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CHAPTER XXI.

"I AM GERALD TYRCONNEL."  
Miss Marriott proved a true prophet.

The news of his sister's serious illness brought Gerald Tyrconnel to Rome as fast as steam could carry him. There had always subsisted a tender affection between the brother and sister; and, knowing her delicate constitution, he did not wait to be told that she was in danger, but, without a moment's delay in starting, hastened at once to her bedside.

He entered Rome after nightfall, and drove directly to his mother's lodgings. The dark old palace seemed full of gloom as he entered under the vast, echoing arch, and asked the porter who emerged from Mrs. Tyrconnel's apartment. He dared not enquire how Kathleen was, but his heart was beating painfully with a sense of foreboding as he climbed the stone staircase and finally rang the bell of the door indicated.

It was opened by his mother's maid, who greeted him with a welcome such as only an Irish servant can utter.

"O Mr. Gerald! but it's glad I am to see you!" she cried. "And Miss Kathleen will be happy! Don't I see how she's fretting for you all the time!"

"How is she, Mary?" he asked, reassured somewhat by the last words.

"Thank God, she's better," Mary answered; "but she's been very bad, and it's hard work the mistress and Miss Cecil and I have had to bring her through. The doctor says good nursing done it, and it's true for me. She's had the best of it, sure."

"Miss Cecil?" repeated Tyrconnel, wondering if he heard aright.

"Sure that's Miss Lorimer," said Mary. "She's been here nearly all the time, and an angel of a young lady she is. She's got a way wid her that takes the heart out of your breast. But come in here, Mr. Gerald, while I go and tell the mistress you've come."

She opened a door, and Gerald passed into a large, dim room, where at first he could see nothing but the glow of the fire at what seemed a remote distance. But he had not advanced more than half-way down the length of the apartment, when a figure rose from the depths of a large chair and came to meet him.

"Your patient is much better, doctor," said a voice which sent a thrill through him with its remembered tones. "I left her sleeping, and have been very near sleeping myself here in the dark."

The speaker was a good deal surprised when the supposed doctor held out his hand.

"I am very grateful to hear that she is better," was the reply of a voice that she too remembered. "But instead of being the doctor I am Gerald Tyrconnel. You, I think, are Miss Lorimer, and I am glad that my first words to you are words of thanks for your kindness to my sister."

"O Mr. Tyrconnel!" said Cecil. "The want of light must excuse my mistake. I am very glad you have come, for I am sure that your presence will be Kathleen's best medicine. And I am glad also that you have come just when we have good news for you. Yes, your sister is much better."

"Thank God!" said Tyrconnel. "I am infinitely relieved to hear it; for I have feared—everything. She is very fragile, as you have no doubt perceived."

"Yes; for a few days the doctors—we all—were very apprehensive. But to-day I can perceive that she is improving. I fear, however, that you cannot hope to see her to-night; it would excite her too much."

"I am very willing to wait. It is enough to know that she is better."

"Meanwhile has Mrs. Tyrconnel heard that you are here? I think she is with Kathleen. I will send her to you and take her place."

She turned to go, anxious to avoid the meeting between mother and son, and Tyrconnel made no effort to detain her. But as he moved across the floor to open the door for her, he said, in a voice full of feeling:

"I cannot say how happy I am to renew the acquaintance which made my last voyage across the Atlantic such a bright memory in my life; nor can I tell you how grateful I am for your goodness to my sister. Words are very poor in expressing such obligations."

"There are no obligations involved," returned Cecil quickly. "I owe your sister a great deal—when she is better she will tell you in what way—and I have become warmly attached to her. I am here, therefore, because it is a pleasure to me to be with her. No thanks are due to me; on the contrary, I have to thank your mother for allowing me to help her."

With a bend of her head, and a smile which even the dim light revealed full of sweetness, she passed him and was gone.

Tyrconnel walked slowly back the length of the apartment to the fire, and there he stood, looking at the chair from which Cecil had risen, and so lost in thought that he did not heed the entrance of a servant with lights, until his mother followed a few minutes later.

Her welcome was more cordial than he had ventured to expect. In truth, she had been so wretched over one child that her heart was unconsciously softened toward the other, and she could not but be glad that Kathleen should have the great happiness of seeing her brother. She described the girl's illness minutely, dwelt upon its symptoms, told what the doctors said, and finally spoke of Cecil.

"I hardly know what I should have done without Miss Lorimer," she said. "At first I was averse to letting her assist me in nursing Kathleen, but she seemed so anxious that I finally yielded, and she has proved a treasure—so capable, so prompt, so devoted. I have never felt more grateful to any one than I do to her; for she has really sustained me during this terrible time of anxiety."

"Why did you not summon me at once?" asked Tyrconnel. "I should not be here now if I had not feared what illness with Kathleen must mean."

"It did not seem necessary; the doctors said all along that there was no danger, but I knew that they were anxious."

"And she is positively better?"

"Very much better, but I dare not let her know to-night that you are here. It would excite her too much. Are you ill yourself?" she asked, in a tone of concern, as it struck her how pale he was. "You really look so."

"Oh, I am quite well," he answered; "but of course I have been very anxious, and have had a hurried and fatiguing journey. I shall sleep well to-night."

He did sleep well, but in his dreams he found himself again and again advancing down a long room—once it seemed one of the vast galleries of the Vatican—to meet Cecil Lorimer, who came toward him with outstretched hand. Just before awaking he dreamed of her as he had seen her last on the deck of the steamer, when he had said to himself with sadness of heart that he should never see her again—and woke with a thrill to hear the bells of Rome ringing the Angelus.

He rose at once, and having, like most Irishmen who are worthy of the name, a deep strain of religious feeling in his nature, he went out to find a church in which to return thanks for the good news that had greeted him at the end of his journey, and to render to God that act of homage which, due everywhere, seems specially due in the Eternal City of His Vicar.

There is not any part of Rome where one need go far to find a church. Tyrconnel found the ever open portal very near at hand, and entering, passed down the dim nave until he found a Mass in progress in one of the chapels. About twenty persons were gathered before the altar, and as he knelt just within the gates his eye was attracted by the figure of a lady kneeling in front of him. It hardly required the grace of her form and bearing to tell him that it was Cecil Lorimer. Instinct told him that at once, and his surprise was great to perceive that she seemed to be a Catholic. He was very certain that when they were on the ship together she had not been a Catholic, and he watched her now with a wonder which amounted to a distraction, perceiving that not one of the Roman group around was more devout in manner than herself. "She must be a Catholic; and yet, if so, it is strange Kathleen should never have mentioned it," he thought; "not knowing that after their visit to the Vatican Kathleen had been too ill to write to him."

After the Mass was over he waited and met Cecil—very much to her surprise—at the door of the church. "I hope that I need not introduce myself again by day light," he said, as he advanced toward her. "But I could not blame you if it were necessary, for we scarcely saw each other last night."

"I should blame myself, however, if it were necessary," replied Cecil, with a smile. "Do you think I have forgotten all our days of pleasant companionship on the ship? I told you then that we should meet again some day. I think, if I remember right, that it was you who doubted it."

"I had forgotten for the time that all roads lead to Rome," he said. "Yet even in Rome there are different paths, and I am very happy that yours and my sister's chances to meet."

"It has been a great pleasure—I may say a great privilege—to be with you," Miss Lorimer answered. "It is in great measure owing to my acquaintance with her that I have found the road which leads to the true Rome—the City of St. Peter."

Involuntarily Tyrconnel held out his hand with a warm gesture of congratulation.

"I thought you must be a Catholic when I saw you in the church," he said. "And yet it seemed almost im-

credible, for you certainly were not one when we parted."

"Certainly I was not," she answered. "If you remember the night of the collision with the iceberg, you must also remember that I was far more of a heathen than anything else. But I think I was rather a high minded heathen. That is all which could be said for me. I believed in justice and honor and truth and other noble abstractions, but I knew as little as possible of God, from whom they derive their meaning."

"I do not remember that you impressed me at all as a heathen," said Tyrconnel, smiling. "I remember exceedingly well the doctrine that you preached of the possibility of accomplishing anything by will and effort. I thought it rather impracticable—the views, if you will excuse me, of one who had no experience of the difficulties of life. But since then, in my moments of darkest discouragement, your words have recurred to me and strengthened my resolution. I have fancied once or twice that you might like to know this; for I think I perceived in you a very strong desire to benefit your fellow creatures."

She looked at him with a glow in her eyes—the glow which springs from deeply touched feeling. "I like very much to know it," she said, "especially since I have heard what difficulties you are struggling with. I never fancied that any words of mine could help a man in such a struggle—for you are right in thinking that I have little practical experience of the difficulties of life—but I am more than glad if they have done so, I am grateful."

"Nay, it is I who should be—who am—grateful," he said. "Kathleen has told you, I see, something of what I have been trying to do, so you may imagine how much I have needed encouragement—but what an egotist I am to be talking of myself, without asking if you have seen her this morning! I presume that you remained with my mother last night?"

"Yes, and I went to Kathleen's bedside just before I came out. She was sleeping so calmly and sweetly that I have finally laid aside all fear. And I am glad to think that a happiness is before her when she knows that you are here." They had reached the archway of the old palace, and there she paused. "I will bid you good-morning here," she said. "While it is still early—so fashionable people about to be shocked—I shall go home."

"You do not mean that you will walk?"

"I think so—I am fond of walking, but if I grow tired I can take a carriage on the way. Tell Kathleen that I will see her soon again; and when you are at leisure, Mr. Tyrconnel, I shall be happy to see you."

"But this will never do," he said. "If you will not allow me to accompany you—"

"She shook her head, smiling. "That would not answer at all," she replied.

"Then you must let me call a carriage for you. I am not very well versed in social customs, but I hardly think it is the thing for you to walk across Rome unattended. Come in, and I will send the concierge—what do they call him in Italian?—for a carriage, if you will not return to my mother's apartment and take breakfast with us."

"No," she said; "I really must go home now. When I went into the church I meant it only for a stopping-place on my journey. I am sometimes unconventional when I can safely be so, and enjoyed the thought of walking across Rome alone in the early morning."

"I am sorry to interfere with anything which you would enjoy, but I really think my plan is best."

"I suppose it is," she answered, with a little sigh, as she entered the carriage. "Send for the concierge, please."

The carriage was sent for—could not of course be found at once, and Tyrconnel had a few more minutes of conversation in the shadow of the dark old archway. Then a cab drove up; he placed Cecil in it, and after it drove away bounded as lightly as a boy up the stairs to his mother's apartment.

CHAPTER XXII.

"WITH EMPTY HANDS."

The days that followed Tyrconnel's arrival in Rome were very pleasant. His presence helped Kathleen to recover rapidly; and, first around her convalescent couch, afterward in excursions and drives on sunny days to various points about Rome, some delightful hours were spent by a party that combined many agreeable elements. Beside the Tyrconnels and Miss Lorimer, Grace Marriott and Craven, Mrs. Severn and Lionel Erie made up a group of altogether sympathetic quality; and, according to the usual habit of people in a place where there is nothing to do but meet, hardly a day passed without bringing them together in one way or another.

There is so much to see and do in Rome—galleries, ruins, churches, villas, to visit; the Pincian to lounge upon and review all the world, hospitable salons in which to meet—he must be dull indeed who does not find the charm of the Eternal City grow upon him day by day.

It was an old charm to Gerald Tyrconnel; but now there was a fresh one interwoven with it, which deepened constantly. He scarcely dared give it a name to himself; and yet he knew that if it had cost him a struggle to part with Cecil Lorimer when he had known her before, the struggle would be tenfold greater now. But he did not think of parting, in these

sunny, charming hours of delightful companionship. The present sufficed him. He shook off the memory of the sad, dark days he had left in Ireland—the difficulties there to which he must return—and gladdened Kathleen's heart by his cheerfulness of manner and bearing. Only now and then a cloud seemed to fall upon him, and it chanced that one of these moments of despondency brought forth a confidence to Cecil which interested and touched her.

