

The Catholic Record.

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

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OUT OF DATE.

We are glad to notice that the "good fellow" who is a fool as a rule is going out of fashion. From any point of view it is unprofitable to be classed with the men who frequent the road houses and who seek enjoyment in the turning of themselves into receptacles for rum. This type of man is out of date. He is not wanted—either in the factory or office or the family. If wise he will adjust himself to present conditions: if not he will remain where he is—among the gentry of aromatic breath who are cyphers in the community. Time was when advocates of temperance were dubbed cranks, but that time is passed. To-day the individual, knowing that to keep pace at all with the age, he must have brain undimmed and nerves tense, recognizes that temperance is an essential condition of success. However capable, the drinker cannot ordinarily win over the total abstainer. He may outstrip him for a lap or two in the race, but in the home stretch the blood tainted by alcohol tells and cries out "Victory."

"A MORE DECENT METHOD OF GAINING A LIVELIHOOD."

The Catholics who make a living by drink are wont to resent anything that may tend to lessen their income. But the saloon keeper should not lose sight of the fact that he is not so potent as formerly. He should remember that he has been exhorted to adopt if he can "a more decent way of gaining a livelihood," and he is warned that if by his fault or co-operation religion is dishonored or men are led to ruin, he must know that there is in Heaven an Avenger who will surely exact from him the most severe penalties. These facts, together with the knowledge that his business draws curses from children and wives, and that in his particular bar room many a young man has learned the way to destruction end hell, should assuredly trouble his peace. As he counts the contents of the cash drawer he should remember that these dimes and dollars represent suffering and poverty for others. For him they mean a comfortable home, silk attired daughters and wives, but they are burdened likewise with disgrace and shame for himself and family. For the God-fearing citizen and the man addicted to drink know that the drink dispenser who batters on the community, who gives it neither the help of hand nor of head, and who lives and dies in an occupation over which hangs a heavy cloud of religious and social disgrace, is entitled to little respect.

Saloon keeping is in itself a legitimate business. Of course! But if the saloon keeper find out what safeguards are indicated by the church as the only means of keeping it legitimate, he must have a very perturbed conscience. If disposed to cavil at our remarks, let him ask himself if wives and mothers have no voice in this matter. If they tell us they have contributed generously to charitable purposes we may rejoice that, with saloon keepers in another line of business, we should have money and to spare for all worthy objects. Schools would be the gainers and orphanages would have less children dependent on alms. And the church of Christ—the church of the spirit and of self sacrifice—would not have so many Catholic drunkards and would be able to show the unbeliever, the cynical, the non-Catholic, a membership-roll undefiled by the name of any saloon-keeper. Let us remember that Bishop Watterston decided some years ago for his diocese, Columbus, that saloon-keeping is as a rule an evil occupation; even the ideal saloon keeper cannot rid himself of its shame; and upon him, as upon his whole class, the church frowns in anger and sorrow, and from Catholic gatherings and organizations she bids him retire to corners of silence and obscurity.

TOO MANY SALOONS.

In addressing the grand jury at the opening of the court the Hon. Mr. Justice Teetzel referred to the Larocque murder trial, and said it was another instance of the baneful effect of over-indulgence in drink. It was a lamentable fact, he said, that out of ten cases of homicide he had tried seven men on trial were in that position through drink, and in two or three other cases the victims had been intoxicated and had brought the attack on themselves. He was pleased at the sentiment expressed throughout the

province in favor of a reduction of the number of licenses. That, as he declared, almost every city has more licensed places than are necessary, is due to our mind to the indifference and neglect of the citizen. The liquor men are organized, with lawyers to warn them against every obstacle; we have no unity, no compactness, and are handicapped by adherents whose hearts are better than their heads. While we take vocal exercise the liquor men who control vast interests and pull the strings of a hundred bar rooms are watching, and contravening when possible, every move of the lawmaker. And, entrenched behind the law and money-bags, and donations to this and that, always as a matter of business, they ask the few indignant citizens: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Resolutions are of no avail, and the fiery eloquence looks pale by the sheen of the dollar. The first and most necessary step toward reform— we quote Archbishop Ireland—is to reduce beer and whiskey men and their friends to obscurity, to wrest completely from their hands the helm of government in village, city and state. This will be done when Catholic and non-Catholic stand in this matter on a common platform. And the first plank in that platform should be: Vote for the men who promise to hold above party cries the welfare of Canada and its citizens.

A DUTY.

We are sure that in every city and hamlet the citizens, if so minded, can express their disapprobation of the liquor traffic in no unequivocal manner. They are not obliged, for instance, to sign liquor licenses. Why should they sanction a traffic that is, as we are told, ruining thousands of young men in Ontario? Why should they look with favor upon the establishment of a business that will be a menace to the health, happiness and morality of hundreds of their fellow-citizens. Why should they permit the saloon-keeper, whose business is responsible for nine-tenths of the misery of the working classes, to prey upon the community? Why, if conscious of our duty towards our brethren, should we not bid the prospective dabbler in rum to earn his bread in manlike fashion? At all events, every citizen who wishes to see man and God honored, and every wife and mother who pales at the thought of son or husband bearing the brand of the drunkard, should never sign a liquor license. They should bear in mind that, as a former superintendent of the New York police department said: "If we cannot hunt Vice and Crime to their lair we will be pretty sure to find them in the gin-mill."

Are we then going to sign licenses for gin mills?

THE OTHER SIDE.

The prosperous drink dispenser sighs whenever he hears what he terms a fanatical talk about his business. Not that it harms it, but he regrets to hear a clergyman adopt the language of un-wisdom. The clergyman, however, has many opportunities to visit the slaves of drink at close quarters. He sees them in back street and squalid alley. He notes the poverty of wives and children—the children who are flung at an early age into the world to fend for themselves. He beholds the roses leave the cheeks of the girl who was married but yesterday, and despair peeping out of eyes that were a short while ago the homes of hope and happiness. He is no stranger to the fact that hundreds of men come yearly from the saloon with the diploma of bad health, physical and moral. He sees the agony and tears of wives and mothers. And, observing all this, is it any wonder that impassioned denunciation of the traffic should fall from the lips of those who labor to save men? Is it any wonder that they should use the times language intemperate of you like to shake the rum seller out of his self-complacency and to make him think? Let us remark, by the way, that the saloon keeper insists upon his sons taking the pledge. Strange, is it not? What would happen to him if the sons of other people did the same? In such a case there would be no gaudy mirrors, no benefactions to this and that, a death of silks and satins for the family, but a Catholic who would live in peace, and die untroubled by visions of ruined lives and wrecked homes.

Which, then, is better—to be a saloon keeper or "to adopt a more decent way of gaining a livelihood"—to be guided by his own opinions, or to heed the admonition of his spiritual

chiefs who wish him happiness, here and hereafter?

DOES THE MODEL SALOON PAY?

The gentlemen who mix drinks are not well versed in the history of heroes. But concerning them they are not in total darkness. They know something about the Manichaeans, who asserted that some of God's creatures were bad in themselves. Hence they can scent heresy afar off, and with skill not unworthy of a grand inquisitor detect the taint heterodoxy in an apparently innocuous temperance discourse. In answer to a question which they might propose we say that intoxicating drinks are not bad creatures in themselves. In return let us play the part of interrogator and plead for an answer to the following: Does the saloon, conducted in a decent manner, pay? By "a decent manner" we mean the saloon that closes its doors on Sundays, and does not sell to minors and frowns upon obscenity and blasphemy and denies drink not only to those who are likely to become intoxicated, but to those also who may not drink to intoxication but whose intemperance inflicts suffering upon their families.

While waiting for an answer we may note that some years ago a would-be model saloon keeper announced his advent in Detroit. He posted up over the bar rules which were to regulate his saloon. In less than a month he closed his doors. The saloon conducted on a decent manner does not pay.

For the above fact we refer our readers to Archbishop Ireland's "The Church and Modern Society" (page 266).

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE AS A FACTOR IN NATIONAL REFORM.

SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP GLENNON. Western Workman.

Public opinion, coupled with adequate legislation, will fall to cure the national corruption exposed last year unless they are based on a properly trained individual conscience, declared Archbishop Glennon in his sermon at the Cathedral Cappel yesterday. The Archbishop took as his subject, "Conscience," and reviewed the history of the year 1905 and its ethical effects on individuals and the body politic.

The Archbishop's sermon follows: "With the close of the old year we naturally bring up in review the story of its achievements, its promises and failures, the good and the evil of it, and then, if we can, we strike a balance."

"And here we most of us disagree. Different values are placed on certain events. With some these events are regarded as vital and representative. Sociology is not an exact science, and so we come to different conclusions concerning ethical values of current events."

"We are surely progressing," some will say, "and the measure of our progress is greater every year. We are advancing onward with an energy ever becoming more intensified. Knowledge increases; science broadens and deepens our view; our faith in humanity grows stronger, and all creation moves onward and upward with a restlessness, nervous force. Through rifts of cloud and roll of waters, through flash of lightning and sweep of changes, humanity ever moves onward to the beckoning future, each year holding out stronger lights to follow and higher planes to attain."

"The people who so philosophize we call 'optimists'—and, of course, optimists are very good people (their very name implies that), and we all have the greatest respect for them, especially when they are sincere. At the same time it is not an exact science, and so we come to different conclusions concerning ethical values of current events."

"We were to take last year's history as it was written on the front pages of our daily press, we would be compelled to believe that the promised reign of anti-Christ had begun—crime rampant, homes destroyed, institutions wrecked, revolutions inaugurated. Then the great war was ended, but not until it had proven itself to be the bloodiest war in history."

"These are not satisfactory items on which to reach conclusions favorable to humanity's steady onward march, and still we must take them in our accounting, even though we can well understand that daily papers to day feature up crime and criminals, not because of their relative importance, but because it will help to sell the papers."

"Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the shady side of last year's chronicle was the evidence presented of widespread corruption in almost every walk of life—in every phase of activity. You needed only an investigating committee to find that almost every commercial body you touched was corrupt, while of the political world, it might well be asked if there were any just men left among them."

"In this regard we have the consolation that, with the increasing publicity given to these conditions, there has also been created a force, almost irresistible, making for their correction. Agitation follows agitation, until even

those heretofore most indifferent are compelled to take sides, and now the entire moral force of the nation is aroused to battle against the national enemy.

"Nor has this agitation been commenced too early, for in this struggle is involved not alone the integrity of our commercial and political institutions, but the well-being, may even the life, of the nation itself. It is a well known fact of history that nations date their decline and fall from the day when corruption gained the ascendancy and dishonesty dethroned the law of God. When the Romans of old forgot their citizenship, and instead of thirsting for justice sought only 'bread and games,' and rested satisfied then, even when they knew that their bread was stolen from the Egyptians and games were bought by the blood of the gladiators, then came the end of the world empire and the complete degradation of the people."

"With the lessons of history before us, it may be asked, have we a means at our disposal to offset this rising tide of corruption? Is there a sure and safe means wherewith to cure the body politic and commercial of this dangerous disease?"

"Some say yes—public opinion, coupled with proper legislation. Now, my brethren, I agree with those who hold that public opinion is a mighty force, and that where its white light is concentrated it is difficult for evil long to dwell, and I further admit that there is no law of conscience which adequate laws may not be set on the statute books; yet both of these concurrent remedies will fail if they are not based on, and rise from, a properly trained individual conscience."

The public opinion created by the crater, the press, and, sometimes, the pulpit is often mere froth and foam, capable of producing a lynching or some deed of violence than subsiding and permitting as its reaction greater evils than it first sought to correct; while we all know that laws directed against these evils either remain inactive or only necessitate a slight change in the form of the crime."

"In a democracy, above all, where all power is with and of the people, and where all law rests with them eventually for its execution, the law of conscience must be set as the court of last appeal, as it also is the source of all the laws set on the statute books. If there is no law of conscience, if there be no informing conscience at the back of natural life, then the wells are poisoned, and the nation so cursed must inevitably fall."

"And this leads us another step. You cannot legislate a conscience into a nation. You cannot teach it through any secular influence, for it comes from, and with, the soul that God gave us, irrespective of laws or flags, or constitutions, and it is developed through religion, which has to deal with the evolution of conscience and the salvation of the soul. Without religion, conscience becomes atrophied and gives place to mere exigency and the ethics of the struggle of life."

"Conscience, then, is the law within the law, and he is the best supporter of democracy who reverences his conscience as his King, for in this case, at least, 'such a King can do no wrong.'"

"And his conscience is best informed who reverences the author thereof, who recognizes his will as the supreme conscience, and who knows that he alone is great and his empire alone is lasting."

RETURNS ST. PATRICK TO THE PAPISTS.

In the November Catholic World Dr. James J. Fox writes an interesting paper on the noteworthy "Life of St. Patrick," by Prof. Bury, of Trinity College, Dublin:

One day a worthy Fellow of Trinity, Dr. Fodd, as if struck by the idea that it were a pity to leave the record of Trinity incomplete, resolved to rob the Irish Papiests of their sole possession, so he wrote a learned life of the saint, the Apostle of Ireland never was a Roman Catholic, but a true-blue Protestant born, like St. Paul, a little out of due time.

