

The Catholic Record.

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

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London, Saturday, May 24 1902.

OUR COLLEGES.

Just one more word on the subject. It looks like special pleading to say anything in praise of our institutions in the columns of a Catholic newspaper. However, we assure our readers that we are not led by any desire to extol our colleges beyond their deserts. Their system is above suspicion. We do not presume to know what all of them are doing, but we confess to some knowledge of the success achieved by St. Francis Xavier's, which we may look upon as a type of a Canadian Catholic college. Its splendid professional equipment might warrant some self-entirety. It is not richly endowed, save in the loyalty of laymen and priests who are proud of it and hopeful of its future. And it is, in a word, a tower of strength to the Catholics of the Antigonish diocese—an educational force which cannot and is not ignored by any educator of repute in the provinces. We refer to it as an instance of what can be done by enlightened and united effort.

OUR EDUCATORS AND OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

We have had occasion to say, and not without reason, that Catholics were backward if not averse, to supporting their colleges. This has been due partly to a lack of material resources and partly to the opinion that our institutions were distinctly inferior to others more richly endowed and advertised. Hence the men who founded them and their professors have had to labor under serious disadvantages. Then, there was the criticism of those who wanted results, and quickly of those who pointed to every unworthy graduate as proof positive of the inefficiency of his Alma Mater; and of those who were frightened by the dictum of departed Bigotry that a Catholic training boded no success in life. And remembering that with all this there was the ever need of money one does not wonder that there is a good deal of silver not due to years in the heads of some of our educators. The marvel of it is that they have stood by the work.

We used to think that the settler was the best example of grit in this country. We do not mean the one who goes out in a special train to a farm provided for him by the government, but the settler who blazes his way through the wilderness in quest of a place whereon to build his outpost of civilization. He has to be of the toughest kind of fibre. He has to work and to suffer—to be content with little—with a clearing mayhap if his strength hold out, to remind those who come after him of his pluck. But the history of our educators is also one of inspiring courage. They, too, have had to blaze a way through the wilderness of apathy and opposition. True, they had a system glorified by centuries of triumph—the hope that they would succeed—but for all that the way has been long and toilsome. And yet they did not falter, but clung with superb tenacity to ideals, despite obstacles and predictions of failure. But it is of late years, only, that they have been given a due measure of appreciation. However, the sentiment in their favor is growing, and we feel confident that each recurring year will find it stronger. As an evidence of this, Toronto Catholics have come nobly to the assistance of St. Michael's; the friends of the University of Ottawa are increasing in number. In the Maritime Provinces, as we see from time to time in our esteemed contemporary the *Casket*, the hands of St. Francis Xavier are being strengthened by the efforts of an united clergy and people.

We are glad to notice these facts, for they indicate the dawn of an era of loyalty and co-operation on the part of Catholic laymen, and that we are beginning to realize that the support of our homes of learning is one of the most practical ways of extending Christ's Kingdom on earth. Every dollar given them stands for truth and good citizenship, for education which is for time and eternity.

There are, we know, many objects some of which cannot be neglected, appealing to our generosity; but let us remember that the work of developing and beautifying a human soul yields to none of them in importance. Our colleges are God's workshops. They are fashioning the men who should speak for us and lead us, and so prove that the old system bearing the motto, "God is my light" has lost neither its wisdom nor its adaptability to all generations.

It is well, of course, to chronicle what the Church has done in the past—in the days when the men of blood and iron sat in her school-room—in the age of the great universities, down to the present time. But our primary duty is to show that the same spirit is with us.

OUR SYSTEM.

We admit that Catholic education is viewed with suspicion by those who are inimical to the Church, not that they are clamorous opponents for such methods have fallen into disuse as that they are indifferent to it as being unsuitable to the new order of things. And therein is a danger for any Catholic youth who is allowed to place himself under their care. It is a danger which is ruinous to the virility of faith as it is insidious in its attack, because veiled under the appearance of kindness. Were it to attack openly it could be provided against. When Julian the Apostate, for example, in his insane hatred of Christianity, expelled Christian teachers from the schools, men were quick to discern the sinister purpose of his design. Later on, Catholics saw through Voltaire's programme for the enlightenment of youth, and incidentally for the galling and the goddess of reason. But many are not disposed to view with alarm the secularist system of half-education, which is practically the same old endeavor to capture the youth of the country. Some of us have our ideas as to what place religion should have in education, but it is well to bear in mind that this has been pre-empted from controversy by legitimate authority. In the Syllabus we have the condemnation of those who declare that a Catholic may approve of a system of education for the young which is divorced from the Catholic faith and from the power of the Church, which entirely confines itself to secular matters and to things affecting temporal and social life, or which is primarily concerned with these things.

GLASGOW'S PATRIARCH.

Interesting Facts in the Career of the Late Archbishop Eyre.

The Most Rev. Charles Count Eyre, LL. D., Archbishop of Glasgow, Scotland, who died on March 27, was born at Asham Bryan Hall, Yorkshire, on November 17, 1817, says the Glasgow Observer. He was the eldest surviving son of the late John Lewis Count Eyre, who in turn was the fifth son of Vincent Eyre, of Highfield and Newbold, Derby. His earlier years were passed in his ancestral hall, and there the rudiments of learning were imparted to him. In the spring of 1829, being then little over nine years of age, he was sent to the famous College of Ushaw, County Durham (England), and of the long line of illustrious Churchmen which that famous seat of learning has given to the faith, Archbishop Eyre ranks as one of the most distinguished. His career at Ushaw was a most successful one. As a student he manifested marked power of acquirement, which, with his natural ability and his devotion to study, soon marked him out as one of the cleverest and most gifted students in the college. In 1835 he was chosen to advocate in Latin, and "against all comers," the theses in ethics and metaphysics. In the following year he began to study for the priesthood. Having pursued for a time theology and canon law, he received the minor orders on Dec. 17, 1836, and continued his studies until May 25, 1839, when he was made sub-deacon. Completing his theological course and being yet scarcely of the age to be ordained, he decided to proceed to Rome, and in December, 1839, he departed for the Holy City, where he remained for three and a half years, reading a further course of theology and canon law under the guidance of one of the professors of the Roman Seminary. At this period of study there took root in him that love for archaeological matters which has since made him one of the most efficient antiquarians of the country, and which afterwards led to his winning the honors conferred on him by archaeological societies. On March 12, 1842, he took deacon's orders, and on the 19th of the same month he was raised to the priesthood in the private chapel of Mgr. Canali, vice-regent of Rome. The reigning Pontiff, Gregory XVI., raised him to the honor of Papal Chamberlain directly he was ordained, and with the title of Monsignor he returned to England at Easter in 1843.

HIS CAREER AS A PRIEST.

His priestly career began at St. Andrew's, Newcastle, where he remained for a year. In August, 1844, he was appointed to the church of St. Mary's, in Newcastle, which at that time was in course of erection. In 1845, when that structure was completed, Father Eyre was placed in charge and he labored with unremitting zeal in behalf of his parishioners for several years. In 1847, when the Irish famine, driving numbers of Irish harvesters and laborers to seek a means of livelihood in the great industrial centres of England, introduced to Newcastle the malady which became known as the Irish fever, Father Eyre, with the true zeal of a devout Catholic priest, spared himself no labor in administering to his afflicted people.

He caught the malady in the discharge of his sacred duties and for a time his life was despaired of. Being a man of strong constitution and of powerful frame, he fortunately recovered. But so severe was the assault of the sickness that his health for the time was completely broken down, and he was required by his physicians to retire to a smaller mission, where his labors would be less arduous and exacting. The country mission of Haggerston, in Northumberland, was the place to which he was transferred on the recovery of his health, and there he remained until 1856, when he was, in July of that year, recalled to St. Mary's, Newcastle. Five years later, in 28th May, 1861, he was made Conventual Chaplain of the Order of Malta, or St. John of Jerusalem, and about this time he was raised to the stall in the Chapter of Hexam. Again threatened with falling health, induced by too fervent zeal in the interests of his people, he obtained from his Bishop permission to take a brief holiday abroad, and leaving England once more he set out for a tour in Syria, Egypt, and Palestine. It was during this absence that he received the honor of being made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. During his administration at St. Mary's the Canon was beloved by his people. Twenty and thirty years afterwards the memory of his marvellous devotion to his sacred charge was recalled with fervor and emotion by those who, spared by the hand of time, were left to recollect it, and on the occasion of the Centenary of Ushaw College, when his Grace visited Newcastle, he was the recipient of an address from the parishioners of St. Mary's, couched in terms of the deepest affection and bearing ample and thrilling testimony to the strength of the love with which his former flock still bore towards him even after a period of a quarter of a century had passed away.

RAISED TO THE EPISCOPATE.

Raised to the Episcopate directly on his return from his tour abroad, he was nominated to the post of Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District of Scotland, for at that time the Scottish Hierarchy had not been re-established. Before taking up his new and exalted office he received from his parishioners at St. Mary's gifts of a pectoral cross, staff, and crozier. The various dates in connection with his appointment are: Nominated Apostolic Delegate to Scotland, 2nd December, 1868; Archbishop of Anazarba ("in paribus") by brief of 11th December, 1868; Administrator Apostolic of the Western District, 16th April, 1869; and the brief translating him to the See of Glasgow on the establishment of the Hierarchy was dated the 15th March, 1878. On the 31st March, in the same year he received the Pallium. On 27th December, 1888, his consecration took place at Rome at the Church of St. Andrea della Valle, the titular saint of Scotland. Cardinal Reisch, Bishop of Sabina, was officiating prelate, assisted by Archbishop Manning and Mgr. de Merode, Archbishop of Mitylene. Archbishop Eyre being attended by Monsignor Caponelli, of the Scots College, Rome, as his chaplain. Several other prelates, and the rectors of the British and American Colleges in Rome were present, as were also the Prince of Croce (who are related to the Archbishop), the Hon. Marmaduke and Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. FitzHerbert, Mrs. Moore, Miss Blundell, and other distinguished visitors who were residents in Rome. After his consecration the Archbishop was received by the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., in a farewell audience on the 10th of February, and some days afterwards his Grace set out from Rome for Glasgow, his new field of labor. Arrived in Glasgow, his Grace at once assumed charge of the diocese, and from that day till the day of his death the story of the Catholic Church in the west of Scotland was but one chapter of continual, unabating, never-failing progress.

THE BISHOP'S GREAT LABORS IN GLASGOW.

In 1878, on the restoration of the Hierarchy, his Grace was appointed Archbishop of Glasgow, and there took place in the Cathedral of St. Andrew's the consecration of three Bishops for the Sees of Argyll, Galloway and Dunkeld. Archbishop Eyre taking part in the ceremony as consecrating prelate. The work of the Archbishop in Glasgow was when he took up the reign of office arduous and onerous enough in all conscience, but as years went on, and as the affairs of the diocese were attended to without distraction, the extent of his Grace's work grew to enormous proportions, expanded indeed until the souls of his flock numbered as many as those comprised in all the other dioceses in Scotland, or in the largest ecclesiastical areas in the kingdom. The material work done under the direction and by the authority of the Archbishop was most extensive and far-reaching, and will remain the valued possession of the diocese for centuries to come. In every district new missions were opened up, schools raised as if by the magic power of an unseen hand, the ranks of the clergy were recruited and increased, and all over the diocese, one after another, arose a series of beautiful fane, the pride of the people who worship in them, and the edification of all beholders. The Archbishop, possessed of an excellent taste, cultivated by the widest research and amplest knowledge, made it a rule that in the various missions under his charge, where churches of any consequence were being erected, nothing but the best architectural skill procurable should prevail.

As a consequence of this the Catholic Missions of the Glasgow Archdiocese are provided with a number of churches of great beauty and noble pro-

portions, and within reasonable degree of artistic uniformity. In order that priests should not be lacking for the sacred work of the Catholic ministry, and that the priests gifted by Providence with a vocation to the highest calling might have at their disposal the simplest and best opportunities of attaining high proficiency in ecclesiastical education, the Archbishop provided out of his own purse for the Archdiocese a seminary built at a cost of £30,000, and bestowed it on the Archdiocese as a gift, which will perpetuate the memory of the donor until human records fail.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN SCOTLAND DURING THE PAST THIRTY YEARS.

Archbishop Eyre was consecrated on Jan. 31, 1868. The Catholic Directory for Scotland for the year 1870 gives a lengthy account of the ceremony which took place at Rome, and from the same publication there may be derived some statistics which, compared with the statistics published in the Catholic Directory for 1902, show what a vast increase Catholicism has made in Glasgow during the Episcopacy of Archbishop Eyre. In 1869 there were within the Archdiocese of Glasgow 111 priests, 89 of these being seculars and 22 regulars. In 1901 the number of priests in the Archdiocese was 234, 193 of these being seculars and the remainder belonging to religious orders. In 1869 there were 101 churches, chapels, and stations, the number in 1902 being 112. The number of Catholic schools had grown from 102 to 138, but the figures with regard to the churches and schools give no adequate idea of the enormous increase that took place within the period mentioned, because a very considerable number, perhaps half of the churches included in the return for 1902 had been erected during the time of Archbishop Eyre and the accommodation in these churches multiplied the accommodation provided in earlier and less spacious structures.

A LUTHERAN DESCRIBES THE HOLY FATHER.

His Whole Aspect Breathed Love for his People and Gratitude to God.

Writing from Rome to the "Daily Picayune" of New Orleans, Dr. H. Liesl, a Lutheran, gives his impressions of the Holy Father on occasion of one of his recent public appearances in St. Peter's:

The chief of three hundred millions of Christians—at last I was allowed to gaze upon the venerable priest, writes Dr. Liesl. I saw a small, white, but strong face, restless, piercing, yet mild eyes, a figure bending under the weight of gold and crimson robes.