They were standing together on the platform in front of San Pietro in Montorio, where they had gone by Kathleen's request; and the tombs in the church of "sad Ulster's princes" had so affected Tyrconnel that the shadow was still resting over him when Cecil and he came out into the sunshine to admire the wonderful view of the city which this terrace commands. It was a scene which usually would have awakened in him a quick response of delight and admiration, for all ancient and modern Rome lies spread before the gaze. But now he looked at it with almost unheeding eyes; for his mental glance was fixed on that beautiful Isle of Sorrow across the sea, where such woe has reigned for centuries.

"Looking over the earth, looking over history, where can one find anything to equal her in the greatness and duration of her sorrows?" he said. "She is the martyr among nations, on whom God has laid His severest trials, as if to prove the majesty and constancy of her faith."

"And in proving it she has been made such a spectacle for the edification of mankind," said Cecil, "that it seems to me one can hardly regret the suffering which has called forth such heroic virtue."

"If it were all heroic virtue!" he remarked. "But that is too much to expect. There is a human side that saddens one because it is made up of desperation and crime. Great wrongs madden at last, and great suffering leads to despair if it does not lead to sanctity. Collectively, the people of Ireland have for centuries shown the spirit of saints; but always there has been an element in which the usual fruit of oppression is seen in desperate deeds, and that element has increased of late. The long suffering people have now to endure, besides the tyranny of their oppressors, the worse tyranny—worse because encompassing their lives more closely—of the secret societies banded together for crime."

"It must be terrible!" said Cecil, in a tone of deepest sympathy.

"It is terrible," he answered. "And here is where I find my efforts most needed. The men who compose these societies, and especially those who lead them, are entirely revolutionary and socialistic in spirit. They do not desire that any good feeling should be established between landlord and tenant. The bitterness that exists—the hatred which the very name of landlord produces in the Irish peasant's breast—serves their ends exactly. And so a good landlord is more abhorrent in their eyes than a bad one. The people—our long suffering, true-hearted Catholic people—are not with them, but they are terrorized by them. Brave as they are by nature, they are not brave enough to defy these midnight murderers. Considering the deeds of blood so constantly perpetrated, it is too much to expect that they should not be intimidated. And so, as I have said, at every turn I find my efforts baffled."

"Do they interfere between you and your tenants?" asked Cecil.

"Constantly," he answered. "I have received many threatening letters warning me that if I did not do certain things, or leave certain other things undone, I should draw down on my head the vengeance of this secret power. I never paid the slightest attention to such warnings. But it is a very different matter with the people. When a man is told that he shall not take a holding because another disaffected and thoroughly bad tenant has been obliged to give it up, he simply dare not touch it. If he is told that he must withhold the rent, he dare not pay it. So that our unhappy land seems given over to hopeless misery, and our attempts to do good are frustrated in all directions."

"But you should not lose courage," said Cecil. "Oh, you should keep a strong heart, for such a battle is worth fighting and winning! To lift people from a slough of misery, to make their lives better, to relieve them from a burden of despair, to show them the way to comfort, and help them to walk in it—surely there could not be a work in this world better worth doing, nor one more pleasing to God."

"You are right," replied Tyrconnel, catching somewhat the glow of her enthusiasm, but with the sadness which had evermastered him still evident in look and tone. "Those are the things I have said to myself, that I say to myself still; but I have learned that to do them is all but impossible. When we crossed the ocean together I knew that I was going to a hard task, but I did not know how hard it would prove. I was aware that I should have to reckon with the bitter opposition of my mother when I attempted any change in the management of the estate—perhaps Kathleen has told you that it had been horribly mismanaged for many years?"

"Yes, she told me that there were many abuses and oppressions which you have endeavored to abolish."

"I can give you no idea of their extent. It was, like numberless other estates in Ireland, rack-rented to the last degree, impoverished, with nothing spent on the land and everything taken out of it; cottages in ruins, the

tenants hopeless, broken-spirited—a picture of wretchedness and the abuse of power. I expected, as I said, opposition from my mother when I attempted to change all this; but I did not expect to find the people so sullen, and the secret societies so antagonistic to me. Between all these, and with hands tied by the lack of that potent factor called money, I confess to you that my heart and my courage alike have nearly failed."

There was something so touching to Cecil in these last words—they were so evidently wrung from the speaker, so simply, so unconsciously said—that she would have liked to put out her hand and touch his in token of sympathy. But that being impossible, she said in a voice of great feeling:

"I am glad that you say 'nearly' failed only, for you must not let them fail. It is such a great thing in this world of selfishness to try, even to do something altogether worth doing. Though you cannot at once see the fruits of your efforts, it is a great privilege to be allowed to make them. Don't lose courage, then, even if the fight is hard. When you mean only good to your people, it cannot be but that you will win their confidence at last."

"I endeavor to reassure myself with that reflection," he answered; "but, you see, I have so little power to do what I desire for their benefit. Even if the rents were not withheld—as they are in several cases, one or two of which will give me a great deal of trouble, I fear—I cannot press a people so desperately poor. I have voluntarily lowered the rent of almost every tenant, so that my income is much diminished, and out of this income I have to pay heavy debts. This leaves absolutely no margin for the improvements I have wished to make in the estate—the improvements that must be made if it is ever to become such an estate as a Christian man can in conscience possess."

"Then money could help you?" said Cecil. "It could strengthen your hands and aid you to accomplish your ends?"

He laughed slightly. "What is there in this world," he asked, "in which money cannot help? God, no doubt, can work without it when He wills to do so; but usually He works by human means, of which it is one of the most powerful. Yes, money could do much for me. It would build habitations fit for men and women to live in, and establish industries that would enable a starving people to earn their bread at home instead of being driven to cross the seas for it; it would make what is now a wilderness blossom like the rose—ah, do not lead me to say all that it could do for I should weary you. My day-dreams are so many! From my early boyhood I brooded over these things; I saw the suffering, the desperate, hopeless poverty of the people ever before my eyes; I saw them driven forth in sorrow and sadness as exiles from the land which they love, with passionate devotion I dreamed of providing employment for all who wanted it, of well-cultivated lands and comfortable cottages, and discontent banished from one corner of the land. And then I dreamed of the money which would be required to bring about this change. 'I will go to the other side of the world and make it,' I said to myself, 'so that I may be ready when the opportunity comes.' I went, but the opportunity came sooner than I expected, before the fortune was made; and I returned as I had gone—with empty hands."

His voice sank a little over the last words, as if he realized afresh the depressing fact of their emptiness; and Cecil's heart gave a sudden throb of self reproach as she remembered how she had once said of him, lightly and carelessly, "It seems a very pitiful thing to do—to give one's best years just to accumulate money." And this was the reason for which he desired to accumulate it—that he might lessen the misery of his people, and do such good as she had only vaguely pondered. She felt as if she must beg his pardon for that past rash judgment—this man who was doing with empty hands more than her full ones had ever accomplished! But before she could form words to express her rush of feeling, Kathleen came out of the church and joined them. "Oh, what a scene!" she cried, with a deep, soft sigh of delight, as she leaned against the parapet by Cecil's side and looked out over the picture which lay before them—the circling heights of ancient Rome crowned with ruins, palaces and churches; the Campus Martius covered with the roofs and towers of the medieval city; the Castle of San Angelo overlooking the Tiber; and the vastness of the Vatican rising above the crowded houses of the Borgo; while the rounded, wonderful outlines of St. Peter's dome stood out against the soft blue background of the distant hills.

"St. Peter had his See at his feet when he came here to die," said Tyrconnel. "It must have been a marvellous sight upon that day, and more marvellous still to the eye of faith piercing the future. Was a vision vouchsafed him of the glory of that future—perhaps Kathleen has told you that it had been horribly mismanaged for many years?"

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He laughed slightly. "What is there in this world," he asked, "in which money cannot help? God, no doubt, can work without it when He wills to do so; but usually He works by human means, of which it is one of the most powerful. Yes, money could do much for me. It would build habitations fit for men and women to live in, and establish industries that would enable a starving people to earn their bread at home instead of being driven to cross the seas for it; it would make what is now a wilderness blossom like the rose—ah, do not lead me to say all that it could do for I should weary you. My day-dreams are so many! From my early boyhood I brooded over these things; I saw the suffering, the desperate, hopeless poverty of the people ever before my eyes; I saw them driven forth in sorrow and sadness as exiles from the land which they love, with passionate devotion I dreamed of providing employment for all who wanted it, of well-cultivated lands and comfortable cottages, and discontent banished from one corner of the land. And then I dreamed of the money which would be required to bring about this change. 'I will go to the other side of the world and make it,' I said to myself, 'so that I may be ready when the opportunity comes.' I went, but the opportunity came sooner than I expected, before the fortune was made; and I returned as I had gone—with empty hands."

His voice sank a little over the last words, as if he realized afresh the depressing fact of their emptiness; and Cecil's heart gave a sudden throb of self reproach as she remembered how she had once said of him, lightly and carelessly, "It seems a very pitiful thing to do—to give one's best years just to accumulate money." And this was the reason for which he desired to accumulate it—that he might lessen the misery of his people, and do such good as she had only vaguely pondered. She felt as if she must beg his pardon for that past rash judgment—this man who was doing with empty hands more than her full ones had ever accomplished! But before she could form words to express her rush of feeling, Kathleen came out of the church and joined them. "Oh, what a scene!" she cried, with a deep, soft sigh of delight, as she leaned against the parapet by Cecil's side and looked out over the picture which lay before them—the circling heights of ancient Rome crowned with ruins, palaces and churches; the Campus Martius covered with the roofs and towers of the medieval city; the Castle of San Angelo overlooking the Tiber; and the vastness of the Vatican rising above the crowded houses of the Borgo; while the rounded, wonderful outlines of St. Peter's dome stood out against the soft blue background of the distant hills.

vehement, loving he to count pain or de- question of rejoit- his Master's own ro- have been with a jo- stood here and look- perial city, which w- his power unto the c- if he did not forese- "History is mad- ing here," quoted t- above the tomb of s- ignominious death Janiculum. "Som- thought I can unde- cannot understand- capable of reading- history can be blind- the See of Peter h- can fail to see the- thus introduced in- which cannot be h- human ground wh- reigns in the Vati- not even an infi- power dares to do- material strength- ish prisoner dying- few exceptions, thi- with the long line- which history offers- yet there are peop- no meaning."

"And I was one day," said Cecil, humbly in her own- "No," said Tyr- "you were one of- think at all—on th- When you began t- truth in its comple- She smiled a little- said, "I am glad t- of St. Peter I was- stand his Catholic- And this being so- him to obtain a gr- will make a pigri- the purpose."

"Let us go on quickly," and we- for you. I am als- Peter's. Come." TO BE C-

THE SYNAGOGUE  
CHURCH

In "Christ and l- lishing in the o- occurs the followi- how the synagog- cradle of Christi-

This separati- everything un- naturally bound t- to one another, a- love of Israel and- ever a number of- were enough of- synagogue and- Jehovah with th- prayers and the- ings as were us- synagogues of Pa-

Here, in the t- temples of heath- stitution and idol- preserved all the- forms of his divin- In the drunken g- and amid the ma- the Jews observe- feast days in th- and off-times of- On these days th- and the deriding- in the synagogue- solemn hymns, S- Scriptures, and- listen to a sermo- some passing pri- vited in to speak- often was.

These synago- far and wide as- and they served- stations, already- in a hundred wa- of the gospel, so- them by the mi- Christ.

It was to the- Paul and his co- on reaching a c- they were offer- teaching scorn- given at least o- frequently rece- Without these- down the wide R- see how Christi- given to the Ge- measurably gre- fullness of time.

The Jews of t- were much more- than those of Pa- erson dispersion. ever persistent- Hellenic cultur- science yielded- fluence, and ins- ward into Jew- hope," as the ho- locking forward- Israel.