Now another and a more distinguished son of Trinity has, with a graceful apology for the mistake of his reverend predecessor returned St. Patrick to the Papiests. If one could, by any stretch of the imagination, associate Trinity with the idea of shame faced sorrow, we might fancy her making the act of restitution in a spirit of tardy repentance. It would, however, be more consistent with her character, though not with the honorable fashion in which her present representative has fulfilled his task if she returned the stolen property only because she found that, to use a stock phrase of the inquirer after missing goods, it is absolutely valueless to anybody but the rightful owner.

However sharply one may feel prompted to animadvert on the foregoing imperfections, he will find that their presence affects only slightly his general appreciation of Prof. Bury's work. Its excellences compel us cheerfully to turn away our eyes from the faults. The biography is a splendid piece of work. It is admirable alike for its method, for the highly artistic quality of the narrative, for the acute, judicial criticism which fills its extensive appendices and for the wide and sure scholarship which has focussed upon this obscure and, in many places, perplexing subject, every scintilla of knowledge that could be brought to bear upon it.

At this point arises the question of whether or not Patrick was a Roman missionary, and whether, consequently, the ancient Irish church was Roman

Catholic or—heaven and Dr. Todd know what. If any one, after having read the present volume, can still retain the shadow of a doubt concerning Patrick's quality of Roman missionary, we must cherish him as a valuable illustration of the influence exerted by the will over the intellect. The opinion of Todd could be entertained only in a mind that ignored the entire historical conditions of the day as well as the considerations which all round common sense suggests on the problem.

Prof. Bury, indeed, maintains that the story of Patrick's consecration by Celestine—a story invented to add a halo of dignity to the national saint—will not hold water. Nevertheless, Patrick's credentials and authority were derived from Rome. "The essential point," Prof. Bury emphatically adds, "is that, by the sending of Palladius, Ireland had become one of the western churches, and, therefore, like its fellows, looked to the See of Rome as the highest authority in Christendom. Unless, at the very moment of incorporation, they were to repudiate the unity of the church, the Christians of Ireland could not look with other eyes than the Christians of Gaul at the appellate jurisdiction of the Roman Bishop, and the moral weight of his decretals."

WHEN IGNORANCE IS COMPARATIVE BLISS.

Some years ago a Congressional legislator, more honest than the greater number of those who oppose the right of the Indians to be Catholics if they so desire, declared flatly that he would rather see an Indian damned than see him a Catholic. The gentleman was too vehement, probably, to perceive that his alternative was the strangest possible testimony he could bear, by implication, to his own prejudice and the superiority of the system he hated. Now we find in the Baptist Standard a similar piece of unconscious admission of Catholic influence. The writer, D. L. Hamilton, is describing the noble efforts of a Mrs. Z. C. Taylor to make the benighted Baptist system evident to the benighted Catholic children of B'bia by means of a school she has established there on the most approved commercial principle. (Although the writer declares the enterprise to be at once "a uniform and a growing success," the marvelous thing, he intimates, is a want of immediate cash help) He says:

"The imperative need of education in mission fields has come to be a matter of general acceptance. It is also well known that the greatest aid to evangelization lies in primary education. It is a dangerous thing to allow the children of Christians to grow up in ignorance; but it is more dangerous to allow them to be brought up in Catholic schools. The only remedy, therefore, is to maintain schools under evangelic influences."

Now, here we have the kernel of the public school question. The danger of allowing children to grow up in ignorance of religion is admitted. But, to point out Catholic instruction in situations that, in the smart days, studied the country. One day the reign of the cloister will return. The overwhelming majority of Glasgow Catholics, and in a slightly less degree, of Edinburgh's 62,000, are from St. Patrick's Land of Eire by birth or by extraction: and love of the cloister has been ever a tradition with the Celt. Meantime it is the reign of the Hearth.

TWELVE REASONS WHY I AM A MEMBER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

1. Because she was founded by our Lord Jesus Christ.

2. Because she was built by Him upon the foundation of the twelve Apostles.

3. Because from those twelve Apostles He selected one to be the rock upon which all the rest should repose, and which should maintain them in solidity and unity; for to him He said "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven;" and He commissioned him to feed his flock with divine doctrine.

4. Because in accordance with this injunction, St. Peter exercised this power committed unto him, for he was the chief spokesman after the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost and on other occasions mentioned in Holy Writ particularly at the Council of Jerusalem, when, after he had spoken, all the multitude kept silence, ceased to dispute and submitted themselves.

5. Because from that time to this day, there has never been wanting a ruler to preside as the successor of St. Peter and to govern the church in the name of Christ.

6. Because in accordance with His promise, Jesus Christ sent the Holy Ghost upon His church at Pentecost, which was to abide with her forever, in fulfillment also of the words of the prophet: My spirit that is in you shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, forever.

7. Because she declares unto men through the mouth of the holy Father and from him through the Bishops and pastors of the church, not only the commandments, but the whole counsel of God: as saith the book of Ecclesiastics: "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails driven by the masters of assemblies which are given from one shepherd."

8. Because our Lord Jesus Christ has committed unto her the ministry of reconciliation, in the words "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained;" and as one of the Apostles

has proclaimed, He has appointed them and their successors to be "stewards of the mysteries of grace."

9. Because she is the only living, definite and infallible witness of the divine mission of our Lord Jesus Christ, and she proves her divine origin by certain outward marks; e. g., by her unity of doctrine and government, by her unbroken descent from the Apostles themselves; by her catholicity or universality (for she is the mother of, and embraces all nations) and by the conspicuous holiness of her children manifested in all ages of her history.

10. Because, through the intercession of those of her children whom she has formed into Saints, she manifests in herself the abiding presence of her Divine Founder, who still to-day works many mighty miracles upon her afflicted children; for by Him the blind are still made to see, the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak, just as was the case when on earth in human form He walked the streets of Judea and Galilee.

11. Because she is the mystical body of Christ; and being a living body, she has, as it were, a memory and an intelligence of her own; she has preserved her own records of the past, and therefore she knows her history infinitely better than any of those numerous historians who have endeavored to overthrow her and to prove that she is not what she purports to be.

12. Because she teaches her children to honor not only God their Heavenly Father, but also the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of their Redeemer, of whom they are members, for she is consequently their mother also.

GODFREY F. FERRIS,

The Monastery, St. Anne de Beaupre, Q.

Jan. 25, 1905.

CATHOLICS IN SCOTLAND.

MORE THAN A HALF MILLION, MOST OF THEM IRISH BY BIRTH OR EXTRACTION.

According to the new Catholic Directory for Scotland, Mother church can claim a half million of children in that country, with a handful over. Of these 380,000 belong to the Archdiocese of Glasgow. Thus almost exactly three-fourths of the Catholics of "Alba" are dwellers by the banks of the Clyde and the subjects of Archbishop Maguire. In 1878, the year of the Restoration of the hierarchy, there were but 300,000 lieges of Rome in all the six dioceses of Scotland. There were then 272 priests in the country; now there are 525, well nigh double that number.

The figures given for the missions reveal an increase of ninety in the twenty-eight years. They now stand at 230. But the total number of places that are allowed by "the clean oblation offered in My name" is larger than this by 150, as in some parishes there are several "stations" having each their weekly or monthly Mass. Of religious houses Scotland possesses sixty five, and of these, fifty-two are occupied by nuns. Far less than a century ago there was not a religious house in the land. Yet the remaining thirteen do not favorably compare in situations that, in the smart days, studied the country. One day the reign of the cloister will return. The overwhelming majority of Glasgow Catholics, and in a slightly less degree, of Edinburgh's 62,000, are from St. Patrick's Land of Eire by birth or by extraction: and love of the cloister has been ever a tradition with the Celt. Meantime it is the reign of the Hearth.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The decree of beautification of the Venerable John Duns Scotus is expected to appear in May.

A Catholic cathedral is to be erected at Tokio on a site given by the Mikado.

Mr. Henry Harland, author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," "My Lady Parson's," "My Friend Prespero," and other stories, died in Italy on December 21. He was a convert. May his soul rest in peace!

Mr. Marion Crawford, Count Edorado Soderini, and Professor Giuseppe Clemente, are compiling the life of Pope Leo XIII. from unpublished documents, which the late Pontiff entrusted to the count before his death.

The funeral of P. J. Kennedy, senior member of the well known Barclay street firm of Catholic book publishers, P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York City, took place Jan. 7 from the church of the Blessed Sacrament, Seventy first street and Broadway, New York City.

In addition to appointing Lord Ripon as a member of his cabinet, the new English Prime Minister has given office to other two Catholics, in the persons of Lord Granard and Lord Acton, who have been appointed as Lords in Waiting in the Royal Household.

The Very Rev. Gilbert Francois, the Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, arrived last week in this country. He will visit all the educational institutions of the order in Canada and the United States. On account of the persecution of the religious orders in France it is now the purpose of the Superior General to live in this country permanently, making his headquarters at the University of Notre Dame, Ind.

Mr. William Campbell, K. G., of Glasgow, who was lately appointed Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, is the first Catholic to fill that office. "Notwithstanding the comparatively little time that outside his professional duties he has at his disposal," says the Observer, "Mr. Campbell made it a point to associate himself with every Catholic movement of importance in the city."

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER X. FIRE WATER.

Often, as in Cadillac's house at the fort, I sat at my ruddy table casting up accounts of copying letters to the King's Ministers in France—often, indeed, at such times would the piquant face of pretty Barbe come to peep between me and the paper I wrote upon.

Yet, when I sent missives home, I made no inquiries concerning her, or my sister or any one else. I was still hurt that she had not returned from Vercheres in season to bid me adieu and to wish me good fortune upon my coming away into the wilderness.

One winter's evening Sieur Cadillac sat before the hearthstone of his home within the palisade smoking a pipe of tobacco, or Indian weed—the pipe itself being of a curious pattern; the bowl of red clay decorated by bands and ornaments of lead; the stem long, quaintly carved, and ornamented with gayly colored feathers of birds—a gift from a friendly chief.

The room was lighted only by the great fire of forest pine, and opposite to my brother I was encased in a chair like his own—a section of a round log to which had been fastened, to serve as a back, a rude slab of bark.

Oddly would this furniture have contrasted with the elegance of the upholstery of the salon of Madame de Champligny, the carved chairs of the Castle and the hall, the graceful tapestries and tapestries of my uncle Guyon's new home—all of which costly luxuries had been brought from France at great expense.

Without raged a storm of sleet. Back of the fort with its wooden bastions and strong palisade of cedar pickets, for leagues, extended the trackless snows and primeval forests; in front lay the beach, at other seasons a long stretch of yellow sand, and the broad expanse of the lake of the Hurons, which I believe is now known as Lake Michilimackinac.

In many places still and shaggy fir trees fringed the shore with an aspect of desolation; in others they rose in a wall of woods from the water's edge. On clear days we could see, set like a jewel in the gleaming argent of the strait, the enchanted island of Mackinac, the reputed dwelling-place of the great Indian Spirit—an island that with its white cliffs, green foliage and rainbow lights often recalled to my mind a splendid opal I once noticed in the gem encrusted fite of a sword much cherished by Comte Frontenac.

On this evening whereof I write, La Mothe and I were taking of my things—the probable yield of furs for the season, the chances of the future, the disposition of Governor Frontenac in regard to certain measures which my brother had recommended, the state of our provisions. We chatted too of Theresa and of home, in brotherly confidence and sympathy—Cadillac smoking his pipe; I, who could not abide the Indian weed, making no pretence of occupation, but gazing idly into the cheerful blaze.

The wind whistled and moaned, and the sleet drove against the sides of the cabin.

All at once, above the noise of the storm I heard the sound of a step near by, and the next moment there came a sharp knock at the door.

Starting up, I threw it open.

In the doorway, with the darkness for a background, stood a black robed, ascetic figure; a fur cap was thrown carelessly about his slightly stooped shoulders, and over his head was drawn a capouch of beaver skin, beneath which showed a few thin locks of hair that bristled with sleet, as did also the beard that grew about his throat, the upper part of the face being close shaven. It was Father Estienne de Carheil, who had come across the strait from the fort, from his little dwelling in the church.

Cadillac looked up in surprise. He and the missionary were not on such cordial terms as might lead him to expect a social visit from the good father upon such a night as this. In fact, there was much friction between them, and long before, I had noticed that they seemed to have agreed to hold as hostile intercourse as might be, while preserving each toward the other a punctilious if distant courtesy.

On this occasion, however, my brother's courteous manners appeared to have deserted him. Stretched out at ease before the glowing pipe, he did not rise, but indolently motioned his unlooked-for guest to the place he had vacated, as though, forgetting that his visitor's errand was an unpleasant one, he would waste no time in polite amenities.

Father Estienne was not in the least disconcerted by this rudeness, yet that he felt it, whose gaze was upon him, could see by the flash that leaped into his usually mild eyes. It was gone as quickly, and with a dignified bow he stepped farther into the room.

I made fast the door, and hastened to possess myself of his cloak with its hood and to put me in the short distance he had traversed it was broadened with ice.