The procession moved slowly and Leo remained before my physical eye for a full minute or more—he will be in my mental eye as long as I have breath in me. All around people were clapping their hands, waving hats, fans, shawls and handkerchiefs, while the thousands in and out of the Cathedral shouted: "Evviva il Papa." And under the great cupola the silver trumpets called to prayer, women broke into tears and swooned, men gesticulated and held their handkerchiefs to their eyes, numerous young priests, unmindful of the Italian soldiery, cried "Evviva il Re, Evviva il Papa-Re." (Long live the King, live the Pope-King.)

As he passed by the Pope blessed Catholic, Protestant and Jew. His broad love for the human race knows no distinction. His small hand, gloved in red, was making the sign of the cross continuously.

I was singularly impressed by the spirituality of his appearance as I watched the venerable man. Leo XIII. seemed to be all spirit, his insignificant body hardly disappearing in the enormous, gorgeous robes of office he wears, only his eyes and the blessing-spending hand seemed to be with us.

When the Papal procession reached the altar the excited crowds remembered where we were and Catholics and others alike followed the holy service with due respect and devotion. The music was sublime; there is nothing like it in all the world; there cannot be, for the Vatican is in sole possession of certain grand compositions that are performed in St. Peter's and never out of it.

Renewed bugle calls. The Swiss strike the marble floor with their halberds, the Noble Guards lower their swords, the grand organ plays the prelude to the "Te Deum," and those countless thousands in and about this wonderful temple join in the song of praise—it sounds like a cry of triumph uttered by throats of steel.

Before leaving the altar the Pope blessed all present, stretching forth both hands from the throns as if to embrace the multitude present—nay, all humanity! And the crowd applauds and shouts itself hoarse: "Long live to the Pope," "Long live to the King of Rome!" "Yes, Re di Roma." As the procession prepares to leave, the "odious" cry is heard on all sides, "King of Rome,"—the "usurper" in the Quirinal notwithstanding.

The Venerable Pontiff was visibly affected by so much love and devotion. His face was wreathed in smiles and his eyes sought out the enthusiasts among crowd. He seemed to be determined to see all, to greet all, to bless all, to give everybody a kindly look, and in order to do so, rose several times in his chair. Ah, "the little old man" (the term by which Leo refers to himself) has yet some life in him!

Like a father enjoying his children's devotion, so the father of the Catholic Church seemed to rejoice in the spontaneous ovation offered him. His whole

aspect breathed love for his people and gratitude to God. It was most inspiring. I will never forget it.

SOMETHING ABOUT INDULGENCES.

Something about indulgences. Not everything, I do not propose to show in this tract that indulgences are not a Popish corruption of Christian doctrine, a permission to commit sin, etc., etc. And why not? Why, for a very good reason; because it would be of little or no use to do this, for Catholics know better; and honest Protestants who desire to learn the truth on these points can find it elsewhere; and as for those Protestants who are not honest, their slanders may indeed be silenced for a while, but as soon as your back is turned they will be repeated, louder than before, to make up for lost time. The truth is not an object with these people, and nothing whatever is gained by explaining it to them. They will be just as long as they can do so with impunity.

But there is one mistake which Protestants might easily be excused for making, even knowing what indulgences are. This mistake they actually do make. They think that we are extremely anxious to get all the indulgences which are to be had. Now this idea of theirs, I am sorry to say, is not correct, though it ought to be. We really do neglect this precious treasure which the Church offers to us so freely. Let us try to remedy this; and to this end let us consider, first, what indulgences do for us; secondly, how much we need them; and, lastly, how easily they are to be had.

What, then, does any indulgence do for us? It remits, as the catechism tells us, "the temporal punishment due to sin." This temporal punishment is that which remains after the sin is forgiven; and it usually has to be undergone for the most part in the next life. We can, it is true, expiate our sins, perhaps even entirely, by penitential works, or by the patient endurance of the sufferings which may please Almighty God to send us. But it is not likely that we shall do enough penance or have enough to suffer; and an indulgence is the means provided to take, to some extent, the place of penance and suffering. Or, what comes to the same thing, it takes the place of purgatory, to which our want of penance would otherwise condemn us; and this is no small benefit. For the pains of purgatory are more grievous than any pains of this life; they are more severe than the torments which the martyrs endured. They are also much longer; they are not for a few hours only, but often for years and years; and, what is worse, each hour of them seems as long as many days of this life.

In the next place, then, as to our need of indulgences. Perhaps you who read this, think you will not go to purgatory; or, if you are not so bold as that, you think you will not remain there a long time. You think that your friends will pray for you, that Masses will be said, and alms will be given, and that after a day or two your soul will go to heaven and be happy for ever. It is just possible that it may be so; but still, if you neglect to gain indulgences, it is extremely unlikely, Christians in former times never acted on any such principle; they knew that if they sinned they had to suffer for it, even if the sin were forgiven; repentance, and that the most fervent repentance, was not enough for them, but they had also to perform penances, compared with which those now given are simply nothing at all.

For example, in former times, any one who should strike his father or mother had to fast seven years on bread and water, and even for speaking in church during Mass the same fast was prescribed for ten days. Other offences were also punished in a similar way. And these penalties were not more severe than those which Almighty God Himself has assigned for forgiven sin. His chosen servant, Moses, for a slight fault, the only one which we know him to have committed, was not allowed to enter the Promised Land. Let us count up our sins, then, and see how much penance they have deserved, and how much penance we have done.

Now, indulgences are meant by the Church to take the place of these great penances of early times. It would be better to perform a great penance if we could prudently do it, but it is no use talking about that; if you are a saint, and performing heroic works of mortification, you will only be more anxious than before to get indulgences. No, we shall all need indulgences, and we cannot have too many. Practically, we shall find that we cannot do without them. Do penance, too, if you can, but supply its deficiency by indulgences at any rate.

It is plain enough, then, that we need indulgences; and now it remains to consider how easily they are obtained. And the principal reason, perhaps, why you do not try to obtain indulgences, is because you think it is so hard to do so. You do not know how liberal the Church has been in dispensing them. It is not necessary to wait for a Jubilee, or for the Forty Hours, to gain a plenary indulgence. Twenty or thirty can easily be gained every month, by any one who complies with the very simple conditions. This we shall see further on.

But first about partial indulgences. These are yet more easy to get. Hundreds of them can easily be obtained every day. There are very many prayers to which partial indulgences are attached, which can be easily committed to memory, and repeated over and over again. Now, notice one point. There are many

people who say such short prayers habitually, and yet do not gain any indulgence, because they do not say the precise words to which it has been attached.

For one has to be a little particular in this matter; but this is no great burden. It does not take long to learn a prayer of five or six words, and there are many such to which indulgences are attached.

Then as to those which are plenary. These are generally gained by repeating the prayers which have partial indulgences, at least once a day for a month; then by means of confession and communion, and a visit to some church, with prayer for the intentions of the Pope, the plenary one is obtained; these are the usual conditions; sometimes there is something more or less. But let us understand a little better what is meant by the two last. By visiting a church is meant simply going into the church and praying for some time; five minutes, or ever much less, is quite enough if one prays with recollection and devotion. Five Paters and Aves are, it is true, often recommended; but this is only by way of suggesting how much prayer to make, in order to be safe. And one good fervent Pater and Ave would be better than five poor ones.

These prayers should be, as we said, for the intentions of the Pope. That is, for the prosperity and triumph of the Church, for peace among Christian nations, and for the downfall and destruction of heresy, schism, and sin. Also for any other special needs of the Holy Father at the time; such as for example, at present the restoration of his dominions, which have been unjustly taken from him, as well as, for those wants of the Church which you may happen not to know of. Do not forget, then, to make these intentions of the Pope the principal, if not the only, object for your prayers, in a visit made to gain a plenary indulgence.

But where shall we find all the indulgenced prayers which I say are so plenty? There are a good many in most prayer-books, but they are not always marked as such. The Catholic's Vade Mecum is very good in this respect. But best of all is one called the *Raccolta*, which can be had at any Catholic bookstore, and which has almost all the indulgenced prayers which there are, and also full particulars with regard to each. Now, surely no one can complain that indulgences are hard to get, or urge any reason for not getting them. But stop a moment; yes, there is one thing which makes a little difficulty. One must, of course, to gain an indulgence, be in the state of grace. We may say prayers from morning to night with mortal sin on our souls and though these prayers may avail for our conversion, they will not have any special power in satisfying for this sin or any other. This is one reason why confession and Communion are required for a plenary indulgence, besides the excellence of going to them, as a good work.

But is this such a great difficulty that we must be in the state of grace? Ought we not to be ashamed to make such a miserable objection as this?—as if it was such an extraordinary and almost impossible thing to live in the grace of God. Why, any one can do it, at least by frequenting the sacraments; by going to confession and Communion once a month.

Yes, and that reminds me of quite a practical point. Plenary indulgences are usually gained, as we said before, by repeating a prayer which for a month. Well, now, if you say several such prayers every day, you can gain several indulgences on the one Communion. Only you must make just so many distinct visits to the church. One visit will not do, no matter how many prayers you might say while making it. And more yet; if you go to confession once a week, you can gain all the plenary indulgences during the week for which Communion is required, without any other confessions it being supposed, of course, that you have leave to receive several times in the week without confessing. In this way, as was said before, one may get twenty or thirty plenary indulgences every month.

But what will I do with so many? Well, perhaps you will not gain them perfectly for of course it requires the most perfect dispositions to gain a plenary indulgence fully. But, at all events, cannot you give some of what you do get to somebody else? Almost all of them, plenary and partial, can be applied to the souls in purgatory; and how grateful these souls will be to you! Nothing, except the Mass, does them so much good as holy indulgences. Remember, too, that you have plenty of deceased friends, who are probably in need of them, and who have a special claim upon your charity. And even if you lose something yourself by this, it will be amply repaid; they will help you from heaven, in this world, and in purgatory if you go there, by their most efficacious prayers.

Get a *Raccolta*, then, or some other selection of indulgenced prayers, and go to work. And go to the sacraments often, once a week if possible, not only for their own sake, but also that you may get all the indulgences you can.—The Catholic Book Exchange.

It was not for nothing that the wisdom of the Romans caused them to join the temple of virtue to that of honor, so that it was impossible to enter the latter without passing through the former.—Alphonso of Aragon.

It is more beautiful to lose honorably that which one possesses than to keep it by shameful means. Such is the philosophy of God teaches us.—St. Gregory of Nazianzen.

ONE PRIEST'S DAY: ITS SMILES AND TEARS.

BY EDITH HESSONS TUPPER, IN NEW YORK HERALD.

On the train stepped the Rev. Thos. Sullivan, rosy, plump, smiling, as it rushed up to the little suburban station.

Entering the crowded car and seeing only one vacant seat, with a courteous "By your leave," he sank into it with a sign of content.

Then, as he turned to deposit his bag at his feet, a look of recognition overcame his jolly, robandant face and he extended his soft white hand to the other occupant of the seat.

"That other—a grave, austere gentleman—took the hand and shook it limply.

"Now, how fortunate I am," began Father Sullivan, "to meet you again. I have a good hour in which to renew our controversy of yesterday, and prove to you that you are wrong and I am right."

The Rev. Jonas Clarke, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the pretty New Jersey town the two clerics were quitting, smiled faintly as he replied: "Indeed, Father Sullivan, I would that we had two hours in which I could demonstrate to you your errors."

Father Sullivan threw back his head and laughed—a good, round, hearty laugh—the laugh that does good to the man who laughs and to him who hears.

Then he wiped the tears from his twinkling eyes and said, with just a suspicion of brogue in his rich, unctuous voice: "Now, my good brother—"

Jonas Clarke slightly winced—"suppose we leave all the theological discussions, let us forget that we are Presbyterian and Catholic. Let us be just two good fellows and have a nice visit between here and New York. After all religious discussions should not alienate good friends, as I trust we are."

To this truce the Rev. Mr. Clarke agreed and thereafter the two clergymen chatted amiably on various topics and reached Jersey City without having their good nature ruffled.

The two stood on the deck of the ferry-boat crossing the river. It was a glorious winter morning. The sun gilded every spire and tower of the phantom-like city lying before them.

Soft clouds, fleecy, rose flushed, hung over it. The sky was dazzling blue. It was an exquisite and captivating picture.

"I am thankful to be alive," said the Rev. Jonas; "my heart is singing hymns of joy."

"And so is mine," said "Father Tom," as he was familiarly called by his parishioners. Then turning, he looked at his companion quizzically.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "though we may differ widely on theological tenets, when it comes to praise and thanksgiving; when it comes to prayer, we are very close together."

The boat touched the wharf, created and groaned like a soul in pain. The clergymen followed the crowd across the plank, up through the ferry house and to the bustling, noisy street, where the two separated with kindly farewells.

"Remember what I tell you," said "Father Tom," lifting a chubby forefinger, "when we come to prayer, my brother, we are not very far apart."

The tall, stern-faced clergyman looked down into the eyes of the priest with deep scrutiny. "It may be," he said, with something of an effort, "it may be that you are right, Father Sullivan; God knows."

"Think it over," said "Father Tom," putting his arm encouragingly, "and let me know if you come to agree with me. Good-by."

"Father Tom" was glad to get back to the comfortable rectory. In his absence over Sunday to fill a vacant pulpit in New Jersey he had occasion to miss his cosy study, with its cheerful open fire, its books and pictures. His thoughtful housekeeper had the tiny round table drawn up to the snapping blaze, and the hot coffee and his mail awaiting him.

As the priest sipped the fragrant cup, his eye caught a letter, bearing a foreign stamp and addressed in a scrawling, illiterate hand. He picked it up and studied the contents. It was from his own little native town on the banks of the Shannon. He tore it open.

The writer begged him to forgive her for bothering his reverence, but her youngest child, her little Eileen, was "after starting for America."

World Father Sullivan meet the incoming steamer and look after the child until she was safe in the hands of her aunt, Mary Ellen Duffy, who would be "after giving her a home," and help her to a situation? And might all the blessed saints reward him!