But they were- Hellenic in lan- but they were o- of a coming Mes- star, this hope- ing them on, c- come when t- over Jerusalem- from the island- the distant edge- Palestine, a con- nation. They- wherever they- converts to thei- an almost un- hearts of men, Christ came as-

It may sav- be informed t- blood purifier, the kind most e- cal profession. as such, he- mitted at the C-



vehem, loving heart was not likely to count pain or death when it was a question of rejoicing his Master by his Master's own road.

And I was one of them only yesterday," said Cecil, with a touch of humility in her voice.

THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE CHURCH.

In "Christ and His Time," now publishing in the National Magazine, occurs the following passage, showing how the synagogue was used as a cradle of Christianity:

This separation of the Jews from everything un-Jewish about them naturally bound them more closely to one another, and strengthened their love of Israel and her religion.

These synagogues were scattered as far and wide as the Jews themselves, and they served as so many mission stations, already built and preparing in a hundred ways for the introduction of the gospel, soon to be brought to them by the missionary disciples of Christ.

It was to these synagogues that St. Paul and his co-workers went directly on reaching a new city, and though they were often rejected and their teaching scorned, they were always given at least one hearing, and were frequently received and believed.

The Jews of the Western dispersion were much more ready for Christianity than those of Palestine or of the Eastern dispersion. In the West, however persistently they had resisted Hellenic culture, they had unconsciously yielded to its broadening influence, and instead of looking backward into Jewish history for their hope, as the Jews of Palestine did, they were looking forward toward a new day for Israel.

But they were looking. They were Hellenic in language and manners, but they were one withal in their hope of a coming Messiah. Like a guiding star, this hope rose above them, lighting them on, until the time should come when it should rise and stand over Jerusalem and guide them all from the islands of the sea and from the distant edges of the earth back to Palestine, a conquering and victorious nation. They carried this hope wherever they went, making many converts to their religion, and waking an almost universal longing in the hearts of men, to whom the gospel of Christ came as a complete fulfillment.

History is mad or finds its meaning here," quoted Tyrconnel, looking toward the tomb of him who suffered an ignominious death on the height of Janiculum. "Some phases of human thought I can understand, but what I cannot understand is how any mind capable of reading or understanding history can be blind to the part which the See of Peter has played in it—can fail to see the supernatural element thus introduced into human affairs, and which cannot be explained on any human ground whatever.

With the exception perhaps of the first outburst of sorrow that fills the heart on the first shock of death, none is so affecting as that which takes place on the leave-taking before the coffin lid is finally fastened, and on the removal of the corpse from the house.

UNDYING QUALITIES OF IRISH CATHOLIC FAITH.

To day I attended a Catholic funeral, and in the house of sorrow I witnessed scenes of grief and affection for the departed one, marked by emotions of sincerity such as can be displayed only by the true Celtic Catholic race.

Those who heard the instruction and made proper use of their reasoning powers could not fail to believe that infinite justice could not pass equal sentence upon the two offenders, and yet both were excluded from immediate entrance to heaven; but Divine equity would not allow childish innocence, stained by one venial sin, to accompany a murderous reprobate to the fell regions of the damned.

But the Irish people have been patient and long-suffering. The condition of affairs, which the writer has but briefly referred to, is one well known to the student of Irish history.

It is this undying faith of the Irish Catholic people in the saving truths of their religion, and in the scrupulous care of the Church for her communicants, living or dead, that consists their hope and consolation, and at the same time robs death of half its terrors.

In the instance which gave rise to these thoughts the consoling power of the Catholic religion was seen, for while all seemed to be sorrow and mourning at the house of death itself, when the lifeless remains were brought into the church and placed before the altar, and Mass for the dead was celebrated, it relieved the minds of the sorrowing friends and their consolation grew apace when they heard the priest from the altar steps discourse of the true end of man, of his destiny for a better life, his sure hope of heavenly reward if he had merited such by the goodness of his works.

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perversion of the use of reason and faith that any form of Christianity should blindly reject this lenient and merciful doctrine of the Church, for while the bible holds good, none can deny that a defiled being cannot enter into heaven, and who will have the hardness to assert that creatures possessed go hence without a mortal stain?

When the kindly and equitable nature of the New Englander finally revolted against the terrible distinctively evil principle of Calvinism—that "God died only for the elect and for those whom he had predestined to eternal life without any will of their own"—an essential of the Congregational creed of his inheritance, he could not become an infidel.

THE DECAY OF FAITH AMONG NEW ENGLAND PROTESTANTS.

Remembering a notable paper on Catholicity in New England contributed to the Pilot by the Rev. A. M. Clark, C. S. P., two years ago, we read with especial interest his article on "The Revolt from Calvinism in New England," in the Catholic World for March.

At best, however, little enough was left of the positive religious truth which old-fashioned Congregationalism retained from Catholicity; and of this, what remained of rationalism was in many cases undermined by superstition in the form of Spiritualism.

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A Grateful Nobleman.

To the astonishment of every one and to the delight of the Duke of Norfolk, his only son and heir, whose early boyhood was marred by imbecility, deafness, dumbness and blindness, as well as by physical weakness in other respects and who was universally pronounced altogether beyond the reach of medical science, appears to be shaking off and growing out of the various ailments by which he was so sorely afflicted.

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About Hood's Sarsaparilla and advised me to try it. This is the kind of advertising which gives Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world.

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishop of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

London, Saturday, April 3, 1897

PASSION-TIDE.

On Sunday, the 4th inst., the Church recalls our thoughts to the period of our Blessed Lord's suffering by the celebration of Passion Sunday...

The Epistle of the day, which is taken from the 9th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, describes to us the sacrifice which Christ made for our salvation...

The Apostle describes that the blood of goats and other sacrifices of the Old Law were of small value compared with the blood of Christ...

The Gospel of the day describes the virulent manner in which the Jews pursued our Lord for a considerable time before their vengeance against Him was actually completed...

He pointed out to them also that He was the promised Messiah for whose coming the prophets longed, specifying Abraham who rejoiced that he might see my day...

They objected that He was not yet fifty years old, and could not have seen Abraham; but in reply He indicated His eternity, and therefore His divinity saying: "Before Abraham was made, I am."

Christ through the solemn veneration of the crucifix on that day.

From the sacredness of the mysteries commemorated during Passion-time, it is the most holy and solemn part of the holy season of Lent.

THE PAPAL ABLEGATE.

Monsieur Merry del Val, the Pope's Ablegate to Canada, has arrived in New York.

The special purpose for which he has been sent by the Holy Father has not been announced, but there appears to be no doubt that the efforts made by the messengers sent to Rome, unofficially at least, on behalf of the Hon. W. Laurier, have been partly the cause of his coming.

There has been much speculation by the press regarding the object for which this delegation has been established, and some Protestants appear to be very much alarmed lest an effort may be made to make the Pope the actual ruler of Canada in place of the Queen.

One writer in last Saturday's Mail takes it for granted that the Ablegate's object is to interfere in some way in the settlement of the Manitoba school question, and thereupon he says: "It is a constitutional dispute of our own, with which no foreign potentate has any concern."

Beyond question, the Ablegate comes here officially, so far as His Holiness is concerned. But before he can act officially he must be so recognized by Mr. Laurier, as this is a Government matter, otherwise his mission would be a farce.

We cannot speak from positive knowledge regarding the position which the Ablegate will have in relation to the Government, but the probability, as it appears to us, is that Mr. del Val will not come as having any official relations with the Government.

The Hon. David Mills in an interview with a representative of the Advertiser of this city seems to be somewhat of the opinion that the Ablegate may imagine that he comes to Canada for the purpose of settling the school question.

Undoubtedly as far as the matter of confidence is concerned, whether Catholics may or may not send their children to Mr. Greenway's schools, the Ablegate's decisions will be received with respect by all Catholics, but we cannot for a moment suppose that he would expect the Protestants of Canada to receive them with the same reverence, and as we feel certain that Mr. del Val understands the circumstances of the country we do not suppose that he expects any civil recognition of his office, just as Mr. Salotti and Martinelli have had no official recognition from the Government of the United States.

We believe it will be found that Mr. del Val's mission is intended solely for the purpose of settling disputes among Catholics, though it may be that complaints laid by friends of Mr. Laurier before the Holy Father against some of the Bishops and clergy of Quebec may be among the matters on which he will adjudicate.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

The question of the Manitoba schools has been once more discussed in Parliament. It was referred to first in the speech from the throne, wherein His Excellency the Governor General said:

"Immediately after the last session the Government of Manitoba was invited to hold a conference with my Ministers on the subject of the grievances arising out of the act of that Province relating to education passed in the year 1890. In response to that invitation three members of the Manitoba Government came to Ottawa, and, after many and protracted discussions, a settlement was reached between the two Governments, which was the best arrangement obtainable under the existing conditions of this disturbing question."

This, of course, foreshadows the policy of the Government on the school question, and means that under the rule of the present Ministry nothing is to be done toward remedying the grievances complained of by the Catholic minority.

We have before now on several occasions shown that the arrangement arrived at between the two Governments is unsatisfactory. It is an attempt to delude the Catholics, not only of Manitoba, but of the whole Dominion, for so far from restoring the rights which Catholics enjoyed before 1890, and to which they are fairly entitled according to the decision of the Privy Council, it aims at perpetuating the oppression of the Manitoba Government. His Excellency's reference to the question, made on behalf of the Dominion Government, is a declaration that the provisions of the Constitution by which minorities were supposed to be safeguarded against the oppressiveness of majorities in the various provinces, are not to be applied in favor of Catholics. Only Protestants are to be protected.

We are told that the so-called settlement was reached "after many and protracted discussions," and that it "was the best arrangement obtainable under the existing conditions of this disturbing question." We do not doubt that the discussions were both numerous and protracted, and we are even convinced that Mr. Laurier did his best to bring Mr. Greenway and his cabinet to concede what is fair and just, but if he did so he failed miserably. The so-called settlement makes absolutely no concession to the undoubted right of Catholics to Catholic education. But we take exception to the statement in the speech and in the address in reply thereto, to the effect that the agreement gives "the best obtainable terms under the existing conditions."

Sir Charles Tupper's Remedial Bill offered far better terms. We do not by any means say that this Bill was perfect in every respect, but it was at least an effort to do justice to the Catholic minority, and it was therefore a great step in the right direction, being on the lines indicated by the Privy Council as those wherein Catholic rights had been violated. By moving the six months hoist to this bill, we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Laurier was recreant to his duty, whether he regard him as a Catholic, as a Canadian, or as a statesman, and to tell us now that he could do no better than secure the agreement which has just been passed by the Manitoba Legislature is an insult and an injury to the Catholic body throughout the Dominion.

This pretended settlement is no settlement at all. Sir Charles Tupper said truly during the debate on the address: "I ask the First Minister to mention one of the privileges which were enjoyed by the minority before 1890, which is restored by the present arrangement. I know of none, and I have studied the bill carefully. While it gives nothing that Roman Catholics asked for, it confers upon them several things which they did not ask for, and which they had not enjoyed previously to 1890. Not one single right has been restored to which the Privy Council said they were entitled, but, instead, they had been given new privileges, so that the minority are now in a position to fall back and claim those rights which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council held were theirs, and might also claim their newly acquired privileges since the Manitoba Act says that any concession once made by the Legislature to a minority can never be withdrawn."

It is a curious result of Mr. Greenway's crooked policy that while he thought he was permanently shutting out the Catholic minority from the

rights which they really possess, he should instead have unintentionally conferred new rights upon them, yet such is really the case, and should the matter ever again be brought before the Privy Council, we have no doubt such will be the decision. But this is not at present a practical benefit, inasmuch as Catholics are denied even the rights they certainly possess, and this under an administration at the head of which is a French Canadian and Catholic; and the new rights gained are worth little or nothing. At all events, they are very far from giving the minority an opportunity to educate their children properly and religiously, which is what they are contending for. It is useless to say the question is settled by the recent act of the Manitoba Legislature, which makes the Laurier Greenway settlement the law now. Catholics will not and cannot accept such a law as a settlement, and the matter must still be agitated till justice be obtained. We presume that there will be an amendment to the address censuring the Government for its duplicity in this matter. We hope such an amendment will be carried, as we cannot see that there is any hope that the present Government will take steps to see justice done.