Instead of taking the place to which my brother had waved him, he said urbanely, if with a possible touch of irony—

"Thanks for your courtesy, Monsieur de Cadillac, but I will not tarry to sit down by your hearth."

"Verily, I have seen evenings more favorable for kindly visiting, albeit, it is said, those who love us think not of wind nor weather when they have an opportunity to aid our plans or advance our interests," answered La Mothe, after his sarcastic fashion.

"I have the will to do you a service, if you choose but to look upon it in that light," proceeded the priest, with a faint smile, "although my business is no agreeable affair. In short, Monsieur le Commandant, I am come to tell

you of the scene which a few moments since greeted my eyes."

As the missionary stood beside our rough table, he made an imposing picture despite his lean face, the attenuation of frame caused by his long fasts, and vigils, and disciplines, by the hardships of his frequent journeys to the isolated settlements of Indians, where he had established his missions.

His clear-cut features and high broad nose told of good lineage; above all, there was about him an air of the gentle authority which depends neither upon worldly patronage nor influence, but is commissioned by Heaven itself; and now, as at other times, when I looked at him I felt that Father Estienne was as the voice of God calling to man in the wilderness.

"Monsieur de Cadillac," continued the missionary, fixing the eye of Sieur de Cadillac on his own, "more than a score of years ago, when this place where we now live was but a desolate extent of shore that knew not the foot of the white man, on the opposite side of the strait a devoted missionary gathered together the remnants of the Huron nation including, among their tribes, the Outawas. Here he raised a chapel of our Lord, and around this he and his fellow laborers, the Indians, built a palisaded fort which soon became known as St. Ignace of the Michilimackinac.

"The old was into and cultivation difficult, but the Hurons had chosen this site because the neighboring waters teemed with fish, and the missionary heeded not its disadvantages, since from this situation it was easy to gain access to all the tribes of the Lake Country.

"Here he lived and taught them. After a time this good man was called to seek in the Lands of the Great River new nations to instruct. He was succeeded here by others who imitated his self-sacrificing toil. The Indians were most exemplary; they settled, flourished; traders from Ville Marie and Quebec came to the mission. Hither brought the skins of the otter and beavers they had trapped during the long winter, to barter them for blankets and the goods of the French; Michilimackinac became the great centre of the fur trade, the key to all the west. A military post was established upon the eastern shore of the strait.

"In my work on the missions I was sent hither. "Then you came, Monsieur de Cadillac. It has pleased you to encourage a trade most disastrous in this region; to bring from Montreal the strong waters that steal tongue and brains and render useless the hands of men.

"Formerly, when the Indians returned from the chase, the fisheries, their long trapping expeditions, they repaired first to the church, there to render thanks to Heaven for the success of their enterprises. Now, look you, to day a large band of Outawas came in with all haste to outrun the approaching storm. You beheld the goodly showing they made with their peltries, their joy at getting back to the protection of the fort."

"And what next, Monsieur de Cadillac? The trader Le Maire takes a cask of brandy into their village; he proposes a game of bowl, the stakes to be a quantity of liquor against their furs. The Indians pile high the peltries before him; the play begins; the air rings with wild cries and guttural laughter, as to and fro are tossed the small, gayly colored pieces of bone.

"All this takes place in the lodge of the Rat, their principal chief. Jules has been gambled away; peace as when they went out into the woods at the beginning of the winter, the Indians reel from the lodge or sink down upon the floor. Now they lie in their wigwams in a drunken stupor. Monsieur de Cadillac, what have you to say to this?"

"During this fervid protest La Mothe had straightened himself in his chair, and several times made as if he would interrupt the Black Robe in no measured terms. Now, however, he leaned back once more, and, taking his pipe from between his lips, answered with a shrug of the shoulders, and as if half addressing the fire—

"What have I to say? My faith, there was much friction between them, and long before, I had noticed that they seemed to have agreed to hold as hostile intercourse as might be, while preserving each toward the other a punctilious if distant courtesy.

"On this occasion, however, my brother's courteous manners appeared to have deserted him. Stretched out at ease before the glowing pipe, he did not rise, but indolently motioned his unlooked-for guest to the place he had vacated, as though, forgetting that his visitor's errand was an unpleasant one, he would waste no time in polite amenities.

Father Estienne was not in the least disconcerted by this rudeness, yet that he felt it, whose gaze was upon him, could see by the flash that leaped into his usually mild eyes. It was gone as quickly, and with a dignified bow he stepped farther into the room.

I made fast the door, and hastened to possess myself of his cloak with its hood and to put me in the short distance he had traversed it was broadened with ice.

Instead of taking the place to which my brother had waved him, he said urbanely, if with a possible touch of irony—

"Thanks for your courtesy, Monsieur de Cadillac, but I will not tarry to sit down by your hearth."

"Verily, I have seen evenings more favorable for kindly visiting, albeit, it is said, those who love us think not of wind nor weather when they have an opportunity to aid our plans or advance our interests," answered La Mothe, after his sarcastic fashion.

"I have the will to do you a service, if you choose but to look upon it in that light," proceeded the priest, with a faint smile, "although my business is no agreeable affair. In short, Monsieur le Commandant, I am come to tell

you of the scene which a few moments since greeted my eyes."

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Instead of taking the place to which my brother had waved him, he said urbanely, if with a possible touch of irony—

Often surrounded by the full splendor of Fortin's sunshine, he appeared to me ever on the verge of shadow. The snow which he fancied hung over his head might have been a jewelled hilt, but it was a sword of Damocles still.

For myself, from that evening I saw many things with clearer eyes—would that I could have influenced him to see them thus also! If, as the years went by, my devotion to our Sieur may have lost something of the glamour of its romantic admiration, I loved him dearly and faithfully. And although I could not but see his faults and deplore his mistakes, I yet ever found much in his character to esteem and respect.

One evening, shortly after the occurrence which I have just set down, De la Mothe and I were again seated by the fire, he smoking, as was his wont, meditatively watching the blaze.

After a time Cadillac stirred impatiently and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Normand," he exclaimed with abruptness, breaking in upon my reverie, "how did the man know?"

"Who?—what, mon chevalier?" I asked with a start, as if suddenly awakened.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed in his debonaire manner. "Did I arouse you from a doze? Or were your thoughts perchance dancing attendance upon some fair of Quebec or Montreal? Ah, I see you do not relish the jest," he went on, noting my shrug of annoyance, "and in truth I am in no mood for mirth; my thoughts have been on weightier matter. One thing puzzles me. How came the man to be so familiar with my dreams, my ambitions?"

As he spoke, he pointed with his thumb in the direction of the church and mission of the Hurons.

"You mean Monsieur de Carheil?" Cadillac nodded.

"It is not like that he learned from me of any plan of yours," I answered, as my brother continued to regard me, I fancied, with a certain reproach.

"Even had I the will to betray your confidence, I know not any projects you may have for the future."

"Nor did I tell any one," murmured our Sieur, "yet, sitting by me or not, he somehow the desire of my heart, the design I have had in view for many a day."

"It was but a random shot, a surmise based upon his knowledge of your tireless activity and your resources, as well as the value of your services to the government."

"Perchance. But it is a strange coincidence," he continued. "Listen, Normand! Do not think I meant to do you wrong. You have been faithful to me, and now I would fain know how the scheme I have in mind would impress a man still young, courageous, and fond of adventure as you are, since I shall have need of followers of this order."

"You know that some ten years ago Monsieur de Lhut, then Commandant at Michilimackinac, erected a fortified trading post at the southern extremity of our Lake of the Hurons, which he called Fort St. Joseph. You are also aware that it was abandoned two years later, with insufficient reason to my thinking, for the climate proved milder than it is here, while the situation was very favorable, being at the first link, I may say, of that beautiful chain of lake and river which connects the five marvellous inland seas, which our intrepid explorers have given to New France, together with the greater part of the vast territory that borders upon them."

"However, well chosen as was the position of Du Lhut's trading-post, I have in mind a better site. You have heard how, long since, the missionaries Dollier de Cassin and Gislaine, and after them the gallant Chevalier de la Salle, followed up this connecting chain of waters from Fort Frontenac. They found it as richly studded with islands as a queen's necklace with jewels, and the beautifully verdant shores of the mainland served to complete the picture of a veritable earthly paradise."

"Especially attractive was the region which lies south of the pearl-like lake to which they gave the name of St. Claire, the country bordering upon that clear, deep river, a quarter league broad, known as Le Detroit. It has been discovered from the Indians and the couriers de bois glowing descriptions of this fair locality, and while affecting to treat their accounts with indifference, I made note of all in my mind."

"On both sides of this strait of straits lie fine open plains where the deer roam in graceful herds, where bears (by no means fierce, and exceedingly good to eat) are to be found, as are also the savory 'poules d'Indes,' wild duck, and other varieties of game. The islands are covered with trees; chestnuts, walnuts, apples, and plums abound, and in the season the wild vines are heavy with grapes, of which the forest-rangers say that they have made a wine that, considering its newness, was not at all bad."

to oppose a large force to the savages and thus defeat them."

"Yes, to be sure," I made answer, "if Le Detroit were well fortified, we could prevent the Iroquois from following the chase thereabouts, and thus drive them away from this upper country also."

"I see that you take my meaning," said Cadillac, approvingly. "Moreover, look you, the waters of the Great Lakes pass through this strait, and it is the only path whereby the English can carry on their trade with the savages nations who have to do with the French. If we establish ourselves at Le Detroit, they can no longer hope to deprive us of the benefits of the fur trade."

"But how will you prevent the savages from going to the southern, since they can get more for their peltries from them than from us?" I argued.

"Now, Normand," cried La Mothe, with impatience, "do you not know that at Quebec and Montreal, although the Indian can exchange goods at a lower price with our enemies, he prefers to make his trade with us. This is partly, no doubt, because he is neighborly to the Frenchman, and frequently borrows from him, paying in returns from the chase. Then, too, the English are farther away. Still, I admit, if the post at Le Detroit is not founded we shall soon see all of our Indians going to our competitors, or inviting them into the country. Once there, however, we would divert the trade of that southern region to our own colony."

"The post appears an absolute necessity," I said. "What measures will you take now, mon chevalier?"

"Having considered it well in my mind, I am about to write to Governor Frontenac to lay the plan before him. I shall request him to recall me to Quebec, that I may explain everything to him in detail. I shall need your help to take down notes of what I say, and also to make copies of the missive and other documents when they are finished. It is for this reason I have spoken to you somewhat freely on the subject. Get pen and paper, and we will set about our letter-writing to-night."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GUARDIAN.

John Hanscom and Roger Frayne were strong friends. They were boys in the same village. They were of the same age. No doubt this friendship was heightened by their dissimilarity, both physically and mentally. John was heavy and strong, big in bone and muscle, while Roger was slender and delicate. John was a little slow mentally, but Roger was quick and nervous.

When they played together in early childhood Roger was the leader in their sports, but John was his trusty guide and guardian. Roger's mother never felt worried when her delicate lad was with John.

And so they had grown up like David and Jonathan, and had passed through the village school together and through the old academy, and now they were ready for college.

But Roger's mother—she was a widow and he was her only child—hesitated. She dreaded to have her boy leave home—it would be for the first time—and she feared he would suffer from the change. He wanted to go; he laughed at her anxiety; he demanded to know if she didn't want him to become a self-reliant man. But it was John who turned the scale in Roger's favor.

"You trust him to me," said this good friend. "I'll guarantee that he comes to no harm."

"Well," hesitated the widow, "if you'll look after him, John, and see that he wears the right weight of flannel and doesn't forget his rubbers and goes to bed at reasonable hours, perhaps I can make up my mind and let him go."

"I'll watch over him, Mrs. Frayne, and I'll keep you posted regarding him. I'll send you bulletins every week."

The widow laughed.

"Then I'll appoint you his guardian, John," with full power to act in my stead."

And so it was settled that the boys should go, and both were delighted.

said honest John, gravely. "Thank you, dear boy. I knew I could count on you. Bear with him, guide him, remember how dear he is to a mother's lonely heart."

John set his jaw and raised his eyebrows as he walked away from the Frayne cottage.

"This guardian business is to be no cinch!" he muttered.

So the boys made ready, and presently departed for the varsity town. It was a great episode in their lives, this trip to college. They realized their ignorance of the outside world, and they knew that this ignorance was quite likely to be promptly spotted by the keen eyes of their fellow students. But they would put on a bold front and then learn the ways of the varsity as quickly as possible.

So they reached the dear old town, and were duly impressed by the gray old buildings and the grand old trees, and coupled with this impression was a pleasant sense of proprietorship in it all. And when they were comfortably housed with a near by family and had unpacked their belongings—they roomed together—and taken a little walk about the campus, they felt that they were fairly launched on this new and quite unknown sea.

Their college life was characteristic of the boys. John was the patient student, moving slowly, but conquering in the end. Roger was quick and bright, the better scholar, but depending largely on his wit and chance to pull him through. It was John who burned the midnight oil, while Roger slept the sleep of the tired youth. It was Roger who made friends and found time for the enjoyment of their society. But it was John who made the better record in his studies, for all of Roger's brightness.