It was signed by a name "Father Tom" quickly recalled, the name of an old neighbor and friend of his mother. Memories thronged thick and fast about the priest. He saw again the quaint little village in the Emerald Isle, he heard the soft lap of the Shannon against the tiny wharf whereon he played when a boy, and he smelled again the roses that climbed round his mother's humble cottage.

He started from his retrospection with a sigh and again took up the letter. He saw by its date it had been delayed, and then, looking down for the date on which the girl was to arrive in New York, was startled to find that it was this very day.

He hastily swallowed his coffee and got into his hat and overcoat. Going to the nearest telephone station, he called up the Barge Office and discovered that the steamer was even then coming up the bay.

Fortunately Father Sullivan's parish was not too distant from the emigrants' landing place, and in another hour the priest stood at the foot of the gang-plank, anxiously scanning every fresh, sweet young face that appeared.

There came presently a mere slip of a girl, with the color of wild roses, with eyes like stars, hair of the warm golden brown over which artists rave and lips of which poets dream.

"Are you Eileen O'Brien?" Father Sullivan asked for the fifteenth time. "Yes, Father," with a voice like a murmuring water and a timid little courtesy.

The good man rejoiced at his find, led her aside and showed her dear old mother's letter. The tears were brimming now in the glorious blue-gray eyes and almost running over.

"Come now, no homesickness," said the cheery little priest, "wait until I find Father Henry, here in this crowd, and ye shall go with him to the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, where ye'll be taken good care of till Mary Ellen Duffy shows up."

His words reached the ears of a painted, flashily dressed woman nearby, who in company with a man of dissipated appearance, was eagerly scrutinizing each girl as she passed.

She turned, looked at Eileen, whispered a word to her companion then rushed over to the pretty immigrant and throwing her arms about her, cried rapturously:—"Oh, my dear little cousin, I've been worrying so about you. You remember me—Rose—your cousin—why, Mary Ellen Duffy's girl. Come right with me to my home."

"Hold on," said Father Tom, quietly. "This child does not go with anyone but Mary Ellen Duffy."

"That's my mother," returned the woman glibly. "She couldn't come, so sent me."

"Oh! she couldn't come?" said the priest significantly. His eyes, usually so kindly and laughing, blazed now with righteous wrath as he stared coldly at the woman. "Come, Eileen," he said, and took her hand to lead her away.

The woman caught the girl by the arm. "You're to come with me," she said imperiously. "Pay no attention to him."

"Take your hands off that child," said "Father Tom" in a dangerous tone. The woman looked at him for an instant, then, muttering something, fell back. Her companion started forward, but one look from the priest was enough. The two slunk away, and "Father Tom," seeing at a distance the gentle face of the director of the mission, took his charge to him and explained the situation.

Father Henry at once assumed care of the frightened girl, but Father Sullivan did not leave her until he saw her safe within the walls of the noble rescue mission, to await the advent of Mary Ellen Duffy.

It was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon when "Father Tom" left the mission and started to walk up Broadway. The fat, rosy, little priest swung along with so kindly a smile on his benevolent face, that his passing was like a benediction. So absorbed was he as he mused upon the scenes he had witnessed at the dock that he did not remark the crowd that was hurriedly massing a few blocks ahead of him.

But as he came on he presently saw a man running toward him and frantically beckoning him:—"Quick, Father," he gasped, as he came within hailing distance, "quick! Poor Dick Egan has fallen from a scaffolding, and he's dying, Father," his voice broke in a sob.

The crowd made way respectfully for the priest, whose rosy face had gone quite white. Something huddled and mangled lay upon the stones of the street. A fellow workman held the limp head upon his knees. Two or three stalwart policemen stood keeping the crowd back.

The good Father fell upon his knees and took the nerveless hand. He inclined his ear to the husky whisper of that passing soul. From his pocket he brought the carved crucifix, and lifting it before the man, "Look on this, Richard, look at this," he murmured.

It was one of the sublime and wonderful scenes which are enacted almost daily in a vast city. Policemen, workmen and other onlookers suddenly uncovered at the sight.

Among those who, overwhelmed and impressed, knelt and prayed earnestly for the soul that was starting on its strange, lone journey, was a tall, solemnly jointed, austere man, clad in luscious black. He joined his great hands, reddened with the cold, and, closing his eyes, prayed humbly that God would receive that poor soul, called so unexpectedly into the presence of its Maker.

When Father Tom rose from his knees and turned to go his eyes, brimming with tears, rested on this gaunt, awkward man, who was still kneeling and silently praying. The priest waited a moment.

The Rev. Jones rose from his knees and wiped the tears from his thin cheeks. "Father Tom" crossed to him, and touching him gently on the arm, said:

"When it comes to prayer, my brother, we are very close together."

The Rev. Jones could not speak, but he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the other and gripped it hard. And then, arm in arm, linked like brothers, the tall, austere clergyman and the little thick faced priest hastily passed, with faces on which lingered a nameless transfiguring light, through the hushed and saddened throng.

Advice of St. Francis de Sale: St. Francis de Sales, writing about detraction, gives the following advice: "When you hear any one speak ill of you, make the accusation doubtful, if you can do so justly; if you cannot, excuse the intention of the party accused; if that cannot be done, express a compassion for him, change the topic of conversation, remembering yourself, and putting the company in mind that they do not fall owe their happiness to God alone; recall the detractor to himself; God alone; and declare some good action of the person in question, if you know any."

If these words of the saint were only heeded and followed out, this "bane of conversation," as the saint calls it, would soon disappear, together with the host of sins which spring from it. "He who would deliver the world from detraction would free it from a great number of sins."

PLEASE MR. DRUGGIST give me what I ask for—the one PAIN-KILLER, Perry Davis' Know it is the best thing on earth for summer complaints. So do you. Thank you: There is your money.

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

AN OLD MISSION ROMANCE.

Father McLaughlin's Story of San Miguel—Tale of a Murder in the Old Franciscan Monastery.

Rev. T. P. McLaughlin, during his California tour last year, visited the old mission of San Miguel, San Luis Obispo County. The following sketch is his reminiscence of the visit:

Last spring while staying a few weeks at Paso Robles in Southern California, wallowing in the unspeakable hot mud baths, I became acquainted with the parish priest of San Miguel (Rev. P. J. O'Reilly), which is one of the old Missions situated about nine miles from the baths.

He that has not seen California in the spring time has not seen the land of flowers at its best. And oh! how romantic is the old mission, standing in the heart of the Salinas Valley with the swift flowing river at its feet, and the landscape for miles as far as the eye could reach covered with tapestries of golden poppies, and baby blue eyes, and all kinds of purple, yellow and pink wild flowers, that delight the senses, and make one involuntarily say: "Isn't that perfectly beautiful!" I recall with great pleasure two visits in particular to the old ruins of this famous Franciscan Monastery.

The first was a moonlight ride in February with a select party of four behind a spanking team of blacks, and driven by the elegant Mr. J. —, the society leader of the town of Paso Robles. During this visit we were invited to return Thursday to see the curiosities of the place by daylight.

This it happened that four days later we found ourselves one fine spring morning in February, ready to investigate the ruins and relics of the old Mission San Miguel. When we approached the cloisters we saw the Padre seated on a wicker chair saying his Office, and he reminded us of the gentle Francis of Assisi, for at his feet crouched two fine dogs, one an immense greyhound, the other an Irish setter. Back of him stood his pet mare, who seemed to be intent on the Breviary, which the priest was reading, while in front of him, only six feet away, was his favorite cow, chewing her cud. A hen with her brood of chickens had scamped a hole in the ground in the cool shade of the arches, and a few caged Belgian hares nibbled the cabbage leaves which the housekeeper had given them a few minutes before. It was a picture for an artist, this self-sacrificing priest, away thousands of miles from his native land, living alone in this bleak, ghostly monastery, having no society but that of these lowly animals of the field, no exchange of intellectual, refining thoughts, save with his books. "Truly," I said to myself, "it must be a case of 'vae soli' here, if a man is not fond of books or music. I should die of ennui." The dogs rose of their own accord at our near approach, the horse and cow remaining in their fixed positions, while the Father on seeing us stood and "shooed" the hen and her little ones out of the way.

He led us first to the old Mission chapel with its sweet sounding bell, and to our great amusement, the horse, the cow and the great dogs followed us to the great door of the chapel. The Padre turned around and bade them begone and the dogs obeyed, but the horse and cow simply moved away about ten feet and stood there looking after us as we entered the ancient portals. We saw the fine vestments and sacred vessels and pictures, and were examining some antiquated statues over the high altar when we were shocked at hearing the Padre shout: "Shoo! get out of there!" We turned, and heaven preserve us! there was that blessed cow in the church, and horror of horrors! she was actually drinking the holy water out of the font. I regret to confess that we laughed outright in church. His reverence, however, did not see the comical side of us as we did, but indignantly said: "That is the boldest cow I ever saw. She would enter the sanctuary if I permitted, and last evening she ate the cover off my Bible." I have laughed many times over that incident, for it always reminds me of the funny saying of the vaudeville actor about the chasing of the cow out of the hammock.

"This," said the Father leading us into a large room, is called the haunting chamber, and I must confess I have heard strange sounds here at night, but had attributed them to the owls that nestle in the roof. This much is certain that a murder was committed in this room and here is the bloody prints of a hand upon the walls, which though whitewashed many times, still appears again in the course of a few months."

"What is the history of the murder?" one of the party asked. "Well, I do not know," he rejoined, "but if you sit here in the cool shade of the cloisters and partake of a little 'Zinfandel' and a biscuit, I'll tell you the story my fancy has woven around that bloody print upon the wall."

Many years ago, when the monastery was flourishing, and hundreds of Indians were attending the mission, one evening while the Fathers were enjoying their recreation, they were startled by a loud knocking at the door. A lay brother drew aside the bolts and chains and saw standing there a young Indian woman very much excited who, handing the brother a wicker basket, said: "It is for the holy Father, tell them to pray for me," and before the Brother could ask a question, she had vanished into the darkness. The Brother carried the basket into the recreation room, and the assembled friars watched with interest the opening of it, presuming it contained some fresh figs or perhaps peaches or apples. When the cover was taken off, the basket contained nothing else but a pretty little Indian baby girl, with a scrap of paper attached to its white gown, and on which was written, "Baptize it and name it Inez after its unfortunate mother."

The monks were astonished at the presence of the child thus forced upon them and sent for one of the squaws living near the monastery who took care of the little one and nursed it as one of her own. As the child grew up she was called by everyone the daughter of the Mission and it was her delight to bring flowers to deck the altar

of the Madonna and her dear San Miguel. The Fathers all loved this beautiful little girl, and amongst them was one, the youngest in the community, Father Junipero, who used to call her "Baby Blue Eyes." He was a man of twenty-five, she was but a child of twelve, and the love that existed between them as he prepared her for her first Communion was like that of the saints of old. She worshiped him with superstitious reverence and he looked upon her as a lily with a soul. One day whilst explaining the Catechism to her he said, "God is love and love is the greatest thing in the world." "But," said the little questioner, "What is love?" Put the question to yourself, dear reader, and see if you can answer it. Father Junipero after a pause replied: "Well, you see it means that a person cares a great deal for another and wants to do kindness always to him. Now, for instance, Christ has said: 'Greater love than this no man hath, than that he give up his life for his friend.'" "Would you give up your life for me?" said little Inez. The Padre gazed into the tender blue eyes of the child and felt his heart beat with a strange emotion as he answered: "Why, yes, child, I would give my life for you if necessary."

"Well," she said, "I hope it won't be necessary, for I like you so much I could not bear to think of you as dead."

Little Inez made her first Communion, and it was a great day in the monastery. The Fathers were all in the choir at the Mass, and when Father Junipero placed the Sacred Host upon her tongue and said, "Corpus Domini," tears stole down the cheeks of the priest and he whispered to himself, "Yes, Inez, I'd give my life rather than see any harm over-befall you."

Little did he dream how soon his words would be put to the test! There was present at the Mass on that morning a young brave who had taken a passionate fancy to this little budding virgin, and he laid a plan in his mind by which he would steal her away at night and force her to be his wife.

The day passed quickly and at 8 o'clock she was sound asleep in her little hut in the enclosure where the Indians dwelt. In the monastery at 10 o'clock all the monks were asleep except Father Junipero. He turned and looked out into the silvery moonlight that lit up the hills and valleys and caused the cloistered arches to cast great shadows on the pavement of the courtyard. His thoughts were of little Inez, who he prayed the Immaculate Mother to keep her from all harm. "Would it not be grand," said he, almost aloud, "if God called her to be a Poor Clare, to be the first fruit of our labors among the Indians." While he thought thus he heard in the distance a scream, and a white-robed figure rushed into the courtyard, pursued by the tall figure of a man. Padre Junipero saw in an instant that it was Inez who was chased by one of her own tribe, and quickly passing along the corridor, he opened the door leading into the large community room. The girl, panting for breath and her heart beating fast, flew to his arms as a dove flies to the cote when pursued by the cruel hawk. "Save me, Padre Junipero! save me from that horrible man!"

Do not say that that horrible man!" he cried out, "Stand back, you villain; how dare you violate this sanctuary?" The red man was not to be balked by what he contemptuously termed a "squaw monk," and so, instead of replying "No," and so, instead of taking quick aim he went it lying at the head of the Padre. Instinctively the monk raised his hand, but the tomahawk, coming with full force, cut through the parted fingers and dealt him a death blow on the forehead. He reached out his hand to support himself and pressed it against the wall, leaving there a bloody mark of his five fingers; and then, stunned by the blow, fell to the floor. Meanwhile the whole community was aroused and the Indian escaped in the midst of the excitement.