Mr. Laurier in his reply to Sir Charles Tupper admitted that an injustice had been done to Catholics by the Manitoba legislation of 1890. He said:

"We went to the Government of Manitoba and said to them, 'the legislation of 1890 has inflicted a grievance upon the minority of Manitoba. You have the authority of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council that such is the case. Repair the grievance yourselves.'"

This would be very well if the Manitoba Government had responded generously, but they did not do so. We have already shown this at length in our columns; and if Mr. Laurier holds office now, it is because he and his candidates before and during last June declared that he would succeed by methods of conciliation in gaining at least all that was aimed at by Sir Charles Tupper's Remedial Bill. He has failed in this. We would not hold him responsible for that failure if it came only from the obstinacy of the Greenway Government, but he is responsible for having capitulated by giving up all that the Catholic minority demanded, and by now endeavoring to delude the public into the belief that he has gained all that Catholics require or ought to look for.

While we are willing to give Sir Charles Tupper credit for his Remedial Bill, and for his good intentions expressed in our behalf during the debate upon it, the stand he has now taken seems to us to be indefensible. While he appeared to be our champion on the eve of the election, now that the election is over and the battle of the ballots went against him, he declares that "the position now was that he discharged what he thought to be his solemn duty to his country and thought he had completed all he had to do in connection with the question." If the honorable gentleman had been battling for justice to Catholics previous to June last why should an adverse verdict at the polls lead him to pursue a course of masterly inactivity? We could admire the noble baronet had he kept up the good fight, but now that he and some of his colleagues have declared that they will have nothing more to do with the school question we must take it that they are no better than those occupying seats on the ministerial side of the house.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND LATITUDINARIANISM.

It scarcely needs proof that the rejection of Church authority as the supreme tribunal to which all controversies and doctrinal doubts must be referred must result finally in the rejection of Christianity itself. The judgment of individuals in regard to matters of faith is too erratic a tribunal to be relied upon with any hope of arriving at certitude, and we might take it for granted that Christ would not establish such a tribunal as the supreme one in a matter of such importance as the eternal salvation of mankind, unless at the same time He would illuminate the individual mind so that it would not be liable to error.

That the minds of individuals are not so illuminated is seen plainly in the fact that those who have adopted the Protestant rule of faith, which is that each individual is to interpret God's word for himself, have wandered hopelessly into the most contradictory vagaries and errors. But independently of this fact, we

have God's word informing us that "no prophecy of Scripture is of private interpretation," and the reason given for this by the Apostle is conclusive against all who insist that they should interpret the Scripture for themselves without yielding obedience to the authority of the Church; for we are told that the reason of the law is: "For prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spoke moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Peter i, 20)

As a preservative against the confusion which must necessarily result from the setting up of private judgment as the supreme arbiter of faith, Christ established His Church and commanded us to hear it under penalty of being regarded as the heathen and the publican.

It was always pointed out by Catholics that the necessary result of the Protestant theory of private judgment would be the disintegration of Protestantism itself and its final lapse into Latitudinarianism or unbelief, and in Protestant countries this is proving to be the case.

In some countries the progress in this direction is more slow, in a great measure according to the form of government which prevails, the tendency towards utter unbelief being usually greater where the government is more democratic. Thus it has happened that in the United States, outside of the Catholic body, the great majority of the people are really without any religion at all, only a small fraction being returned as belonging to any Christian denomination, and even very many of those who are so returned belong to sects which have abandoned all the leading doctrines of Christianity, such as the Unitarians, the Universalists, and many Congregationalists also, for though among the latter some congregations have preserved the most salient dogmas of Christian faith, their peculiar organization, which makes every congregation virtually independent in itself, has led to the practical abandonment of Christianity among a large section of adherents.

This tendency is not confined, however, to democratic countries, but is growing even in those which are monarchical. Thus recent Scottish papers inform us that while the population of Scotland, and especially of the cities, is increasing rapidly, there is a marked and serious decline in attendance at the churches. This has been made evident by a recent census of church-goers taken in Glasgow, and there is no doubt that the same thing is true of other cities. The Christian Leader attributes this decline to the divisions which have taken place in Presbyterianism, on account of which territorial work has been neglected. But it must be noted that the divisions are themselves the result of the substitution of private judgment for Church authority, as we have already explained.

The Leader further states that the reformed Presbyterian Churches which joined the Free Church twenty years ago have never increased. This is not much to be wondered at, for it is notorious that in all these Churches freethought has made great inroads even among the clergy during the same period. The Leader makes the desponding remark on this subject, that, "It looks as if the end of the nineteenth century is to be like the middle of the eighteenth, and to close in the darkness of moderation and the decay of evangelism." By moderation we understand the writer to mean that indifference to religion which results from laxity in belief. But if a remedy is really to be looked for, it will be found only in a return to Catholic unity.

In Germany the same results are complained of, and it is besides remarked that in all the universities, as in Berlin, Leipsic, Halle, etc., there is a great falling off of students in the theological courses. There is an exception in two universities which are regarded as more orthodox in doctrine than the others, but the increase in these two is far below the decrease in the others. The decrease is openly attributed by the State Church or Lutheran press to the prevalence of Liberalism, which is another name for Latitudinarian tendencies. In fact any other result could not be expected from the causes we have indicated, and there is little doubt that even though in England and Canada the natural Conservatism of the people has made the progress in the same direction more slow, the same results may be looked for before the lapse of a long period.

Ejaculations are short prayers directed up to God on emergent occasions. They are the artillery of devotion and their principal use is against the fiery darts of the devil.

DIANA VAUGHAN.

Our esteemed confreres of the French Catholic press, J. P. Tardivel, has signified his intention of crossing the seas in order to be present at the public manifestation of Miss Diana Vaughan, so long declared, even by numerous organs of Catholic opinion, to be a myth. The editor of La Verite took part in the anti Masonic congress held last September in the city of Trent. At that congress he listened to the arguments adduced in proof and in denial of the very existence of Miss Vaughan, a convert from High Masonry and Devil Worship, who has written a work entitled "Memoirs of Crispi," in which the most awful and striking revelations are made of satanic interference, through Masonry, in the political world of the nineteenth century and of the very times in which we live.

To counteract and if possible destroy the influence which the reading of such diabolical horrors must exercise on all Christian communities the Masons raised the cry that no such person exists as Diana Vaughan; that she is an invention of Leo Taxil, another convert from high Masonry, 35th degree, and that her descriptions of satanic assemblies and personal manifestations of imps in the form of angels of light are all the work of a diseased or highly wrought imagination.

The order has so many influences at its command, and so many hidden sources of publicity, that several even of the most reliable vehicles of Catholic thought were entrapped into a publication and animated defense of the Masonic subterfuge. The Univers (of Paris) and a famed Jesuit pamphleteer, Father Portalie, strange to say, took up the cudgels for the Masons and hounded down Miss Diana Vaughan as a myth, and if not a myth then one of the biggest frauds on earth. The latter, Father Portalie, pronounced her writings as unfit for publication, as injurious to faith and morals and as already on the Index.

The editor of La Verite replied vigorously to all attacks made upon the name and existence of Miss Diana Vaughan, and now when Miss Vaughan believes the time has come when she can safely emerge from the retreat to which prudence has so long confined her, and when she may appear publicly in presence of friends and foes, Mr. Tardivel is determined to be on hand, so that he may judge for himself whether all he has written of her existence and in her behalf be verified or not by actual tangible truth and facts.

In last week's number of La Verite Mr. J. P. Tardivel, replying to Mr. P. H. Gelinus, who proposed opening a subscription to defray his expenses, says:

"I have no intention of opening a subscription, but we propose, deo volente, to be in Paris on Easter Monday, 19th April. We return thanks for the kind offer of Mr. Gelinus, but shall undertake the trip at our own expense and cost. No doubt we have friends in Paris who could give reliable information, but we want to be able to judge for ourselves."

It has been cast up to us that we relied too much on things said in Miss Vaughan's favor, which reproach is undeserved, for we never employed any other method in the controversy than that of sound logic and the ordinary methods of rigorous criticism. The person called Diana Vaughan, whom we firmly believed to be such, declares that she will present herself to the public in Paris on the 19th April. Logically we must be there to judge for ourselves and to give loud and public testimony to the truth, whatever it may be. Fourteen days intense suffering from sea sickness which we foresee shall not prevent us from fulfilling this duty. They say we are too zealous because Miss Vaughan has mentioned the probability of her coming to America and even to Canada. To which we reply: the future belongs to God and to God alone. Who knows if Miss Vaughan, with best wishes and intentions in the world, may not be able to fill this programme? Who can foresee what events may take place in consequence of this manifestation of hers on the 19th April?

"We shall be in Paris on Easter Monday if God vouchsafes to us life and health so far."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Catholic World Magazine preserves its character as a thoughtful periodical. While it has sufficient light matter to make it entertaining, it always carries some prominent article that is thought-provoking.

It was arranged that Dr. Lyman Abbot of New York was to deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, but since the reverend doctor has publicly announced his unbelief in the history of Jonah and

the authenticity of the Old Testament cancelled the Young Christian seem to endorse views of the foundations of

The Socialist very anxious for universal suffrage as this point succeeded in their own str many outside favored this co The first electio the new law, a plete triumph throughout the lets and Radia swept from the pression of the the new univer

The clergymen testant denomi to the received are becoming day. By th learn that the Rev. Dr. W name Ian Mc delineated Sc charged with i in his writin his books "M "The Bonnie is made by th the trial will London Pres Watson, it is His views are with what P orthodox Chri they favor U declared to au quate prepara The trial is as much trou of Dr. Briggs Theological S

Dr. Creigh London, Eng sensation by action service being the first Bishop has office for th that is, since originated, evidently to anance with r that that Ch the ancient G was the Cath with the Sea does not ma does the wea crosier suppl copal and sa have been p XIII. to be ministry. T thus assumi priestly orde people are r novations, an against Bsh ment to th it was his ole insignia Protestantis objection cau with the use at his inste imagines th placed on h afford to set alistic prej ans.

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We are Catholic W tracts from distributed and) church "To vis Divine Sac ceded for th tory, to fessor to i ing Lent: Sundays i have perf attending We may Chicago N



AUGHAN.

the authenticity of other books of the Old Testament, the Association has cancelled the engagement. The Young Christians are not prepared to seem to endorse the Latitudinarian views of the doctor, which sap the foundations of Christian belief.

The Socialists of Austria have been very anxious for the establishment of universal suffrage, and at last, as far as this point is concerned, they have succeeded in obtaining it, but not by their own strength, as there are many outside their ranks who have favored this concession to the people. The first election has been held under the new law, and the result is a complete triumph for the Catholic party throughout the Empire. The Socialists and Radicals have been literally swept from the field by the first expression of the people's will under the new universal suffrage law.

The clergymen of the various Protestant denominations who run counter to the received doctrines of orthodox are becoming more numerous every day. By the latest despatches we learn that the celebrated novelist, the Rev. Dr. Watson, who, under the name Ian McLaren, has so accurately delineated Scotch character, is now charged with inciting Unitarianism in his writings, and especially in his books "Mind and Master" and "The Bonnie Briar-Bush." The charge is made by the Rev. Dr. Moore, and the trial will take place at the next London Presbyterian Synod. Dr. Watson, it is said, does not deny that his views are not strictly in accordance with what Presbyterians hold to be orthodox Christian doctrine, and that they favor Unitarianism, but he has declared to an interviewer that he is quite prepared to maintain them.

The trial is likely to give nearly as much trouble as the celebrated case of Dr. Briggs of the New York Union Theological Seminary.

