans stood by her. James I persecuted the Puritans still more, and they begged to hate him. His son Charles was yet more hostile to them, and at last they rose against him, overturned his throne, cut off his head, broke the constitution of the country to pieces, called a military usurper to the chair, who then turned them out of doors, and only shrank back to the old order when they found themselves on the brink of a hopeless precipice. I like other men, they were very loyal—to their own ends. The great mass of the nation, who were only loyal to the constitution, they called, after the style of your language—"Malignants."

The Hugonots, the French Puritans, showed their loyalty by combining with the disaffected princes, by deserting the king with all war, if he did not make war abroad after their orders.

"Think well on it, doctor," said the Bishop. "It is a holy faith. It is a hard faith to live by, but a good faith to die by. In your work you see much of life and much of death. It must make you think of the great, great eternity."

"The effort had been too much. The pain returned with redoubled energy and shook him from head to foot. 'Pray Sister,' he implored; 'pray that I may endure to the end. I fear that I may break down.'

"Every little while he asked what time it was, and how much longer they thought he would have to wait. At half past two he expressed the hope that he might die at three, 'our Lord's hour.' As it neared six he said, 'Perhaps I will go when the bells ring the Regina Coeli. Then, as they rung, he remembered. 'It is not the Regina Coeli, it is the changes-to-day to the Angels. I had forgotten that it is Trinity Sunday. Let us say it out loud.' And they did, the Bishop giving the responses.

"He remarked that he must wait yet a while for release. 'Yes,' said the Sister in charge, 'you are not going to die quite yet, Bishop. You will have to wait until tomorrow, and then the apostle whose feast it is and the Bishop will come and bring you to God, for it is Bishop Bradley's anniversary, you know. What a delightful time you will have together celebrating his feast day in heaven! You will be telling him all about us.'

"I will tell him about you, yes," he replied; "but I never expect to be near him. He was too good for me to hope to be so high."

"You will be near him, never fear," was the gentle assurance; "for 'he that humbly himself shall be exalted.'"

"O Sister!" he exclaimed. "I fear the Bishop will be disappointed in me, but I tried, I tried to do my best."

"Later, when least expected, he spoke again: 'Sister, you saw a bet beside him. He taught me how to die, and I trust in God he taught me just a little how to live.'

"Dr. Richardson arrived about 6. He dressed the wound and gave other heroic treatment, which so weakened the Bishop that it was again necessary to inject the salt solution. The pain was excruciating. As the long needle entered his side, the Bishop moaned,

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but seventy or eighty years of factions turbulence, and only subsided into loyalty to the Catholic king when military resistance had become permanently impracticable. What a loyal thing Puritanism has always been—when it has had its own way! It puts in its thumb; And pulls out a plum; And says, "What a good boy am I!"

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Dame Church, and had beheld the worship of a faith to which he did not subscribe, but whose tenets he respected. He continued: "I noticed particularly a painting representing the Resurrection, and I could not help considering how different is the viewpoint of the worshippers there from that of the Knights Templars. The impression forced itself upon me that this form of worship, instead of being enlarging and educative, is restrictive in its teaching, while the work of the Knights Templars is devoted to extend the federation of the world and the brotherhood of man. I heard with surprise since the difficulties that have in the past been experienced by our order here, when it has even cost a man his political prestige to become known as a member. In my own State of Maine our citizens have always felt proud to become Knights of the Order, and I am surprised to find a different feeling here."

The whole case is this. The Resurrection of Christ, which Judge Spears saw represented on a picture in the Church is a fact which is the very basis of Christian faith, which is divine, and according to his notion, for that very reason ought to be replaced by a man-made religion consisting only of such dogmas as the federation of the world and man's brotherhood. That is to say, the religion of Christ should be replaced by a religion of purely human make, and this man-made religion the Judge declares to be by far nobler than the religion which God revealed to mankind.

This is exactly one of the things which Freemasonry has taken upon itself to teach—the superiority of man over God. It was the theme of Col. Ingersoll's lectures and books, but it was very much out of place for Judge Spears to advocate it in an address to the Municipal Council of Montreal, which consists chiefly of Catholics, and, we believe, entirely of Christians of some sort.

THE ASSAILANTS OF THE BIBLE.

An interesting and logical letter from Mr. J. A. McCulloch appeared in the Ottawa Evening Journal of July 21st, in reference to the results which should come from the Torrey Mission which was recently conducted in Ottawa by Rev. Dr. Torrey, and ended, it is said, most successfully by the "conversion" of hundreds of Protestants—perhaps even thousands. From this it is clear that whatever change took place was among Protestants, and probably there were many changes from one denomination to another. At all events, it was understood that the converts were to be more earnest Christians than before.

According to Mr. McCulloch, Dr. Torrey's last words to those who made profession of accepting Christ, were: "Go and join some Christian Church where they preach the Bible, and where they do not tear it to pieces."

The daily press in their reports of the progress of the Torrey Revival gave us similar information in regard to these words of the preacher, both in Toronto and Ottawa, so that there is ample evidence that this advice was what the revivalist's instructions culminated in, and Mr. McCulloch draws therefrom the inference that we should all be enrolled in a church "where the Bible is preached properly, and not torn to pieces by each individual minister who happens to be conducting the services, and who comes out plainly and tells you his opinion of what he believes the Bible to mean." He adds: "I have arrived at a point where I have read the claims of the different churches, and have come to the following conclusions."

The writer states as his first conclusion that "the Bible is the inspired word of God and that Christ was divine, that He commanded His Apostles to preach and teach the Gospel, not to write; and that only five of the twelve did write, and they wrote merely to confirm the teaching. . . . In fact the Bible was never intended to take the place of the living infallible teacher, the Church, but was written to explain or insist upon a doctrine already preached."

This reasoning cannot be controverted, and it leads directly to the sincere soul of the Catholic Church. The Bible is speechless and cannot be called upon to settle doubts or decide controversies of faith, which can be decided only by the living Church which Christ built upon St. Peter, whom He also commissioned to nourish on suitable doctrinal teaching this whole flock, the members of the Church of God. His is a saving doctrine when He says to St. Peter: "Feed My lambs: feed My sheep." As Mr. McCulloch states, "the Church came first and not the Bible, and there is not the slightest evidence to show that in later times a dead book was to be substituted for the living voice of Christ's Church."

The books of the Bible, written from twenty to thirty-four centuries ago by

men of different civilisations, races and tongues, must contain many things hard to be understood, which need to be interpreted by a living teacher, which is the teaching authority of the Catholic Church, presided over by the successor of St. Peter; and without submission to this authority there can be no true and certain faith. St. Paul tells us in (Eph. iv., 14) that it was to preserve us in this faith, and that "we may not now be children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine," that Christ instituted in His Church teachers of various degrees:

"And some, indeed, He gave to be apostles, and some prophets, and others evangelists, and others pastors and teachers, for the perfection of the saints, for the work of the ministry, unto the edification of the body of Christ, etc."

And to His Apostles our divine Redeemer said: "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." (St. John xx. 21.) "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." (St. Matt. xxviii. 19.)

And if he (an offending brother) will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican; and whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven." (St. Matt. xviii. 17-19.)

Many other texts of Holy Scripture might be adduced to the same effect, as that "the Lord added daily to their society (the Church) such as should be saved." (Acts ii. 47.) But these fully justify Mr. McCulloch's conclusion that:

"Christ established the one, true, Holy Catholic Church, presided over by the ambassador of Christ and the true successor of St. Peter, the Bishop of Rome, the Church built upon a rock."

He adds: This, Dr. Torrey, is the Church that you come the nearest to in your preaching and teaching, and here only can I find the true peace brought by our Divine Saviour, to His apostles, and left with them and His One, Holy, Catholic Apostolic Church."

It may be added that the Catholic Church alone clings to the Bible as God's Holy Word. We remember the time when Protestants of almost every denomination united in declaring that Catholics disregard God's Word, and put a human authority into its place. The Bible was then declared to be the only standard of religious truth.

The authority of the Church went for nothing. The successors of the ministers of those days heed neither Bible nor Church, but only the fantasies of their individual imaginations, which are now substituted for the authority of God's word, and this is the case even in Canada and England, as well as the United States.

It is no mere fanciful story which is told of one of these ministers that on an occasion when he visited one of his parishioners he found on the parlor table a beautifully bound Bible, which being opened disclosed nothing but a few leaves, which were also mutilated, many verses having been clipped out with a pair of scissors. The other leaves had been ruthlessly torn out.

"What does this mean?" said the zealous minister. "Is this the way you treat the Holy Book of God's Word?" "Why?" said the parishioner who owned the Bible. "It is from yourself I learned what parts of the Bible are of no account, wherefore I tore them out."

"From me?" said the clergyman: "that is impossible. I never gave you any such instruction as that." "You certainly did so, said the parishioner. Within the past year, I bought that book. In January you told us from the pulpit that the first five books called the Pentateuch were not written by Moses, but by some other writer five hundred years later who palmed them upon the Jews, as an inspired work."

"On the following Sunday, Joshua was dealt with in the same strain, and I tore out all these forgeries." "On the first Sunday of February you proved to us from the pulpit that the prophecy of Ezekiel and the Revelation of John were mere human fancies—incredible dreams, and I dealt with them in the same way. On the next Sunday you told us that the stories of Ruth and Jonas were but fables, and that John's Gospel, and his theory of the three witnesses, were myths and fables. And in fact that Matthew's Gospel was the only one which was written with any regard to truth. Mark, Luke and John were thus consigned to the fire along with Moses and the other counterfeiters, and my Bible is now reduced to its proper proportions, unless there are still parts which you have discovered to be forgeries or falsehoods."

The minister was thunderstruck, and he went home wondering whether his preaching had borne good fruit during the year. Surely, if Dr. Torrey's advice is to be taken, thousands of his converts should find their way back to the Catholic Church which is now the only bulwark to defend the Bible against its assailants, and to maintain that it is inspired.

We should remember that only a willing assent to temptation makes it sinful. Hence for every temptation overcome there is a great measure of merit gained.

A MODEL NO-POPERY LECTURER.

Under the name Mrs. Laura Jackson, a woman with a chequered history was liberated from Aylesbury prison in England on August 13, under ticket-of-leave, receiving the maximum reduction of sentence for good behavior while serving her term of imprisonment.

Mrs. Jackson, alias Mrs. Diss Debar, and several other names, was the daughter of a Professor John C. F. Soloman, who taught in Washington and Kentucky, and after a strange career was finally sentenced in London, England, in 1901, to seven years' penal servitude for her connection with an alleged immoral association which was called "the Theocratic Unity," of which her reputed husband, Theodore Jackson, was the head, herself being his assistant in the evil work which the society was carrying on, and which was exposed in the London newspapers on the occasion of the trial of the two managers. Some scandals which came to light in connection with this association, which was passed off as a religious society, caused the arrest of Theodore Jackson and his supposed wife; but so loathsome were the details of immorality in connection therewith, that the principal London papers would not give the details of the trial in their columns. Theodore Jackson was condemned to fifteen years, and Laura to seven years' penal servitude.

She figured through the United States for several years as a No-Popery lecturer; but probably finding it more profitable to practice as a Spiritualistic medium she took to this occupation in New York.

In 1871 she married a Dr. Nessant. Later on she married General Joseph H. Diss Debar, and gave out that she was the daughter of King Louis I. of Bavaria, and Lola Montez, evidently preferring to figure as being of royal blood, even with the bar sinister on her escutcheon, rather than to be one of the sovereign people of the greatest Republic the world has ever seen.