When the Fathers entered the room they saw by the light of the moon which flooded in through the open doorway, a little slender figure in a white robe which was all stained with blood, kneeling beside the prostrate form of Padre Junipero. Life was fast ebbing, and while the monks administered the last sacred rites to him they heard him sob wildly murmur, "Greater love than this no man hath, Inez—pray—for Padre Junipero."

THE STORY OF MORNING TIREDNESS. It is told by impure blood, poor digestion, sluggish liver and tired nerves. It is a warning of very serious trouble ahead, and should prompt sensible people to take a brace for it like Ferreroze, an energetic invigorant and restorer. Ferreroze will give you a sharp appetite, insure good digestion and sound sleep; it will feed and energize the enfeebled organs, strengthen the nerves, and give you a regular, healthy heart. Ferreroze changes that tired feeling into vigor, strength and ambition, and does it quickly. Remember the name and insist on having only FERREROZE: it's the best tonic made. Price 50c per box, 95c boxes for \$2.50. Druggists or N. G. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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SISTER THERESA, THE CHILD-CONTEMPLATIVE.

An exceedingly interesting article is published from the pen of Father McSorley in the Catholic Young Magazine for May concerning the young Carmelite whose autobiography is now the popular religious book. Among many incidents he relates the following:

"Another instructive trait in Sister Therese, and one that will endear her to many souls is this, that she could make little use of a set formula of prayer. As a child at home she would go into a retired spot and think of God for me," and before the Brother could ask a question, she had vanished into the darkness. The Brother carried the basket into the recreation room, and the assembled friars watched with interest the opening of it, presuming it contained some fresh figs or perhaps peaches or apples. When the cover was taken off, the basket contained nothing else but a pretty little Indian baby girl, with a scrap of paper attached to its white gown, and on which was written, "Baptize it and name it Inez after its unfortunate mother."

The monks were astonished at the presence of the child thus forced upon them and sent for one of the squaws living near the monastery who took care of the little one and nursed it as one of her own. As the child grew up she was called by everyone the daughter of the Mission and it was her delight to bring flowers to deck the altar

"What are you saying to our Lord?"

"'Nothing,' she replied; 'I am only loving Him.'"

The following passage, perhaps, will help to give an idea of what she conceived prayer to be:

"Except the Divine Office—which, unworthy as I am, I say gladly every day—I do not choose my prayers out of books. Their number bewilders me, and their beauty makes it hard for me to choose. I cannot say them all. I am unable to make a selection amongst them; so I do like little children who have not learned to read, and simply tell the good God what I want. He never fails to understand me."

"For me prayer is an outburst of the heart, a glance upwards to Heaven, a cry of gratitude and love uttered in affliction or in gladness—or, in short, anything that raises the soul to God. Sometimes, when my mind suffers so much from dryness that not a single good thought occurs, I just say, 'Our Father' or 'Hail Mary,' very slowly. I need no other prayers; these suffice, and are a Divine food for my soul."

Obedient to God.

Oh, that we could take that simple view of things as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great—nay, even to please those whom we love—compared with this? What gain is it to be applauded, admired, courted, followed, compared with this one great aim of not being disobedient to the heavenly visioning—Cardinal Newman.

POOR DIGESTION

Readers the Life of the Dyspeptic Miserable.

FOOD BECOMES DISTASTEFUL AND A FEELING OF A WEARINESS, PAIN AND DEPRESSION ENSUES.

From LeSarcosis, Sorel, Que.

Of the diseases affecting mankind dyspepsia is one of the worst to endure. Its victims find life almost a burden. Food becomes distasteful; they suffer from severe pains in the stomach; sometimes excessive heart palpitation, and a general feeling of weakness and depression. Though this disease is one of the most distressing, it is one which, of the proper remedy is employed, can be readily cured. Thousands throughout this country bear testimony to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a never failing cure. Among them is Mrs. Adolphe A. Latrouse, a well-known and highly esteemed lady residing at Sorel, Que. She says:

"For two years I was a constant sufferer from bad digestion and its accompanying symptoms. Food became distasteful and I grew very weak. I suffered much from pains in the stomach and head. I could not obtain restful sleep and became unfit for all household work. I tried several medicines without finding the least relief and I continually grew worse until in the end I would vomit everything I ate. I had almost given up hope of ever being well again when one day I read of a case similar to mine cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I determined to give these pills a trial and am happy to-day that I did so, as by the time I had taken eight or nine boxes my strength had returned, the pains which had so long racked me disappeared, my stomach would digest food properly and I had fully regained my old time health, and have not since had any return of the trouble."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a purely tonic medicine and unlike all purgatives do not weaken the system, but give life and energy with every dose. They are a certain cure for anaemia, dizziness, heart troubles, rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women an almost constant source of misery. Sold by dealers in medicine, or sent post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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ESPIRITU SANTO. BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER. This book will be held as a notable addition to literature—more than that, as a wholesome contribution to that which is purest and noblest in the world of letters.—Baltimore Mirror. Price \$1.25.



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The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer

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When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

Agents or collectors have no authority to stop your paper unless the amount due is paid.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1902. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

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

London, Saturday, May 24, 1902.

THE SECTS LOSING GROUND.

Various denominations of the United States have recently complained of a great falling off in the natural increase in their ranks which should be expected from the great progress which has taken place in the population of the country.

To ascertain the accuracy of these complaints, the Rev. W. H. Roberts, D. D., Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, recently compiled the record of 7,000 Presbyterian Churches, and discovered that only 81 of these had 50 or more accessions during the year ending May 1st 1901, and that more than 2,000 had no accessions.

Nearly all the Churches that received 50 or more "on confession" were in large cities, and yet there are many large cities which are not on this list, among them being Buffalo, Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Duluth, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, San Francisco.

It is further complained that in candidates for the ministry, the number is still constantly diminishing. This complaint extends to Canada, and a few days ago the Principal of Wickliffe College stated that in that institution, which is Low Church Anglican, the number of students for the ministry is only five this year.

He stated that in the other theological seminaries the number is still less. The demand at the present moment is much in excess of the supply, and the question is seriously asked, "What will become of the denominations if the number of pastors continues to decrease as it has done for several years past?"

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

The city of St. Pierre, on the island of Martinique, has been completely destroyed by an eruption of the volcano Mount Pelée. The volcano burst, and a stream of lava rushed forth so that within one minute nearly the whole city was covered by lava and hot ashes, and at the same time a poisonous stream of sulphuretted hydrogen gas spread over the scene of disaster, and within three minutes the destruction was complete.

The city is a mass of indescribable ruins which strikingly resemble Pompeii. Here and there the outlines of streets can be distinguished, and in many places stretches of walls of houses several yards long are still visible, but battered and crushed at the top. Martinique is one of the Windward West Indian islands and belongs to France. Many expressions of regret have been sent to President Loubet from the sovereigns and other heads of governments of Europe and America.

Contributions have also been sent to relieve the distress of those who survive. The Canadian Parliament before its adjournment voted \$50,000 for this purpose, which will be divided between the sufferers at St. Pierre and St. Vincent.

St. Vincent is a British island in the same group and has suffered in a similar way, but the destruction is not so great. The volcano from which the destructive lava issued

on this island is called the Soufriere; 2,000 deaths occurred here, and 3,000 persons have been rendered homeless. The local government is doing all in its power to relieve their distress, and relief has already reached there from the British island of Trinidad.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Mr. Arthur Balfour on introducing his Educational Bill in the British House of Commons in April made a powerful appeal in favor of giving full justice to the voluntary or denominational schools in the matter of the apportionment of State aid to them to the same extent as to the secular Board Schools. He insisted particularly that as the State does not furnish religious education, the least which should be done is to give to the denominational Schools for secular teaching the same State aid which is given for the secular course in the Board Schools, so that the denominational schools should not be hampered in the excellent work they are doing. He said:

"In my opinion voluntary schools are necessary for another and a very different reason. What is the theory which on both sides of the House we ought to adopt with regard to denominational training in the schools? We do not insist on teaching in this country a particular religion, but we do insist on teaching arithmetic, geography, history, and so forth. In the one case we decline responsibility, leaving it to the parents, and in the other we are agreed that the State may properly take responsibility, ignore small differences, if such exist, and say to every parent: 'So far as secular education is concerned, your children shall learn what we think fit to teach them.' Whatever may be the origin of the present state of things, we have as a community repudiated responsibility for teaching a particular form of religion; we equally assume responsibility for teaching secular learning. As we have thus left to the parent the responsibility in this matter, surely we ought, in so far as we can consistently with the inevitable limitations which the practical necessities of the case put upon us, make our system as elastic as we can in order to meet the wishes of the parents. I do not stand here to plead for any particular form of denominational religion. I do stand here to say that we ought, as much as we can, to see that every parent gets for his child the kind of religious education he desires."

It would be impossible to express more clearly the correct principle by which the importance of religious education in the schools is proved.

THE ROMAN CORRESPONDENTS OF THE PRESS.

Notwithstanding the continually repeated statements of the Roman correspondents of the daily press to the effect that Pope Leo XIII. is very ill, and even dying, the Holy Father is still in a remarkably healthy condition for his very advanced age.

Recent visitors to the Vatican state that he is both cheerful and vigorous, and sustains his onerous work with wonderful elasticity of spirit. In his conversations, he shows perfect knowledge of all the important events which are occurring in the various countries, and it was recently remarked by a member of the diplomatic corps after an interview with him that "he is the eternal youth."

In recent conversations he spoke very freely and affectionately of his godson, King Alfonso of Spain and of the Queen Regent, expressing his best wishes for the youthful king.

It has also been arranged that the Holy Father will send a delegation to assist at the coronation of King Edward VII. It is said that Mgr. Mery del Val will be one of the Holy Father's representatives in London on this occasion. This is the more worthy of remark as it was stated only a few days ago by the regular Roman Correspondent who sends dispatches on behalf of the Associated Press there had been violent disputes in regard to this matter, and that Mgr. Mery del Val and Cardinal Rampolla had positively refused to attend the coronation in London, on the plea that the insulting oath which the King is obliged to take against Catholic doctrine should be a very sufficient reason on account of which there should be no papal delegation. It may be taken for a certainty that though this insult to the Catholic religion deeply felt, there was no serious objection raised against assisting at the coronation on this account, as the coronation is a matter in which the anti-Catholic oath is not to be an issue. It will not come up at all at the coronation, as it was taken once for all at the King's accession, and is not to be repeated.

The truth is that the Roman correspondents of the British and American Protestant Press are entirely unreliable in matters relating to the Pope and the Catholic Church. Incredible as it may appear, while the foreign correspondents are fairly trustworthy in regard to secular matters, when it comes to telling what is transpiring in reference to the Catholic religion, it would seem that the only purpose they have in view is to tell something which will

create a sensation in Protestant circles and give the old women of the Protestant Alliance and similar associations an opportunity to show their wisdom by their confident prophecies that the day of doom is near at hand when the Papal power will draw to its end. It gratifies these people to indulge in such predictions, and the correspondents pander to their desires by furnishing them just such "authentic intelligence" from Rome as will give them their opportunity. Of such predictions there is always a copious crop when a Pope dies, and even when he is supposed, however prematurely, to be seriously ill.

RELIGIOUS VAGARIES.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of Brooklyn has made a new doctrinal discovery in regard to the future of the soul—or rather he has resurrected an old theory in which those who wish to live without the restraint of the fear of God have sometimes taken delight.

This theory is that the souls of the wicked are to be annihilated. The souls of the good are, indeed, to go to heaven, but according to the Doctor's discovery, the words of Scripture that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die" must be taken literally to signify that it will be punished, not with the punishment of hell, but with annihilation. Thus it is that new sects are brought into existence whenever some bold innovator takes a fancy to invent a new doctrine or to resurrect some old heresy. We have no doubt that in his new theory, Dr. Parkhurst will find many followers; but it is nevertheless true that the old faith revealed by God and kept in constant view by the Catholic Church will continue to the end of time to be as true as it was when first revealed. The passage of Scripture which he quotes in favor of his view means that the soul of the sinner will be punished forever, this punishment being spoken of in Holy Scripture as a real death, because it is a separation from a total loss of God, the end for Whom we have created. Thus we find in the Apocalypse of St. John xx. 15-17, (Rev.) "They were judged every one according to their works. And hell and death were cast into the pool of fire. This is the second. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the pool of fire."

The readiness with which new interpretations are given to passages of Holy Scripture, according to the fancies of every reader who seeks for notoriety, is an evidence of the need of a Church of God which will preserve us from being "carried about by every wind of doctrine," this being, according to St. Paul, the purpose for which Christ has established a Church with pastors of various grades that the true teaching "once delivered to the Saints" may be preserved. (Heb. xiii. 9. Eph. iv. 14. Jude 3.)

The Church, and not every individual fancy is the true interpreter of Scripture for,

"No prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation. For prophecy came not by the will of man at any time; but the holy men of God spoke, inspired by the Holy Ghost."

As prophecy comes not by the individual will, neither is it to be interpreted by the individual fancy.

ANGLICANISM IN HAWAII.

As a result of the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, there has been a species of deadlock existing on the islands in regard to whether the Church of England or the American Protestant Episcopal Church should exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction there.

Bishop Willis had been sent to Honolulu as a missionary Bishop under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury without being removed by him. His salary, however, was paid by the English Society for the Promotion of the Gospel in Foreign Lands.

When Hawaii became United States territory, it was understood that under the Anglican theory of natural Churches, the control of the Church there should come under American authority; but Bishop Willis protested against any such transfer. The reason for his thus holding out is known to have been that he had good reason to believe that some of his clergy had entered legal proceedings against him owing to advice received from some of the Episcopal Bishops of the United States.