Dr. Creighton, the new Bishop of London, England, has caused quite a sensation by appearing at a confirmation service in mitre and cope, it being the first time that an Anglican Bishop has worn these insignia of office for three and a half centuries, that is, since the Anglican Church was originated. The object of all this is evidently to make it appear, in accordance with recent Anglican theories, that that Church is a continuation of the ancient Church of England, which was the Catholic Church in communion with the See of Rome. But the cowl does not make the monk, so neither does the wearing of mitre, cope, and crozier supply the want of valid Episcopal and sacerdotal ordination which have been pronounced by Pope Leo XIII. to be lacking in the Anglican ministry. To put the absurdity of this assuming to possess Catholic priestly orders in a stronger light, the people are rebelling against these innovations, and in fact it was objected against Bishop Creighton's appointment to the See of London that it was his intention to wear Catholic insignia which is repugnant to the Protestantism of the nation. The objection caused the Bishop to dispense with the use of mitre, cope, and crozier which he has since placed on his Episcopal throne, he can afford to set at defiance the anti-Ritualistic prejudices of many of his dioceses.

The Jesuit Hall at Oxford.

The Oxford Magazine of January 27th has the following note concerning the Jesuit invasion of "Varsity-land": "The Hall of Jesuit novices, which began its existence as Clarke's Hall last term, seems to have given its house the name of 'Campion Hall.' The name recalls interesting memories of one of the most accomplished scholars who ever came from Christ's Hospital to Oxford, and of a life of many adventures in an adventurous age. It is to be hoped that the thought of those who bear the title will dwell rather on the elegant orator who pronounced the funeral oration on Sir Thomas White, in the peaceful days when Campion served his College and University, than on the bold missionary who at the early age of forty-two suffered torture and death for his faith."

Ritualism and Lent.

We are indebted to the Liverpool Catholic Times for the following extracts from a "Lenten Rule," recently distributed at an Anglican (Protestant) church in London: "To visit the Tabernacle daily, or times a week, and when in the Divine Sacramental Presence to intercede for the reunion of Christendom to the Holy Souls in Purgatory." "With the advice of my confessor to increase my communications during Lent; to attend the late Mass on Sundays in Lent, even though I may have performed my obligation by having attended an early Mass." "We may well ask—What next?—Chicago New World."

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intent on For April.

THE READING OF THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Reading is the cultivation and nutriment of the mind. What we read is treasured up in our memory, and is received like the seed which, in due season, gives birth to thoughts and desires. If we do not attempt to assimilate indiscriminately all kinds of food, and if we shun with care what ever might prove hurtful; if we do not cast into the soil all kinds of seed, but those only which are useful, how much more discernment should we not exercise in the choice of food for the mind, and in the selection of the seed from which our thoughts spring. What we read to day with indifference will, when occasion offers, awaken, without our perceiving it, thoughts which will be for us a principle of salvation or of ruin. God suggests good thoughts for our welfare, the devil evil ones, of which he finds the germ within us, to lead us to perdition; and we furnish him with a weapon whenever we are imprudent enough to store our memory with a multitude of evil and dangerous reminiscences.

Though it may be very mortifying to our pride to acknowledge it, we take, for the most part, our ideas from the books we read. Our pet authors, with whom we while away such pleasant and perchance, such dangerous hours, traffic freely with our sentiments; some they stifle, others they foster. They re-cast our way of thinking for weal or for woe, and at these every periods when genuine literature is discarded, we are helplessly transformed into whatever it may please the writers, our masters, to pre-ordain. Unwholesome reading exposes us to the peril of losing our faith, our innocence, our peace of mind and eternity itself, by making us squander the precious time God has given us where-in to earn endless happiness. How many readers, were they forced to be candid, would confess, in looking back over the years gone by, that they find the enduring impression of some indifferently written book, long since forgotten by the public, to which however they can ascribe a certain leaning of the heart, a certain bent of the mind, certain pleasures of the soul, and perhaps even certain events in their lives. One may attribute to its reading a more dreamy or more active imagination, another, a more ardent or a more unimpassioned sensibility, and a third, a more pronounced abhorrence of vice, while some unfortunate may acknowledge that by its perusal he awakened passions insatiable in their longings.

One can scarcely realize how easily awakened and how lasting impressions are in those fallow and virginal natures of childhood. A child may, even till it reaches the years of manhood, be swayed by some affecting word, some touching simile, some favorite air which erstwhile moved it to indignation or tears. Now, should the first book to fall into its hands voice only truthful thoughts and virtuous sentiments, what a precious and fruitful harvest would be sown for all time to come! But on the contrary, what a blighting, what a laying waste in those ingenious, unguarded souls, should they happen to drink in the poison distilled from a corrupt pen! Not to mention the violent and sudden reversions from good or evil, as the case may be, produced by reading, in the mind or heart, there is that slow, continuous, progressive action, scarcely noticeable, working a change in the soul, just as food works a change in our bodies. The venturesome reader of questionable literature is yet to be found who has not been influenced, and more than he would wish to acknowledge, by the constant perusal of such books.

Has he still the same lively horror of evil, the same keen sense of duty as formerly when he spurned weak evasions? Have doubts never crossed his mind, nor temptations ever got the better of his heart? Is he not too often willing to affect that broad-mindedness—a reprehensible sens—which, when it cannot endorse everything read as precisely good or true, has no longer the courage to resent what is vile or to contradict what is erroneous, but would allege any number of excuses in palliation of falsehood?

The danger is all the greater nowadays as it is rare to find persons, even well-to-do in the world, who possess that solid instruction which would render them proof against the false principles and equally unreliable opinions of our modern books, papers and reviews. The very instruction which they are sought after is sufficient proof of a deplorable ignorance, or at least of indifferent mental culture in the public which allows itself to be captivated by such triflings. The greater part, if not all, the prejudice existing among a certain class may be traced to the same source. Then, again, crimes against morality, scandals in high life, the nudities of the stage, the carnal fantasies of the studio, all are seized upon with avidity and laid before the public, because being *sensational* they readily command a market. And to render the lesson in evil still more telling, the profusion of illustrations executed with a skill deserving of a better cause, which accompany it, are for the most part indelicate, often bordering on the obscene, but at all times sensual.

Books and papers professedly immoral or irreligious are oftentimes less dangerous than those which, outwardly

good, imperceptibly predispose the reader both to immorality and impiety, by sowing in the mind prejudices unfavorable to religion and virtue. We are on our guard against the former, for they excite but horror and disgust in the virtuous. The latter, on the contrary, not seldom affect the language of piety in the relating of scandalous events; nor do they begrudge ample praise to truth, the better surreptitiously to palm off their errors on their readers. This tactic is more skillful, and for that very reason more dangerous. The poisonous teaching, artfully disguised, is unwittingly taken in. It fills the soul by its treacherous insinuation, and holds it in a dreamy trance which gradually ends in death.

No, it is not possible that faith should survive unscathed the reading of irreligious books, especially when our passions are in league with our worst enemy. It is written that he who loves the danger shall perish in it. To escape so great a misfortune let us eschew every book or publication of which we have reason to doubt the soundness of morality, and faithfully conform to the rule of the Index, so lately revised, and imposed upon the faithful for their guidance, in an Apostolic Constitution, by Our Holy Father Leo XIII.

But if we are in duty bound to avoid reading what will prove detrimental to our eternal interests, we should on the other hand make it a practice frequently to read books which will help us in the one great affair of our salvation. St. Chrysostom says: "It is impossible that a man should be saved who neglects assiduous reading or meditation. The craftsman will rather suffer hunger and all other hardships than lose the instruments of his trade, knowing them to be the means of earning his livelihood." Neglect or dereliction of pious reading and instruction is a most fatal symptom in the maladies of the soul. What hopes can we entertain of a person to whom the science of virtue and of eternal salvation seems uninteresting or beneath his notice? By pious reading the mind is instructed and enlightened, and the affections of the heart are purified and lulled. Devout persons need no incentive to reading or meditation. They are insatiable in this exercise, and according to a saying of Thomas a Kempis, they find their chief delight "in their little corner with a good book." Worldly and tepid Christians stand certainly in the utmost need of this help to virtue. The world is one whirl of business, pleasure and sin. Its torrent is always beating upon their hearts, ready to break in and submerge them in its flood, unless frequent pious reading and consideration oppose a strong breaker to its waves.

The more deeply a person is immersed in worldly cares so much the greater ought to be his solicitude to find leisure to breathe after the distractions of business and society, to cleanse his heart by secret prayer, and by pious reading afford his soul some spiritual refreshment, just as the weary laborer, after the day's work, recruits his spent vigor and exhausted strength by allowing his body necessary refreshment and repose.

If we are once fully persuaded that that we should devote some time daily to this salutary exercise it will not be hard to choose for our reading an appropriate book and one of real merit. We are accustomed, and do not doubt with some show of reason, to prize a book according to the literary finish imparted to it by the author; but it derives its worth to a still greater extent from the subject-matter. When there is question of a biography its main interest is grounded on the merits of the personage whose career is recorded. From this common sense principle it is easy to understand the importance we should attach to the reading of the Lives of the Saints. These records and portraits of God's friends "furnish the Christian with a daily spiritual exercise which will not be less agreeable than affecting and instructive. For in sacred biography the advantages of devotion and piety are joined with the most attractive charms of history. The method of forming men to virtue by example is of all others the shortest, the most easy, and the best adapted to all circumstances and dispositions. Pride recoils at precepts, but example instructs without usurping the authoritative air of a master; for, by example, a man seems to advise and teach himself. It does its work unperceived, and therefore with less opposition from the passions which take not the alarm. Its influence is communicated with pleasure. Nor does Virtue here appear barren and dry as in discourses but animated and living, arrayed with all her charms, exerting all her powers, and secretly obviating the pretences, and removing the difficulties which self-love never fails to raise.

"In the Lives of the Saints we see the most perfect maxims of the Gospel reduced to practice, and the most heroic virtue made the object of our senses, clothed, as it were, with a body, and exhibited to view in its most attractive dress. Here, moreover, we are taught the means by which virtue is obtained, and learn the precipices and snares which we are to shun, and the blinds and by ways in which many are bewildered and misled in its pursuit. The example of the servants of God points out to us the true path, and leads us, as it were, by the hand into it, sweetly inviting and encouraging us to walk cheerfully in the steps of those that are gone before us.

"Neither is it a small advantage that, by reading the history of the

Saints, we are introduced into the acquaintance of the greatest personage who have ever adorned the world, the brightest ornaments of the Church Militant, and the shining stars and suns of the Triumphant, our future companions in eternal glory. While we admire the wonder of grace and mercy which God hath displayed in their favor we are strongly moved to praise His adorable goodness. And in their penitential lives and holy maxims we learn the sublime lessons of practical virtue, which their assiduous meditation of the divine word, the most consummate experience in the deserts, watching and commerce with Heaven, and the lights of the Holy Ghost, their interior master, discovered to them. But it is superfluous to show from reason the eminent usefulness of the example and the history of the Saints which the most sacred authority recommends to us as one of the most powerful helps to virtue. It is the admonition of St. Paul, that we remember our holy teachers, and that, having the end of their conversation before our eyes, we imitate their faith."

Had we any doubts concerning the efficacy of the reading of the Lives of the Saints in leading men to virtue, we need but consult the History of the Church. There we are sure to find, besides the weighty testimonies of eminent and holy writers who proclaim the power of this spiritual help, numberless examples of sinners converted by it to a heroic practice of piety. St. Augustine mentions two courtiers who were moved on the spot to forsake the world and become fervent monks by accidentally reading the life of St. Anthony. St. John Columbin, from a rich, covetous and passionate nobleman, was changed to a saint by casually reading the life of St. Mary of Egypt. The Duke de Joyeuse, Marshal of France, owed his perfect conversion to the reading of the life of St. Francis Borgia, which his servant had one evening laid on the table. St. Ignatius of Loyola, during a long convalescence from the effects of a wound received at the siege of Pampluna, wished to while away the time by reading tales of knight errantry. As no such books were at hand he reluctantly took up the Lives of the Saints, and from a worldly-minded soldier became a great servant of God and the founder of the Society of Jesus. Palafox relates that a prominent Lutheran minister at Bremen, known in his day for several works which he had printed against the Church, purchased the life of St. Theresa, written by herself, with the intention of confuting it; but, after attentively reading it over, was himself converted to the Catholic faith, and from that time led a most edifying life.