By General Diss Debar she had two children, and she travelled about the country as a "professor of occult science and the revealer of hidden truths," and while in New York she became acquainted with Luther R. Marsh, an aged lawyer, who became completely infatuated with her, gave her large sums of money, and decided to her his elegant house on Madison avenue. About this time General Diss Debar left her, and the friends of Lawyer Marsh prosecuted her on a charge of conspiracy to defraud Marsh. She was convicted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. She was not deprived of the Marsh residence, but resided therein for some time. A charitable society took care of the children while she served out her sentence, and when her term was out she officiated as a spiritualistic priestess and teacher of occult sciences.

She went to Europe, and afterward returned, going west, and some time after this fell into the hands of the Chicago police, and was sent to Joliet prison for two years. The name by which she was called at that time was Vera P. Ava.

After her release from Joliet, she married Wm. J. McGowan, a wealthy citizen of Chicago, in 1895.

It was about this time, or soon after, that she proposed to a minister of one of the Protestant churches of Chicago, that a charitable institution should be erected in that city for the reformation and care of abandoned children, and while this project was under consideration she went in a carriage with the minister's wife to drive through the city. When the two reached the Jesuits' residence, Madam Diss Debar, or Vera P. Ava, induced her companion to wait for her in the carriage, while she went in with a satchel (which was said to contain many valuable jewels) to have a short talk with some one of the Jesuits. She had a short conversation, after which she went into the Jesuits' Church by short cut through a side door of their residence, keeping the minister's wife waiting. When this lady found she was so long delayed she knocked at the Jesuit's door and it was found that Mrs. Vera P. Ava had entirely disappeared. It was evidently intended that the public should believe that the Jesuit Fathers had murdered her and hidden her body, after robbing her of her jewels. It came out, however, in an unofficial way, that she had been seen leaving the Church and the locality by another street.

A couple of days later Mrs. Ava was found wandering about the streets of Cincinnati in a dazed condition, not knowing (as she asserted) what had happened to her for several days, or how she came there.

As no one attended the police court to bring any charge against her, she was released.

In 1899 she and a new alleged husband, Theodore Jackson, were driven out of New Orleans for playing the spirit materialization game. A year later the couple turned up in Cape

town, South Africa, where Madame Vera and her supposed husband Jackson were running an establishment called "the College of Occult Sciences," and a colony of brotherly love. Here they taught and gave exhibitions in Occultism and Hypnotism under the names "Helena and Heros."

At the trial in London in 1901 Madam Diss Debar asserted that she had an annual income of \$14,000 from the estate of her former husband, General Diss Debar. She admitted also that she had served six months in jail in New York for swindling Luther Marsh, but denied having ever been known as Vera P. Ava.

At the end of the trial, she made a really powerful and touching appeal to the jury, saying that she did not desire any halting or ambiguous verdict, but an unequivocal expression of justice. In response to this appeal, Jackson was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and Madam Diss Debar to seven years.

The tortuous career of this lady convict is similar in many respects to that of the late Mrs. Margaret Sheppard, and Maria Monk of a still earlier period. She is of just the kind of wood from which brilliant no-Popery lecturers are carved. We wonder where she will turn up next.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

It is stated by La Croix, a Paris newspaper, which is the semi-official organ of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, that the Pope has issued his decision regarding the course to be followed by the French Hierarchy in regard to the law of separation of the Church from the State. The course prescribed is not positively stated, but La Croix says the Holy Father does not approve of the Church Associations which the law orders to be instituted to conduct the affairs of each Church. The announcement is made as a matter of belief, and not as a certainty, as it has not been officially confirmed, and will not be so until after deliberation by the Bishops, who are expected to meet in Paris before the end of the present month. Then the Pope's decree will be put into effect at once. It is stated, however, that while the Holy Father will carry out the traditions of the Church, he will do so without exciting strife by opposition to the law which has been enacted by the Government and Parliament.

A POLISH BISHOPRIC.

The Holy Father, Pope Pius X, according to a despatch from Toledo, has appointed as Bishop of the Right Rev. Joseph Weber, to look after the interests of the Poles in the United States, who are said to number three millions, though this number may be an exaggeration.

Owing to the fact that not a sufficient number of Polish priests have immigrated to the United States to attend to the wants of the millions of Poles who have America as their home, there is more work to be done than the insufficient number of priests can do, and for this reason the Holy Father has thought it well to appoint a Bishop who will have charge of the Poles throughout the States. At least this seems to be the state of the case if the despatch be true, as it probably is.

At present the Polish parishes have a large population, much larger than the Polish priests can attend to properly. As a consequence the Poles in a number of cities have been victims of impostors who represent themselves as priests, with a Bishop or Archbishop whom they partially recognize, and there call themselves the Independent Polish Church of America, the headquarters of which are in Chicago. There are some congregations of which a small number of troublesome people make up the nucleus, and thus keep up the so called Independent Polish Church, which is, as a matter of course, schismatical.

Though local causes, such as quarrels between families, or some spite against the priest, frequently give rise to local schisms, it is thought that such schisms will be overcome by prudent methods, and so it is desirable that the comparatively few Poles who are in schism should be better instructed in the faith, so that the importance of Catholic unity may be better understood by all, and that those who have been ignorantly led astray should be brought back to form "one fold under one shepherd."

We earnestly hope that the new appointment will have a happy effect in putting an end to schism. We believe that the present appointment of a Bishop for the Poles will check schism. We also believe that the necessity of a distinctly Polish Episcopate will only last while the Poles are being amalgamated with the American people.

Another statement denies that Mgr. Weber is to take charge of the Poles in America whether as Bishop or Archbishop. According to this source of

information this prelate, who belongs to the Resurrectionist order, will go to Chicago in order to work for the spiritual benefit of the Poles generally throughout the United States, a work in which the Resurrectionists are specially engaged; but he will have no episcopal authority over Catholics of that nationality.

THE CHURCH AND THE VERNACULAR.

CONTINUED.

There were seventy editions of the Bible in the vernacular tongues before the Reformation. Now we may ask who read them or who bought them? Certainly it could not have been the priests, for they could read the scriptures in Latin, and they are obliged in conscience to do so every day, and we are very loath to believe that the publishers issued so many editions for the mere sake of looking at them. From this it is evident that no restrictive measures on the reading of the Bible existed before the Reformation, and if the Church at the time of that great religious upheaval restricted the reading of the Scriptures to those only to whom the Bishop, with the advice of the parish priest or confessor, should judge that such reading would be a source of spiritual profit, the reason was that the indiscriminate reading of the Bible in the vernacular was then a source of evil, for men set aside the interpretation of the Church, which Christ commanded all to hear, and followed their own private opinions. They lived in a whirlwind of religious excitement, sects became more numerous, each day had its novelty, and those who left the bark of Peter were driven hither and thither on the ever shifting sands of human sentiment. It was not the fault of the Church, it was rather the rashness and folly of men that forced the Church to enact such a disciplinary regulation restricting the reading of the Bible. This regulation was not everywhere received, and has long since ceased to possess any binding force. Now Catholic Bibles may everywhere be found, they are in all our Catholic book stores, and in nearly every Catholic home in the land. But in order that a translation in the vulgar tongue be allowed into the hands of the faithful, it must have the approbation of the Holy See or the Imprimatur of the Bishop in whose diocese it is printed, and it must also contain explanatory notes taken from learned Catholic authors.

The above approbation, whether of the Holy See or of the Bishop, is nothing more than an attestation that there is nothing contrary to faith or morals in the Bible thus printed. This precaution serves to distinguish what is genuine from what is spurious, and the Church's right to use it is founded on the natural and divine law. When Christ commanded St. Peter to feed His lambs and sheep, He also commanded His Church to keep faithful watch over them and see that the poison of disbelief in His word, and of distrust in His promises and faithfulness, were kept far from His fold. The solicitude which the Church has ever shown for the purity of God's word, for its preservation among her children, as well as for its propagation throughout the world, was foretold centuries ago by the Holy Ghost. Speaking through the prophet Isaiah, He says: "Upon My walls O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen all the day and all the night; they shall never hold their peace. You that are mindful of the Lord hold not your peace." And the success of their labors is thus described by the same prophet: "Thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought unto thee, and their kings may be brought."

In this her solicitude, she is no respecter of persons, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant are all equal in her sight when the word of God demands protection. And were an angel from heaven to preach another gospel besides that which has been entrusted to her care, she would hurl him from her bosom, as of old God hurled Lucifer into the deepest abyss from the pinnacle of angelic glory.

Nor must we accuse the Church of too much severity in this matter, for if the secular state demands for itself the right to control the sales of poisons, if it deems it necessary to supervise the food that we eat and see that it is wholesome and unadulterated, if it appoints public officers to superintend the sanitary conditions of our cities in order to prevent the spread of disease, if it can suppress anarchistic and immoral literature, as well as treasonable newspapers in order to insure the temporal well-being of the community, a fortiori it behooves that the Church, which Christ has charged with the guidance and superintendency of our souls, should have these very same rights as far as our spiritual life is concerned. Hence the Church has the power to condemn and forbid her children to read, not only what is immoral

or heretical in itself, but also whatever tends to immorality or heresy, since it endangers the supernatural life of the soul.

It was for this reason that she placed the Protestant version of the Bible on the index or list of forbidden books, and not because she is inimical to the reading of the Scriptures. In her judgment, and her judgment in faith and morals is supreme, the Protestant Bible contained the word of God in an adulterated form, and this has been amply demonstrated by non-Catholics themselves. As of old, a proof will be asked for, and as proof we offer the following inferno of English Protestant translations of the Bible, which we hope will convince the most skeptical of the correctness of the Church's judgment.

Taking them in chronological order the first we meet with is that made by Wycliffe in the fourteenth century. Who was Wycliffe? He was a discontented Catholic clergyman, a self-constituted reformer of priests and bishops, a fanatic, a quibbler on Catholic doctrines, having imbibed every false principle of philosophy, and every erroneous doctrine of theology then in vogue. He denied the authority of the Church in matters of faith, and asserted that private judgment was the only legitimate and adequate interpreter of the Scriptures as well as the only source and rule of faith, though Christ had said "he that will not hear the Church let him be as the heathen and the publican." He denied that there was any such thing as Transubstantiation in the Eucharist, although Christ had said that there was, and all the preceding ages of Christianity believed that there was. He maintained that auricular confession was only a meaningless and empty ceremony, notwithstanding the fact that Christ had said: "whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." He also taught that it was absolutely necessary for kings and princes to be in the state of grace if they would have any power or authority over their subjects, although St. Paul explicitly and unconditionally says: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but from God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." He also argued that since mortal sin is treason against God, that forfeiture of all we hold of Him is its just punishment, and that consequently offenders of the Deity should forfeit all they possess. Now such teaching is nowhere to be found in the Scriptures, and all that God requires of us, when we offend Him, is that we should repent and turn from our evil ways. In Isaiah we read: "Seek the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unjust man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for He is bountiful to forgive." And in Ezekiel, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; and why will you die, O house of Israel? . . . Cast away from you all transgressions by which you have transgressed, and make to yourself a new heart and a new spirit."

Wycliffe made his translation of the Bible from the Vulgate, and engrafted into it the poison of his errors. He gathered around him a body of fanatics whom he designated as "poor priests" and who went hither and thither disseminating his false principles. Men crowded to hear them, the novelty of their manner was attractive, and the severity (a characteristic quality of self-constituted or would-be reformers) with which they arraigned their spiritual superiors pandered to the passions of their hearers. Men were flattered by the appeal to their private judgment in the interpretation of the Bible, its novelty attracted them to the new religion, and, strange to say, nearly all of Wycliffe's followers belonged to the higher classes. Thus were sown the seeds of that religious revolution which in little more than a century afterwards shook Europe to its foundations.