Hawaii not being a country subject to British rule, Bishop Willis having been once appointed Bishop there was the head of a really independent Church, though nominally acknowledging the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury as his primate; but the separation from the Archbishop became complete on the assumption of the sovereign authority over the islands by the United States, and the American Church asked, and almost insisted upon the resignation of Bishop Willis, and at last, after considerable pressure the Bishop consented to resign, the date of vacating his office being fixed to April 1st,

1902. Since that time Bishop Willis has written an open letter to the American House of Bishops, complaining that he has been treated with great discourtesy; nevertheless, the American Bishops have taken the Church in Hawaii under their full control, and a new Bishop, Mr. Restarick, has been appointed to the See. Mr. Restarick is an Englishman by birth; but he has been for twenty years Rector of St. Paul's Church, San Diego, California.

The most remarkable feature of the transaction is the fact that a transfer of the civil authority of a territory should entail a critical situation in regard to ecclesiastical jurisdiction. There is surely no Scriptural authority making ecclesiastical jurisdiction dependent upon any changes which may occur in the state sovereignty. This is, however, a natural result of the Anglican theory of nationalism, which is on this very account seen to be an absurdity when applied to the situation of the Church.

The acquisition of the Philippine and West Indian islands by the United States made no difference in regard to the jurisdiction of Catholic Bishops there, though we have no doubt that when civil matters on these islands are brought to a permanent condition, the Holy Father will adapt the territorial ecclesiastical conditions to the circumstances which will arise out of the changed civil conditions; but such changes will come from the head of the Catholic Church, and not from either the civil authority or the chances of war.

THE "MORMON PERIL."

The missionaries of the various sects of the United States are in a state of intense alarm over the rapid increase of Mormonism, not alone in Utah but in many of the central and southern states.

A combined manifesto has been recently issued by the secretaries of the Home Missionary Societies of the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Disciples of Christ, and United Brethren Churches appealing to the public to resist the encroachments of the Mormon system, which they say is showing an activity throughout the union which is almost incredible, and that as a consequence it is growing rapidly.

One of these secretaries, the Rev. John D. Nutting of the Utah gospel missions declares that 80,000 of the 88,000 who formed the population of Utah in 1870 were Mormons, but that population had risen in 1900 to 276,740 people according to the census. Of these it is estimated that 220,000 are Mormons, showing an increase of 140,000 in that state alone. It is added that in 1890, Mormonism had only 144,352 adherents in the whole United States, whereas last December the Mormon official reports, which he believes to be correct claimed a total of 310,000 adherents, most of whom are in the United States. Thus in the short period of twelve years the Mormon population must have more than doubled, notwithstanding that missionaries of many denominations were making at the same time strenuous efforts to restrict the Mormon increase.

The Missionary Societies' appeal states that notwithstanding denials of the fact, polygamy is still the practice of the Mormons wherever they take up their abode, and on this ground particularly it urges a united effort on the part of Christians to use energetic means for the purpose of averting the "Mormon peril."

Ohio is said to have given over one hundred converts to Mormonism during 1901, Western Pennsylvania over two hundred, while for the Southern States the average is said to have been about 1,200 for many years past.

We certainly believe that polygamy is a serious danger which ought to be repressed; but it is scarcely any worse than the divorce peril which is also increasing alarmingly as the result of American Protestantism; and there seems to be little use in agitating for a crusade against Mormonism while every encouragement is being given by law and the sects to the spread of the divorce evil, which is on the increase equally with Mormonism and Polygamy.

It is a curious sight to behold the alarm of the Protestant missionaries at the spread of polygamy in America while it is certain that in the far East, as in China and India, polygamy is allowed to so-called converts to Christianity. There must be much elasticity in the Bible if it prohibits polygamy on this continent while allowing it in Manchuria, India and Japan.

Seven Franciscan nuns left Rome a few days ago to proceed to Mozambique, Africa, where they will become nurses in a leper hospital at that city. Of the heroic seven who have thus forever exiled themselves from the world two are French, two are Portuguese, one English, one Canadian and one Italian. The same community conducts a hospital for lepers in China. Seven of the Order in China, by the way, suffered an awful martyrdom in that country during the Boxer uprising.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LONDON.

At the Cathedral on Sunday last, the prayers of the faithful were requested for the welfare of Rev. H. G. Traher, pastor of St. Mary's church, London, who is at present, we regret to state, dangerously ill at Mount St. Joseph.

Shortly after his translation from the parish of Mount Carmel to this city, Father Traher began to labor unceasingly and untiringly in order to accomplish the noble work with which he was entrusted by His Lordship the Bishop. That was to erect another temple for the honor and glory of Almighty God and in some degree commensurate with His dignity and magnificence, and suitable to the requirements of the increasing Catholic congregation in the eastern and southern portions of this city. That Almighty God has singularly blessed and fructified the efforts of His faithful priest and his zealous co-laborers can be testified to by all who have had the pleasure of viewing the beautiful and stately structure situated on the corner of York and Lyle streets, a detailed description of which we published in our columns a short time ago. It is built entirely of grey sandstone and is unique in design and perfect in every detail and will be dedicated on next Sunday, May 25, the feast of the Most Holy Trinity.

During Father Traher's illness—which we trust will be of short duration—Rev. P. J. McKeon of the Cathedral is in charge of St. Mary's church, and to him contributions for the building fund may be sent.

In order to avoid confusion, admission to the dedication ceremony will be by ticket only. These can be procured from Rev. P. J. McKeon; from any of the gentlemen on the committee of management; or at the CATHOLIC RECORD office.

The ceremonies will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m. The dedicant will be Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishops of Hamilton and London, the visiting and local clergy. The Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by Right Rev. J. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton. His Grace the Archbishop will deliver the sermon. In the evening Solemn Pontifical Vespers will begin at seven o'clock. The celebrant will be Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London. The preacher will be His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton.

Haydn's Imperial Mass will be sung by the combined choirs of the Cathedral and St. Mary's. The organist will be Mrs. Jas. P. Murray; leader of orchestra, Mr. James T. Cresswell; conductor, Mr. Roselle Pococke.

At both services, it is expected immense congregations will be in attendance.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE IN HAVANA.

It must be admitted that the Government of the United States have done a great and good work in the city of Havana (Cuba) since the Island has fallen into the hands of the Americans through the fate of war, and the health of the city has been very greatly improved as well as its beauty.

It is stated on the strength of official figures that the average number of deaths per annum from yellow fever during eleven years, from 1889 to 1899, was 440; but in the last mentioned year the number of deaths from that cause was only 101. Since then even the last number has been greatly reduced, whereas in 1901 only 5 fatal cases of the dreadful sickness occurred during the yellow fever season, which extends from April 1 to January 1; and it is remarkable that no cases whatsoever are reported as having occurred in October, November, and December of that year, though previously these were the deadliest months of the year.

The National Geographical Magazine of Washington for April gives much information on this subject with photographs showing the nature and extent of the changes which have been effected, and the greatness of the wonder lies as much in the rapidity and the scientific character of the changes which have been effected, as in their extent. The city was hitherto a nursery of diseases of the most virulent character, but it has been so transformed that it is now said to be more healthy than even Washington or perhaps any other city on the American continent. The change is due, according to the Geographical Magazine, "to the wise, conscientious, and persistent measures which for three years have been enforced in Havana" by the United States officers.

It is said that the natives were opposed to the measures taken, on the ground that they would impose excessively heavy burdens on the people, but they were carried out in spite of this opposition, with the result as we have stated.

One of the measures taken was the thorough cleansing of the houses, streets and sewers. Sixteen thousand

houses were washed with disinfectants in a single month, the materials used being electrozone extracted from seawater, and a solution of hypochlorite of mercury. The course adopted seemed without asking leave from the occupants, and the cleaning squad did the work while the owners or tenants looked on with amazement, and in many instances with threatening aspects, to which the government officials paid no attention. The accumulations of years and decades of filth heaped up in cellars, courts, and closets were resolutely removed.

The cleansing of the sewers was a work still more difficult than that of the houses, as the atmosphere was corrupted with noxious gases, and the sewers themselves choked in many instances with refuse of the years.

The parks were also thoroughly cleaned, and made really pleasure-grounds safe for women and children so that they could amuse themselves therein. They were before overrun by weeds, and were haunted in the darkness by "thieves and thugs"; but now benches have been placed under the trees, trees and shrubs have been planted, and at night electric lamps keep them bright and safe. The roads have also been well paved to the extent of one hundred and twelve miles. The streets were cleansed with disinfectants equally with the houses, so much as 33,000 gallons of electrozone being used for this purpose in a single day.

Other changes have been made with equal thoroughness and the Cubans themselves have become reconciled to them, having made the discovery that they have been an immense benefit to the city, and that they will not cost nearly so much as was expected.

If there were no other benefits arising out of the American occupation of Cuba, all this would justify us in rejoicing therein, if the rights of the Church are properly recognized by the American Government, as it seems probable will be the case.

PRESBYTERIAN CREED REVISION.

The Presbyterian Church Committee of the United States which was entrusted with the duty of preparing a revision of the Church creed had intended to keep private its recommendations until they should have been laid before the General Assembly, but a recent New York despatch states that they have been made known notwithstanding precautions taken for their privacy.

The third chapter of the Confession, which is that which has been found most objectionable, and which is the chief reason on account of which a revision was almost universally demanded, as it has ceased to be believed in by Presbyterians generally, is the one which relates to predestination or foreordination and reprobation, has not been eliminated, but a declaratory footnote has been attached which will not change the wording of the chapter dealing with the subject but will simply declare that the mercy of God is extended to all men, and that the Presbyterian Church does not endorse fatalistic doctrine. The original chapter says that

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death."

It is difficult to reconcile the new to the old creed. The chapter as it stands is undoubtedly the distinctive and fundamental teaching of Calvinism, but with the "explanatory clause" that teaching will as surely be set aside.

Presbyterians generally had certainly reached the conclusion that the doctrine as universally understood by themselves as well as outsiders distorted the infinitely merciful, good, and just character of God, and it is to meet the modern view that the new interpretation has been adopted. We cannot foresee what view will be taken of the matter by the Assembly, but we cannot think otherwise than that the proposition of the Revision Committee is rather a clumsy effort to reproduce the prestigator's thimble trick of "Where is the little joker now?"

It would certainly be more straightforward to do one thing or the other; either to reject the foreordination clause, or to stick to it manfully.

It is undoubted that the sheer Calvinistic or Supralapsarian doctrine as taught by Beza, Gomarus, and Calvin himself was intended by the Westminster Assembly which framed the Confession; and it was always interpreted in this sense by Presbyterians as well as polemists outside of Presbyterianism.

"The First Book of Discipline," which was drawn up at Edinburgh in December 1560, and signed by the great majority of the Scotch nobles and clergy, declared, indeed, that "they took not their example from any kirk in the world—no, not from Geneva," nevertheless it was unmistakably Calvinistic in doctrine and it combined congregational and presbyterian authority in a

manner to suit Scotch Presbytery boasted of its views on foreordination arises out of these doctrines withstanding deal the fact of the Creed teachings of whole world is there is a most acknowledging instead of be created the large percentage of the population. Another do shocked the Confession. I ungenerated even though "things which good use but others."

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CATHOLIC IRELAND.

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manner to suit Calvin's views, and Scotch Presbyterianism has constantly boasted of its thorough Calvinism. But the present departure from Calvin's views on foreordination and reprobation arises out of the growing unbelief in these doctrines for years past. Notwithstanding the efforts made to conceal the fact that the present revision of the Creed is not a change in the teachings of Presbyterianism, the whole world is perfectly conscious that there is a most decided change toward acknowledging that God is merciful, instead of being a tyrant who has created the majority of mankind, and a large percentage of the angels for eternal perdition.

Another doctrine which has always shocked the common sense of mankind is found in the 16th. Chapter of the Confession. It is that all the works of unregenerated man are actually sinful, even though they are in themselves "things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others."

It is true that such works cannot be meritorious of salvation, but the doctrine that they are worthy of damnation is horrible and most unreasonable. The revisers propose to change it so that it may declare that while such works do not merit salvation for the doer, they are of moral value inasmuch as they place the unsaved man on the road to salvation. The original doctrine is admitted to have been put into the Confession of Faith through the unreasoning desire of saying something which would be decidedly antagonistic to the Catholic doctrine that the good works of God's saints increase their reward in Heaven, and that they even form a treasury of merit which is applicable through God's mercy, and by means of indulgences to the benefit of others who are not so far advanced in the way of perfection.

At the time when the Westminster Confession was adopted, the hatred of the Reformers toward the Pope was intense, and it found expression in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Confession which says that "the Pope of Rome is that anti-Christ, that Man of sin and Son of Perdition that exalts himself in the Church against Christ and all that is called God."

This is to be omitted, the revisers contenting themselves with the statement that "There is no other head of the Church but the Lord Jesus Christ."

This is a plausible doctrine, but while it is chiefly aimed as a side thrust against Catholics who believe that under Christ, St. Peter's successor is visible head of the Church, it is also a very direct blow aimed at the Church of England and the Established Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, both of which give the visible headship of the Church to the King of Great Britain.

A curious decision of the revisers is that upon which they have agreed regarding oaths. Not only do they propose to omit the statement that "it is a sin to refuse an oath touching anything that is good and just, being imposed by lawful authority," but it appears from what is published regarding the decisions reached that the obligation of adhering to the truth, and that of binding oneself to do only what is good and just, is also to be omitted.

If this be exactly correct, the whole matter would appear to be a concession to Quakers, who deny altogether the lawfulness of oaths.

We can scarcely imagine Presbyterians going to this extreme, but when a creed is to be amended it is hard to imagine in what shape it will come out of the reviser's hand, so we may wait patiently for the next meeting of the Assembly before making any predictions on this point.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT IRELAND COMPARED.