"But to appeal to our own experience, who is not awakened from his spiritual lethargy, and who founded at his own cowardice when he considers the fervor and courage of the Saints? All our pretences and foolish objections are silenced when we see the most perfect maxims of the Gospel demonstrated to be easy by example. When we read how many young noblemen and tender virgins have despised the world and joyfully embraced the Cross and the labors of penance we feel a glowing flame kindled in our breasts, and are encouraged to suffer afflictions with patience, and cheerfully to undertake suitable practices of penance. While we see many sanctifying themselves in all states, and making the very circumstances of their condition, whether on the throne, in the army, in the state of marriage, or in the deserts, the means of their virtue and penance, we are persuaded that the practice of perfection is possible also to us in every lawful profession, and that we need only sanctify our employments by a perfect spirit, and the fervent exercises of religion, to become saints ourselves without quitting our state in the world.

"When we behold others, framed of the same frail mould with ourselves, many in age or other circumstances weaker than ourselves and struggling with greater difficulties, yet courageously surmounting and trampling upon all the obstacles by which the world endeavored to obstruct their virtuous choice, we are secretly stung within our breasts, feel the reproaches of our sloth, are roused from our state of insensibility, and are forced to cry out: 'Cannot you do what such and such have done?'

By way of conclusion, let us sum up the motives which induce us, if we have not already long since adopted the practice, to read a page or so every day of the Lives of the Saints. The Saints were the *particular friends* of God. What, therefore, can there be more admirable, more sublime and more instructive than the record of the familiar communings of God with His creatures? The Saints were *heroes*; therefore their history is above all useful in forming men of character and valiant Christians. The saints were the *greatest benefactors of their race*; therefore the portrayal of their lives is best calculated to enkindle in the hearts of a generation, chilled with egotism, the flame of an all devoted charity. The saints are actually our *intercessors* before the throne of God. Is it not proper that we should know something of the life of a friend, a benefactor, a saviour? The saints deserve all these titles of our gratitude.

After the Inspired Writings, there is no reading, from a moral and religious point of view, comparable with the reading of the Lives of the Saints. They are indeed *light* for the mind and *warmth* for the heart.

Theoretical asceticism is not to be grasped by every intellect. The Lives of the Saints are in general intelligible to the least cultivated mind, especially as regards their moral and practical aspect. And then we never understand better the science of spirituality than in seeing it put into practice.

The heart also has its share of profit. *Example* is an inspiring teacher, and experience is ready to vouch for the all but irresistible force of this incentive. But that the Lives of the Saints may be productive of all these desirable results we must shun several pitfalls, and first *curiosity*, for it would be a great mistake to read the Lives of the Saints as we would an ordinary tale of history. Next *precipitation*, as it is important to read with attention and with calm, so as to savor, as it were, the admirable deeds and sublime virtues which abound in the Lives of the Saints. We must also avoid *presumption*. The saints have often followed a path upon which it would be rash to enter without a special call from God. Visions, revelations and miracles are not the constituents of virtue, and are wholly beyond the control of the human will.

But let us read the Lives of the Saints with simplicity and a pure heart. Our Lord has said: Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God. And this comprises the understanding of the things of God and the maxims of spirituality. Let us read them with a heart *detached* from all affection for sin. We relish better the examples we strive to imitate, and the saints who set us these examples were wholly detached from all created things. And lastly, let our reading be accompanied with a strong desire of progressing in virtue.

PRAYER.  
O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that we may all relish and practice assiduously the reading of the Lives of the Saints. Amen.

WHERE THE CHURCH STANDS.

Archbishop Ryan Defines the Position of the Catholic Church Towards Sacred Scripture.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, in an interview given to the press of that city, the other day, very clearly defines the position of the Catholic Church regarding the Bible. The Archbishop told the reporter that he had read of the views held by the minister who regards the story of Jonah as an allegory, and he said, he did not see how this minister could stop at this stage without going on further and demolishing all miracles recorded in biblical history, because as one transcends the limits of human reasoning and natural phenomena so do all.

"At this point the Archbishop says, further: 'What is true of special Catholic doctrines is true also of many of the objections brought against revelation. Much ridicule has been thrown upon the story of Jonah being swallowed by a whale. And whales have been measured and statistics have been given, to show the impossibility of the fact. Now, it appears that there is not a word in the original text of the Bible about Jonah being swallowed by a whale at all. The Scriptures indeed say that 'God prepared a large fish' to swallow the prophet, and some translators, not all, thinking there could be no fish capable of doing this, but a whale, so translated it. The Douay version, and indeed all the versions I have consulted, translate it a 'large fish' in the Book of Jonah in the Old Testament. In the New Testament, the English Protestant Bible translates the term 'whale,' whilst the revised edition adds 'sea monster' in the margin. The Douay New Testament agrees with the English Protestant Bible old version with note in edition of Haydock that the original word means large fish, while that of Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, has the term fish in both Old and New Testaments. The matter would be of little or no importance if it had not been magnified by ridicule.

"Now, naturalists, who in the end will be found more the friends of religion than of infidelity, have discovered that there were in those early days sea monsters so large that they could have contained Jonah and some of his companions. And to say that God—the God who created the sea and all that is in it—could not have preserved His prophet within the body of such a creature is as unreasonable as it is irreligious. Again, how much ridicule has been thrown upon the story of Joshua telling the sun to stand still in the heavens. It is said that if Joshua or his inspirer knew the Copernican theory, that the sun did not move at all, he would not have commanded it to stand still. To command something to stand still that is already standing is an absurdity, and, therefore, neither Joshua nor the being who is said to have inspired him understood creation, knew what everybody knows now. Again, it is said that if the earth did stand still, all creation would be cast into chaos, and universal destruction would be the result. Joshua did not know the Copernican theory? Did Copernicus know it? Yet we speak of the sun rising in the east, passing across the heavens and sinking in the west. Some skeptic in the distant future, reading our almanacs, will imagine we knew nothing of the theory that the world moves and the sun stands still, for we are

chronicling what we call the 'motions' of the sun.

"You may say we speak from appearances. So did the Scripture, the office of which was to teach truth, religious truth, not science. But how is it possible that even the earth should stand still and all nature not fall into chaos? Impossible! If there was no God to sustain it. This truth applies to the story of Jonah, the story of Joshua and to the stories of all miracles, that the God who created physical laws can suspend them, can change them, because physical laws, unlike moral laws, are arbitrary on the part of God. Such moral laws as are founded on the essence of things right or wrong cannot be changed. They are intrinsically right or wrong and God cannot, will not, change them, because it would be wrong or saying falsehood. But physical laws are arbitrary. He might have decreed such an order of laws that a stone flung upward should continue to fly up like a balloon, as well as fall back to the earth and the balloon should fall to the earth as well as mount upward to the skies. He could, therefore, have suspended His laws, or caused light like that of day to continue, or He could have in the beginning, when He founded His laws, have provided for the prayer of Joshua as He foresaw all things. Or He could have kept Jonah alive in the belly of a fish despite that man is an oxygen-breathing animal, and have made this shipwrecked stranger convert the heathen city of Nineveh with a few words. The most absurd, the most narrow-minded of all objections are the objections to miracles—tying God's hands in His own creation and limiting His power."

The Catholic Church, Archbishop Ryan pointed out, cannot become involved in the arguments and differences of individual interpretation of the Scriptures as now agitated by the Protestant Churches. On the other hand, the Protestant right of private interpretation of the Scripture involves logically the right of rejection of those points which the reader cannot accept and the right of skepticism on those points on which he is in doubt. There may be creeds to direct him, there may be learned men to instruct him, but the creeds and the learned men and their teaching come also within the domain of private interpretation and there is no living speaker with authority to explain what is their true meaning when in doubt. We quote the Archbishop again:

"In a State it is only necessary to have a supreme court that is final, whose decision, whether right or wrong intrinsically, is yet final, for unity then follows. But in legislating for the intellect itself, in deciding for me what I am to believe when I am in doubt, not merely what I am to do, but what I am to believe, if the tribunal of last resort be not an unerring one, the doubt remains. If that decision can be wrong, I can still be right, though I oppose it. Hence, it seems to me the logical necessity for a supreme court in spirituals to decide and end disputes unerringly for the intellect itself. I think that an unerring tribunal is essential for certainty in matters of faith, and that it was this, judging the Scriptures for oneself, and not receiving authoritative interpretation, that has led to much modern skepticism. It will never do to say: 'Well, you have the Scriptures themselves.' The question is as to their truth and meaning. A law cannot decide a law. I cannot get my final interpretation of it without a supreme court; and neither can the Scriptures uninterpreted lead to any thing in most minds than skepticism."

Young Creelman's Scapular.

Young Creelman, the intrepid young midshipman who has just been rewarded with a medal by Congress for his bravery in plunging into the sea to save a drowning boy during the late hurricane around Hattaras, was almost exhausted when they lifted him aboard. On removing his clothes they lifted his scapular and would have removed it, too, but he caught it and said: "Leave it; it saved me from the sea."—Western Watchman.

LINDSAY.

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE MOTHER SUPERIOR—BISHOP O'CONNOR ATTENDS THE ENTERTAINMENT IN HONOR OF THE EVENT.

Sitting yesterday in the prettily decorated music hall of St. Joseph's convent, one only regretted that it was necessary to delude the public from such a treat as the concert prepared for the Mother Superior jubilee to be. On the occasion of her silver jubilee her pupils thus united to express in song and music their gratitude and love for their teacher. The Bishop of Peterborough and Father Casey, together with Monsignor Laurent and Father McGuire, were present to offer congratulations and to encourage the children. The programme was well selected and admirably carried out. The opening number was a duet by Misses Edith McGee and Florence O'Leary, followed by a chorus from the assembled school children. A pretty-voiced address was then read by Miss Mary Brady, and afterwards followed well-rendered solos, quartets and instrumentals. Particularly enjoyable were a fairy operetta by six tiny fauns and their queen, the violin selection by seven young ladies, the mandolin and guitar instrumental, the double quartet, and last, not least, the little market song so charmingly given by little Ella Brady.

Toward the close of the entertainment four wee maids, representing the metals, iron, steel, silver and gold, entered and introduced themselves in suitable addresses. When Silver's turn came she presented to the Mother Superior several dainty and useful silver presents from the different classes. Another well-rendered duet and chorus brought to a close a most delightful and instructive programme. After the final number the Bishop addressed to the children a few well-chosen words, enjoining the one in whose honor they were assembled, and bidding them imitate her example throughout life. Father Casey and Monsignor Laurent each made some happy remarks, and concluded by gladdening the hearts of the children by granting a holiday.—Post, March 28.



Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren in the Rosary Magazine. THE STORY OF A CONVERT.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEOPHYTE. — MY FIRST COMMUNION. I returned to see Father Donelan, the day succeeding this interview with my dear father, in order to be advised as to my precise duty, for it seemed to me that except as to the delay of baptism, filial obedience was required.

Father Donelan, although dreading the peril of delay, during which I would be deprived of the support of the sacraments, yet agreed with me that my father's commands were reasonable, and the promise he had volunteered to make me was generous. He counselled obedience. As to my baptism, he said he would at once baptize me, as the danger of remaining unbaptized was too great.

I accordingly went with my pastor into the church, and I was baptized within the beloved and consecrated walls of old St. Matthew's. I had entered the church a heathen; I left it a rejoicing neophyte, received, through this sacrament of regeneration, into the one true, holy, apostolic Church, so long sought for, crying.