An English Protestant, speaking of the Wycliffites, or Lollards, as they are also called, says:

"It is much to be regretted that the followers of Wycliffe adopted opinions and practices totally adverse to morality and good order, and thereby, like the anabaptists of a later date, enlisted against themselves all religious and conservative men, and brought disgrace even on that modicum of truth they held combined with their gross errors. The Lollards at last proceeded to such extremes, that, in the interest of society generally, it became necessary to check them, or universal confusion would have ensued, lawless force overcome the principles of equity, and social intercourse could have no longer existed."

If Governments rest on their constitutions, as houses on their foundations, and if it is the supreme duty of Governments to see that their constitutions are not violated, surely the Catholic

Church cannot be accused of severity or tyranny in condemning such errors as those of Wycliffe, or in prohibiting the circulation of a Bible in which were embodied and advocated principles altogether destructive of religion, morality and society.

In 1525, A. D., Tyndale translated the New Testament, and this translation has the honor of being the first portion of the Bible printed in English. Tyndale attended the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and it is said that he fully availed himself of the advantages they offered. He had imbibed a strong Lutheran bias and got into trouble in Gloucestershire on account of it; he then went to London, where he remained for a short time, and afterwards proceeded to the continent, presumably to Hamburg, where he finished his translation of the New Testament, which he had printed at Worms and then sent to England. Archbishop Warham, who was warmly attached to the Catholic Church and her doctrines, directed the Bishops of his province to do all in their power to prevent the circulation of Tyndale's New Testament. However, it would seem that from the very beginning forbidden fruit was always the sweetest, for the more the Bishops labored to suppress the translation the more it grew in demand. Bishop Tunstall, who had the reputation of being a very scholarly gentleman, preaching against Tyndale's version, asserted that he found more than two thousand errors in it; and Tyndale himself was candid enough to admit that it was imperfect and rather an inchoate than finished enterprise. Several editions were printed in Antwerp in different forms, and they were much more faulty than that of Tyndale, since they were issued on speculation by persons who had little if any knowledge of English. This, with a number of printer's errors, made a veritable hodge-podge of the translation.

Henry the Eighth, who was yet in communion with Rome, felt that it was his duty to come forward and uphold the Church which had conferred on him the title of "Defender of the Faith." He used every means in his power to bring Tyndale back to England, but he failed. After consulting the Bishops he issued a royal proclamation ordering all the copies of the translations of the Scriptures to be delivered up to the authorities. The reason he gave for this action was, that since the pervasiveness of the times was such that it would be better that the Scriptures should be explained by those competent to do so, and not be exposed to the whimsical interpretation of the ignorant; promising at the same time, that when the erroneous opinions of the day had died out, he would cause a correct translation to be made by learned Catholics, a promise which was never fulfilled, for before the next version of the Bible was made by Miles Coverdale in 1535, A. D., Henry had broken away from the Catholic Church, and had constituted himself head of the Church in England.

While Tyndale was urged to translate the scriptures by his own enthusiasm Coverdale was unwillingly induced to undertake the translation by Cromwell, who defrayed all expenses in connection therewith. This translation professes to be made from the German and Latin, but there is no certainty as to where it was begun or printed; there are, however, some probable reasons for the opinion that maintains it was printed in England. It is as servilely dedicated to Henry as a later version was "to the high and mighty Prince James." The dedication begins: "Unto the most victorious Prince and our most gracious sovereigne Lorde Kyng Henry the eight, kyng of Englonde and of France, lord of Irlande, etc. Defendour of the fayth and under God the chefe and supreme heade of the church of Englonde." It was a characteristic weakness of Coverdale that, whether he spoke in vituperation or in praise of any one, he always laid on his colors with a thick brush. This translation did not meet with the approval of the representatives of Henry's Church, so they petitioned the king to have a pure and faithful translation made in the English tongue by those competent to do so. We saw that when Tyndale's version was condemned by Archbishop Warham and other bishops, that King Henry, who was at that time in communion with Rome, had promised to have a new translation made by the joint labors of great and learned Catholics. Cranmer knew all about this royal promise, and he was not the man to forget it, for he often tried to recall it to Henry's mind, not indeed that he desired to have a correct Catholic version made, for both he and Henry had already thrown off the yoke of Rome, but seeing the success which crowned the efforts of the Reformers in Germany by their having published and distributed the Scriptures among the people, he desired such legislation as would allow the printing of the Bible and the retaining and reading of

it by the people; but it seems that at the time Henry would not accede to his request. However, when convocation, or the legal representatives of the Church of England, had resolved "that Cranmer should make instance in their name that his majesty would vouchsafe to decree that the Scriptures should be translated into the vulgar tongue by some honest and learned men to be nominated by the king," Cranmer, armed with a letter of recommendation from Cromwell, approached Henry on the matter, with the result that Grafton and Whitechurch, two printers, received the royal permission to publish a folio edition of the Bible in the vernacular. Accordingly John Rogers set to work, not indeed to make a new version, which was the desire of the Convocation, and for which the king had been petitioned, but he took a part of Tyndale's condemned version, and a part of Coverdale's version which Convocation had rejected, and issued an edition of the Bible under the fictitious name of Thomas Matthew, in order to conceal the authorship of the translation, which is known as the "Matthews Bible," and which served as a basis for later translations. It is not certain where this edition was printed, but Grafton brought a copy of it to England in 1537 A. D., and asked the omnipotent Cranmer to obtain permission for him from the king to distribute it among the people. The king issued a proclamation allowing that Bibles of this edition could be sold, and that every person could read it without danger of any act, proclamation or ordinance heretofore granted to the contrary. Henry, of course, to show his paternal solicitude for his flock, did not forget to admonish them that when they met with difficult passages they should consult those who were considered competent to explain them. Neither did he forget to remind them that this liberty of reading the Scriptures was not a right to which they had any claim, but that it was solely a royal favor, depending altogether on his great and generous heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES MILITARY INSTITUTIONS.

In reply to some members of the exploded A. P. A. of the United States who have been expressing fear of late that Catholics have engaged in an effort to secure the Government of the United States, and to obtain possession of the arsenals in order to support the movement, it has been pointed out that at West Point and Springfield and other most important armories of the country the Catholics are already to be found in the principal offices in so large a percentage that they are actually in control of Catholics in the working force, not with the purpose in view to take possession of these military depots, for the use of the authorities of the Catholic Church, but because the number of Catholics in the army is much larger than of Protestants, and that they do the work of the offices they fill more thoroughly and more devoutly than Protestants did while they occupied the same positions before the war with Spain.

The military hospitals and orphanages are also in the care of Sisters of Mercy and other religious orders, for the reason that they perform their duties in these institutions better than lay nurses and matrons, whether Catholic or Protestant. The reason for this is that the religious orders are best trained to perform the work which is needed in these institutions.

THE CENTRAL CATHOLIC, in which is merged the North West Review, of Winnipeg, comes to us this week in twelfth page form, neatly printed on fine paper. Its articles are written with care and display that talent of a very high order which is the characteristic of that good Jesuit Father Rev. Louis Drummond. We wish our contemporary unmeasured success.

ANOTHER CONVERSION IN THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The editor of the Christian Guardian and of other anti Catholic papers may be surprised to learn that the Princess Henry of Battenberg, the sister of King Edward VII, is soon to be received into the Catholic Church. This Princess is the mother of Queen Victoria, formerly the Princess Ena, who is married to King Alfonso of Spain.

The Princess Henry and her daughter Queen Victoria have long been intimate and affectionate friends of Eugenie the ex-Empress of France. It will now be seen how foolishly the papers referred to above maintained so pertinaciously that Ena's motive in becoming a Catholic was to gain the crown of Spain. It is quite clear that she had fully decided on the step from conviction that the Catholic Church is the true Church of Christ.

It is probable that either Bishop Brindle or Father Bernard Vaughan

will receive the Princess Henry into the Catholic Church, as both of these are very intimate friends of the Princess.

THE POPE'S DECREE ON THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

Pope Pius X. has issued his decision regarding the future conduct of the Church toward the State under the law which the French Government intends to enforce, while declaring the Church and State separated from each other in France. At least this is what has been telegraphed by the correspondents.

The Holy Father approves of what has been determined by the National Council of French Bishops and condemns positively the formation of lay parochial associations for the government of parishes, in church affairs. He leaves room, however, for some agreement between the Church and State, and says that nothing causes him greater agony than his having to oppose the action of the State which aims at enforcing a law which attacks the divine constitution of the Church, the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff and the Bishops and their authority over the temporal welfare of the Church, and particularly over the church buildings. "We cannot wish otherwise" the Pope says, "without betraying our sacred charge and producing the ruin of the Church in France."

"The enemies of the Church," the encyclical says, "will make recriminations against the present decree of the Holy See. They will seek to persuade the people that the Apostolic See does not seek the salvation of the Church, but that the form of the Republic in France is odious to us. We denounce with indignation such insinuations as false. The makers of this law have not sought separation but oppression."

The Holy Father counsels not violent opposition to the law, but firmness, which will give better results than violence. He says in conclusion:

In the hour of hard trial for France, if all unite in defending the supreme interests of the country, the salvation of the Church is far from desperate. On the contrary it is to be hoped that her dignity will be raised to its former prosperous height.

The document was signed on Aug. 1, and Mr. Combes is said to be delighted at the prospect of an open war between the Church and the State.

We cannot pretend to foresee by our own light what will be the result; but with the prophecy of Christ before us, that He will remain with His Church for all time, we must believe that He will protect her from the menacing danger, even though the extremity appears to have been reached.

FATHER KELLY was in Toronto on Friday, Aug. 10th inst., attending the funeral of his aunt, the late Mrs. Tracey. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Thomas Kelly, collector of Inland Revenue, Prescott, Ont. Very Rev. Dean McGee of Stratford, Ont., also attended Mrs. Tracey's funeral. Sixty years ago she held at the baptismal font him who is now Father Kelly. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

SCOTTISH MINISTERS ON REUNION.

The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D. D., pastor of St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, lately discussed the subject of Reunion in a sermon. The Rev. J. M. M. Charleson, a recent convert from the Presbyterian to the Catholic Church, comments as follows on Dr. Whyte's sermon and another on the same subject. We quote from the Glasgow Observer.

We welcome this sermon, not merely for what it declares, but for what it implies. The minister of St. George's U. F. Church knows well the human heart; he has roamed far and wide in rich fields of ascetic literature; he has searched and deeply probed his own heart; and with this knowledge, experimental and erudite, to aid him, he cast a penetrating glow of searchlight upon the ecclesiastical history of our country; and from that sorry spectacle he returns with eyes aflame; and with voice trembling from the deep throbbing heart of him, he tells us that with St. Paul he has discovered "the real plague-spot in us all, and in all our churches. For it is beyond all dispute that strife and vain glory were largely, if not wholly, the cause of all our original and all our aggravated divisions in past days." The plague spot is laid bare at last, and a Puritan divine has uncovered it. A son of the Solemn League and Covenant hath done this! Strife and vain-glory tore Scotland and England from the unity of the Faith, and in its place upraised a Babel of Episcopalianism, and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and Baptists, and Wesleyans, and Seceders, and Plymouthists, and Bible Christians, and a host of others. Open, thou bottomless abyss! Avenging Time huris into thy dark doom the authors of the terrible "Reformation." Luther, Henry VIII, and Cranmer, John Knox and Regent Moray, and all their satellites. The Reformation is condemned by its own sons; far it arose on the surging billows of strife and vain glory and pride of thought. The children of that religion of the originators of it started on their perilous course. They have become conscious that all is not right, that they have missed the right path, the

one only path. Dear separated brethren, the path is not far from any of you. It is there where it always has been. Do you not see it? The straight path of the Faith, the Faith of the changeless Catholic Church. You cannot make it by any blending of your separate paths, or by striking out any "via media" through compromises among yourselves. The way of unity is the way marked out by Christ from the beginning, the way which the faithful have always been treading, the way of "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Let pride go; it is of the devil: put on love and humility, and thus return to the true faith. There only is unity, God-given, impregnable.