It cannot be denied, and we do not deny that in comparison with other countries, and especially with other portions of the British Empire, Ireland is a poor and suffering country; but it ill behoves those who have been the cause of Ireland's poverty, or who have taken part with the oppressors of Ireland, and have thus assisted in reducing it to a condition of poverty and suffering to reproach it with the result of their own cruelty. Yet this is precisely what bigots are constantly doing.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Ireland was prosperous. We do not mean to say that the country was contented with its subjugation to British rule which had been gradually becoming more and more strong every succeeding century from the first Anglo-Norman invasion of 1169; but at all events during that period there was not that religious hatred on the part of the rulers of Ireland which culminated in the complete spoliation of the population, and its persecution under the most oppressive and cruel penal code which ever disgraced a professedly Christian nation, and which was the real cause why Ireland was impover-

ished and that the education of the people was practically made an impossibility, unless they would at the same time renounce the Christian faith as it had been transmitted to them from the days of St. Patrick.

And to whom was it due that these cruelties were inflicted? To the Protestants of England, in the forms of Anglicanism and Presbyterianism. In the face of this incontestable fact, we find in the Globe of May 14th a report of a meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Toronto and Kingston, then being held in Toronto, the following piece of impudence uttered by the Rev. Dr. Lyle, convener of a Committee of the General Assembly. Dr. Lyle said:

"Presbyterianism is a great religious moral, and educational factor. For instance, with the exception of Ulster, Ireland is a land of idleness, vice, ignorance, chronic suffering, and chronic woe. Ulster, the worst part of Ireland so far as climate and soil are concerned, is strongly Presbyterian, and the members of the Church there stand first in intelligence and education, and all that constitutes the highest type of Christian citizenship. The British crown and Empire owe a great deal to Presbyterianism, and there have been a number of notable Generals who had been brought up in the atmosphere of the Church, and who in India, South Africa and elsewhere, had upheld British prestige and honor."

We believe that no one who is at all acquainted with the history of British rule in Ireland will deny the cruelty of the penal code under which Ireland was governed down to the date of Catholic Emancipation in 1829. That code impoverished the people, and practically prohibited their education, and we are moderate when we say that even under the most favorable circumstances, and with all the encouragement which good legislation affords, it takes several generations to undo the evil wrought to a nation by centuries of oppression. But though the condition of Ireland has been undoubtedly greatly improved, especially during the last quarter of a century, it cannot be said even now that there has been such favoring legislation to the people in general as might be expected to make them prosperous; and the reason is that it is governed from without by aliens who have no sympathy with the people of Ireland.

We say then that the present time education is generally diffused in Ireland, and the wonder is that so great strides have been made in this direction during the present generation, notwithstanding the fact that even to the present day, the British Government has steadily refused to encourage the education of Catholics, or even to allow a Catholic University to be established, for the Catholics—three-fourths of the population—though there are two Universities for the Protestants, who constitute only 25 per cent. of the people.

In spite of this and other similar facts the number of Catholic pupils attending the National schools of Ireland in 1880 was 865,057, while the non-Catholics numbered 227,963. In the denominational schools in the same year there were 441,612 Catholics and 63,983 Protestants, so that there was a total of 1,296,669 Catholics and 291,946 non-Catholics. (See Encyclopedia Britannica, art. Ireland.) As the Catholic and non-Catholic populations were respectively 3,951,888 and 1,207,951, it will be seen that 100 children out of every 305 Catholics attend school, whereas only the same number out of 414 Protestants were at school. Thus notwithstanding the poverty of the Catholic people, in which Rev. Dr. Lyle glories, it is clear that their love of education is nearly 36 per cent. greater than that of their Protestant fellow-countrymen.

But perhaps Dr. Lyle will say that the Catholic families are larger than the Protestant, and that this accounts for the difference.

Why should Catholic families be larger than the Protestant in the same country, and among people to a considerable extent of the same race? The only solution to this problem is that Catholic parents are more moral, and more faithful to the sanctity of the marriage tie; and in fact statistics show that this is really the case. It thus appears that the thoroughly Catholic counties of Ireland, which are calumniated by Dr. Lyle, are not only the greatest lovers of education, but are also the most moral, and, therefore, Dr. Lyle's aspersions on their character, are simply falsehoods.

The Catholic people of Ireland are not idle, but British legislators impose laws upon Ireland the purpose of which is to kill all the industries of the country. It is for this reason that the people of Ireland have been forced to emigrate, and that their number has diminished more than one-half in half a century. The laws imposed on them by English and Scotch legislators combined have depopulated the country, and then Pharisical theologians like Dr. Lyle proclaim their greater wealth to be an evidence of greater sanctity. We may here add that when the Irish people make homes in other countries,

where they are on an equality with the people of other races, they prosper and progress equally with those of other nations who are in the race with them.

To show briefly the character of the penal code which is the great original cause of Ireland's suffering, we shall here merely quote a sentence from the Report of Lord Gosford, Governor of Armagh in 1795-98. He says:

"It is no secret that a persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country; neither age nor sex is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is a crime, indeed, of easy proof: it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, or an intimate connection with a person professing this faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have denounced is equally concise and terrible—it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and an immediate banishment."

Dr. Lyle's statement that the Catholic parts of Ireland are overrun with vice is shamefully calumnious. We have already spoken of this calumny in regard to one species of vice. Offences against person and property are more grievous and numerous in England and Scotland than in Ireland, and it is well known that intemperance is more rampant in Presbyterian Scotland than in any other part of the British Empire.

Against Pious Humbugs.

Evidently a world-wide reaction is setting in against the mongers of spurious pieties. Apparently, in no country is the reaction more necessary than in France. The Liverpool Catholic Times, quoting the Semaine Religieuse, of Pau, says that the watchful Bishop of that diocese has taken a step which all good and intelligent Catholics will applaud. A certain priest sent round a leaflet which related to some pretended revelations without episcopal sanction. At once the Bishop interdicted his flock from reading it, and in doing so pointedly put his people on their guard against publications of that character, which were nothing else but tricks to make money out of the simple pieties of the Faithful. All sorts of appeals, he says, are put forth with the sole object of raking in money, and the fact of their continuance and their increase is good evidence that they and that the trade pays.

Such disgraceful traffic in holy things must stop, in the diocese of Pau at all events, where, says the Bishop, this pseudo-religious literature has become a peril to souls and furnishes weapons to the enemies of the Church. To put a stop to this nefarious traffic he forbids his flock to help any work outside the diocese which has not his episcopal sanction. All Catholics who love the good estate of their religion will be pleased at the prelate's action. It is insufferable that men should be allowed to gather money by exploiting the pious sentiments of the less instructed of the Faithful, covering their base traffic under the cloak of the holiest names. They have nothing to do with religion, nor it with them. They are pests.

BY ALL MEANS GET MARRIED.

It is Not Necessary to Have a Fortune to Enter This State.

Father Schaecken, who used to be the pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at Riverside, is creating a sensation down in the Greenville section of Jersey City, where he is pastor of St. Paul's Church, says a New York dispatch.

At a recent service in St. Paul's he started in with a talk to the young people of the congregation, and he took them to task because of the apparent disregard of the matrimonial state. According to Father Schaecken there are too few marriages in the parish, and he is at a loss to understand why this condition should exist, when in nearly all of the Catholic parishes in the county marriages are numerous. That the young people of his parish should be so far behind the young folk of other parishes has caused him much surprise and a great deal of regret.

It is the ambition of Father Schaecken to build up St. Paul's parish, and to accomplish this object an increase in membership is essential. "When you are able to do so," said Father Schaecken, "get married. It is not necessary to have a fortune to enter into this state. A man that earns enough to support himself can support a wife—if she is the right kind of a wife and is truly anxious to give her husband that aid essential to matrimonial success. Married people should certainly be congenial, and it behooves young men and women who are contemplating matrimony to endeavor to learn the dispositions of their prospective life-mates. They should endeavor to use common sense in the selection of life partners. If this done the chances for a harmonious wedded existence are excellent."

Death Had No Terrors.

A priest relates that once, when exhorting a very old peasant, who was on the point of entering into his agony, to die with Christian fortitude, the dying man assured him that he saw no terrors in death. On the contrary, he rejoiced. Death was about to reunite him to those whom he had loved in this world and who had gone on to heaven before him, and those friends were much more numerous than the ones he would leave behind him on earth. These are almost literally the words which the wise old pagan, Sophocles, puts into the mouth of Antigone. It is not beautiful minds alone that meet, but beautiful hearts as well, even though long leagues and many centuries divide them.

A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

By ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

The lights extinguished, by the hearth I lean, Half weary with a listless discontent. The flickering giant-shadows, gathering near, Closed round me with a dim and silent fear. All dull, all dark; save when the leaping flame, Glancing, lit up a Picture's ancient frame. Above the hearth hung, perhaps that night, My foolish tremors or the gleaming light, Lent power to that Portrait dark and quaint,— A Portrait such as Rembrandt loved to paint,— The likeness of a Nun. I seemed to trace A world of sorrow in the patient face, In the thin hands folded across her breast:— Its own and the room's shadow hid the rest. I gazed and dreamed, and the dull embers stirred, Till an old legend that I once had heard, Came back to me: linked to the mystic gloom Of that dark Picture in the ghostly room.

In the far south, where clustering vines are hung; Where first the old chivalric lays were sung; Where earliest smiled that gracious child of France, Angel and knight and fairy, called Romance, I stood one day. The warm blue June was spread Upon the earth; blue summer overhead, Without a cloud to fleck its radiant glare, Without a breath to stir its sultry air. All still, all silent, save the sobbing rush Of rippling waves, that lapsed in silver hush Upon the beach; where, glittering towards the strand, The purple Mediterranean kissed the land.

All still, all peaceful; when a convent chime Broke on the mid day silence for a time, Then trembling into quiet, seemed to cease, In deeper silence and more utter peace. So as I turned to gaze, where gleaming white, Half hid by shadowy trees from passer's sight, The Convent lay, one who had dwelt for long In that fair home of ancient tale and song, Who knew the story of each cave and hill, And every haunting fancy lingering still Within the land, spake thus to me, and told The Convent's treasured Legend, quaint and old:—

Long years ago, a dense and flowering wood, Still more concealed where the white convent stood, Borne on its perfumed wings the title came: "Our Lady of the Hawthorns" is its name. Then did that bell, which still rings out to-day, Bid all the country rise, or eat, or pray. Before that convent shrine, the haughty knight Passed the lone vigil of his perilous fight; For humbler cottage straggler or village brawl, The Abbess listened, prayed, and settled all. Young hearts that came, weighed down by love or wrong, Let her kind presence comfort and strong, Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's right Was food, and rest, and shelter for the night. But, more than this, the Nuns could well impart The deepest mysteries of the healing art; Their store of herbs and simples was renowned, And held in wondering faith for miles around. Thus strife, love, sorrow, good and evil fate, Found help and blessing at the convent gate.

Of all the nuns, no heart was half so light, No eyelids veiling glances half as bright, No step that glided with such noiseless feet, No face that looked so tender or so sweet, No voice that rose in choir so pure, so clear, No heart to all the others half so dear, So surely touched by others' pain or woe, (Guessing the grief her young life could not know,) No soul in childlike faith so unadulterated, As Sister Angela's, the "Convent Child." For thus they loved to call her. She had known No home, no love, no kindred, save their own. An orphan to their tender nursing given, Child, plaything, pupil, now the Bride of Heaven. And she it was who trimmed the lamp's red light That swung before the altar, day and night; Her hands it was whose patient skill could trace The finest broidery, weave the costliest lace; And set of all, her first and dearest care, The other she would never miss or share, Was every day to weave fresh garlands sweet, To place before the shrine at Mary's feet, Nature is bounteous in that region fair, For even winter has her blossoms there, Thus Angela loved to count each feast the best, By telling with what flowers the shrine was dressed, In pomp supreme the countless Roses passed, Battalion on battalion thronging fast, Each with a different banner, flaming bright, Damask or striped, or crimson, pink, or white, Until they bowed before a newborn queen, And the pure virgin Lily rose serene. Though Angela always thought the Mother blest Must love the time of her own hawthorn best, Each evening through the year, with equal care, She placed her flowers; then kneeling down in prayer, As their faint perfume rose before the shrine, So rose her thoughts, as pure and as divine, She knelt until the shades grew dim without, Till one by one the altar lights shone out, Till one by one the Nuns like shadows dim, Gathered round to chant their vesper hymn; Her voice then led the music's wondrous flight, And "Ave, Maris Stella" filled the night. But wherefore linger on those days of peace? When storms draw near, then quiet hours must cease War, cruel war, defaces the land, and came So near the convent with its breath of flame, That seeking shelter, frightened peasants fled, Sobbing out tales of coming fear and dread. Till after a fierce skirmish, down the road, One night came straggling soldiers, with their load Of wounded, dying comrades; and the band, Half pleading, yet as if they could command, Summoned the trembling Sisters, craved their care, Then rode away, and left the wounded there. But soon compassion made all fear depart, And bidding every Sister do her part, Some prepare simples, healing salves, or bands, The Abbess chose the more experienced hands, To dress the wounds needing most skillful care; Yet even the youngest Novice took her share. To Angela, who had but ready will And tender pity, yet no special skill, Was given the charge of a young foreign knight, Whose wounds were painful, but whose danger slight. Day after day she watched beside his bed, And first in hushed repose the hours fled: His feverish moans alone the silence stirred, Or her soft voice, uttering some pious word. At last the fever left him; day by day The hours, no longer silent, passed away.

What could she speak of? First, to still his plaints, She told him legends of the martyred saints; Described the pang which through God's piteous grace, Had gained the souls so high and bright a place. This pious artifice soon found success— Or so she fancied—for he murmured less. So she described the glorious pomp sublime, In which the chapel shone at Easter time, The Banners, Vestments, gold, and colors bright, Counted how many tapers gave their light; Then in minute detail went on to say, How the High Altar looked on Christmas day; The kings and shepherds all in green and red, And a bright star of jewels overhead. Then told the sign by which they all had seen How even nature loved to greet her Queen, For, when Our Lady's last procession went Down the long garden, every head was bent And, rosary in hand, each Sister prayed; As the long floating banners were displayed, They struck the hawthorn boughs, and showers and showers Of buds and blossoms strewed her way with flowers.