Could I ever, ever, be thankful enough, that during all these years of weary wandering I had been protected! With affectionate pastoral admonition as to my course of life during the coming year, and the injunction to send at once for a priest if I fell ill, I left the house of God. My heart was so filled with joy, I hastened at once to the Georgetown Academy to share my thanksgiving with one devout soul before beginning to wear my mask of silence.

I hastened to see dear Sister Eulalia. I could not hold my peace for a whole year without seeing her. What a rapturous meeting it was! "I am just baptized, Eulalia; the waters of regeneration have passed over my darkened soul, and washed away all stain of original sin. Eulalia, I am wearing my transfiguration robe, washed in the blood of the Lamb." Eulalia embraced me again and again. "Would to God," she sighed, "it had been His holy will that you could have died in your baptismal innocence, then and there!"

The disciplinary year of trial sped onward. It was consoling to know that the priest and the nun remembered me in their prayers. Nor was I forgotten at the Holy Sacrifice. The succeeding winter was a gay one, as are all Washington winters in social circles. There was an unceasing round of dinners and dances.

My father sacrificed for me much of his valuable time, which must have been done by additional hours of night work. He attended me to the assemblies, and I marvel much, as I recall how pressed he was with public affairs, that he found it possible to be so generous in my regard. But he never alluded to the compact between us. I did not venture to break this silence, but I understood that this refraining from all allusion to so important a subject, was an appeal to my honor.

The winter passed away, and as I never liked summer places of resort, but found that sort of community life to spend the coming season with my father's sister, with whom at one time I had made my home.

I was prepared for an unexpected trial. My pious Presbyterian aunt renewed her earnest solicitations for me to become a member of her Church.

She was more and more uneasy at my apparent apathy. She was particularly miserable because I declined to go with her to church. She reminded me how changed I was, and she lamented the deadening effect of Washington gaitety on my soul.

In order to reassure her as to my soul's state, and to spare her such grave anxiety in my regard, I confessed to her that I was really a Roman Catholic, and only waiting for a probationary period to elapse, required by my father as a test of my sincerity.

But I was gravely mistaken in my attempt to allay her fears. I could not have imagined that this information, this confidence as to my religious sentiments, could have given her such deep distress.

When one becomes a Catholic, the change is so radical that it is difficult to realize that one has ever been anything else.

This was now my habit of soul—a part of my very being—and I could not think of myself as a parish among the zealous professing Christians around me.

As to downright opposition, I fancy I would rather have enjoyed that, for my father's stern Puritan blood asserted itself in a combat.

Had dear aunt reproached me, I might have been quite pleased. But I was made utterly wretched by her tears, her sadness, her sorrow, her humiliation. She was so ashamed of my choice! She could not understand why I ever dreamed of going to the same church as "Bridget and Patrick," as she put it, and she supposed I would presently choose my associates in that direction. These views of hers were a heavy trial to endure, for it pained me much to grieve her.

She was so sure that Rome was the abomination of desolation, and there was no doubting the sincerity of this estimate in her own mind.

I had already commenced some Catholic practices, and I used my rosary and prayer-book in my room. Presently I could not find either of these helps to meditation, and their loss inflicted a sense of bereavement

and isolation. I was deprived of my companions.

Many years later on, my good, kind, zealous relative, confessed to me that her views were broadened; that she no longer felt that I would lose my soul, as she had very different feelings toward Catholics from those she at first held.

She mentioned to me that, impelled by a sense of duty to me, she had at that time hidden away my rosary and prayer-book, as she did not think it right to let me indulge in these Popish tricks.

I laughed heartily at the recollection of my sore bewilderment, in which she joined when it was explained to her.

I must confess my weakness, but I was so touched by my aunt's sincere grief, that, on parting from her to return to Washington, I promised to wait six months in order to gratify her before making my first Communion.

I had indiscreetly confided to her the period of time my father required as a probation, and she at once conceived the idea of persuading me to extend this time for her sake, for was she not my second mother?

By these repeated delays it was hoped that I would altogether change my mind. She promised me that if I would grant her this request, she would at least feel that I was not too precipitate. As to being reconciled to my becoming an out-and-out papist, that would be impossible. Finally, as I have said, I yielded to these importunities. It was a great risk, and I tremble when I think of it. Had I consulted a priest I would have done better. But I stood quite alone; no confessor, no one Catholic friend near.

A second gay winter succeeded the first, and perhaps my father may have thought that I was no longer in danger of becoming a Catholic. But whatever may have been his hopes or fears, he never again broached this painful subject, but let that one only conversation be had, stand as an agreement between us. Amid such multiplied distractions, and removed from all Catholic influence, God was indeed most compassionate not to withdraw the gift of faith.

Finally the prolonged period of probation was at an end for me, and I was at liberty to make open profession of my faith. Meantime I had seen much of society, and understood the full purport of the step I was at last ready to take. I was invited by the saintly Mrs. Ewing, the mother of Mrs. General Sherman, to stay with her during the weeks of immediate preparation for my first Communion. I was most happy to be with her.

Mr. Thomas Ewing was then, if I remember aright, in the United States Senate. He and my father were old and close friends, and in some undertakings, business partners, as well as politically allied.

It was almost like a home, as Mrs. Ewing took so deep an interest in my Catholic profession. Everyone loved Mrs. Ewing for her many good deeds and sincere and unaffected piety.

During her residence in Washington, when Mr. Ewing was in the Senate and a Cabinet officer, and she was compelled to fill a certain official place in the world, she was not of the world. She had singular simplicity of nature, and was exceedingly benevolent. Her opinions of people were never censorious, but always kindly, and she was so charitable, that I am sure she must often have been imposed upon, as in her official position there was an unending appeal to her sympathies. She was especially noted for her charities, and her daughter, Mrs. Sherman, exercised the same Christian virtue of giving.

General Sherman once said to me, alluding to the unending almsgiving of his wife: "It is dangerous for Ellen to live so near this orphan asylum, as she will end by taking in their washing, and supporting them entirely." The General's wit was not without reason. At the time I went to visit Mrs. Ewing and prepare for my first Communion, there was a very zealous priest there, as pastor of the church in Lancaster, Ohio, the Rev. Father Young, who many years later became Bishop of Erie. He was a Maine man, rather brusque in manner, but earnest and warm-hearted. I shall always hold in grateful recollection the painstaking care he bestowed upon me.

I did not then require much actual instruction, perhaps, but I did need to be well fortified in order to maintain a steadfast resolution, as I had not a single Catholic relative, and I loved my family very much. I was about to isolate myself in all that affected me most deeply. At the time, Father Young impressed me as being very severe. He would not permit the least compromise, and I can never thank him enough for starting me in the straight and narrow path.

At last the blessed day dawned when I was to receive our Lord. I had the joy to call myself a Roman Catholic before the world, to approach His holy altar as one of the faithful.

It is one of the graces given to God's anointed to read the souls confided to their care. Our confessors can make us know ourselves as we never can from our own searching.

This good priest read my soul aright. He failed to find the higher virtues, but he did discover the one talent confided to my keeping.

Through life I often recall his parting admonition. He said: "My child, you have one special gift in a superior degree. God has bestowed upon you one grace. Be prayerful; correspond to it, or you will make shipwreck. He has given you the grace of faith."

A PROTESTANT WRITER'S PRAISE.

Writing in the current issue of Lippincott's Magazine of the work accomplished, two hundred and fifty years and more ago, by the Jesuits who founded the famous missions in South America, Henry Granville says of those zealous ecclesiastics:

"These priests were frugal, laborious and intelligent, conducting their administration with a systematic order and discretion that have never been excelled, combining religion, fatherly love, good discipline and despotic power in such form as to gain respect, exact reverence, and enforce a just fear of their displeasure. Willingly the wild children of the forest came among them and gave their souls and their little ones into the keeping of the Church. They worked their task hours each day, ate what was issued to them, attended the church and the festivities that were provided for them, listened to the trained bands of music and bell chimes that made joyous their hours of rest after the day's toil, enjoying comforts, pleasures, and a security never dreamed of before.

No lawyer, shop keeper, politician, or tax-collector had a home with them; not an inn, drink shop, or country store was in all the land; to work, eat, sleep, and praise God was their whole duty of man.

"Agriculture consisted in cultivating rich fields near the towns and cities, where all resided save those who looked after the breeding of cattle, horses, etc., or were on special service under the direct command of the priests or their assistants. They produced an abundance for their own consumption—rice, beans, corn, mandioc and vegetables and fruits of all kinds. Cotton and hemp they raised and spun and wove into cloth for the community, while 'mae' and hides were exported to pay the taxes, to buy a few articles to adorn their churches, or to supply any special need.

"The camps, in the vigor of their freshness, stocked with horses and cattle that were nursed with the care of industrious and intelligent husbandmen, in a short time gave great results. To-day these camps would show the same results under the same conditions, which, however, do not now exist. Then the camps were fresh and space unlimited, and there were ever new pastures to which to drive their flocks; to-day the fields are grazed over, year after year, to their full extent, with no new pastures to fall back upon. Soon, by the energy of these workers, the increase of supply exceeded the demand, and export being impracticable at that time, they had no recourse save to go on increasing it further and further, until all revealed in the fatness of the land as far as an unbounded supply of meats for consumption or animals of burden was concerned.

"Here would seem to be all the elements that could be desired for the creation of an ideal community, and a time sufficient to develop its virtues. From 1631 to 1768 the Jesuits ruled undisturbed over all this vast Dominion. They were expelled from Para and Maranhao in 1661. What were the results and what did they leave behind them?

"When they were expelled in 1768 the leaders thought that only a trip to the Cortes of Spain was needed to cause the repeal of the decree and a speedy restoration. If they possessed treasure they left it behind. Enormous wealth was supposed to be theirs as the product of the toil of so many hands, and for so long a time, for it was known that beyond the small tribute they yearly paid to Spain, little went into the coffers of the Old World. But the new possessors who took charge of affairs found nothing more than well-stocked ranches, skilled labor, fields and gardens yielding, not a bounteous crop, but all that high civilization could bring forth from a soil not of the best quality. The towns were situated generally in camps, and the fields adjacent were made reasonably productive only by fertilizing and careful culture.

"The Jesuits were expelled in 1768 from these missions. From this time until 1801 the colonies, as they were then called, languished under the rule of the Spanish, corruptly administered from Buenos Ayres. At this date all east of the Uruguay was conquered from the Spanish by the Portuguese. The cities were almost completely destroyed, and the inhabitants massacred, taken prisoners, or driven from the country.

"During the reign of the Spanish, from 1768 to 1801, their treatment of the Indians was so inhuman that the poor creatures were continually escaping back to the forest, until at the time of the conquest by the Portuguese in 1801 there were not over forty thousand in all the missions. To-day, of the thirty three cities that were once so populous and prosperous, there are only a very few that have inhabitants at all, and in these the total population would not exceed ten thousand."

"Don't Wait for the Sick Room. The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in Wasting Diseases and Consumption.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

Baby Eczema and Scald Head. Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and diseases of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

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Mr. David G. Holmes, 24 Birch Avenue, Toronto.

Mr. J. Albert Good, Box 142, Berlin.

Master Manly Palmer Powell, 416 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Mr. Frank Crawford, Pt. Edward.

Miss Alice Flynn, 387 Church Street, Toronto.

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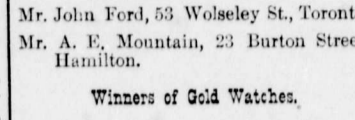
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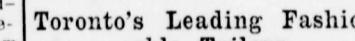
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Face Bleach removes pimples, freckles, sallowness, tan, liver spots and all impurities from the skin. Does not take away the "rosy" look. \$1.50, 3 bottles for \$1.

Jasmine Rosmoor—Cleaning, healing, prevents tan and sunburn. 75c.

Hygienic Skin Food obliterates wrinkles, pittines, scars, softening and whitening. 25c.

Electrolysis—For the permanent removal of superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc. Electrical treatment for Falling and Gray Hair.