Later on in his sermon Dr. Whyte advances to a great admission, which, though mixed with error, is made with a good heart. After love and humility have prepared the heart, the matter of difficulties must be faced in the sphere of faith and knowledge. An astonishing admission.

"The first step to a real union of Christendom will be taken when we come to admit and to realize that the Greek Church was the original Mother of us all; that the Latin Church was her first child; and that through both those Churches we ourselves have our religious existence; through them we have the universal foundations of our creed and confession and catechisms; our public worship also; our Christian character and our Christian civilization; and everything indeed that is essential to our salvation."

This is an astonishing admission for a Presbyterian to make. We are impelled to ask how, if everything essential to salvation came to Protestants through the Latin Church, the Protestant schism can be possibly justified? Practically, he admits that it cannot be justified, since it arose through the strife and vain-glory. If, then, it cannot be justified, the farther question suggests itself, how can Protestants, who recognize the unjustifiable origin of Protestantism, justify themselves in maintaining their separation from the ancient Mother Church? Greek or Roman? One reads his naive statement that "the Greek Church was the original Mother of us all, that the Latin Church was her first child" — we read that with a little surprise, as if a child were said to be the parent of its mother. The Greek Church is a national institution of modern erection, independent of Constantinople. But if by the Greek Church he means the small "Orthodox" community dependent on the Patriarch of Constantinople, we remember how the ancient Catholic Church, with the Bishop of Rome as its supreme and acknowledged head, struggled amid the fires of persecution for three centuries before Constantinople was founded, or even there could have been a Bishop of that city; how in the fourth century, and afterwards, the bishops of Constantinople gradually claimed and assumed supremacy in the East, while acknowledging the Apostolic supremacy of the Roman See over the whole Church; until in the ninth century Photius organized the great schism from the Catholic Church and the Pope. And, further, we remember how the Roman Jews, converted on the day of Pentecost at Jerusalem, carried the light of faith to Rome at the very dawn of Christianity, and how there was a flourishing church there even before St. Paul set foot in it; and how St. Peter set up his chair in the Imperial City, and consecrated it by his martyrdom and burial on the Vatican hill. Ah! good Pastor of St. George's Church, we are grateful for your eloquent and splendid expositions of many a sacred theme; but when we hear you say that Rome succeeded from Constantinople, the Mother from the rebel child, we catch only of what once we read in an English Church Catechism in answer to the question, "What is the Roman Catholic Church?" that the Roman Catholic Church is a body that separated from the Church of England in the sixteenth century. A note of condemnation of schism. The other sermon to which we draw attention, is by the Rev. J. Scoullar Thomson, one of the younger ministers of the Established Church of Scotland. It strikes the same note of condemnation of schism, and gives utterance to the same yearning after the realization of brotherhood in unity. No more than Dr. Whyte, does Mr. Thomson recognize the objective fact that the Church established by Christ on earth is, and must be always actually existent, and since Our Lord founded only one visible Church, nor does the preacher distinguish duly between the objective relation of individuals and nations to this Divine society and their subjective realization of the supernatural principles which it inculcates. If that relation is negative, they are outside the unity and in schism; if it be positive, they are within the unity, "fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." Mr. Thomson has, however, got a glimpse of the splendour and holiness of Unity, has seen how it becomes for all Christians one of the sacred duties of obligations. He sees, and is not afraid to say, that Protestants have so frightfully violated the holy unity required by Our Lord among His disciples that at the present day Christ could not find "His Church and His Kingdom" among them, and could only say, "Depart from Me, I know you not; ye are not of Mine." Hence the minister of Kim in no gentle terms denounces the folly and wickedness of the divisions characteristic of the Protestant world, and earnestly pleads for a return to brotherly love and sympathetic treatment of those from whom we may differ. He insists upon the fact of Our Lord's purpose that there should be "one fold and one Shepherd," points out that our proper relation to that great fact depends on our state of grace and fact depends on the Christ, and that the less we have of the mind of Christ, "the more eager will we be to make a virtue of separation." He, therefore, condemns disestablishing and disendowing agitators and assaults against the "Old Mother Church"

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(meaning thereby the Presbyterian Establishment), and advocates the reunion of all the various denominations into one grand Church; for "we are learning something of the hideousness and the sin of division, disruption, and schism; and though we were told that the fact of the hurt done to the kingdom of Christ by our divisions is to be set aside as a commonplace, yet I feel that men are brooding over this same common-places, and that the conviction there is injury being done to Christ is sinking into their hearts. Here Mr. Thomson sounds a good note and true, though he comes far short of the larger vision of Dr. Whyte, and overlooks the pregnant fact that his "Mother Church" herself broke away from the more ancient yet younger Mother, the Catholic or Universal Church, just as the United Presbyterian, the Free, the Baptist and other communities broke away from the Establishment. It is only these children of division that he is calling upon to unite. If they unite, what is the result from the point of view of Christendom? Simply a union or confederation of schismatics among themselves, while over against them still stands in the majesty of age-long continuity and changeless faith, that venerable Mother Church from which they violently seceded about three hundred and fifty years ago. How can they pretend to unity if they maintain themselves separate from this incomparably the greatest and most venerable portion of Christendom? They are as far as ever from the unity of visible fellowship required by Our Lord who meant one brotherhood of Communion in one Divine Church. A union of Protestants, however praiseworthy in itself, cannot possibly realize the Christ unity until they return to that Catholic Communion from which formerly they broke away. For that glorious consummation there will be needed all the grace and gentle charity and sublime humility that the great heart of the minister of St. George's church and the passionate ardour of the minister of Kim, so eloquently plead for. If, along with these high graces, Divine Faith comes with genuine conviction that Christ founded one Church, that that one Church exists always until the end of the world, however frequently or in whatever numbers there may have been defections from its fold, then the goal is near; our separated brethren will be separate no longer, but have their place in the grand Whole of Catholic unity. For that consummation we pray. Lord Jesus, come quickly and scatter the children home again, that they may experience what that meaneth: "There shall be one Fold and one Shepherd."—J. M. M. C.

ANNIVERSARY OF DOURO CHURCH.

The Weekly Examiner, Peterboro, June 11th, gives the following interesting bit of history: St. Joseph's church, Douro, was dedicated to the service of God on Sunday, June 11th, 1893. The officiating prelate was the Most Rev. Bishop O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough. The priest who celebrated Mass was the then-rector of St. Francis Xavier's church, Brockville, and now the Most Rev. Archbishop Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston. The preacher was the then rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, and now is the Right Rev. Bishop McBray, Bishop of London, Ont. Rev. W. J. Keilty was rector of St. Joseph's, Douro, and still retains the same position. The corner stone was laid on May 24th—"Our Lady: Help of Christians, 1892." The priest who preached on that occasion is now the Right Rev. Bishop Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Sacrament Atonement" by Rev. Joseph Guinan, O. C. S. J., author of "Priest and People in Doubt." Published by Benziger Bros., Price, \$1.25. "Anglican Ordinations: Theology of Roman and Anglican Ordination in a Nutshell," by Rev. H. C. Sempie, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros., Price 35 cents, net.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

OCCASIONS OF SIN. Who is my neighbor?—From the gospel of the Sunday.

This is a very important question, my brethren. We depend much for our happiness on the kind of persons who live around us and on how they feel towards us. Our Lord answers the question by the famous and touching parable of the Good Samaritan. By that parable He teaches us kindness of heart; He makes that the mark of true neighborly conduct. The good neighbor is the friendly and benevolent one. But may we not turn the question around and learn another good lesson from it? I think we can. The Gospel is like a piece of good cloth. You know when a wise mother buys some cloth to make the children's clothes she will get a piece that, as they say, will do to turn—that is, when one side is worn out you can rip up the garment and make it over again with the inside turned outside, and so it will last quite a while longer. So we may learn, perhaps, another lesson from the question in the Gospel by reversing it and asking, "Who is not my neighbor?"

The saloon-keeper is not your neighbor. Geographically speaking, no doubt he is your neighbor. He takes care to be handy to you. He is on the ground floor of the big tenement house you live in, so that you must pass his door to get to your own. Or he is on the corner you must turn twice in a day. If nearness were the only mark of a neighbor, the saloon-keeper is your neighbor indeed. But, morally speaking, and in the meaning of our Lord's parable, he is perhaps the last man who can claim to be your neighbor. Yet many honest fellows treat the saloon-keeper not only as their neighbor, but as a partner in their business. They do the hard work; the workingman's share in the partnership is to bend under the heavy load in the hot sun, or to strike with the heavy sledge on the rocks, or to be half-stuffed the livelong day in the hot factory; the other partner has for his share of the work only to smile and pass the bottle. You know which one gets the bulk of the profits; or if you do not, the workingman's wife and many foolish men are there who have taken this bad neighbor into partnership the most confidential, and not only give him most of their money in return for worse than nothing, but have made him, besides, the managing partner of their leisure, their friendships, and their politics! As to the saloon-keeper's traffic, he manages to escape them for a time; and may God give him the grace to repent of his sins and fly from their occasion—that is, change his business—that he may escape the divine wrath in the future.

Another very bad neighbor, and one very unworthy of that name, is a certain class of newspaper dealers. I say a certain class, for I hope that not all newspaper dealers are alike. But there are very many of them who are guilty of the loss of human souls by selling periodicals and books which can only corrupt the mind and heart of the reader. I ask you, Christian parents, what do you think of those who dress out their windows with bad pictures to lure passionate youth to the early wreath of Catholicism? What do you think of persons who actually make a living in selling journals which are but the pictured proceedings of the police courts? O my brethren! how often is the grace of a good confession and Communion destroyed by a few minutes bad reading! How many there are whose first mortal sin has been some act of youthful depravity suggested by what was bought at a newspaper dealer's! Such newspaper dealers hold Satan's certificate to teach the science of perdition. What need has the Evil Spirit to fear the Catholic Church and Catholic school as long as he is not hindered from laying his snares for youthful virtue in every direction, as long as the laws against obscene literature are a dead letter? Therefore, let Catholic parents furnish their families with good reading, both secular and religious; let them take the least Catholic paper, and let them patronize and direct their children to patronize newspaper dealers who do not sell dangerous matter.

Of course there are other bad neighbors, such as those who invite you to a public dance, or a moonlight excursion, or a Sunday picnic, or a low theatre. But I think that you will agree with me that the commonest vices are intemperance and impurity, and that our worst enemies are those two bad neighbors, the saloon-keeper and the vendor of impure literature.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

DIVINE GRACE—SANTIFYING GRACE. The last talk on religion was on actual grace. There is another kind of grace, habitual or sanctifying grace, to which actual grace leads when we correspond with it. Sanctifying grace is "the charity of God poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us."—Romans v. 5.