For a time John's studies as guardian both of his own and Roger's were pleasant and happy, and readily yielded to John's suggestions. And then came a change. John charged it to Roger's new friends—some of whom he felt were not the sort the boy should have chosen. The fact was his mother had supplied him with too much pocket money, and certain of his new-made friends profited by this wealth. John himself wasn't troubled in that way. He had barely enough to provide him with the necessities. He knew it was all his tilling father could spare. The friends he made were few, but they were friends worth having.

And a little coolness sprang up between the two. John scarcely noticed it at first, he was so used to Roger's changeable disposition. But presently there was no mistaking the fact. Roger was losing his reliance on John; the confidence that had so long existed between them was a thing of the past. Roger was going his way, and John was going his. Naturally, John blamed the willful boy's new acquaintances. Most of them were sons of wealthy families, and no doubt Roger felt that he was more at home among them. And John blamed himself, too. He was a little dull, he knew, and he was a plodder and a poor boy. Perhaps he shouldn't blame Roger. It was natural that he should go where he would find congenial friends and gay entertainment. And every week John wrote home to Roger's mother and told her how Roger was prospering and how well liked he was, and how the change and air seemed to agree with him. But never a word of the growing estrangement.

But the coolness grew still more frigid. And then one day Roger looked at John across the study table and said: "I'm thinking of going into new quarters."

John looked up from his book. "Yes?" he said. "I've got the chance to go with Sutcliffe Brown. I like his room."

John waited.

"I suppose you would write and tell mother if I left you?"

"No doubt about that," said John. "I suppose you tell her everything?"

"I tell her everything about you that I think would interest her. I promised her I would."

"Well, I don't like it. Do you hear? I don't like it. The idea of having a spy after you all the time isn't pleasant."

John flushed a little and looked back at his book, and Roger arose fuming and stalked from the room.

"I'm glad I didn't talk back to him," John muttered, looking a little wistfully after the departing one. "It would only have made him more excited, and I mustn't forget the secret his mother told me."

He sighed and picked up the book again.

Roger did not change his lodging, nor did he change his demeanor toward John. Few words passed between them, and at the old confidence had been quite obliterated. John would have liked to have told Roger that he had been approached by Demarest, the foot ball captain, and asked to try for the team, and how he was hesitating. But there was no chance.

And then one day John met his friend Jewett. Jewett was a junior, and he had taken a fancy to John from the very start.

"Hello, Hanscom," he said.

"Hello, Jewett."

"Hello? They want you on the football team."

"Demarest wanted me to try for it."

"What are you going to do?"

"Haven't made up my mind."

Jewett frowned.

"Do you know what they are saying?"

"No."

"They say you haven't the pluck."

John laughed.

"I suppose that's said to drive me into it."

Jewett refused to laugh.

"I heard Perley say so."

"I don't know Perley. Does Perley know me?"

"Of course, I don't take any stock in what Perley says, but the team needs new blood. Make up your mind quick."

"I'm a slow fellow," said John. "I don't think fast."

Jewett frowned again.

"Better imitate that lively roommate of yours a little," he said. "By

the way, the precious youngster is running with a pretty fast set just now. Can't you put a curb on him? And another thing, and this is in confidence: I hear the sops are putting up a little game for his instruction. Hazing is supposed to be dead here, but this will be a special revival for his benefit."

John stiffened. "What do they mean to do?" "They are going to give the cub a lesson. They think he's airy and snifty, and they mean to bring him down a peg or two. Oh, it will do him good."

"They mustn't touch the boy," said John, sharply. "Oh, but they will," laughed Jowett. "And they'll take you, too, most likely."

"They can do what they like with me," said John. "But they mustn't harm the boy." Jowett laughed and passed along, leaving John a good deal disquieted.

But the nights wore away and nothing happened, and John began to believe that the hazing scheme had been abandoned. And then one night, after they had gone to bed, there was a low rap at the door, and when John answered it the door was rudely pushed open and eight fellows stalked in. They wore slouch hats and had handkerchiefs over their faces.

"Dress yourselves and come with us," said the leader in a muffled voice. John looked around at Roger. He seemed to be taking it coolly. Evidently he meant to show that he was game. "All right," he said.

And they both dressed and followed their captors. When they reached the street they were quickly blindfolded, and then led over what seemed a long and weary distance. Presently they were halted and the bandages were removed from their eyes. They were standing in a little patch of woods, each with his back against a tree. Their wrists were quickly tied together, and then they were bound with strips of cloth to the trees.

At a little distance a kettle hung on a tripod, and under this was a bundle of dry wood. A fire was soon kindled and then the leader turned to the captives. "We will now prepare the snoring pitch," he announced. He uttered no word, but he looked at John, and in their depths John read a message. "Help me, dear John, help me!"

John gave a sudden start. "Lock to the boy," he cried. He's very ill!" The dance ceased, and the leader stared at Roger. "He's only snoring," he laughed.

And then John roared again and heaved up his muscles and broke loose from the tree, and tore the bandages at his wrists and under the hood. Then he whirled about and rushed into the mass. He struck, he tripped, he fought with head and fists and feet. He was mad with rage and indignation. Every trick he had learned in wrestling on the village green came into play. He seized the kettle from the fire and chased them with it, and they fled in the darkness. Then he ran back and whipped out his knife and released Roger, and caught him up in his arms. He had fainted and was a dead weight, but John did not seem to feel his burden.

When he struck the highway he knew where he was. The college buildings were just around the curve. He didn't pause in his mad run until he halted before old Dr. Eldred's home. The doctor was reading in his library. He answered the bell.

Five minutes later Roger came out of his swoon. The old doctor nodded to John, who was waiting in a chair at anxiety. The nod meant that the boy was safe.

"Hello, John," said Roger faintly. "Hello, Roger." The boy looked up in the kindly face of the old doctor.

"He fought 'em all, doctor. He thought I was being abused. He was like a raging lion. He knocked them down like ten pins, and it was eight to one, and he sent them howling. And then I fainted. How did he get me here?"

"Carried you," the old doctor replied. "You are a good deal indebted to that stout back and those sturdy legs."

"I'm indebted to him for a good deal more than that, doctor," cried the boy. "Give me your hand, you dear old-guardian."

And the eyes that looked up in John's were suspiciously wet. The next morning as John crossed the campus he was hailed by a little group of undergraduates. They were not sophomores this time. Demarest was amongst them, and Porley, and there was Carlisle—Carlisle, that prince of seniors.

It was Carlisle who spoke. "Morning, Hanscom," he said, and put out his hand. "We were talking you over just now. How is the boy?" "Thank you," said John, "he'll be alright in a day or two."

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE CLOISTER.

A PRIEST'S TOUCHING EXPERIENCE AT THE DEATHBED OF AN ACTRESS.

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary. "Talking about apostolates," said a Massachusetts priest to me some time ago, "let me tell you of an experience of mine. I was called out one night at 10 o'clock by one of our hotels to the bedside of an actress. They said she was unconscious and dying, and that she might be a Catholic, for she had a rosary on her dressing table. I went hastily with the holy oils. I found a girl of about twenty-two, lying pale and helpless on her bed. Her eyes were closed, and her long, dark hair, disordered on the pillow, framed a singularly sweet, innocent face. One of the hotel maids was busied about her, and it was not hard to know what faith shone in her honest, charitable eyes. Stepping reverently aside, she said in a hushed voice to some of the troupe that were in the small room:

"It's the priest."

"Every one made way, and I stooped over the girl. She opened her eyes and tried to smile. "Are you a priest?" she asked. "Yes, my child," I answered. "Am I very bad? I am in awful pain, but maybe I'll get better." Then she suddenly fainted.

"The maid I spoke of gave her restoratives, and I hurriedly asked what was the matter. "Why, Bartie was performing her great trapeze act to-day and missed her count, Father; she fell forty feet. The surgeon says her spine is injured and there is no hope. He only gave her twelve hours to live perhaps not that. It is her grit that keeps her up, Father," said the young woman, with tears in her eyes.

"She is the best performer in the company," said another young woman. "Is she an actress?" "Oh, yes, Father. We have refined vaudeville. But we are a very select organization," said the woman with emphasis. "Bartie is very correct. Not a breath of gossip ever touched her! She kept us all straight. Poor Bartie!"

"Just then Bartie's eyes opened. "The priest," she said faintly. "I made a sign to then, 'You had better all leave, and I will call you in a few minutes.' "Yes, Father," they said obediently, and I was alone with the dying girl.

"I AM NOT A CATHOLIC." "Father, I want to make a general confession," said she, and she began with difficulty a clear, honest, sincere confession. It took her some time, but she would not let me hurry her. I said a few words and gave her as penance one 'Hail Mary.' She began to say it aloud slowly. "My child," I said, "make a fervent act of contrition first. I am going to give you absolution."

"Oh, no, Father," she said, "you must first give me the sacrament of baptism." "Baptism!" I said, amazed. Surely you are baptized! "No, Father. I am not a Catholic. I was never baptized. In belief I am and always have been a Catholic, but I never received any sacrament. I go to Mass every Sunday I can and say my rosary. I learned that at school. But our life has been so roving that I could only do that much. I never had much chance, you see. I was wild and self-willed, and when Grandma died I left school; and as there was no one to restrain me, being alone in the world, I drifted from dancing school to riding wild horses and doing burlesque. But I never forgot all I learned at the convent, although I did not think about it for a long time."

"Where did you go to school my child?" "To boarding school—to St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania." "I knew the convent well, I paused, amazed at her story, told with difficulty, for her sufferings were evident. "When you baptize me, Father, and then give me absolution? Baptism is enough I know, but I want it."

"She folded her hands and looked steadily at me with dark, soft eyes, in which I saw death. "Indeed I will, child," and I took out my stole and, seizing a goblet of water from her table, I exhorted her to perfect contrition, and fervently baptized her.

"Thank God!" she whispered, and closed her eyes. "It seemed to me, after a few moments' pause, that the ghastly hue of death had given place to a more life-like color. I waited.

"ASKS FOR THE LAST SACRAMENTS. "Father," she said, "I'm suffering terribly, and I know now that I will die soon. I want you to give me Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction."

"I hesitated. I was amazed. Here was a dying actress, just baptized! How did I know whether she was sincerely instructed? She read my thoughts.

"You don't think I am instructed, Father? I believe firmly that the Blessed Eucharist is our Lord Himself, His true Body and Blood, which I am to receive without fasting because He is my Viaticum; and Extreme Unction is the last anointing of the purified Catholic before she goes to meet her Judge. Father, I remember to meet her Judge. His instructions could never be forgotten. Father, won't you give me the last sacraments?"

"Here was an apostolate fulfilled! That good Sister, whose ever she was, had saved this soul. 'Wait ten minutes, dear child. I will bring our Lord to you.' And I went hastily to the door and summoned those outside. To the Catholic maid, who was nearest me, I said, 'I am going to the church for the Blessed Sacrament; I will be back in half an hour.' I hurried out.

"In less than fifteen minutes I was back at Bartie's bed side. She was breathing quietly, and unclosed her eyes when I came in. I whispered the instructions to the maid. A little

table with lighted candles, holy water, etc., was quickly prepared, and I said 'be upon it. As I lifted the Sacred Host the girl's eyes were fixed upon it and I heard her say, 'My Lord and my God!' I could hardly keep back a tear. I administered her first and last Communion. Extreme Unction followed. She held out her hands for the holy oil and when I read the final prayers and gave her the last absolution a little sigh of content broke from her lips.

"Thank God," she said again, but it was in a whisper. "TELL SISTER VERONICA I DIED A GOOD CATHOLIC." "There was silence in the room. It was full of hotel people and the young women of the company, but all were deeply impressed and very reverent. "The doctor came, and made a short examination. 'Any hope?' I whispered.

"She may last an hour," and he left the room. I sat down by the bed, for this little convert had gone to my heart. She lay very still, fingering her rosary. She opened her dark eyes and her lips formed some words. I bent over her, and she said, with difficulty of breath, but very distinctly: "Father—write to St. X.—won't you—"

"Tell Sister Veronica—I died—a good Catholic; that I made my first Communion—on my death-bed—she used to talk—so much about—the happy day of first Communion! I know now. She used to say, 'My Lord and my God.' It was engraved on her silver ring yes, 'My Lord and my God!' I promised. "These were her last words. She seemed to sleep, and then awoke with wide, distressed eyes. I began the prayers for the dying, and gave her the Plenary Indulgence. The lines of pain wore away, and at the end her face was radiant. When all was over a marvelous expression of peace and content was there, and the weeping women who crowded round the pillow of death sobbed out, 'Oh, how beautiful she is. I made the Sign of the Cross over the lifeless remains and left."

"When I got home I sat for a long time in my study, thinking over the whole occurrence; and I am not ashamed to say I dashed away some tears. Before I sought my bed I wrote a letter to 'Sister Veronica, St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania,' and told her all I had witnessed. Several days passed by. The company carried away the remains of poor Bartie to her home city. I heard no more about the episode. I had forgotten to inquire the correct name of the poor child for registry, and felt I had been rather negligent in an important matter; but at the end of the week a letter came from the Superior of the academy.