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FIVE-MINUTE

Fourth Su

Watch ye and pray

the flesh is weak.

Not unrequented, a priest is to penitents about they have been say them; that trouble, so many points that satisfaction in or other has go consequence, the omitted. In not go farther than of some reverse leave off going Now, I wish this the mistaken no in this way must and purpose of p

Some people th act, as if they kind of spiritual practice as long pleasantly, but times are dark. far as this, but duty to be don obeyed, and if about their oth tions, this must I wish to poin prayer and its entirely differe is perfectly true yet the necessity even than the d commands. To must remember exists between us to do them, a because God has obtain our sal best way to ma few examples.

Now, we all k a sin; that Al manded us not truth. Yet then dull, and posse and intelligence some difficult ci to tell a lie; o friend from dea into small trou man were to act he was doing r a sin and offens if he did it in a nce would exc be a sin in such

Take another important one. owing to the ad and education, His Holy Cathol preserves it in teach His truth sacraments with the means of g He has comman this Church, a able to know th has given to it no other body of But now, let us some men who, of apprehension their prejudice are unable to Church is real Church of God sin on account they do not know they are means.

Ignorance in it brings with and entails m sinful in itself.

But when we which are nec cause God has them, but bec Him means to sion of such the ous consequen to the end, the unless the mea if we could su person were ignorance of s nce would no not, and could get the end.

Now, there are necessary because God but as means these things is be saved, pray even ignoran from it. How people act wh for every littl tion, when ou at such times

Mattine With phosphite Diseases.

Perfectly well cured liver oil in passages, and cophosphites, enhanced. In preparation, Ma combined the y and that sustain maline. No r remedial value addition to dige the oil and rel the maline play maintaining ed to essential disease. This starches foos assimilation, w gives way speced liver oil in

In his Vaguet has given to t scientific resea medical science valuable discov man. For Del tations Parnel Taken in a sm tonic and a sti secretions of th



FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

CONSTANT PRAYER.

Watch ye and pray, that ye enter into the kingdom of heaven...

Not infrequently, my dear brethren, a priest is told when he asks his penitents about their prayers...

Some people think, or at all events act, as if they thought that prayer is a kind of spiritual luxury...

Now, we all know that to tell a lie is a sin; that Almighty God has commanded us not to depart from the truth...

Take another example, and a more important one. All Catholics know, owing to the advantages of their birth and education...

But when we come to those things which are necessary, not merely because God has commanded or forbidden them, but because they are made by Him means to the end...

Perfectly well established is the value of cod liver oil in the various diseases of the air passages...

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye to day is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Boy Who Was Wanted.

"Well, I've found out one thing," said Jack, as he came to his mother, hot, tired, and dusty.

"That there is a great many boys in the world," said Jack, as he came to his mother, hot, tired, and dusty.

"I hope so," said Jack. "I remember father used to say: 'Just as soon as you undertake to work for any one you must bear in mind that you have sold yourself to him for a given time.'"

"There are a great many applications for the place, but the greater number of the boys come and stay for a short time and then leave, if they think they can do a little better."

"One day he was asked into the office of Mr. Lang, a gentleman to whom he frequently carried parcels of value."

"I don't believe I could," said Jack, looking with his straight frank gaze into the gentleman's face.

"I guess you are about right," said Mr. Lang with a laugh. "Come and see me when your time is out; I dare say I shall want you then."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Do not be ashamed of doing the smallest thing that is helpful to others.

The opportunities for great usefulness come rarely, but the smaller things are always at hand, and he who does them constantly is of great usefulness...

Next, our ideals are higher. We put down sensuality and the pride of life, we promise to reject the pomps of the world, and we exalt humility, obedience, poverty, and purity.

It applies the same test to young men as to other members of the Church. It looks to our young men to be pure, to be temperate, to be honest, to be truthful, to be patient, to keep holy the Sabbath, to refrain from profanity, and to observe every other requirement of the Christian life.

A Foolish Notion of Some Mothers. Many mothers entertain the notion that it is a good thing for children to have measles, whooping cough, and some other childish diseases while they are children.

A recent bulletin of the Iowa State Board of Health frowns upon this practice unreservedly.

Scrofula is a word you don't quite understand, but if you talk with your doctor, he will tell you that it is generally believed to be due to the same cause which gives rise to Consumption.

It appears mostly in those who are fat-starved and thin, usually in early life. A course of treatment with the Hypophosphites wherever Scrofula manifests itself, will prevent the development of the disease.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

Life on a Railroad Conducive to Disease—Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Kentville, Attacked With Kidney Trouble—Soothened Cures Proved Useful, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored His Health.

There are very few employments more trying to the health than that of a railway engineer. The hours of labor are frequently long, meals irregular, and rest and sleep hurriedly snatched "between runs."

Never be afraid to own the truth, let the consequences be what they may. Ever keep truth for your motto and guide, and you will surely be the gainer in the end.

It will be for the general good of the community if employers would give a little time to putting the boys they hire on the right track. They require teaching. With the right boys, this is profitable work.

The Holy Father has set aside a sum of nearly £20,000, the interest on which will be employed in constituting a certain number of prizes for the best Catholic historical works which may be published in Italy or abroad.

The following true incident is from the lips of Capt. Henry H. Ayer of the first regiment of New Hampshire volunteers.

They were lying on Morris Island, that God-forsaken place, digging trenches, watching, fighting, taking our chances from bullets, shells and fever, but our men were patient and brave, heroes, every one of them, with the granite of their hills in their blood.

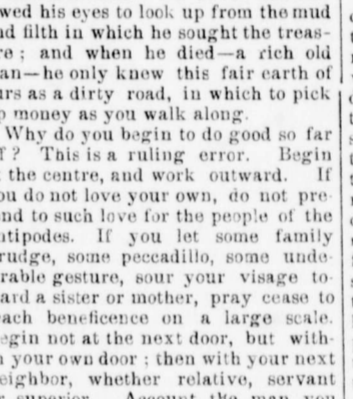
They serve God best who do well their simple duties—not some fanciful sacrifices at a distance, but the plain, homely, every day task that lies before them.

WASH DAY

Best for Wash Day

USE SURPRISE SOAP

Its remarkable lasting and cleansing properties make SURPRISE most economical and Best for Every Day



A Son's Promise. The following true incident is from the lips of Capt. Henry H. Ayer of the first regiment of New Hampshire volunteers.

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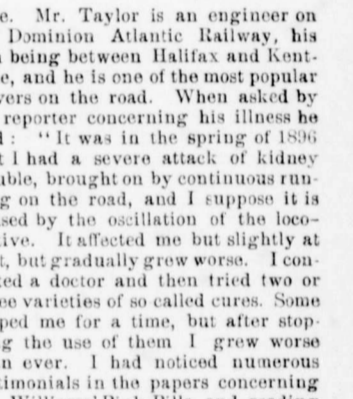
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THE WAVELEY BICYCLE

The success of the Waverley Bicycle in '96 places it at the head of the leaders for '97.

This year we produce a new and expensively made wheel, equipped with the only perfect bearings yet made—\$100

For VERY fastidious people. A good wheel, very cheap.



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C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last meeting of Branch No. 119, Wolland, held March 22, 1907, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the members...

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be recorded on the minutes of the branch and also in the official organ of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 13, Stratford, held March 24, 1907, the following resolution was unanimously adopted...

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to him and also published in the official organ.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 208, Dartmouth, N. S., held Thursday evening, March 11, it was moved, and seconded...

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Rev. Father Underwood and also to the CATHOLIC RECORD...

A. O. H.

FIFTH ANNUAL CONCERT. Association hall, Hamilton. A splendid last evening on the occasion of the fifth annual concert of the Ancient Order of Hibernians...

Nearly every number was encored, which doubled the size of an already large programme. In response to an encore Mrs. MacKeigan and Mr. Payne sang the "Goddess Duet"...

During the evening the chaplain of the order, Father Hinchev, delivered an interesting address. With him were Fathers O'Reilly and Brady, Rev. Dr. Burns and Rev. T. Geoghegan...

At the conclusion of the programme sent the people home in good humor. Everybody realized that St. Patrick's concert means a treat indeed and will eagerly await a similar effort another year.

C. T. S.

Toronto, March 22, 1907. The second of the series of "Lenten Talks" being held under the auspices of the cathedral church of the Catholic Truth Society...

Our "Favorite Devotions," published by Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York city, is a book that will appeal to every lover of devout reading...

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

In Toronto.

What a thrill of pleasure runs through the heart of every Irishman at the approach of March 17, the anniversary of his country's patron saint, St. Patrick...

The programme consisted of the following: Overture—"The Emerald Isle" by Mr. G. Parsons...

Recitation—"The Emerald Isle" by Mr. G. Parsons. Vocal solo—"The Emerald Isle" by Mr. G. Parsons...

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In Fort William.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Sir—I am with feelings of pride and pleasure that I venture to give a faint description of the 17th of March and its observance by the Catholics of Fort William...

It may be truly said that the Church of Rome in its great and tender mother, her arms extended out over the stormy deep...

He is also the founder of our handsome church. This and many other useful and sacred duties of great ability and high intellect...

After the Communion the Rev. Father Downey addressed the congregation. His subject was "The Emerald Isle"...

The concert, which was held under the auspices of the St. Patrick's C. M. B. A. at the Opera House on St. Patrick's night...

The programme consisted of the following: Overture—"The Emerald Isle" by Mr. G. Parsons...

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In Renfrew.

Renfrew, March 23, 1907.

St. Patrick's night was honored in a royal manner at Renfrew by a concert and lecture in the town hall. The attendance was large, and enthusiasm well sustained throughout...

The subject of the lecture was "The Emerald Isle" by Mr. J. P. Downey, editor of the "Catholic Record"...

He is also the founder of our handsome church. This and many other useful and sacred duties of great ability and high intellect...

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DIocese of Hamilton.

Reverend Mother Patricia, Superioress of Loretto convent, Hamilton, died on Sunday evening, March 28, after an illness of three months...

On Sunday morning, the 28th, a mission conducted by Rev. Fathers O'Brien, O'Sullivan and Murphy, members of the Society of Jesus from Montreal and New York, began at 10 o'clock in the cathedral parish...

The third of the series of lectures given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society was held last evening in Andrews' Hall, and was largely attended...

The subject of the lecture was "The Emerald Isle" by Mr. J. P. Downey, editor of the "Catholic Record"...

Attention is drawn to the advertisement of Creelman Bros. Typewriter Co., in another column. Mr. Seitz, the manager of the firm, is well known among Catholic people...

Owing to many difficulties the publication of the obituary section of the Record for 1907 has been delayed. It can, however, now be had from M. H. Wilkins and Co., 423 1/2 East Water street, Milwaukee, Wis. This year's Directory is, we are pleased to say, characterized by a majority of them were sons of the Emerald Isle...

A city publisher has sent to this office a sum of money, but forgot to give name and particulars. Will the party please call, and explain, so that credit may be given.

A bad conscience is always fearful and uneasy. The only way to get rid of it is to confess it to God and to His confessor...

London, April 1, 1907. Wheat, 72 to 73c per bush. Oats, 17 to 18c per bush. Peas, 30 to 31c per bush...

Montreal, April 1.—Grain—Fairly active and steady. Wheat, 72 to 73c per bush. Oats, 17 to 18c per bush...

Obituary.

MISS LIZZIE MOORE, ORILLIA.

"Angels, ever bright and fair," "Take, oh take me, to thy care." After a lingering illness, borne with Christian fortitude and patience, Miss Lizzie Moore, fourth daughter of Mr. C. Moore, of Orillia, Ontario, quietly passed to the silent majority last Friday morning...

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MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, APRIL 1, 1907.

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EARLY LIFE OF

Dr. Shanahan on Its R

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Webster's International Dictionary. The One Great Standard Authority. It is a thorough revision of the unabridged. The purpose of which has been not the provision of material for the printer, but the provision of material for the scholar.