The Catechism teaches that "sanctifying grace makes the soul holy and pleasing to God." It brings with it the favor and the friendship of God. Those who possess it are the loved and the true children of God. Those who do not possess this grace are the enemies of God. This doctrine is clearly shown by the "beloved disciple," St. John, in the fourteenth and twenty-third chapters of his gospel. "If any man love Me, he will keep My word, and My father will love him and we will come to him and will make Our abode with Him." The abiding is not to be for a few minutes or a few hours, but permanently, or until we expel the Holy Ghost by mortal sin.

Hence this grace is called habitual, because it is looked upon as a permanent quality of the soul. It is the wedding garment with which all the children of God are expected to be clothed. Our Lord is the King who has invited the multitude to His banquet, "the poor and feeble, the blind

and the lame." No matter how poor or how feeble, blind or lame, and no matter how wealthy or how strong, or physically sound the guests might be, the absolute condition to sit at His table is that each one must have on the "wedding garment" of habitual grace.

The garment of Divine Grace makes the poor, miserable and sinful children of men fit members for the royal banquet and fit members for the kingdom where God reigns with His saints for ever. Wonderful, indeed, and most precious is the raiment which does not merely cover the wickedness and filth of sin, but which by its touch brings a complete and perfect soundness. It does not merely apply the name of just to sinners, but it actually makes them "holy and unspotted in His sight in charity."—Eph. i. 4.

Habitual grace may be compared to a light. When we go forth to meet the bridegroom we must carry with us the divine light with which the Lord has enlightened our souls, and present it to Him, the true Light which enlighteneth every man who cometh into the world."—(St. John i. 9)

While actual grace is a passing grace, habitual grace is a permanent and lasting gift. This "wedding garment" remains until willfully removed. We never could deserve it by our own personal merits, but yet it is freely given by our Lord and no one can take it from us. It encompasses us at all times until by our own deliberate act we cast it off. Even then our Lord is willing to restore it to us if we return like the prodigal to our Father's house.

This grace is called sanctifying grace because it makes all those who possess it "holy and pleasing to God." When this grace enters the soul of even the greatest sinner it transforms him, for:

"If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow; and if they be as red as crimson, they shall be made white as wool." (Isaiah i. 18.) As light and darkness are incompatible, so are mortal sin and sanctifying grace.

Sanctifying grace makes us and marks us as heirs of heaven. Though this grace is God's free gift, He bestows with it a right to an eternal reward. If we preserve it and "keep our baptism," so as to be without blame, and retain it when gained through any other sacrament, we have a claim on the eternal inheritance of the saints. "And if sons, heirs also; heirs, indeed, of God, and joint heirs with Christ." (Romans viii. 17.) For this reason and on this ground St. Paul said: "There is laid up for me a crown, which the Lord, the Just Judge, will render to me on that day." (2 Tim. iv. 8.)

He claims the "crown of justice" as a right, because the grace of God he has not received in vain. "By the grace of God I am what I am, and His grace in me hath not been void." Since "all our sufficiency" is from God we can do all things in Him who strengthens us. Therefore we cannot value God's grace too highly, nor can we value it as we ought. Sanctifying grace is, indeed, the greatest of all treasures. It is the pearl of great price for the gaining of which we should be willing to sacrifice all our possessions and all earthly prospects. "For all gold, in comparison of her, is as a little sand and silver, in respect of her, shall be counted as brass. I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light, for her light cannot be put out. Now, all good things come to me together with her, and innumerable riches through her hands."—Wisdom, vii. 8.

Even these inspired words fall short of the true estimate of the value of sanctifying grace. The treasures and privileges included in it surpass all understanding, as the vision of heaven surpasses the ability of St. Paul to describe. This treasure should not only be preserved, but like the talents should be increased and multiplied. "Forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth ourselves to those that are before." (Phil. iii, 13.) Grace is given to us that we may get a greater increase of this divine gift. "Every branch that beareth fruit, He will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (St. John xv. 2.)

Since the Sacraments were especially instituted to convey grace to our souls, we may realize something of the great value we should place on their proper and frequent reception.—Cleveland Universe.

FIDELITY TO MASS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In the "God's Acre," a small town in the Midlands, England, are the graves side by side of a brother and sister. Owing to circumstances that they could not change they lived seven miles from a church and yet never had they been absent from Sunday Mass. From childhood to old age, summer and winter alike, had they gladly tramped every Sunday morning their fourteen miles, seven in and seven out, to hear Holy Mass. Moreover, every first Sunday of the month they walked in fasting, so as to go to Holy Communion; nor did they break their fast till half way back on the road home, when sitting down beside a spring they would eat the bread they had brought with them from home and drink from the bubbling spring. A few hundred yards from their halting place was a Protestant nobleman's house, and they always prayed as they passed it by for the conversion of the family to the Catholic faith. The years came and went and the answer to the prayers came, as come it always will, to prayer. The aged couple, brother and sister, have gone to their reward. The once Protestant nobleman's family is now Catholic, and a beautiful Catholic church has been built within a stone's throw of the spot where the good Catholic old man and woman were wont to break the fast after Holy Communion.

Time is given to man that he may win the priceless heritage of eternal happiness. Therefore, they who spend it with no effort to attain this end, die for but little from the rest of the animal kingdom, which have no souls to save.

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A JESUIT ON SOCIALISM.

VERY REV. JOHN RYAN, S. J., PROVINCIAL OF AUSTRALIA, SPEAKS ON THE EVIL AND ITS REMEDY—ONLY CHRISTIANITY CAN CHECK THE CAPITALIST.

Speaking at the Communion Breakfast of the Catholic Societies of Newwood (S. A.) recently, the Very Rev. John Ryan, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuits in Australia, said: "Socialism was at present the question of questions in the political world, and a great number of people took a large interest in it. The chief question for them was—Can a Catholic support Socialism? There were some various kinds of socialism, and some of them were not opposed to Catholicism. With regard to anarchists and dynamiters, anyone could see that no Christian, much less a Catholic, could support them. There was another kind of Socialism, known as Communism, the radical principle of which seemed—for it was very difficult to get at the real meaning—to be summed up by its author, Proudhon, in the maxim: 'Property is robbery; everything should be in common.' Well, no Christian, much less a Catholic, could support that, for it would upset the foundations of society. (Hear, hear.) Then there was scientific Socialism, which sought reform, not by anarchy or communism, but through the ballot box. Its object was to nationalise all sources of industry. All kinds of production were to come under the regime of the State. There were to be no capitalists or companies controlling the labor market.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM. They would abolish these, and equalise all men—put them all on scratch, as it were. There was to be equal justice all round, and State wages. All were to work, and none to be gentlemen. That was a rough view of scientific Socialism. It was not very accurate, perhaps, as the leaders could not define it, and were quarreling among themselves, like the Protestant sects. (Laughter.) This third form of Socialism a man could conscientiously support so long as it did not go too far, and exceed the bounds of Christian liberty. Then there was Christian Socialism, which embraced all that was best in scientific Socialism, and every man could belong to that. (Hear, hear.) Father Ryan then indicated the lines on which Christian Socialism should run. First came

THE PROTECTION OF LABOR. Every right-minded member of society must see the need of protecting labor from the wolfish monopolist, who would grind the sweat out of a man, and not leave him necessities for his wife and family. The late Pope Leo XIII. was the first to emphasize the right of the working man to a wage that would keep himself and family in frugal comfort. (Cheers.) The voters should see at the ballot-box to this protection. In reality it was the only thing that satisfied Catholic Guilds. Trades unionism, properly managed, was perfectly right and proper. (Hear, hear.) Next came THE PROTECTION OF INDIVIDUALS by legislation, so arranged as to protect the helpless, especially youths, girls and women. An atmosphere of respect, ability and virtue should surround women workers, and there should be female inspectors. (Hear, hear.) In the third place the worker—and he included in that term the clerical worker—should have

A CO-OPERATIVE SHARE in the products of his industry. A man should get a fair wage, and do justice to his employers, but if the employer was making 50 or 60 per cent. on his outlay, why should not the employees have a share? (Cheers.) These three things ought to satisfy every reasonable man, without going to extremes. (Hear, hear.) It was contrary to the teachings of the Church to do away with property, and anarchy was wrong. There must be government and a head. The man who tried to do without government and advocated anarchy or communism was mad. He put himself beyond the pale of all reasonable men. Father Ryan then dealt with the question of the practical working of scientific Socialism. The doctrine of equality which came from the French Revolution was impracticable. In a certain sense, it was true, all men were equal. Every man was a child of God, a member of society, and had a right to be protected in his life and property. But in regard to wealth and other external things, the idea was a chimera. If all men were given an equal start now there would be a difference in twenty-four hours. All men were not equal, and it was not in the nature of things. (Hear, hear.)

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY was how the system of State Socialism was to be worked. Could it be each nation from a central bureau? If so, the system would be too gigantic, and

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could not be got to work. He agreed that certain universal services, such as the post-office, gas, water, railways, and he would add tramways—(cheers)—should be under the control of the State; but they must draw the line somewhere, and not make it communism. (Hear, hear.) Father Ryan then showed the difficulties that would arise from all industries being worked by the State. They could not raise the millions required for compensation. Even if they could, and even if they were dealt with by separate cities or municipalities, there were the objections one city might make to workers being transferred from another city, where a failure, such as that in Melbourne after the land boom, occurred. Instead of men going to the West from Victoria, as they then did, they would have to stay where they were, and starve. The system was impracticable, and no man, however eminent, had been able to lay down a scheme that would give satisfaction. In conclusion, Father Ryan urged that true and real Socialism was

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM. Let them protect women and children, but do not handicap the man of industry and ability. Let every man work out his own salvation and bring up his children in the fear of God. That was the only true religion, and the only way it could be carried out was in the Church of God. Other religions were vanishing; hence was no substance in them. The fundamental mistake of Socialism was the idea that happiness meant wealth. The most wealthy were often the most miserable. They should be satisfied with what they had, and the Providence of God would equalise all things. Only Christianity could check the capitalist. Christianity would purify the world. It had done it before, and, please God, it would do it again.

THE CARDINAL TALKS ON LOVE.

At the Church of the Sacred Heart, Long Island, a few days ago Cardinal Gibbons preached on the uplifting of St. Mary Magdalen and its cause. Every seat in the church was filled when the aged Prince of the Church began his sermon. In part he said:

"We are celebrating to day the festival of St. Mary Magdalen, and I shall read for you the words from the Gospel appointed for the Mass to day, 'Her sins are forgiven her, because she loved.' This beautiful and touching narrative relates to a certain occasion when our Blessed Redeemer was invited to a banquet by Simon, a distinguished member of the Pharisees. There was in town a certain woman who led a sinful life, a woman of attractive appearance, but, unfortunately, wicked. When she heard of the boundless, forgiving love of the Savior of mankind, so much in contrast with that of the Pharisees, who did not fear to disdain to speak to sinners, she hastened to the house of this Pharisee, and, regardless of the sneers and frowns of the hosts and guests, cast herself at the feet of the Lord.

"She washed His feet with penitent tears, and wiped them with her hair, and poured on them some precious ointment from an alabaster box. And our Lord said: 'Her sins are forgiven her because she loved.' Simon in his heart began to approach his Master, saying: 'This woman should not have touched Christ because she is a sinner.' Our Lord proved that He was a prophet because He interpreted His host's thoughts. He sent the woman away with a light heart and unclouded countenance.