"SISTER VERONICA. "I read as follows: "Dear Rev. Father: Your letter was received and made a profound impression on the Sisters. We all remembered poor Bartie Carr. She was a bright, spirited girl and everybody liked her. Knowing she was never baptized and would have few opportunities for instruction after she left us, her teacher did all in her power in her class instructions to explain Catholic doctrine. She told me she often said a silent prayer, and looking at Bartie would try to fix her attention as she was the only non-Catholic in the room. This dear Sister has now passed to her heavenly home, young in years, but full of grace and merit. Her name was Sister Veronica Ewing, daughter of the late General Hugh Ewing, a soldier and author. She was a distinguished American family niece of General Sherman, a first cousin of Father Thomas Sherman, S. J. She is sleeping in our little cemetery, and we can readily believe her soul has met the ransomed soul of her pupil, converted through her words and prayers after many years. I thank you for writing this account, dear Rev. Father, and recommending myself to your prayers. I remain with respect, yours, CHRISTOPHER STANISLAUS, SUPERIOR."

"I folded the letter and thought 'What a history, and how many more are unwritten!' Then I said aloud, 'Oh, ye good Sisters who give out the milk and honey of the faith to young souls who cluster round your school desks, have ye not an apostolate in your cloisters?'"

TALKS ON RELIGION.

THE MARRIAGE STATE. The very first lesson that our Lord gave to men with His own lips is not to forget the duties of our calling, the duties we owe to God—"Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" Afterwards He said: "Go into the vineyard." In the vineyard of the world there is an immense variety of work to do. Hence the conditions of men, the states of life, are various. To produce an abundant harvest, each must faithfully perform the work entrusted to him. There are general duties for all; but there are special duties for some. We must not on any account neglect the duties of the state of life to which God has called us.

When we consider the different conditions of the social life of men, it is clear that the marriage state is the most prominent and striking. Hence in "Talks on Religion" it must be considered and presented.

The solidity and the permanency of the building depends on the nature and strength of its foundation. Marriage is the bond which binds mankind together. On its instability and unity, the welfare of Christian society depends. If the family be what it ought to be, then society will be moral and religious. But if the members of the family fail in the duties which they owe to each other, there is as much danger to Christian society as there is to a ship amid breakers in storms.

Our Lord sought to impress upon the world the sanctity of matrimony. He raised the marriage contract to the dignity of a sacrament and declared it to be a figure of His own union with His church. He made a marriage feast the occasion of His first miracle. The "Holy Family" is an example of the virtues which every Christian family ought to manifest.

Persons entering the marriage state cannot be too much impressed with its

importance. It has a most serious bearing upon their temporal and eternal happiness. To marry well is really to marry judiciously and prudently. A good Christian marriage makes the road to heaven easy while a bad one fills the way with many obstacles.

Too many enter the marriage state without sufficient thought or consideration. They do not appear to reflect upon the serious side of marriage and the effect it will have upon the rest of their lives. Too many look upon that state as a matter of convenience, worldly interest or fancy.

Though individuals may forget the obligations of their state of life and the duties incumbent upon them, God is ever mindful and will insist on fidelity to them. When people marry they undertake a two fold duty—a duty to society and a duty to each other. They have the duty of rearing and educating the children that God may send them. This duty involves a great many cares, inconveniences, troubles and labor to parents, but there are compensations for them in the reward that God sends to fidelity to duty well performed.

Burdens are lightened by the compensation of the certain and sure reward to come. Dutiful and loving children are a blessing to those married people who enter loyally into the performance of their own duties and to the obligations of their state of life. Those who are disloyal, murmuring and ungenerous drag at each step "a lengthening chain."

Husbands and wives promise love and fidelity. The love which is promised is an exclusive sort of love which is not to be shared with any one else: "A man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife." (St. Matt. x. 7.) This love should be real and heartfelt and demonstrative. There are too many married people who assume an air of indifference to one another grounded on the fact that they are married. This fact should be the foundation for confidence and respect. St. Paul says: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered Himself for it; that He might sanctify it. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself."

The foundation of this love should be mutual respect. It is strange indeed to find people who are polite and courteous to strangers and rude and careless to their own husbands and wives. There should be some external mark of this respect and affection. It cannot live long without this outward manifestation.

Confidence springs from respect, and husbands and wives should show the respect they have for each other by mutual confidence. Hasty marriages do not as a rule give to the couple such a knowledge of each other as to convince them that they can have entire confidence and trust in each other. Marriage can be too hasty and also too long delayed.

Certain things are proscribed as preservative of health, while we are warned of other things as destructive of it. There are also certain things destructive of mutual happiness; among these may be named jealousy of disposition and a habit of mistrust. As the devil finds plenty of work for idle hands to do, so he supplies plenty of food for the disposition that is jealous. No amount of precaution will prevent the jealous party from getting pretext for his exercise. It must be balanced by loyalty and generous confidence. Rash judgment is sinful and everyone has a right to his good name and character. Jealousy attacks and would blight the good name even of one as near as husband or wife. It is, however, advisable for each to avoid even the appearance of evil, since there are many who have tongues that find no pleasure except in spreading evil report.

If love be founded in confidence and in mutual respect, it finds expression in sympathy. This implies a community of feeling, and, as far as may be, a similarity of tastes. It is not well to be antagonistic to each other's opinions or to each other's friends or relatives.

The test of the love of married people may be said to be found in mutual forbearance, bearing patiently and kindly with each other's weaknesses, faults and short comings. St. Paul tells us that we have our treasures in "earthen vessels." None are so perfect at all times that there will be no manifestation of weakness. "To err is human," even "the just man falleth seven times." It might be well for the married couple to reflect from time to time upon the terms of the marriage contract: "I take thee, to have and to hold, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part, and thenceforth to plight my troth." This is the covenant and it is a most solemn one.

There should also be mutual help and sympathy in religious matters. Husband and wife should walk hand in hand on the way to heaven. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."—Catholic Universe.

THE ARMY OF CONVERTS.

A FEW OF THOSE WHO HAVE LATELY BEEN GATHERED INTO THE FOLD. After reading "The Faith of Our Fathers" by Cardinal Gibbons, and receiving instructions on Catholic doctrine and practices, Mr. B. Alexander Prandali and his wife have been received into the Catholic church at Rockport, Texas, by the pastor, Rev. F. J. Goebels. This makes nine converts whom Father Goebels has received last year, mainly through the influence of Catholic literature.

Canon Pope, of St. Robert's, Harrogate, was one of Cardinal Newman's converts, died recently in his eightieth year.

Baroness Monteiro has been received into the church by Rev. G. E. Ribers, M. A., at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, London.

Lord Brampton, once better known as Judge Hawkins, and a recent convert to the Catholic church, has made the handsome contribution of £1,000 to the building fund of the new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. It is not the

first evidence he has given of interest in the structure, because he has also presented a side chapel at a cost of \$25,000.

According to The Missionary, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul have received over one hundred and fifty converts into the church during the last year, at the hospital in Birmingham, Ala. and at Mobile, in the hospital there, about the same number were received.

The following account of an interesting conversion is published in The Mexican Herald: "On Sunday, September 10, Archbishop Ridolfi, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, received into the Catholic church Mrs. Elizabeth Maria de Lavoire, a young American lady, highly related by family ties, and heretofore a member of the Lutheran church. After abjuring all heretical beliefs, she received baptism, confirmation and the Holy Eucharist. The ceremony was imposing, and made an impression on all present. The church of the Salesians, where this took place, was full of friends and acquaintances of the neophyte."

The Gift of God.

It is God's will that we have three things in our seeking of His gift. The first is that we seek gladly and merrily without heaviness and vain sorrow. The second is, that we wait for Him steadfastly for His love, without grudging or striving against Him, unto the end of our life, for it shall last but a little while.

The third is, that we trust in God mightily, with true and entire faith; for it is His will that we know that He shall appear suddenly and blissfully to all His lovers. Sweet and sudden shall be His appearance, and it is His will that we trust in Him.

SICK KIDNEYS

MEAN ACHING BACKS AND SHARP STABBING PAINS THAT MAKE LIFE ALMOST UNENDURABLE. An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take poison from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impurities, and the poison is left in the system to cause backaches, headaches, rheumatism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one sure cure for sick kidneys. They make new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set kidneys right, and make lame, aching backs strong and well. Mr. George Johnson, of the Village of Ohio, N. S., says:—"My son, now eighteen years old, suffered from kidney trouble and a severe pain in the back, which caused him many a sleepless night. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him, and he grew so weak that he could not do the work that falls to the lot of a young boy on a farm. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He took the pills for a couple of months, when every symptom of the trouble was gone, and he was as healthy as any boy of his age. I am satisfied, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe forms."

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 18th, 1905. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London Ont.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1905. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1906.

SOME CASES OF CONSCIENCE.

A reader of Hull, Que., asks us to answer the following questions:

1. Is there such a thing as a "vocation," or is it just what we make it? And can a person be inducted towards a vocation?

We take it as a matter of course that our correspondent means here a divine vocation to the priesthood or the religious life.

Ans. There is undoubtedly a divine vocation whereby Almighty God in His merciful Providence calls certain persons rather than others to embrace the more perfect ecclesiastical or religious state of life, imparting to them the graces and qualities which will fit them for the proper fulfilment of the holy state to which they are called.

God governs all things even in the natural order, and this is true likewise in matters supernatural, for a stronger reason, because these matters refer more especially to God and His service.

Furthermore, special graces are granted for the fulfilment of the duties of the states of life here mentioned, and these graces can come only from God, Who dispenses them according to His supreme will, and not to our pleasure.

We select a few out of many Scriptural texts which prove this, the application being very evident:

"If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them. I speak not of you all. I know whom I have chosen." (St. John xiii. 17-18)

"You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." (xv. 16)

"By whom we have received grace and apostleship for obedience to the faith in all nations, for His name, among whom you are also called of Jesus Christ." (Rom. i. 5-6)

On the other hand, this vocation may be influenced by our own docility or indecility, and even through the acts of other persons.

It must be borne in mind that, in general, this vocation differs from a precept, being a counsel and a favor. If, however, a person's salvation would be greatly imperilled by resisting the call, it might easily become a precept.

2. Is there any harm in the ordinary operas or theatres?

Ans. You might as well ask: "Is there any harm in an ordinary man's conduct or example? All depends upon whether his conduct be good or bad, and so it is with the theatre and opera. Both or either may be very good, very indifferent, or very evil.

No one can say a word of evil regard the Passion Play of Oberammergau, which is a species of theatrical and operatic combination, representing the most ennobling sentiments and events which ever transpired on earth or can be conceived, performed by a simple and pious company of players from motives of piety, and with the purpose to excite pious feelings among the spectators.

Sarah Barnhardt's recent exhibitions in Montreal were of very opposite

character, their tendency being to vilify Christian morality and Christian faith.

Between these extremes we can conceive of every degree of good and evil. Our best answer to your query is, therefore, simply to quote the words of the catechism in which this subject is treated:

Q. What do you think of theatrical representations in which religion, its ministers, and sacred rites are ridiculed?

A. They are impious and highly criminal, and strictly forbidden by the first commandment.

Q. What is commanded by the second commandment?

A. To speak with reverence of God, and of His saints and ministers: of religion, its practices and ceremonies; and of all things relating to divine service.

It will be remarked here that irreverent talk is forbidden equally with irreverent theatrical performances.

Q. Are immodest songs, discourses, plays, novels, and comedies, forbidden by the sixth commandment?

A. Yes; and it is sinful to join in them, to encourage them, or to be present at them.

KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.

It is asserted in a despatch from Belgium that there is no longer any doubt that King Leopold, twelve months ago, contracted a morganatic marriage with Madame Vaughan, whose maiden name was Mile. LaCroix. The lady, it is said, has been created a baroness by the King. It is added that two aides-de-camp acted as witnesses to the marriage, which took place in the private chapel of the chateau of Lacken near Brussels. The court chaplain celebrated the marriage under authority of the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin.

The casual reader might imagine from the mere reading of this despatch that an unlawful act was thus authorized by the Cardinal Archbishop, but even though all the details of the despatch may be perfectly true, there is nothing unlawful in the case as stated. It would be a very different matter if King Leopold was already a married man, or if he intended to contract another marriage with some princess. But he is a widower, and has been so for many years. It is evident that, if the despatch be correct, the present bride will be his only wife. The marriage is in this case called morganatic, simply because, owing to the civil laws, the marriage of the king to a woman who is not of a royal family does not allow the issue have the rights of royalty with to succession to the throne. This is a matter which belongs solely to the civil law to settle, and with which the church has nothing to do. By whatever name such a marriage may be called under the civil laws it is a valid and indissoluble marriage according to the laws of God and His church, and it will be the only marriage which Leopold can contract so long as his wife lives. The marriage law of Christ will not be violated by this: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

FALSIFIED SCRIPTURES.