The knight unwearied listened; till at last He too described the glories of his past; Tourney, and joust, and pageant bright and fair, And all the lovely ladies who were there. But half incredulous she heard. "Could this— This be the world? this place of love and bliss! Where then was hid the strange and hideous charm, That never failed to bring the gazer harm? She crossed herself, yet asked, and listened still, And still the knight described with all his skill The glorious world of joy, all joys above, Transfigured in the golden mist of love. Spread, spread your wings, ye angel guardians bright, And shield these dazzling phantoms from her sight! But no; days passed, matins and vespers rang, And still the quiet Nuns toiled, prayed, and sang, And never guessed the fatal, coiling net, Which every day drew near, and nearer yet, Around their darling; for she went and came About her duties, outwardly the same. The same? ah, no! even when she knelt to pray, Some charmed dream kept all her heart away.

So days went on, until the convent gate Opened one night. Who durst go forth so late? Across the moonlit grass, with stealthy tread, Two silent, shrouded figures passed and fled, And all was silent, save the moaning seas, That sobbed and pleaded, and a wailing breeze That sighed among the perfumed hawthorn-trees, What need to tell that dream so bright and brief, Of joy unheeded by a dread of grief? What need to tell how such dreams must fade, Before the slow, foreboding dreaded shade, That floated nearer, until pomp and pride, Pleasure and wealth, were summoned to her side, To bid, at least, the noisy hours forget, And clamor down the whispers of regret. Still Angela strove to dream, and strove in vain; Awakened once, she could not sleep again. She saw each day and hour, more worthless grown The heart for which she cast away her own; And her soul learnt, through bitterest inward strife The slight, frail love for which she wrecked her life The phantom for which all her hope was given, The cold bleak earth for which she bartered heaven, But all in vain; would even the tenderest heart Now stoop to take so poor an outcast's part?

Years fled, and she grew reckless more and more, Until the humblest peasant closed his door, And where she passed, fair dames, in scorn and pride, Shuddered, and drew their sparkling robes aside. At last a yearning seemed to fill her soul, A longing that was stronger than control; Once more, just once again, to see the place That knew her young and innocent; to retrace The long and weary southern path; to gaze Upon the haven of her childish days; Once more beneath the convent roof to lie; Once more to look upon her home—and die! Worn and worn—her comrades, chill remorse And black despair, yet a strange silent force Within her heart, that drew her more and more— Onward she crawled, and begged from door to door. Weighed down with weary days, her failing strength Grew less each hour, till one day's dawn at length, As first its rays flooded the world with light, Showed the broad waters, glittering blue and bright, And where, amid the leafy hawthorn wood, Just as of old the quiet cloister stood. Had lost all trace of youth, of joy, of grace, Of the pure, happy soul they used to know— The novice Angela—so long ago. She rang the convent bell. The well-known sound Smote on her heart, and bowed her to the ground. And she who had not wept for long, dry years, Felt the strange rush of unaccustomed tears; Terror and anguish seemed to check her breath, And stop her heart. "O God! could this be death? Crouching against the iron gate, she laid Her weary head against the bars, and prayed; But nearer footsteps drew, then seemed to wait; And then she heard the opening of the grate, And saw the withered face, on which awoke Pity and sorrow, as the portress spoke. And asked the stranger's bidding: "Take me in." She faltered, "Sister Monica, from sin, And stop her heart. O God! could this be cease; O, take me in, and let me die in peace!" With soothing words the Sister bade her wait, Until she brought the key to unbar the gate. The beggar tried to thank her as she lay, And heard the echoing footsteps die away. But what soft voice was that which sounded near, And stirred strange trouble in her heart to hear? She raised her head; she saw—she seemed to know— A face that came from long, long years ago: Herself; yet not as when she fled away, The young and blooming novice, fair and gay, But a grave woman, gentle and serene; The outcast knew it—what she might have been, But, as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright Filled all the place with strange and sudden light! The Nun was there no longer, but instead, A figure with a circle round its head, A ring of glory; and a face, so meek, So soft, so tender,—"Angela strove to speak, And stretched her hands out, crying, "Mary mild, Mother of mercy, help me!—help your child!" And Mary answered, "From thy bitter past, Welcome, my child! O, welcome home at last! I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none, For all thy daily duties I have done; Gathered thy flowers, and prayed and sung, and slept; Didst thou not know, poor child, thy place was kept? Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one Have limits to its mercy; God has none. And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet, But yet he stoops to give it. More complete Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet, And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says, "Forgiven!" Back hurried Sister Monica; but where Was the poor beggar she left lying there? And she searched in vain, and sought the place For that wan woman, with the piteous face; But only Angela at the gateway stood, Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood, And never did a day pass by again, But the old portress, with a sign of pain, Would sorrow for her loitering; with a prayer That the poor beggar, in her wild despair, Might not have come to any ill; and when She ended, "God forgive her!" humbly then Did Angela bow her head, and say, "Amen!" How pitiful her heart was! All could trace Something that dimmed the brightness of her face After that day, which none had seen before; Not trouble—but a shadow—nothing more.

Years passed away. Then, one dark day of dread Saw all the Sisters kneeling round a bed, Where Angela lay dying; every breath Struggling beneath the heavy hand of death. But suddenly a flush lit up her cheek, She raised her wan right hand, and strove to speak. In sorrowing love they listened; not a sound Or sigh disturbed the utter silence round. The very tapers' flames were scarcely stirred, In such hushed awe the Sisters knelt and heard. And through that silence Angela told her life: Her sin, her flight; the sorrow and the strife, And the return; and then clear, low and calm, "Praise God for me, my sisters!" and the psalm Rang up to heaven, far and clear and wide, Again, and yet again, then sank and died; While her white face had such a smile of peace, They saw she never heard the music cease; And weeping Sisters laid her in her tomb, Crowned with a wreath of perfumed hawthorn bloom.

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THE KID ENGINEER

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

When the big strike caught us at Zanesville we had one hundred and eighty engineers and firemen on the pay-roll. One hundred walked out. One of these men—stayed with the company; that was Dad Hamilton.

"Yes," growled Dad, combating the protests of the strikers' committee, "I belong to your lodge. But I'll tell you now—an I've told you afore—I ain't goin' to strike on the company so long as Neighbor is master-mechanic on this division. Ain't a goin' to do it, an' you might as well quit. 'F you jaw here from now till Christmas 'twon't change my mind n'r a bit."

And they didn't change it. Through the calm and through the storm—and it stormed hard for a while—Dad Hamilton, whenever we could supply him with an engineer, fired religiously.

No other man in the service could have done it without getting killed; but Dad was old enough to father any man among the strikers. Moreover, he was a giant physically, and eccentric enough to move along through the heat of the crisis indifferent to the abuse of other men. His gray hairs and his tremendous physical strength saved him from personal violence.

Our master-mechanic, "Neighbor," was another big man—six feet an inch in his stockings, and as strong as a drawbar. Between Neighbor and the old fireman there existed some sort of a bond—a liking, an affinity. Dad Hamilton had fired on our division ten years. There was no promotion for Dad; he could never be an engineer, though only Neighbor knew why. But his job of firing on the river division was sure as long as Neighbor signed the pay-rolls at the round-house.

Hence there was no surprise when the superintendent offered him an engine, just after the strike, that Dad refused to take it.

"I'm a fireman, and Neighbor knows it. I ain't no engineer. I'll make steam for any man you put in the cab with me, but I won't touch a throttle for no man. I laid it down, and I'll never pinch it again—an' no offence 't you, Neighbor, neither."

Thus ended negotiations with Dad on that subject; threats and entreaties were useless. Then, too, in spite of his professed willingness to throw coal for any man we put on his engine, he was continually rowing about the green runners we gave him. From the standpoint of a railroad man they were a tough assortment; for a fellow may be a good painter, or a handy man with a jack-plane, or an expert machinist, even, and yet a failure as an engine-runner.

After we got hold of Foley, Neighbor put him on awhile with Dad, and the grizzled fireman quickly declared that Foley was the only man on the pay-roll who knew how to move a train.

The little chap proved such remarkable find that I tried hard to get some of his Eastern tricks to come out and join him. After a good bit of hustling we did get half a dozen more leading boys for our new corps of engine-men, but the East-End officials kept all but one of them on their own divisions. That one we got because nobody on the East End wanted him.

After we got hold of Foley, Neighbor put him on awhile with Dad, and the grizzled fireman quickly declared that Foley was the only man on the pay-roll who knew how to move a train.

"What's his name?" asked Foley. "Is he off the Reading?" "Claims he is; his name is McNeal." "McNeal?" echoed Foley, surprised. "Not George McNeal?" "I don't know what his first name is; he's nothing but a boy."

"Dark-complected fellow?" "Perhaps you'd call him that; sort of soft-spoken."

"George McNeal, sure's you're born. If you've got him you've got a bird. He ran opposite me between New York and Philadelphia on the limited. I want to see him, right off. If it's George, you're all right."

Foley's talk went a good ways with me any time. When I told Neighbor about it he picked up his ears. While we were debating, in rushed Foley with the young fellow—the kid—as he called him. Neighbor made another survey of the ground in short order; ran a new line, as Foley would have said. The upshot of it was that McNeal was assigned to an engine straightway.

As luck would have it, Neighbor put the boy on the 244 and Dad Hamilton; and Dad trembled at once to make what Foley termed "a great roar."

"What's the matter?" demanded Neighbor, roughly, when the old fireman complained.

"If you're goin' to pull these trains with boys I guess it's time for me to quit; I'm gettin' pretty old, anyhow."

"What's the matter?" growled Neighbor, still surlier, knowing full well that if the old fellow had a good reason he would have blurted it out at the start.

"Nothin's the matter; only I'd like my time."

"You won't get it," said Neighbor, roughly. "Go back on your run. If McNeal don't behave, report him to me, and he'll get his time."

It was a favorite trick of Neighbor's. Whenever the old fireman got "buckling" about his engineer, the master-mechanic threatened to discharge the engineer. That settled it; Dad Hamilton wouldn't for the world be the cause of throwing another man out of a job, no matter how little he liked him.

The old fellow went back to work mollified; but it was evident that he and McNeal didn't half get on together. The boy was not much of a talker; yet he did his work well and Neighbor said, next to Foley, he was the best man we had.

"What's the reason Hamilton and McNeal can't hit it off, Foley?" I asked one night. "They'll get along all right after a while," predicted Foley. "You know

the old man's stubborn as a dun mule, ain't he? The injectors bother George some; they did me. He'll get used to things. But Dad thinks he's green—that's what's the matter. The kid is high-spirited, and seeing the old man's kind of got it in for him he won't ask him anything. Dad's sore about that, too. George won't knuckle to anybody that don't treat him right."

"You'd better tell McNeal to humor the old crank," I suggested; and I believe Foley did so, but it didn't do any good. Sometimes those things have to work themselves out without outside help. In the end this thing did, but in a way none of us looked for.

About a week later Foley came into the office one morning very much excited.

"Did you hear about the boy's getting pounded last night—George McNeal? It's a shame the way these fellows act. Three of the strikers piled on him while he was going into the post-office, and then they got out of on a man's back that way!"

"Foley," said I, "that's the first time they've tackled one of Dad Hamilton's engineers."

"They'd never have done it if they thought there was any danger of Dad's getting after them. They know he doesn't like the boy."

"It's an outrage; but we can't do anything. You know that. Tell McNeal to keep away from the post-office. We'll get his mail for him."

"I told him that this morning. He's in bed, and looks pretty hard. But he won't dodge those fellows. He claims it's a free country," grinned Foley.

"But I told him he'd get over that idea if he stuck out this trouble."

It was three days before McNeal was able to report for work, though he received full time just the same. Even then he wasn't fit for duty, but he begged Neighbor for his run until he got it. The strikers were jubilant while the boy was laid up; but just what Dad thought no one could find out. I wanted to tell the old growler what I thought of him, but Foley said it wouldn't do any good, and might do harm, so I held my peace.

One might have thought that the injustice and brutality of the thing would have roused him; but men who have repressed themselves till they are gray-headed don't rise in a hurry to resent a wrong. Dad kept as mute as the Sphinx. When McNeal was ready to go out the old fireman had the 224 shiner; but if the pale face of his engineer had any effect on him, he kept it to himself.

As they rattled down the line with a long stock-train that night neither of them referred to the break in their run. Coming back next night the same silence hung over the cab. The only words that passed over the boiler-head were "strickly business," as Dad would say.

At Oxford they were laid out by a Pullman special. It was 3 o'clock in the morning and raining hard. Under such circumstances an hour seems all night. At last Dad himself broke the unresponsive silence.

"He'd have waited a good bit longer if he had waited for me to talk," said the boy, telling Foley afterwards.

"Heard you got licked," growled Dad, after tinkering with the fire for the twentieth time.

"I didn't get licked. I never had a chance to fight."

"These fellows hate to see a boy come out and take a man's job. Can't blame 'em much, neither."

"Whose job did I take?" demanded George, angrily. "Was any of those fellows that jumped on me in the dark looking for work on this engine?"

There was nothing to say to that. Dad kept still.

"You talk about men," continued the young fellow. "If I am not more of a man than to slug a fellow from behind, the way they slugged me, I'll get off this engine and stay off. If that's what you call men out here I don't want to be a man. I'll go back to Pennsylvania."

"Why didn't you stay there?" growled Dad.

"Why didn't you?"

Without attempting to return the shot, Dad pulled nervously at the chain.

"If I hadn't been fool enough to go out on a strike I might have been run out there yet," continued George.

"Ought to have kept away from the post-office," grumbled Dad, after a pause.

I get a letter twice a week that I think more than I do of this whole road, and I propose to the post-office and get it without asking anybody's permission."