"Were I to be asked the fundamental teaching of Christianity; were I to be asked what is the very basis of the Gospel, the most salient point in its whole teaching, I would answer that it is comprised in that one word—'love.' Were I to analyze the Old Testament teachings of the prophets, of Christ and His apostles, I would find them contained in the short word—'love.' For St. Paul says, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' Therefore, to be loving toward God and our neighbors is the fulfilling of the whole law, and the shorter, surer and most sacred path to the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Our Blessed Lord on one occasion asked: 'What is the great commandment of the Lord?' He replied: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' On these two commandments depend the whole law and the prophets, I know then for certain that I am fulfilling the whole law of God if I fulfill the whole commandment of divine love."

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CHAIRS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The advice of the successful concerning success ought to be acceptable. Here is a rich merchant who gives to young men the benefit of his long experience in business.

How can a young man succeed in life? That is a question with which every young man should get busy and to which the old man should give his attention.

It is the question of the hour. Moreover, it is one that can never be discussed too often or at too great length. I like to discuss it, and I like to have others discuss it with me. Advice of this kind can never be amiss.

There are many qualifications a young man must possess before he can be successful. Self-sacrifice must predominate in all his dealings. His work must be a part of his every day life. Punctuality should be one of his best qualities. Voracity, frugality, patience, application to business, attention to detail and a determination to succeed—these are but a few of the essential qualities which must be found in the man who succeeds in life.

To the boy about to begin a career I would say: "Get as much of an education as you can. If you are too poor to go to school read the best books you can; observe the manner in which your employers and successful men around you do their work, and store the knowledge thus gained for future use."

A man cannot have too much education in this life, but did he have the best that could be acquired he could not be successful without possessing the other qualities I have mentioned.

Elements of success are like to the organs of a man's body. Without the heart, what good would the rest of our body be? With the brain inactive or afflicted, how could we get along? With our liver out of order, what would we care about business? It is the same way in the daily actions of man. Without honesty, what are all other qualities I have mentioned as necessary to success? Without application, how can we expect to go through life and be successful? Without a determination to succeed, what use is it for us to enter into a business venture? It is the lack of one or two of these essential virtues in a business man that give us so few Carnegies or Rockefellers.

Here is something every young man should bear in mind:

No matter how small the salary you get, save money. Even if it be but a mere pittance, the time will come when you can turn it to good. You are not always to get along with \$5 a week, or \$35 a month. Nevertheless, unless you practice economy on your small salary you cannot hope to save when you get a larger one. I started out in life with a determination to economize. I can thank my early savings for the start which made it possible for me to become possessed of a large and lucrative business.

Here is another point: Do not pass over little details because they appear to you insignificant at the time. The time may come—and it surely does—when the insignificant matter will take on the dimensions of something important. The very successful man always thinks of this and gives as much or at least as careful attention to little matters as he does to the momentous ones.

Be punctual. Without punctuality a man can get into all kinds of trouble. To make an engagement for one o'clock and keep it a few minutes past that hour is not punctuality. It impresses the other party that you are not particular regarding the business you wish to transact with him. Be ahead of time if you wish, but do not be late. I never saw a man yet who abused this advice and was successful.

Don't be afraid of hard work. The man who says he can attain to success without that is wrong. Apply yourself to the work in hand and do not leave it until it is finished. If you have to work overtime to accomplish something, do not grumble. The satisfaction you derive from knowing you have completed your task recompenses you for the loss of time.

Above all, be honest. The money you make through deceit or deliberate theft never does you good. The consciences will not permit a man to succeed with ill-gotten gains. He is constantly worried by the sense of his shame, and though no one but himself knows it, it will spoil his life. I have yet to meet the man who will say he can be happy with ill-gotten gains.

Another thing I might advise is to keep to one line of business if you can. There is nothing made in venture. If a man finds he is adapted to a certain line he ought to stick to it, no matter what the difficulties he has to surmount. Variety never did help a man. In leaving one pursuit in which you have been engaged for some time and taking up another you are practically throwing away a lot of valuable time. That you do not succeed immediately is no reason why you should become discontented and "throw up the sponge," as it were.

There are men in my firm, now receiving their share of the profits of my business, who began their business careers on very small salaries. I can name five who at one time or another told me they had chances to enter some other field that would, for the time, pay them more money. I advised them to remain where they were, and they took my advice. These men are now eminently successful. They have comfortable homes, good incomes, and promises of greater success than abides with them at present. They owe their advancement to themselves. They were possessed of all the qualities I have enumerated, and used them every day. They were hard workers, and never overlooked details.

I would sooner have an illiterate man who works hard and applies himself to small details than the most polished individual in the world who does not believe in hard work in connection with life.—HENRY C. LYTON, in Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Some Youthful Saints.

Here is something very comforting if not generally remembered. You don't have to grow up big to be a saint. You can be one while very young.

St. Peter of Verona was an eloquent preacher at fifteen. St. Catherine of Siena was a zealous tertiary at the same age. St. Paschal Baylon converted the herdsmen of Aragon when he was but a lad in his teens. St. Aloysius was a saintly child before he was nine years old. When a boy at school St. Dominic sold books to feed the poor during a famine then raging, and he offered himself in ransom for a slave when he was but fifteen. St. Louis of Brignolles, nephew of King Louis, was devoted to the glorification of God at an early age. It is recorded of this child that he would steal out of his royal bed and sleep upon the floor in memory of the king who had not where to lay his head.

St. Sainly was the childhood of St. Charles Borromeo that his singular virtues earned his elevation to the Cardinalate at the age of twenty-two. St. Stanislaus Kostka was but seven when he died after a life which, though but short, had its every minute devoted to God. St. Lawrence O'Toole was a model of virtue at the age of fourteen and became abbot before he was twenty-five. St. John, the beloved disciple, was only a boy when our Lord called to him to follow him. St. Louis the Crusader, king of France, was but twelve when he ascended the throne and voluntarily vowed to make the defense of God's honor the aim of his life.

St. Agnes, St. Cyril and a host of other child martyrs gave up their lives for the holy faith. These young saints needed not the maturity of years to teach them the better way.

The Neat Girl.

We all have among our acquaintances the girl who, without being in the least good-looking, always manages to look neat and well-dressed. Perhaps she has only a small dress allowance, and whenever you meet her she looks smart and attractive, while other girls, with twice the money at their command, too often look shabby and dowdy.

What is the neat girl's secret? Nothing more or less than taking care of her clothes. She has a place for everything, and everything is kept in its place. Her ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs, veils, etc., are not huddled together in one drawer, neither do they lie about on tables and chairs until they are wanted. Every article of apparel is put away with the most scrupulous care, first being dusted, shaken or mended, as the case may be.

There is a great difference, too, in the way in which girls put on their clothes, and very often a girl dressed in a shirt waist and a plain skirt will look twice as neat as one clad in an expensive gown, the reason being simply and solely this: The one has put her dress on any way, and the other has taken care that it shall be neat and fresh.

It is the duty of all parents to see that their children are taught from their babyhood to take proper care of their wearing apparel, for the child who lets her clothes drop off her and lie in a heap on the floor invariably grows into the careless, untidy woman with whom we are so familiar.

The Angel's Measures.

Helen was preparing for her First Holy Communion. Her teacher, Sister Ignatius, had told them that very day that they must prepare their hearts with great care.

"We must cleanse our hearts of all sin," said Sister. "If you expected some great man or woman to come to your house to-morrow, how hard you would work to-day to prepare the rooms for his coming. How much sweeping would be done! What corners would be left untouched? In what place would you leave dust?"

The children assured her they would leave no dirt in any corner; they would clean all the house and open windows and let in the fresh air.

"But," continued Sister, "you must do more than clean your heart and mind for the sacraments. You better make your heart larger. If you have a little miserly or stingy heart there will not be any room for many graces. How can we make our hearts larger?"

After a few answers the children said our hearts might be made larger by loving God more and more, by prayer, by good thoughts and good deeds.

Sister's last words about making our hearts larger made quite an impression on Helen.

When she arrived home her mother thought she did not look well and she told her to go to her room and rest awhile on the bed. Helen was really tired enough to cheerfully go to her own room, and in a short time she was sleeping.

All at once, as she thought, she awoke and found herself on the bank of a large river. The stream was wide and deep, and the trees and flowers on the banks were most beautiful.

No girl or boy was in sight, but not far away was a shining angel, robed in white, just as she had imagined an angel might look. How beautiful! How pure and happy the face! Near the angel was a number of measures. Some were very, very small, others would hold a pint, others a gallon, and others were quite large.

As Helen looked into the face of the Angel, he smiled and greeted her most kindly. Then he took in his hand a very tiny measure and going to the river filled it with water which he poured over the roots of a very large tree. Several times he brought water in the tiny cup for certain trees. Then he took a larger measure and watered the ploughed land, and a still larger one for a new meadow.

unloving heart, he cannot bring a large amount of graces to his soul. You see this little tiny cup will hold only a small amount of water."

The Angel took up the different measures and said each one was, in size, like the hearts and disposition of some child. Only the large, loving heart and the right dispositions can receive great graces from the Sacraments.

Think you the dream was of any benefit to the little girl preparing for her first Holy Communion?

This little story is meant for the First Holy Communion class. Read it carefully and think of the meaning.—Mary J., in the Sunday Companion.

HOW TO WRITE AND SPEAK WELL.

The Rev. Louis Drummond, S. J., in a lecture at the Carnegie Library, Winnipeg, recently, had for his subject "How to Write and Speak Well."

In learning to speak well, said Father Drummond, one of the first essentials is the acquirement of style. Style is a thinking out into language. A man, to have style, must be able to think; and to write well is to think clearly. We must have our ideas, but our ideas must be embodied in language. We must have words to express our ideas. How, then, are we to get them? He would say, first of all, by reading. As Bacon said, "Reading maketh a full man." The Greeks were not great readers, and were very cultured, but they were trained from their youth. We do not all have these exceptional advantages, so the best way is to read for ourselves.

Books Worth Reading.

But the question is: "What shall we read?" A great many books are not worth reading. Only the best, only the greatest books should be read. DuQuincy said, because he felt that there were so many worthless books: "All the libraries in the world should be burnt, and let us begin again." So the man who wants to improve himself should avoid the trash and read only the best.

Then, too, it is not simply necessary to get words, but we must get to know the meaning of words. This is sometimes not very easy, as not even all the dictionaries agree. But we must get to know their meaning in order that we may use them correctly.

Another important matter in writing is the choice of words. Emphasis has been laid upon the use of Saxon words. Some say use these words only, Father Drummond said he would use the Latin and Saxon words as well. The Latin language is the language of culture, and therefore the Latin word is often preferable to the Saxon. A happy admixture of the two would therefore be best.

The use of correct phrases in writing is also a matter of study. We can not very well learn these in the high school or the university. The course of study there is too much like a sleep-study there is too much like a sleep-study there is no time for these things. The real work along this line must be done afterwards. The best plan is to get a large "commonplace book," and keep it by you, and in reading a good author, when you meet with a fine phrase, put it down with the author's name, the book and the page beside it. These should not be long, not using the Latin extraneous as well. The book which you use on a journey, and whenever you have time read them over. And do not be content with reading them, but commit them to memory. Especially is this true of poetry. He would advise reading plenty of poetry and learning it by heart. He would even go further than that, and would advise the writing of poetry. This is not necessary for publication, but for practice. There is nothing this for the cultivation of style. The most useful kind of poetry for this purpose is the sonnet. The reason for this is that it is the most difficult kind of poetry to write. It is so closely guarded by rules of structure that it affords a splendid exercise in the correct use of words and the concise expression of thoughts.