Apropos of the recent attacks made on the Catholic church, especially of the Province of Quebec, by the Rev. Dr. Ross of London, backed by the Rev. George R. MacFaul, of Ottawa, we deem it useful to say something more in this issue on the matter of falsified bibles circulated by Protestant missionaries wherever they have attempted to supplant the Catholic faith, especially among the English, French and German population.

We pointed out last week a couple of gross mistranslations which are directed against doctrines of the Catholic church in the King James version of the bible, mentioning at the same time that these passages have not even been corrected by the revisers, who, under pretext of constructing an irreproachable English version, issued the so-called "Revised Version" in 1884. But as these and many other passages of both Old and New Testaments were translated wrongfully in the first place for controversial purposes, the translators of the Revised Version were under a similar influence in making their revision of the text. Concerning this learning of these gentlemen we have not the desire to say a deprecatory word, but we do not hesitate to say that, though they corrected many errors of the so-called "Authorized Version," they left many others untouched, owing to their doctrinal prejudices.

The revisers have, in very many instances, approached or adopted the reading of the Latin Vulgate, the approved version of the Catholic church, abandoning many errors of the generally received Protestant version; but in many other instances they have upon one pretext or other preferred to retain the old errors which were made on purpose to throw discredit upon doctrines which have come down in the Catholic church from the days of the Apostles, constituting "the faith once delivered to the saints."

June 3. Of this faith St. Paul says: (1 Cor. xi. 2)

"Now I praise you, brethren, that you keep my ordinances as I delivered them to you."

In the face of this fact Rev. Mr. MacFaul says:

"If there are any falsified or wilfully corrupted versions among the people, they have been put into the hands by Roman priests and not by Protestant missionaries."

He admits that the missionaries circulate in Quebec "the French Protestant version of J. F. Ostervald . . . a translation which even some priests of Rome have declared to be excellent."

We have this translation before us, and we find that of the two important falsifications of which we have already spoken as being both in the King James' and Revised Versions, one is correctly rendered in Ostervald's version, namely, 1 Cor. xi. 27, which justifies the Catholic usage of communion under one species. While this version deserves the credit due for not corrupting this text, it is a testimony to the inaccuracy of the English Protestant versions. In the other passage which is aimed against free will and the celibacy of the Catholic priesthood Ostervald has the same corruption which is found in the English Protestant Bibles. (See St. Matt. xix. 11)

If any priests have told the Rev. Mr. MacFaul, as he asserts to be the case, that this is an excellent translation, they have evidently been precipitate, as we shall show before we have finished this article. We do not credit this statement, however, after the willful misstatements he has made, as we have shown already.

We propose to make in this article some remarks on a large number of mistranslations which are found in the three versions already named here, on one subject, namely, the justification of man, under which title will also fall the share which good works have in that justification. As a preliminary to this subject, it will be necessary to explain briefly the differences between Catholics and Protestants on this point.

The doctrine of the Catholic Church is that for the justification of man the grace of God and man's cooperation therewith are necessary. Man must cooperate by faith, which is a firm belief in what God has revealed and promised. This belief must extend to the principal truths of religion explicitly, and to all revealed truths at least implicitly, and must be based upon the authority of God, Who is the Infinite Truth, Who can neither deceive nor be deceived. But besides faith, there are other acts necessary which dispose the soul for justification. These are the fear of God, hope, charity or love for God and man, penance, and the sacraments at least in desire, hope or confidence, the firm purpose of amendment of life and other dispositions according to the capacity of different souls, in order that God's sanctifying grace may be obtained. These acts are generally included under the name of good works.

The sanctifying grace which comes from God to the soul blots out all stain of grievous sin and makes the soul truly just before God and pleasing to Him. It makes man a temple of the Holy Ghost, a living member of Christ, and God's son by adoption, and an heir to eternal life.

Luther and Protestants in general denied from the beginning the necessity of good works to salvation, and to maintain their position there was a general corruption and falsification of bibles, whether in German, English or French.

It was also maintained by Luther, and others of the early Reformers, that the individual Christian was not justified by grace, but the sanctity of Christ was imputed to him, covering up his personal iniquities, so that the Christian was not bound by any law. His good works were, in fact, according to Luther and his followers, hindrances to salvation; and to sustain this monstrous doctrine bibles were falsified without mercy. To this day revivals are given in which the people are exhorted to declare themselves "saved" without any thought of contrition for past sins or a firm purpose of amendment for the future, such as the Catholic church requires, and as the Bible truthfully rendered teaches.

Faith also is declared to be the only disposition to justification, and, once a man is justified, it is asserted that he cannot lose his sanctification. This is positively stated in the Westminster and other Confessions of Faith. The foreordination of some men to eternal death is also taught, especially by the Calvinistic school, including the Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists.

It is not our intention to discuss these doctrines here, but merely to show how the Holy Scriptures have been corrupted in order to impress the reader with the doctrines of Protestantism, and to obscure or weaken the truths of Catholic faith.

1. The King James' Version has the following in Romans viii. 18: "For I

reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

The original declares much more than this. It declares by the added participle *mellousan* that this glory will be gained as a consequence of the sufferings endured for Christ's sake, and not merely revealed in or to us. But the Protestant translators did not wish to have the bible say that by suffering or self-mortification, or any good works, we may gain the heavenly reward. Nevertheless the Apostle declares elsewhere the true doctrine: (See verses 13, 17)

13. But if by the spirit ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

17. "So if we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified with Him. (2. In Heb. ii. 9) The "A. V." has it that "we see Jesus Who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor."

So set are these translators against the efficacy of good works that they will not even admit that Jesus gained honor and glory by them, but was debased below the angels, whereas the Apostle says that Jesus was lowered a little below the angels, but because He suffered death He was crowned with glory and honor. The Revised Version, apparently for very shame, corrects this error, but punctuates the verse in such a way that it still gives an opportunity to understand it after the manner of the King James' translators by a wrangle over the punctuation, whereas the Apostle St. Paul is clear and decisive. The Ostervald French translation is here almost identical with the King James' version, except that it gives greater prominence to the wrong interpretation.

3. In 2 Thessalonians i. 4: "The Apostle joins in all "patience and faith in all your persecutions and tribulations for an example of the just judgment of God that you may be counted worthy of the kingdom of God for which also you suffer. Seeing that it is a just thing with God to repay tribulation to them that trouble you."

Justice and justification are theological words which have been understood for seventeen centuries as signifying the state of sanctification which is pleasing to God and makes of the Christian an adopted child of God and a temple of the Holy Ghost. These words are used in this supernatural sense both in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith and the articles of the Anglican church. But they are struck out of this passage to put in a lower degree of goodness which does not express so close a relationship to God, because these churches define that justification comes only by faith, whereas it is here spoken of as the result of both faith and good works. Righteous and righteousness are here employed in King James' Bible in this and similar passages. And it will be noted that they do not even speak here of a "just" but of a "righteous" judgment of God. It would be too glaring to translate the same Greek word *dikaion* in two different ways in the same sentence.

4. This dishonesty is further seen in the fact that where justice is spoken of as the result of faith, there is no attempt to hide it under the terms "righteous" and "righteousness," and the same thing is to be said when the reason which constitutes justice is not given so clearly. It may then be said: "they are just by faith." Thus we have (Hab. x. 38) and "that just shall live by faith." (Rom. iii. 28.) "We conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." This appears to exclude works from the dispositions which sanctify, but it refers to the insufficient works of the Mosaic law. So also we have "Oae God Who will justify the circumcision by faith, and the uncircumcision by faith." (Rom. iii. 30) So also, "Joseph is a just man," (St. Matt. x. 19) and so was Simeon, (Luke ii. 25) Thus also in St. Matt. iii. 15. where the reward is for doing a good work, viz., being baptized, Jesus is said to full righteousness, and similarly when Moses describes the justice which is of the law, the observer of the law is only righteous. (Rom. x. 5.) The number of passages in which this distinction is observed is large, and it is only when justice can be represented as coming from faith that the word justice is used.

In the Revised Version this distinction is not so clearly marked, the word righteous being of more common use, probably from the fact that the distinction between faith and works is less strongly insisted upon by modern scientific theologians, and the efficacy of faith is not admitted to the same extent at the present day.

5. Ostervald's French Bible does not observe so largely the distinction made by the Common English Version, but it does so to some extent. It always emphasizes justification by faith. Thus in St. Luke i. 6, though Zacharias and Elizabeth are both called "just before God," instead of observing all the "justifications," (*dikaionata*) "of the Lord," they observe all the Lord's "ordinances" which is evidently not

the same thing. But the translator is evidently anxious not to let it be known that the observances of the law dispose to justification, as would be shown if the "commandments and justifications" of God were thus coupled together.

It is remarkable that Ostervald does not make Joseph "a just man," but only "an *un homme de bien*," (St. Matt. i. 19.) a man who did good. Joseph is held by Catholics in such high honor that he must be depreciated.

The King James' Bible and the Revised Version both have the same translation of *dikaionata* as Ostervald, ordinances instead of justifications, works which justify.

In 2 Tim. iv. 8, the crown of justice which St. Paul expects from the Lord, the Just Judge, is diminished in the A. V. and R. V. to a crown of righteousness given by a Righteous Judge. But why should not St. Paul be given the crown of Justice by a Just Judge, since that crown is the heavenly reward of one who is undoubtedly in the state of sanctification? The reason evidently is that it is given to him on account of his faith, his readiness to give his life for Christ, and his charity. It is conferred upon him for his faith and works combined. Ostervald's translation is correct in this instance.

The great St. Augustine expresses the true Christian view of justification when he explains (on Grace and Free Will, chap. 6) that it is God's grace, favor and mercy in making us by His grace to live and believe well, and so to be worthy of heaven, and His justice and just judgment, to render and repay eternal life for those works which Himself wrought in us, or, "How should He render or repay as a Just Judge, unless He had given it as a merciful Father?"

POPE PIUS X. SYMPATHIZES WITH THE JEWS.

The Holy Father, Pope Pius X., has announced his approval of Italy's intention to support the efforts of the Jews to obtain religious liberty in Morocco, as it is expected that this matter will come up for consideration before the conference of powers now sitting at Algiers, Spain, to settle all matters of disagreement between France and Germany, which have risen recently in regard to matters in Morocco, and which seriously threaten the peace of Europe.

The Holy Father, in speaking of the position of the Jews, recalled his protest against the Jewish massacres in Russia, which do violence to the brotherhood of humanity. The Pope declared also that he respects the Jews for their tenacity in observance of their ancient religion.

Under the rule of the Popes, and wherever the Popes could make their influence felt, they have endeavored to guard the Jews from the violence to which they were frequently subjected owing to popular outbursts arising from numerous local causes.

So far back as the middle of the eleventh century, the Jews of Spain were the allies of the Moorish caliphs of Grenada and Cordova, and this fact excited against the Jewish race a general movement of indignation throughout Europe. Pope Alexander II. in 1066 undertook to check these incipient persecutions, and with this design he directed his legate to Spain, Mgr. Candidus, to place the Jews of that country under his special protection. This Pope's letter, being promulgated at the Council of Gerona, was gladly received by the Bishops, as well as the kings of Navarre and Castile, who were Sancho IV. and Sancho II. So grateful were the Jews for the protection thus afforded them that they spontaneously offered to pay tithes on whatever property they might purchase from the Christians.

This Pope, in a letter congratulating the Spanish Bishops and people on the happy friendship thus established, said: "We learn with joy that you have resolved to protect the Jews of your provinces, threatened with extermination by the knights in your country who are waging war against the Saracens. Such conduct would be an act of profound ignorance or blind enmity most opposite to Christian piety. Long ago Gregory the Great took the Jews under his special protection, saying that 'driven from their own country and scattered as they are throughout the world, they endure the weight of the penalty of the sin of their ancestors who shed the blood of our Redeemer. That penalty is inflicted on them by Providence, but it would be a fearful crime to inflict on them proscription and death.'"

He wrote in similar terms to other localities where the Jews were threatened with persecution.

It is a well established fact in history that the Jews frequently brought upon themselves persecution owing to their own excesses, and this occurred in the middle of the twelfth century in Germany, England and elsewhere. Nevertheless, St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, and his co-worker, Peter the Venerable, and his messengers and letters induced the Bishops and monks of France and Germany to rescue the Jews who were persecuted, and to refute the fanatics who

were exhorting the populace to massacre them.

Toward the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century the Jews of Spain again incurred the anger of the Spanish king and his knights by siding anew with the Moors, and the tribunal of the Inquisition was used as a means of discovering them so that they might be either expelled from the kingdom or punished otherwise according to the degree of their guilt as spies or conspirators.

Here again the Popes often interfered on their behalf, to moderate their punishments. But any intervention of the Popes was always on the side of mercy to temper the frequent severity of the punishments of this tribunal, which was a civil and not an ecclesiastical tribunal, and was instituted for civil purposes. The expulsion of the Jews from Spain, which took place in 1492, was purely a civil matter, with which the church had nothing to do. It was done by Ferdinand for the safety of his kingdom, and we leave it for politicians to discuss whether or not he was justified in taking so extreme a course. But the position taken by successive Popes was always unmistakably on the side of Christian charity and mercy. The same position was taken both by Leo XIII. and Pope Pius X. in their intercession with the Czar since the massacres and persecutions of recent years took place in Roumania and Russia.