"They'll pound you again."

George looked out into the storm.

"Well, why shouldn't they? I've got no friends."

"Got a girl back in Pennsylvania?"

"Yes, I've got a girl there, as the boy, as the rain tore at the cab window. She's gray-headed and sixty years old—that's my girl—and if she can write letters to me, I can get them out of the post-office without a guard."

"There she comes," said Dad, as the head-light of an allman special shone faint ahead through the mist.

"I'm mighty glad of it," said George, looking at his watch. "Give me some now, Dad, and I'll get you home in time for a nap before breakfast."

A minute later the special shot over the switch, and the young runner, crowding the pistons a bit, started off the siding. When Dad, looking back for the hind-end brakeman, called all clear, switch and swing on, called all clear, George pulled her out another notch, and the long train slowly gathered headway up the slippery track.

As the speed increased the young man and the old relapsed into their usual silence. The 244 was always a free steamer, but George put her through her paces without any apology, and it took lots of coal to square the account.

In a few minutes they were pounding along up through the Narrows. The track there follows the high bench between the bluffs, which sheer up on

one side, and the river-bed, thirty feet below the grade, on the other.

It is not an inviting stretch any time with a big string of gondolas behind. But on a wet night it is the last place on the division where an engineer would want a side-road to go wrong; and just there and then George's rod went very wrong indeed.

Half-way between centres the big steel bar on his side, dipping then so fast you couldn't have seen it even in daylight, snapped like a stick of licorice. The hind end ripped up into the cab like the nose of a sword-fish, tearing and smashing with appalling force and fury.

George McNeal's seat burst under him as if a stick of giant-powder had exploded. He was jammed against the cab roof like a link-pin and fell sprawling, while the monster steel fell through and tore through the cab with every lightning revolution of the great driver from which it swung.

It was a frightful moment. Anything thought or done must be thought and done at once. It was either to stop that train—and quickly—or to pound along until the 244 jumped the track, and lit in the river, with thirty cars of coal to cover it.

Instantly—so Dad Hamilton, afterwards told me—instantly the boy, scrambling to his feet, reached for his throttle—reached for it through a rain of iron blows, and staggered back with his right arm hanging like a broken wing from his shoulder. And back again after it—after the throttle with his left; slipping and creeping carefully this time up the throttle lever until, straining and twisting and twisting, he caught the latch and pushed it tightly home, Dad whistling vigorously the while for brakes.

Relieved of the tremendous head on the cylinder the old engine calmed down enough to let the two men collect themselves. Rapidly as the brakes could do it, the long train was brought up standing, and George, helped by his fireman, dropped out of the cab, and set about disconnecting—the engine with his one arm—the formidable ends of the broken rod.

It was a slow, difficult piece of work to do. In spite of their most active efforts the rain chilled them to the marrow. The train-crew gave them as much help as willing hands could, which wasn't much; but by every man doing something they got things fixed, called in their flagmen just before daybreak, and started home. When the sun and stars shone, grim and silent, the throttle in his left hand, was urging the old engine along on a dog-trot across the Blackwood flats; and so, limping in on one side, the kid brought his train into the Zanesville yards, with Dad Hamilton unable to make himself helpfully enough, unable to show his appreciation of the skill and the grit that the night had disclosed in the kid-engineer.

The hostler waiting in the yard sprang into the cab with amazement on his face, and was just in time to lift a limp boy out of the old fireman's arms and help Dad get him to the ground—for George had fainted.

When the 244 reached the shops a few minutes later they photographed that cab. It was the worst case of rod-smashing they had ever seen; and the West-End shops have caught some pretty tough-looking cabs in their day.

The boy who stopped the cyclone and saved his train and crew lay stretched on the lounge in my office waiting for the company surgeon. And old Dad Hamilton—erabbed, irascible boy exactly like an excited old rooster—first bringing ice, and then fanning him with a time-table. It was worth a small smash-up to see it.

The one sweep of the rod which caught George's arm had broken it in two places, and he was off duty three months. But it was a novelty to see that boy walk down to the post-office, and hear the strikers step up on him and his arm around Zanesville after him was refreshing. The kid engineer had won his spurs.

The next story of this series will appear in our issue of June 7.

IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

Confidence to be Placed in Our Lady.

That all may know the General Intention for the present month and that the faithful may start from the very first day, His Holiness has given his approbation of the following, issued by the League of the Sacred Heart:

At no time in the history of the Church have the shrines of Our Lady been so much frequented and honored as they are to-day. Through Lourdes may be present among them for the vast throng of pilgrims who congregate there and for the marvelous evidences of her favor witnessed there almost daily, it should not make us overlook the thousands of shrines and sanctuaries still more venerable and quite as distinguished for manifestations of piety and confidence on the part of her clients.

Intelligent people, who know no more than the externals of our religion, all admire, if they do not feel moved to imitate this devotion to the Mother of God. They appreciate the spirit which prompts it, and its influence on our relations to Almighty God. They would blush to repeat the apprehension of an outworn prejudice that this recourse to Our Lady lessens our sense of dependence on God. They have learned to respect her religious celebrations in her favor by immigrants to our shores from sunnier climes, extravagant though they may seem to us. Statues of St. Mary the Virgin and churches erected under her patronage are no longer uncommon, at least among our Episcopalian friends. The Madonnas of painters, and the long train slowly gathered headway up the slippery track.

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long Catholics say, and that without apparent regret, they do not feel specially drawn toward the Blessed Virgin. Some converts, too, complain of this, but usually, unlike their fellow-Catholics, in this matter, they complain of it in terms of self-reproach. In Catholics from childhood this lack of devotion might be explained by the readiness with which they take up everything recommended to them as a devotion, and thus distract their minds and dissipate their emotions so as to be unable to apply them to objects really worthy of devotion.

Most of them however, as all the converts who really lack devotion to Our Lady, could account for this by the fact, either that they were not trained to cultivate it when young, or that in later life it was recommended to them in a way to repel rather than to attract their interest. Childlike confidence is the chief thing needed for devotion to Our Lady, and this is not easy to acquire in later life without proper direction and diligence, or even in earlier years without a thorough religious training at home and at school. It is not enough to respect Mary as Mother and to conceive a high regard for her sanctity and prerogatives, and to feel her simplicity trust in another's fidelity, belief in the power and reliance on the readiness of another to help us by granting or obtaining what we need.

Confidence in the Mother of God implies a disposition to make known to her the most secret needs and wishes of our hearts, to invoke her aid, to obtain the favor of her powerful intercession. It is the highest expression of our filial love for her to whom we become sons by our brotherhood with Jesus Christ. She loves us with a tenderness no words can express, with a love that is not less for each one personally, because our number is multiplied, and her love is so constant that neither time nor absence, nor our own indifference or ingratitude can turn her from us. She is all-powerful with God, "full of grace," worthy of every divine favor, and consequently able to prove her love by obtaining for us from Him His choicest gifts. We need but to invoke her aid to obtain what we desire, and with each new gift a new motive of confidence. We cannot exhaust her generosity. We need not exhaust her generosity. We need not exhaust her generosity. We need not exhaust her generosity.

Thoughts on Our Lady. O Mary, who so much desire to see Jesus loved, if thou lovest me, the favor that I now ask of thee is to obtain for me a great love of Jesus Christ!—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Go to our Lady, whose love is as the sea; pray her to help you to overcome your faults, to obtain for you never to commit a deliberate fault, never to offend God. She will not only make you very good but very happy.—Father Dignam, S. J.

Intelligent people who know no more than the externals of our religion, all admire, if they do not feel moved, to imitate our devotion to the Mother of God. They appreciate the spirit which prompts it, and its influence on our relations to Almighty God. This change of sentiment cannot all be explained by the enlightenment or liberality of the age; the constancy of Catholic devotion has had much to do with it, but without a doubt Our Lady's own sweet influence has been the chief factor in bringing it about.

THE BLOOM OF HEALTH. How to Keep Little Ones Bright, Active and Healthy.

Every mother knows that little children need careful attention—but they do not need strong drugs. When baby is peevish, cross or unwell, it is an unfortunate fact that too many mothers dose them with so-called "soothing" medicines which stupefy and put the little one into an unnatural sleep, but do not remove the cause of the trouble.

What is wanted to make the little one bright, cheerful and well, is Baby's Own Tablets, which will promptly cure colic, vomiting, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and soothing troubles. They give children sound, refreshing sleep, because they remove the cause of the trouble. These tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Mrs. James Fount, Valentin, Ont., says: "Before I got Baby's Own Tablets, my baby was very pale and delicate, and so peevish that I had to walk the floor with him day and night. The first tablet I gave him helped him, and that night he slept soundly. Since then the tablets have made him perfectly well, and he is now a fine, healthy looking baby, and is getting quite fat. I would not be without the tablets if they cost a dollar a box."

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages and are taken as readily as candy. Crushed to a powder, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Miss Jones' Voice Greatly Improved. A startling improvement is noticeable in Miss Jones' singing. Her voice is stronger, and sounds clearer and sweeter than before using Catarrhose, which is a wonderful aid to singers, speakers and musicians. Catarrhose makes the voice brilliant and enduring, and is uncommonly well recommended by Prima Donnas, members of Parliament, Lawyers, Doctors and thousands that use it daily. Better by Catarrhose. Price \$1.00 per six 6's. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns from my hands by the use of Holy Way's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

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THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. American Herald.

The Mass is a work to which the salvation of the world is attached.—St. Oden, Abbot of Cluny.

It is to the Mass that the earth owes its preservation—without this sacrifice it would long ago have been annihilated on account of the sins of men.—Timothy of Jerusalem.

Every time that the Lord is immolated on our altars He confers no less favor on the world than which He gave it in becoming man.—St. Bonaventure.

The sacrifice of the altar, being but the application and the renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross, a Mass is, in regard to the well-being and salvation of men, as efficacious as the Sacrifice of Calvary.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

A Mass is worth just as much as the death of Christ on the Cross.—St. John Chrysostom.

Should anyone die on the day on which he has piously assisted at Mass, without being able to receive the Sacrament, he is considered to have received them, provided he had at his death contrition for his sins.—St. Augustine.

He who hears Mass in the state of grace, for a greater reason, the priest who celebrates in piety, merits more than if he went on a pilgrimage all over the world, and gave all his possessions to the poor.—St. Bernard.

Without doubt God will grant us all that we ask of Him during the Mass, and very often He grants more than we ask for.—St. Jerome.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is so excellent that nothing created can give us an adequate idea of it. Add together all the merits of the incomparable Mary, all the adorations of the Angels, all the sufferings of the Martyrs, all the austerities of the Anchorite, all the purity of the Virgins, all the virtues of the Confessors; in a word, all the merits of the Saints who, who are, or who will be, from the beginning of the world to the consummation of ages; then join to all these merits the virtues and merits of millions and millions of supposed worlds still more perfect than ours—and still you cannot have the exact idea of the value of one Mass. A Mass in value is infinitely beyond all these, and never can there be a comparison between the finite and the infinite. Reason itself is not slow in comprehending this. All the honors, all the homages which all actual and possible creatures can give to God, even though they should be incalculably more perfect than they now are, have but finite value, whereas the honor given to God from Mass is infinite. Faith proclaims all this, and there can be no question on this matter. The Sacrifice, considered in itself, is of value infinitely beyond the conception of the highest Angel in Heaven!

Hence there is no action that is more dear to God than the Holy Mass; none that renders Him so much glory; that disarms so efficaciously His wrath; that obtains more successfully His favors than is more succoring to the Church on earth, or more comforting to the souls in purgatory, or gives more joy to the Church triumphant in Heaven.

And the fruits of the Holy Mass are simply innumerable. Those specially

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mentioned in the "Sayings of Saints" above will suffice to give you a fair idea of them.

Always, then, hear Mass when an opportunity is given you, not only on a Sunday, but also on other days, even though the church be far away and the weather somewhat unpleasant, and make it a point to be in time. And, when attending, avoid all willful distractions and sinful behavior, such as laughing, talking, gazing about, disturbing others. Comply with the ceremonies, and do it reverently; when called for stand erectly, kneel devoutly, or sit devoutly. Always remember that, while Mass is being said, you are present at the same spectacle that the Jews witnessed when Christ was crucified on Calvary, then Mass will be for you a strong means of salvation.

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be. Nor have all things been, when compared with Thee. In having all things, and not Thee, what have I? Not having Thee, what have my labors got? Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I? And having Thee, what have I not? I wish no sea nor land; nor would I be Possessor of Heaven, Heaven unpossessed of Thee. —F. QUARLES.

Powerful Words. God knows it and He loves me! Oh! the marvelous power of these words! They adapt themselves to every circumstance in life and to every situation of the soul. All that is necessary that they should produce their effect is that we should "watch over the purity of our souls and our union with God." —Golden Sands.

THOUGHTS ON OUR LADY. O Mary, who so much desire to see Jesus loved, if thou lovest me, the favor that I now ask of thee is to obtain for me a great love of Jesus Christ!—St. Alphonsus Liguori. Go to our Lady, whose love is as the sea; pray her to help you to overcome your faults, to obtain for you never to commit a deliberate fault, never to offend God. She will not only make you very good but very happy.—Father Dignam, S. J.

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Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway. QUALIFIED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Clearing Right of Way" will be received at this office until noon on Friday, the 23rd of May, 1902, for clearing the first two sections of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, extending twenty miles northward from North Bay. Plans and specifications of the work may be seen and full information obtained at the office of the Chief Engineer at North Bay, or at the Department of Public Works, Toronto. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied for this purpose by the Department of Public Works, and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Commissioner of Public Works, for \$500, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party whose tender is accepted declines to enter into a contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the parties whose tenders are not accepted. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. F. R. LATCHFORD, Commissioner. Department of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., 7th May, 1902. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for. 1250-2.