IMITATION OF BEST WRITERS.

Again, the lecturer would advise a moderate use of imitation. He would imitate the best writers, but not slavishly. Imitation by translation he regarded as an especially good thing. Translate from another language, and you will find that a great new knowledge you will get of your own.

The formation of sentences is also of importance. Vary your sentences. Use both long and short. Some have said that the English language is best fitted for the short period. Some, however, have used the lengthy, complex sentences with good effect. But this should not be attempted except by those who are masters of it. In the formation of sentences, commonplace endings should likewise be avoided.

HOW TO SPEAK WELL.

If a man pursue this course for ten years, he will be able to speak pretty fluently. Plenty of preparation of course will still be necessary for each occasion. The speaker would not advise preparing to the extent of committing to memory. This interferes with naturalness. The labor expended in so doing, besides, would give sufficient grasp of the subject to treat it extemporaneously.

In speaking don't imitate actors. They are not natural, said Father Drummond. Especially is this true of English actors. French actors are not so bad, they are more natural.

speaking. This can be done by practice.

Care should be taken, too, in the matter of pronunciation. Consult the dictionary often. You can't always depend on the pronunciation used by those around you. In this connection there are two things that should be carefully observed. The first of these is accent. The tendency of the English is to throw the accent forward. Be sure and get the accent right. The second is articulation. This should be clear and distinct. All the vowels should be sounded.

GESTURES AND SPEECH.

Something should be said, too, with regard to gestures. This is an important part of the equipment of a good speaker. Gestures should only be used when they are natural and when they accompany the word they are intended to emphasize. The skillful speaker will also keep careful watch of his audience. When they begin to get sleepy it is time to stop. Yet this scrutiny should not be too minute. One apt to notice trifling incidents if the scrutiny is too close.

As a final qualification, a speaker should practice serenity. His audience must have faith in him; they must believe that he is genuine. Be natural. If a man is known to be a man of worth and sincerity, people will listen to him in spite of all the defects in the world.

They Can't Fool the Irish.

"Ireland is a very uninviting field for women founded religions," remarks the Western Watchman. "The only convert the Christian Scientists ever made in that country died a few weeks ago, and on his death-bed sent for a priest. Religious fads of all kinds do not grow on Irish soil. We have never yet heard of a convert to them. Much given as Paddy is to a joke, he never could be converted to spirit-rapping, or Mormonism, or 'Christian Science.'"

ANOTHER CONVERT SON OF ANOTHER ANGLICAN ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"While the novels of Father Benson are daily attracting fresh readers," says a writer in the London Tablet, attention is being called anew to the career of—so far as we know—the only other convert son of Archbishops of Canterbury or York, since Archbishops of Canterbury or York had sons. This is Sir Tobie Matthew, the son of the persecuting Archbishop of York, a "True Historical Relation" of whose conversion, with the antecedents and consequences thereof, has already been published and makes excellent reading. A full life of him is now announced by Mr. Elkin Matthews. Besides being a son of the Archbishop of York, Sir Tobie was, on his mother's side, a grandson of Archbishop Parker of Canterbury, and of Bishop Barlow of Chichester. He was undoubtedly the most episcopally related young man who ever embraced the Anglican faith. The beginning of his going over was a visit he paid, in 1598, to a young Catholic, a Throckmorton, living in France. That is rather an agreeable memory; for the modern English converts to Catholicism, for the most part, learned their lessons from books and not from men. Whenever we Catholics, we were thrown back, Cardinal Manning confessed: "I became Catholic in spite of them." But in the old days Protestant parents rather feared the effect of a meeting between their children and professors of the ancient faith. When Tobie, having been returned to Parliament for a Cornish constituency, decided to go to Italy to enlarge his experiences, his father opposed. As a kind of compromise he was allowed to go to France for six months on condition he did not prolong his travels into Italy or Spain; and one is left rather wondering why Frenchmen were regarded as less likely to make a proselyte than either Spaniards or Italians. In 1605 he found himself in Florence and there made his submission to the Church. Imprisonment in the Fleet prison became his portion, and there he was visited by Bacon, whose alter ego Catholics could not recover him to Protestantism. Other persuasions were made—the story of them is well told by himself in the "True Historical Relation." At this moment it is of interest to remember that he was employed by James I. to further a marriage between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta. His knighthood commemorated his ser-



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A NEGLECTED POINT OF EDUCATION.

"Is he serious?" The question used to be asked by pious Evangelicals and Dissenters two generations back, meaning, "Has he any sense of religion?" The regular Greek adjective for "virtuous" was apudalos, "serious," implying a person worthy of serious regard. But, it may be added no one is worthy of serious regard who does not take life seriously. And this seems to be a point of education much neglected nowadays, the learning to take life seriously and not look upon the world as one huge joke. To certain minds there are only two flaws in the otherwise perfect jocularities of the universe: the one is the need of work to get bread, the other is physical pain. Now for the larger portion of many lives, and at recurring intervals in nearly all lives, these two flaws disappear. Health for the once is firm, and money is available for amusement. Under these conditions amusement too frequently becomes the one object, amusement as exciting and sensational as ingenuity and science can devise. Everything else becomes secondary—patriotism, learning, charity, religion; witness the week-end trips at one end of the social scale and the all-the-days-of-the-week motor-car at the other. The amusement over, work has to be resumed; possibly even the pleasure has to be paid for in pain. To labor and to suffer are sad necessities. "What can't be cured must be endured." But it is endured with resignation. Labor is not in our day, but labor has no delight in fulfilling her name: her ambition is to translate herself into luxurious ease. As little bodily labor as possible, no hard thinking, no anxiety concerning the immensities and eternities of a world to come, no dread of divine judgments, no severe administration—except it be in your own hands and be exercised over your opponents—a fine physique, not for toil, but for admiration and enjoyment and celebrity—round upon round of boisterous pleasure, "these be thy gods, O Israel." At the altar of these deities many educationists offer sacrifice. They train on these principles and for these ends. Will ever anyone found a "Sparta House School" springing large in his prospects and enforcing in practice other ideals—Frugality, Christian Patriotism, Health, Mental Activity, and in subordination to Health and Mental Activity, Games and Amusements?

A writer in the Revue de Philosophie for July, 1906, remarks on the increase of suicide in the world over, with the curious exception of Norway, most marked in Protestant countries and among unmarried persons and persons married but childless. In Ireland in the years 1865-69, there were fifteen suicides for every million of inhabitants; in 1894 the figure rose to 31. In England, for the same years and in the same proportion, the figures were respectively 67 and 92. In Saxony 297 and 375. In Prussia, in the year 1890, there were 240 suicides to every million of Protestants, against 100 to the same number of Catholics. In France, in the years 1887-91, suicides were least frequent among mothers with children, the figure being 79 to every million of such mothers. For childless married women the corresponding figure was 221. The highest was among sexagenarian bachelors, 1,504 to the million. The moral which the writer, M. Hill-Chatterton, draws from these statistics is that "individualist morality," that is to say fighting for your own hand on the principle of the survival of the fittest, finally breeds disgust of life because of the insatiability of the desires of the individual—desires which grow more imperious as the standard of living is raised by advancing civilization—desires which can never be appeased by any amount of bodily comfort and exciting amusement. The one remedy which the writer sees is "de-individualization" which in Saxony means "usefulness" by the strengthening of social ties—civil and political ties, although these can never be altogether strong enough for the purpose, family ties and, above all the bond of religion. The individual needs to be schooled from his youth upwards to live for an organism better than himself, of which he is part, and in which his best good is found; an organism which shall survive him, nay, in which his better nature shall survive after he has passed through the gates of death. Such an organism is the Church of Christ. Life is not a thing to cast away; life is worth living, even a life with few holidays, much work, privation, humiliation, and pain, if one can but serve the Church and further the speaking of Christ among men. Here is the casting out of individualism, of frivolous and sordid servitude to one's own pleasures, and the substitution of a high social aim. Here is a life serious, solemn, and strangely sweet. To this life boys and girls should be formed in every Christian school. Only, be it observed, serving the Church" is not synonymous with becoming a priest. One has just passed away from us whose life, alas, too soon cut off, has gloriously accentuated that distinction. No one who was at all familiar with the work of Arthur Chilton Thomas, from his school days at Stonyhurst to the close of his busy crowded life in Liverpool, will doubt that the life of a priest which shall not easily be made good. He had lofty and unselfish ideals, and they were faithfully translated into practice. His was a singularly gay and unassuming disposition, but there was a serious and steadfast purpose which ran through all his life, and colored it and governed it. His work is done, but his example remains as a vivifying memory to us all.—The Tablet.

A First Class Humbug. "The man," says our Parish Calendar of Lawrence, Mass., "who talks about the necessity of evangelizing the heathen, reforming society, uplifting humanity, dispersing the cloud of superstition, enlightening the ignorant, civilizing the pagan, rescuing the

fallen, etc., etc., and hasn't in his own heart love enough for his religion to insist that it be taught to his own children every day in the week, is a first class humbug.

A PROMINENT CATHOLIC.

The Semi-centennial celebration of Welland county was held a few days ago. The Welland Telegraph furnished a lengthy report of the interesting event and made the following reference to Mr. James Battle, a distinguished and wealthy Catholic, who has rendered remarkable services for both Church and State. He is yet in the prime of life, and will, we trust, for many a year continue in the forefront amongst those sturdy characters who are doing so much for Canada. When the name of James Battle of Throld was called there was no hearty applause as to make certain the silver-tongued orator of years by in the County Council had not been forgotten. He had been speaking but a moment when the audience realized that though years had passed since his pleasing and familiar voice had been heard in the chambers of the council he had not lost the magic word that held the audience's attention. Mr. Battle was indeed appreciatively heard. He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be present and paid a fine compliment to his former colleague, J. Harrison Pow. He launched forth in an eloquent picture of Welland's future. For centuries, he said, Niagara had done nothing but sing Te Deums of thanks. It was still singing but as we were far from the white heat for the making of Canadian industry. In the fifty years to come, Mr. Battle concluded, we must have a new Welland Canal double the size of the present one so that the white winged messengers of peace might bear their burdens direct on Fort William to the markets of the Old World.

REDMOND'S TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

John Redmond paid a high and eloquent tribute to the Catholic Church in his address at the recent annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Jesuit College of St. Ignace, London. His invitation to take part in the proceedings and be the principal speaker was no doubt intended as an appreciation of his services to the Catholics of England in connection with the Education Bill during its discussion in the House of Commons, and his speech was mainly devoted to the subject of education and the record of the Catholic Church in regard thereto, which Mr. Redmond thus eloquently noted and emphasized: "We Catholics, ought to feel proud in the belief we entertain that the Catholic Church has been in the past and is to-day the greatest educational force in the world. The day has almost disappeared when an assertion such as that would make the average Englishman gasp with amazement. The Catholic Church to-day is no longer spoken of by intelligent Englishmen as the Church merely of the Index and the Inquisition. It is recalled by every intelligent and educated Englishman that it is the Church of Paul and Augustine and Jerome, of Bede and Alford, of Patrick and Columba, of Dante and Angelo, of Fenelon and Newman. And it is recognized by all broad-minded men that the Catholic Church is to-day ready to bless all that exalts or refines the nature of man. She prays that knowledge may grow from more to more; she holds up to-day as she has ever held up, the higher and the nobler ideals before the human race—the ideals of Justice and of Mercy, the ideals of the dignity of the human race and its high destiny, the purity of domestic life, which after all, is an essential condition of national vigor and national happiness—the spread of civility and devotion, and the spirit of patriotic and of liberty. And we, Catholics, who believe these things—we Catholics, who believe that we owe to that Church the maintenance of those ideals both in the past and in the present—we don't hesitate to-day to seek her guidance in the education of our children and in the formation of their character."