The same position has been taken on many occasions by Catholic Bishops and clergy throughout Europe, where their intervention could be of any use; and this was acknowledged a few years ago by Herr Jacob de Jonge, President of the Synagogue, and Rabbi Dr. Franck in an address presented to the Archbishop of Cologne, Mgr. Simar, on the occasion of his elevation to that See.

As spokesman of a large Jewish delegation, consisting of the leading Jews of Cologne, the Rabbi Franck said: "At nearly all times the prelates of the Archiepiscopal throne of Cologne have displayed friendly and benevolent dispositions toward the Jewish community. Especially in the Middle ages, when the Jews on the Rhine suffered severely from the fanaticism of the misguided mob, the Archbishops of Cologne afforded help and support to the sufferers. I need only mention Archbishop Arnold and the never to be forgotten Engelbert II. of Falkenberg. This tradition of good-will on the part of the Cologne Archbishops to the Jews has continued to the present day. . . . and when in the century just closed our co-religionists were being harshly oppressed and persecuted in Russia, Archbishop Krometzky of Cologne, true to his motto "Charity urges," gave me proofs of his sympathy for the great work of rescue which had great influence on its success. And so we greet your Grace, and trust that you will continue the traditions of the past."

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The Rev. C. Vabre, of Flagstaff, Arizona, in an article which appeared first in the Pioneer, and later in other Catholic papers of the United States, endeavors to point the causes which have brought about the present relations existing between the church and the French nation and government, answering, in his own way, the wondering question which has often been asked by onlookers:

"How is it that in France, where Catholics are in the vast majority, the Catholic church is so unfairly treated?"

Father Vabre endorses the remark made by Julian Hawthorne in his history of the United States: "Were the French nation not as fickle as it is sensitive to new ideas, it would unite with America in controlling the world to-day."

He adds to this that the French "are great logicians and clear reasoners, and will rush headlong to the deductive conclusions derived from a principle. In that they are consistent to an uncommon degree. Hence they are called by some the 'enfants terribles' of logic. Thus we see them take up a new idea and follow it to its remotest consequences, regardless of the secondary issues involved. When they are so engrossed with the new object of their mental conception, do not ask them to be matter of fact, calm, prudent and self-possessed. They are easily swayed by the flashy eloquence of the expounders of the new theory. They wax wild with enthusiasm over it, and any delay to the prompt realization of the new order of things is galling to them. At those times any attempt at checking their reckless course is misconstrued and meets with utter failure. . . . To these natural characteristics may justly be ascribed the frequent imminent dangers of complete ruin that have in the course of time threatened the French. They risk their lives most rashly."

"But what has saved them from those staggering catastrophes and social cataclysms that have wiped out other nations? Their other racial trait, fickleness. Strange as this may sound, owing to their restless nature they never stop long to enjoy and contemplate the results achieved in evolving any theory. They must soon

either trace back their steps as they did after the great Revolution, if the new state of things proves a disappointment, or take up another idea to occupy their activity. Such has been the case in the past, and such will it be in the future as long as the French retain their racial characteristics."

Father Vabre concludes from these principles that, with a cause which appeals strongly to them, easily dazzled as they are by a strong personality, they will follow to the death a leader who holds them spell bound. Thus they willingly followed a Clovis, a Charlemagne, a St. Bernard, a Joan of Arc as champions of a great cause, and with similar leaders they would again become staunch champions of the Papacy, brave knights of the Cross, or heroic defenders of the fatherland; but with a Robespierre, a Gambetta, a Combes at their head, they will as easily be ruthless murderers of a king, rabid republicans, or uncompromising Socialists.

He points out that so far back as February, 1871, the first elections under the newly formed Republic of France resulted in a decided preponderance of Conservative deputies. The country needed men of "sterling character, unquestionable honesty, and peaceful disposition." The Republicans at first elected were but a weak minority, but the majority were a heterogeneous assembly of Orleansists, Legitimists and Royalists of other dynastic predilections. The Bonapartists were, however, in a hopeless minority.

It was because the workmen of Paris suspected that this majority had reactionary designs, that they rose up in arms against the Government on March 18th, 1871, and formed what is known as the Commune, which ruled in Paris till May 21st of the same year, which was suppressed by Marshal MacMahon.

The Commune rivalled in atrocity the Reign of Terror of 1792, murdering without mercy all who were suspected of not favoring the cause, the Archbishop of Paris being one of the victims. It fell short of the Reign of Terror only in the fact that it did not last so long.

It was owing to the intention manifested by the monarchists to bring the Count de Chambord to the throne under the title of Henry V. that the Republican wave now carried the French people with it, yet this turn might not have been given to public opinion only that the Count de Chambord insisted as a condition of his ascending the throne that the Bourbon white flag should be substituted for the tricolor which had been so long the flag of the French people. The French are sentimental to an extreme, and the proposal to adopt the Bourbon flag angered them as a sign of reaction toward absolutism and bureaucracy.

Most of the Catholic clergy took the side of the monarchists on this occasion, but at the polls in June, 1877, a decided Republican majority of deputies was elected, and Marshal MacMahon had to resign the presidency soon after, whereupon Jules Grevy was elected as his successor.

The anti-Catholic measures passed by the Parliament during the succeeding years, and especially during the presidency of Jules Ferry, caused great dissatisfaction throughout the country, and at the elections of 1885 the first ballot resulted in the election of 204 Conservatives and only 130 Republicans. Two hundred and fifty seats remained undecided; and, according to Father Vabre's view of the case, these would have resulted much as did the other 334 elections, were it not that the over-enthusiastic Paul de Cassagnac hereupon, in his newspaper, and by placards posted up throughout Paris, proclaimed that the Republic had received its death-blow, and that monarchy must now be restored to save the country.

The Republican orators took up the cry that the people were to be crushed by a monarchical regime if the Conservatives gained the day, and this view of the case was so persistently urged that of the 250 seats still in the balance, 247 were gained by the Republicans and only three by the Conservatives.

At this critical moment, General Boulanger appeared upon the scene with his panacea for the evils which afflicted France, namely, a revision of the constitution, and many of the Catholic party adhered to him as their leader.

Pope Leo XIII. at this juncture advised Catholics to accept the Republic honestly and seriously as the form of government most acceptable to the French people, and, in fact, many did so, and a new party called "the Rallies" was formed, which had some strength. But the great majority of the clergy, angry at the vicious spirit manifested by the leading Republicans, clung to their monarchical preferences, and continued to oppose the new order of things. The Republicans and Socialists were greatly strengthened by this disorganized condition of affairs on the side of the Conservatives and

Moderates, and thus matters have gone from bad to worse for religion and the Church, till at last the tie which bound Church and State together has been severed.

During all this period the most noisy politicians have addressed discourses to the people representing the church as the friend of reaction and monarchy, and have thus, with the backing of a powerful and malicious press, represented the clergy as the foe of freedom, and have succeeded in increasing the Socialistic party at every election.

The majority of the people stand by the Republic, and will continue so to do unless they greatly change their minds.

We need not seriously fear the destruction of the Catholic faith in France. Indeed, many of the clergy believe it will flourish better than ever since being freed, in name at least, from governmental oppression. The alienation of the people from religion will be only temporary, and the church will regain what it has lost soon after a resolute and earnest leader shall be found to advocate the political rights of the Catholic people and church, while the clergy attend to the spiritual needs of the nation.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

Father Theobald Mathew—to readers of Irish history there is no more interesting personage than Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. From the first his mission was a success, and the fame of his doings at home induced Bishops, priests and philanthropists to urge him to visit England, Scotland, and America. In the former country he administered the pledge to 600,000 persons. In Scotland his mission was as successful, and then came his visit to the United States.

Father Mathew's embarrassments were set at rest for a time by the results of a public subscription, but from this time the amazing success which had attended the cause from its inauguration began to flag. Father Mathew, unwilling to run the risk of renewed debt, felt constrained to curtail grants to bands, temperance halls, and before very long the terrible famine of '49 laid Ireland waste, and his energies were drawn away from his immediate mission, and absorbed in helping the people in the awful struggle with starvation and fever, in which thousands, nay, even millions, were worsted.

These dark and terrible days when "the hunger" was rampant over the land and famished human creatures perished for food all over Ireland, and shall not be touched upon here except in relation to how they affected Father Mathew's mission. With his unbounded love and sympathy for the people, it can readily be imagined how with even more than his wonted energy he gave himself up to the task of alleviating the awful misery around him. He was foremost in every organization for helping his stricken fellow countrymen, and by his foresight, public mind, address, and power of working harmoniously for the common good with men of different politics and creeds, was able, not, alas! to arrest the famine, but to save thousands from the terrible fate which menaced them.

And now began the high tide of emigration, which has since flowed from Ireland to America. Queenstown was the usual point of departure, and to see these heart broken emigrants off, administer to them the pledge, comfort them with such cheerful words as his heart prompted even in those cheerless days, became a recognized duty of Father Mathew, whom trouble and toil had now turned into a broken old man, gray-haired and feeble, though counting by years, he was still in the prime of life.

Father Mathew's name being so well known at home and abroad caused him to be chosen as agent for dispensing the charity of many Americans and others who sent food to alleviate the horrors of the famine, and it is said that he more than any man in Ireland overcame the prejudice of the starving people against the "yellow male," which appeared so unpalatable to them. Even in the midst of the desolation of the famine Father Mathew's loving heart found consolation in contemplating the wonderful generosity of those starving poor, ever ready as long as anything lasted to share their scantiest allowance of food with each other.

In 1817 Father Mathew, in consideration of his great public services, was granted a pension of £300 a year out of the Queen's Civil List, which money went the same road as all other which found its way into his hands, for he was but the almoner of the government, as he had been all his life of whatever funds he had in his keeping. And now, in 1848, he paid the inevitable penalty of the overwork and anxiety of the long years he had given to the temperance cause, for he was struck down with paralysis. Although he made a rally from the serious attack, and lived for eight years afterwards, he was never again the vigorous, sanguine man of the early days of the cause. The blight of the famine was on the great work, and on all that had been hopeful and happy in Ireland, and the Apostle of Temperance had the heavy grief of seeing his ranks thinned by death and desertion.

In 1849, while still suffering from the stroke of paralysis of the year before, he determined (very much against the advice of his friends) to pay his long promised visit to America. His reception here was most cordial and enthusiastic; but though he strove manfully to repay the cordiality of his new friends with his wonted geniality, the effort of seeing and talking to countless numbers of people was no longer easy to him, and the contrast of the joy and prosperity of the New World with the gloom and misery of the dear old land, where he had recently witnessed such

heart-rending scenes of misery, saddened him. His greatest pleasure was in seeing among the well to do citizens of the cities he visited—men and women, to whom he had administered the pledge, in Ireland, years before, and whose faithful observance of it had secured them good positions in the New World. To many of them he was able to bring tidings of their kindred, for he never forgot a face he had known.

In spite of his shattered health he toiled in America, as he had toiled at home, and with the like happy results. The United States Senate gave him a place within the Bar—a privilege which had before only been conferred on Lafayette, and the President entertained him at a banquet to meet a number of the foremost men, all eager to know the Apostle. His stay in America lasted two years and a half, for he visited twenty-five States of the Union, and administered the pledge to half a million of people. For a short time of repose he dwelt in the solitude of the forests of Arkansas, where he said Mass in the open air under the canopy of heaven, with a congregation of only four persons.

On his return to Ireland Father Mathew, now grown too infirm to be allowed to continue his mission, was induced to take up his residence with his brother Charles at Lehenagh House near Cork. There, surrounded by the loving care and ministrations of his family, who did all that was possible to comfort his last sad years, he awaited the coming of Death like a man whose life's work was done, and who pined for rest. But though he could no longer seek out the drunkard, the sick, and the suffering, they still knew where to find him, and to the very end those who sought him were not sent away satisfied. Nay, even after the final stroke of paralysis had stilled the voice which had pleaded so lovingly and so long, his dying hand guided to bless and sign with the cross the very last of the millions to whom he had given the pledge.

He died on December 8, 1856, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and in the sixty-second of his ministry, and it is surely not too much to say of him that he was mourned by the entire people. Chad in his Franciscan habit, and with the beauty and peace of earlier days came back to his dead face, the Apostle lay in state in his own church in Cork, where those among whom he had labored so long could take a last farewell of their beloved father and friend. The name and fame of the apostolic Theobald Mathew, so justly dear to his own generation, still sends a thrill to Irish hearts, and is revered and cherished by thousands of his countrymen and women who never heard his persuasive voice, nor felt the clasp of his helpful and beneficent hand.

A LEGEND OF ST. FRANCIS.

On the slopes of that Monte Magliore which is a continuation of Subasio, half hidden among the oak woods which, as in the days of St. Francis, still cover these lower slopes, stands the church of S. Pietro di Bovara. It is lofty, well proportioned, and in good repair, from which we may infer that it has been rebuilt since the time of the Saint of Poverty; for we learn from "The Mirror of Perfection" that when he was wont to seek retirement there, as he did in many other secluded places, it was ruined and deserted. We are told also, as might be expected, that it was near a leper hospital; for St. Francis never lost an opportunity of visiting and performing the most tender ministrations toward those unfortunate outcasts, abandoned by their own kind.