These are sentiments eminently befitting the Catholic leader of a Catholic people and they go to show that in that capacity Mr. Redmond is pre-eminently the right man in the right place. A further and very noteworthy mark of high Catholic ecclesiastical recognition of the good work of the Irish leader and his Party in the matter of Catholic education, is to be found in the letter addressed to Mr. Redmond by Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, His Grace says: "Before you leave London (for the parliamentary recess) I desire to express to you once more, and through you to your colleagues, my sincere and hearty thanks for the earnest and able effort that you have been making during the past months in defence of the interests of our schools. In saying this I know that I am expressing not only my own feelings, but those of all my brethren in the Hierarchy of England."

FOR CATHOLIC POLITICIANS TO PONDER.

"No man can be a good Catholic and a bad citizen," says the Catholic Universe. "No public official can practise corruption and Catholicity at the same time. These truths are no more self-evident than the truth that the growing strength and numbers of Catholics make it impossible for them to evade their responsibility for political conditions in which they live. For the general ideals and standards of life which they have as much opportunity as others to mold and influence. To say the Catholic Church is the strongest Church in this country is to express its power in the lowest terms. It is practically the only Church with a positive law and positive authority to enforce its law. It is practically the only religious influence consistent enough and authoritative enough to be reckoned with at all."

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It is for this reason that the responsibility and the opportunity of Catholics in this country are so great. They must be the leaders if the lamp is to be leveled, and no Catholic can afford to forget that the individual can not compromise his Catholic principles without in some sense compromising the Church and weakening the influence she may exert for the public good.

"THE HELPER."

The Helper, the teachers' monthly edition of The Sunday Companion, after several months existence, is warranted in feeling that it has a place in the ranks of Catholic Missionary literature. It is a place that no other publication fills, for we have no other which goes forth with the pronounced aim of fitting parents in the homes, and teachers in the Sunday school for the great and necessary work of making clear to the children under their care the meaning of every question and answer in the catechism. Whether it be our busy parents and teachers in large cities, or those in out of the way places who cannot seek help for themselves in the way of materials, because all such is far out of reach; all will be benefited by the lessons outlined and the material suggested by The Helper. As to the material in pictures and stories, they can be secured through the children's weekly edition, The Sunday Companion. Subscribe at once to The Helper, \$1.00. The Companion, 75 cts. Address The Sunday Companion Publishing Co., 10 Barclay street, New York City.

WHERE THE CHILDREN HAUNT THE CHURCHES.

Writing in the Nineteenth Century and After, Rose M. Bradley, an Anglican, tells charmingly of the intimate way in which the Italians think and speak of Almighty God, and of the familiar terms upon which the people of Italy, and particularly the children, stand to their Creator. "You English, you Protestants," said an old French lady to Miss Bradley, "you put on your best clothes and you go to your church once a week, and there it is ended, you have too much respect to be happy. We others in France—well at least we speak of the 'Good God'—we are more at home; but in Italy it is God the Father, indeed. There, you Protestants, you will find no reverence as you understand it. The churches are the playgrounds, the nurseries of the children, the resting-place of the mothers." The remarks of this French lady very often occurred to Miss Bradley's mind during her sojourn in Italy, but she declares that she has seldom felt the truth of them at the Cathedral of Siena.

She writes of it thus: "A service was proceeding with some apparent pomp and ceremony. At all events the Archbishop was officiating in gorgeous vestments and attended by the usual servitors. . . . Near the great west door a baby was making her first valiant essays to walk unassisted, patterning noisily, with an occasional lift and a fall on the wooden covering of the mosaic pavement. In a corner, an admiring grandmother muttered absently over her beads, whilst she proudly watched the child's progress. A few rows of benches in front of the altar were occupied by a handful of women in an attitude of devotion. But upon the front bench was the most genuinely interested member of the congregation. He was an extremely small boy, who might have been five, but his pinfold and tunic proclaimed him no older. With breathless attention his keen little eyes followed every movement of the Archbishop and his assistants. That he was immensely impressed there could be no doubt, and when the little acolyte, not so many years older than himself, and perhaps an intimate friend, held up a siltken cushion to receive the Archbishop's mitre, his feelings altogether got the better of him. Gliding suddenly from his seat he sped, with the heavy-footed, side-way gallop peculiar to children, across the steps of the choir, and disappeared through the leather-covered door which closed with a bang behind him. In another minute, however, he reappeared, dragging by the hand a brother quite considerably smaller than himself. Together they returned across the steps, under the very nose of the Archbishop, with a great clatter of stout boots on the marble, but without appearing to attract the smallest notice either from the priests or the congregation. The smaller boy was then carefully hoisted and bumped down upon the bench by his elder brother, who scrambled up beside him, and in silent and absorbed concentration, they watched the remainder of the ceremony, which had evidently been too fascinating for one unselfish-minded baby to enjoy alone. Well, here at all events, the Dio Padre was receiving in

his own house a need of attention, which, if familiar, was also extremely heartfelt!"

BURYING BIGOTRY.

INDEPENDENT ORANGE ORDER HOLD A NOVEL TWELFTH OF JULY CELEBRATION. The Independent Orange Order held a separate celebration at Belfast on the Twelfth of July, at which Deputy Grand Master Lindsay Crawford made some remarks in striking contrast with those made at the demonstration of the old Loyal Orange Institution on the same day. He said that the new movement was a revolt against the tyranny of ignorance, bigotry and unreasonable prejudice. They were opening the eyes of Ulster Protestants, who had so long sat in Tory darkness, and they had set Ulster thinking. They appealed from an Ulster intolerant and ignorant to an Ulster tolerant and enlightened, and they were not ashamed. They appealed as a moderating force in the political life of their country. They stood for toleration, which was the first step towards the light of liberty, and towards that reconciliation between North and South for which every Irishman prayed. Whenever the flag of independent Orangemen had been unfurled they found a marked improvement in the relations between Protestants and Catholics, and an absence of that sectarian hate which in former years had led to disturbance and often to bloodshed. The example they set of toleration and good-will towards their Catholic countrymen had borne fruit in the ranks of the old order. For generations Orange leaders had pandered to the lowest instincts of the mob, and had encouraged sectarian and party divisions among the people for their own selfish ends. Independent Orangemen had chosen the better part, and while their Catholic countrymen might disagree with the doctrines of the Protestant religion, they were determined, God helping them, that their creed would not be identified with ignorant bravado and pot-house oratory, but that its principles would be respected even by its opponents. Independent Orangemen stood for practical Christianity, and the propagation of its principles, as outlined in the Magheranore manifesto, had softened the asperities of political controversy and drawn closer together in the bonds of national affinity Ireland's long-divided sons. They held out the right hand of fellowship to their Catholic countrymen, and hoped the day would soon dawn in Ireland when the only rivalry between them would be in loyalty to their country and whole-hearted service in her cause. But their institution had justified its existence on other grounds, it had taught the Protestants of Ulster that Ireland was their native land, and that they could not be true to themselves or loyal to the empire if they were not first loyal to their country. Patriotism banished sectarian hate and broke down the barriers which had so long divided Irishmen. Instinct with life, it taught the Ulster Protestant that he had a duty to his neighbor, and that Ireland was the nation's altar, and he must first be reconciled to his brother. It did more—it brought him face to face with the needs of the country and awakened in him a sense of his responsibility as a citizen. The Ulsterman had been taught to look to England as his native land, to mistake loyalty to England for patriotism, and then wondered why he was regarded as an alien. Independent Orangemen put their country first in their affection, and were persuaded that he was the true Ulster and the true loyalist who endeavored to make his country a living, progressive unit in a federated empire. Following the resurrection of national ideals in Ulster, it was only natural that they as Irishmen should protest against the denationalization of their country and the deliberate attempts which had been made to rob her of her peculiar national characteristics. Whatever ignorant, unthinking men might say to the contrary Ireland had an individuality all her own, and her true destiny lay in its natural growth and development. Ireland could only develop along her own individual lines. A country, like an individual, to her own self must be true, and it followed, as night the day, she could not then be false to the ideals of nationality or to those evolutionary laws that governed individual and national progress.

Rev. Warren F. Parke, who was ordained the other day as Kendrick Sarnary, St. Louis, and who celebrated his first Mass in Mullaphy Hospital, that city, on Sunday last, was reared a strict Protestant, and was studying for the Episcopalian ministry until his conversion to Catholicity six years ago, in Chicago. All of his friends and relatives are still members of the Episcopal Church.—The Missionary.

TRACHER WANTED FOR THE ELORA. A man school for balance of year. Apply to the Secretary of the Board, Elora, Ont. 1452

WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF school, the first day of September next, one Catholic lady teacher, holding a second class professional certificate and having sufficient knowledge to teach and converse in the French language. Salary \$375.00 per year. Apply to Rev. Denis Dumais, S. J., Sec. S. S. Board, Shelton, Ont. 1452

TRACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 1. Huntingdon. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Thomas Neville, Sec. Treas., Madoc P. O., Ontario. 1453

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The Church and Sunday Observance. "This everlasting contention that Catholics believe 'a few minutes at Mass' on Sunday is sufficient for the soul's salvation is intensely wearisome," says the Catholic Union and Times. "It exposes ignorance as well. From time immemorial the Church has scrupulously guarded the sanctity of the Sabbath. One needs but read the edicts of the various councils and the writings of the Fathers to discover this."

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

DIED. TRACEY.—On the 7th of August, in Toronto, Ont., Miss Ellen Tracey, relict of the late Michael Tracey of Prescott, Ont., and wife of Rev. W. J. Kelly, P. P., Douro, and Very Rev. Dean McGee, P. P., Stratford, Ont. May her soul rest in peace!

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JUST BETWEE

With all due respect, critics, we are no remarks anent the liquor dealer may say of his business himself as being an Bar; but it is a poor with red blood in his as it oftentimes hap have a reputation with money which brown nor brain should have, to oment for the man w world better for his The fact, however, visible, is that, so concerned, the li assigned to his pro our societies do no ranks because the hidrance to their centive to adverse look askance at his desire is to see him way of gaining a own instruction, w read the followi address by the Ver

"Men of the s succumbed to the until they fell to No drunkard ever become such, and can be sure that he drunkard. My apate drinker, and motive than his ow up that one glass the sake of your o good of your nel given it up, unte parish branch of Abstinence Union

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Some of us im authorities, in poi of meddling with liquor that is se indulged in by th we take it for gra of wondrous cred high-priced rum in human organism. For any bar-ten business, can mak that will pass un notes of the majori rum-essence, comp salt-petre, etc., a fashion old Jam pressed, he can that may pass mu juice from turaj which furnishes t and other things page suppers. I be without hops with the help of and impart to th fluence with th which, in poison of alcohol.

We note, howe ment that liquor system than wh space. Thanks to tors, of our wive men who abstain brethren, to th tion that physic by the use of a we are within th we say that th reckon with th And no man wh country will lose ments in favor of day.

NOTES FROM

In the Cathol Wilfrid Wilberfo man and Littlel lies alone can ap pensive import scene, which th the humble Ital is the glorious less Church, of the century, foremost man Oxford, had, by obedience to his pilgrim and a Of the influ Oxford up to 184 at all like it has Posey, indeed, a great name, a merited respect ing. In a tota vet's influence But neither Jon tely or together of the power w