Now, there was among the Brothers a certain Pacifico, of great sanctity, and likewise a man of great sanctity. St. Francis, having summoned Brother Pacifico to attend him on one occasion, repaired to the seclusion of S. Pietro di Bovara to pass the night in prayer, bidding his companion to come for him early in the morning.

"And so, when morning had come," says the chronicler, "Brother Pacifico returned. Brother Francis was standing in prayer before the altar, and Brother Pacifico waited for him but side the choir, praying likewise before a crucifix. And no sooner had he begun to pray than he was caught up into heaven and saw many seats therein, among which was one more exalted than all, and more glorious shining and adorned with many precious stones. And these were the seats of the saints of God, below the Eternal Throne. And, amazed at its beauty, he began to ponder within himself whose seat it might be. And straightway he heard a voice saying unto him: 'This was the seat of Lucifer, and in his place humble Francis shall sit in it.'"

"Just as he had come to himself, Brother Francis went out to him from the sanctuary where he had been praying. And Brother Pacifico at once fell at his feet, with his arms outspread in the form of a cross; and, gazing upon him as if he were already in heaven sitting on that seat, he said to him: 'Father, hear my prayer; I did pray the Lord that he may have pity on me, and forgive me my sins, and pardon me!' And, stretching out his hand, blessed Francis raised him; and straightway he knew that he had seen something in a vision.

"And later, because he did not like to tell St. Francis his vision, Brother Pacifico began to speak to him as if at a great distance and among other things he said to him: 'What is your opinion of yourself, Brother?' Blessed Francis answered and said to him: 'It seems to me that I am a sinner since than any in the whole world.' And straightway it was spoken to the soul of Brother Pacifico: 'Hereby you may know that the vision you saw was true; for whereas Lucifer was thrown from his seat through pride so Francis shall merit through his humility to be raised to it, and to sit in it.'"

And that is the legend still told of the blessed Francis, where, above the source of the river, a stream, deep, swift and clear, flows silently among the tall rushes, though green and peaceful meadows.—Ave Maria.

THE CHURCH HAS NO FEAR.

SHE HAS WEATHERED THE STORMS OF CENTURIES—SHE CHERISHES TRUE SCIENCE—SPLendid SERMON OF HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 8.—Cardinal Gibbons' sermon at High Mass at the Cathedral yesterday was on the text: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever." (Hobbevi 1, 8.) The sermon was delivered in his usual clear and forcible style and was listened to attentively by a large congregation.

He said in part: "The unceasing duration of the church of Christ is frequently foretold in sacred Scripture. The angel Gabriel announces to Mary that Christ 'shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.' Our Saviour said to Peter: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Our blessed Lord clearly intimates here that the church is destined to be as called always, but to be overcome, never."

In the last words recorded of our Redeemer in the Gospel of St. Matthew, the same prediction is strongly repeated and the reason of the Church's indefectibility is fully expressed: 'Go ye, teach all nations * * * and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' This sentence contains three important declarations: First the presence of Christ with His church, 'Behold I am with you'; second, His constant presence, without an interval of one day's absence, 'I am with you all days'; third, His perpetual presence to the end of the world, and consequently the perpetual duration of the church, 'to the consummation of the world.' Hence it follows that the true Church must have existed from the beginning; it must have had not one day's interval of suspended animation or separation from Christ, and must live to the end of time.

The indestructibility of the Catholic church is truly marvelous and well calculated to excite the admiration of every reflecting mind when we consider the number and variety and the formidable power of the enemies with whom she has to contend from her very birth to the present time. This fact alone stamps divinity on her brow.

DEADLY POES WITHIN THE FOLD. "The church has been constantly engaged in a double warfare—one foreign, the other domestic. In foreign war against paganism and infidelity; in civil strife against heresy and schism, fomented by her own rebellious children. From the Day of Pentecost till the victory of Constantine the Great over Maxentius, embracing a period of about two hundred and eighty years, the church underwent a series of ten persecutions unparalleled for atrocity in the annals of history. Every torture that malice could invent was resorted to that every vestige of Christianity might be eradicated. 'Christians ad leones!'—'The Christians to the lions!' was the popular war cry. They were clothed in the skins of wild beasts and thus exposed to be devoured by dogs. They were covered with pitch and set on fire, to serve as lamp posts to the streets of Rome. To justify such atrocities and to excite all sentiments of compassion these persecutors accused their innocent victims of the most appalling crimes.

"Let us now calmly survey the field after the din and smoke of battle have passed away. Let us examine the condition of the old church after having passed through those deadly conflicts. We see her unmercifully stronger today than at any previous period of her history. The losses she sustained in the Old World are more than compensated by her acquisitions in the New. She has already recovered a good portion of the ground wrested from her in the sixteenth century. She numbers now about 225,000,000 adherents. She exists to day, not an effete institution, but in all the integrity and fullness of life, with her organism unimpaired, more united, more compact and more vigorous than ever she was before.

THE GREATEST OF MIRACLES. "You ask for a miracle as the Jews asked our Saviour for a sign. You ask the church to prove her divine mission by a miracle. Is not her very survival the greatest of miracles? If you saw some fair creature, with all the weakness of humanity upon her, cast into prison and starved and trampled upon, and hacked and tortured, her blood sprinkled on her dungeon walls, and if you saw her emerging from her prison in all the bloom and freshness of youth and the ordinary span of human life, continuing to be the joyful mother of children, would you not call that a miracle?"

"And is this not a picture of our mother, the church? Has she not passed through all these vicissitudes? Has she not tasted the bitterness of prison in every age? Has not her blood been shed in every clime? And yet, in her latter days, she is as fair as ever, and the nursing mother of children. Is this not a miracle, I know not what a miracle is."

"God forbid that we should ascribe to any human cause this marvelous survival of the church. Her indestructibility is not due, as some suppose, to her wonderful organization, or to the far-reaching policy of her pontiffs, or to the learning and wisdom of her teachers. If she has survived it is not because of human wisdom, but often in spite of human folly. Her permanence is due not to the arm of the flesh, but to the finger of God. Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name give glory! God forbid that we should glory in anything save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"I would now ask this question of all that are hostile to the Catholic church and who are plotting her destruction: How can you hope to overturn an institution which for more than nineteen centuries has successfully resisted all the combined assaults of the world, of men, and of the powers of darkness? What means will you employ to compass her ruin? Is it the power of kings and emperors and prime ministers?

They have tried in vain to crush her, from the days of the Roman Caesars to those of the present government of France.

"Many persons labor under the erroneous impression that the crowded heads of Europe have been the unvarying supporters of the church, and that if their protection were withdrawn she would collapse. So far from the church being sheltered behind earthly thrones, her worst enemies have been, with some honorable exceptions, so called Christian princes, who were nominal children of the church. They chafed under her salutary discipline; they wished to be rid of her yoke, because she alone in times of oppression had the power and the courage to stand by the rights of the people and place her breast as a wall against the encroachments of their rulers. With calm confidence we can say with the Psalmist: 'Why have the gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder and let us cast away their yoke from us.'"

SCIENCE NO FOE OF THE CHURCH. "Is the Church unable to cope with modern inventions and the mechanical progress of the twentieth century? We are often told so, but, far from hiding our heads, like the ostrich in the sand, at the approach of these inventions, we hail them as messengers of God and will use them as providential instruments for the further propagation of the faith."

"If we succeeded so well before, when we had no ships but frail canoes, no compass but our eyes, when we had no roads but eternal snows, virgin forests and trackless deserts; when we had no guides save faith and hope and God; if even then we succeeded so well in carrying the Gospel to the confines of the earth, how much more can we do now by the aid of the telegraph, steamships and railroads?"

"Yes, oh men of genius, we bless your inventions; we bless you, ye modern discoverers, and we will impress you into the service of the church and our country. Lightnings and clouds bless the Lord; fire and heat bless the Lord; all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all forever."

"The utility of modern inventions to the church has been manifested in a conspicuous manner. In 1869 the Pope called a council of all the Bishops of the world. Without the aid of steam it would have been impossible for them to assemble. By its aid they were able to meet from the uttermost bounds of the earth."

"But was not the light of the church grow pale and be extinguished before the intellectual blaze of the twentieth century? Has she not much to fear from literature, the arts and sciences? She has always been the patroness of literature and the fostering mother of the arts and sciences. She founded and endowed nearly all the great universities of Europe. Not to mention those of the Continent, a bare catalogue of which would cover a large space. I may allude to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the two most famous seats of learning in England, which were established under Catholic auspices centuries before the Reformation. The church also founded three of the four universities now existing in Scotland—St. Andrew's in 1111; Glasgow, in 1450, and Aberdeen, in 1492."

LIBERTY HER FRIEND ALWAYS.

"Without her we should be deprived to-day of the precious treasures of ancient literature, for in preserving the languages of Greece and Rome from destruction she rescued the classical writers of those countries from oblivion. Haila! a justly observes that were it not for the diligent labors of the monks in the Middle Ages our knowledge of the history of ancient Greece and Rome would be as vague to-day as our information regarding the Pyramids of Egypt."

Is it liberty that will destroy the church? The church breathes freely only where true liberty is found. She is always cramped in her operations wherever despotism casts its dark shadows. Nowhere does she enjoy more independence than here; nowhere is she more vigorous and prosperous. "Children of the church fear nothing, happen what will to her. Christ is with her, and therefore she cannot sink. Caesar, in crossing the Adriatic, said to the troubled oarsman: 'Quid times, Cæsarem velis?'—'Fear not, for you carry Caesar and Caesar's fortune.' What Caesar said in presumption Jesus says with truth: 'What fearest thou? Christ is in the ship!' Are we not positive that the sun will rise to-morrow and the next day, and so on to the end of the world? Why? Because God so ordained when He established it in the heavens and because it has never failed to run its course from the beginning. Has not Christ promised that the church should always enlighten the world? Has He not, so far, fulfilled His promise concerning His Church? Has she not gone steadily on her course midst storm and sunshine? The full millennium of the past is the best security for the future."

"Amid the continual changes in human institutions she is the one institution that never changes. Amid the universal ruins of earthly monuments she is the one monument that stands proudly pre-eminent. Not a stone in the general destruction of kingdoms amid the general destruction of kingdoms her kingdom is never destroyed. Ever ancient and ever new, time writes no wrinkles on her divine brow. "The Church has seen the birth of every government in Europe, and it is not at all improbable that she shall also witness the death of them all and chant their requiem. She was more than fourteen hundred years old when Columbus discovered this continent, and the foundation of our Republic is but as yesterday to her."

GREAT THINGS HAS SHE SEEN.

"She calmly looked on while the Goth and the Visigoth, the Hun and the Saxon swept like a torrent over Europe, subverting dynasties. She has seen monarchies changed into republics and republics consolidated into empires—all this

she has witnessed, while her own divine constitution has remained unaltered. Of her we can truly say in the words of the Psalmist: 'They shall perish, but thou remainest; and all of them shall grow old as a garment. And as a vesture thou shalt change them and they will be changed. But thou art always the same, and thy years shall not fail. The children of thy servants shall continue and their seed shall be directed forever.'"

"In the brightest days of the republic of pagan Rome the Roman said with pride: 'I am a Roman citizen.' This was his noblest title. He was proud of the republic, because it was venerable in years, powerful in the number of its citizens and distinguished for the wisdom of its statesmen. What a subject of greater glory to be a citizen of the republic of the church, which has lasted for twenty centuries and will continue till time shall be no more which counts her millions of children in every clime; which numbers her heroes and her martyrs by the thousands; which has raised up in every age saints conspicuous for their supernatural wisdom, compared with which the wisdom of this world is but folly; which associates you with the Apostles and saints. You are no more strangers and foreigners, but you are fellow-citizens with the saints and the domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the prophets and Apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. Though separated from earthly relatives and parents, you need never be separated from her. She is ever with us to comfort us. She said to us what her divine Spouse said to His Apostles: 'Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world!'"

THE OUGHT TO BE'S.

(Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. J. P. Roche, author of "The Obligation of Hearing Mass," "Our Lady of Guadalupe," "Mirth of St. Joseph," "Bliss and Unbliss," etc.)

OVERDONE.

The secret society business, in West on our nation, has run itself into the ground. There is hardly a grown person in the country to-day who does not belong to some one or other of the numerous lodges that have sprung up on all sides. To the credit of the small lodges, it may be said that they have administered a severe blow to the pretensions of Masonry. American Masonry is a sort of rich man's social club, and a poor man has no business in it. It claims to possess a superior brand of brotherly benevolence, but the fact remains that here, as elsewhere, its higher circles lay to day the rich and great in the social and political world. Its benefits are largely imaginary, and its influence a negative quantity in an age which demands, above all things, business ability and personal integrity. It is still, perhaps, within its power to make or unmake a politician, but the honor of such a proceeding is at best a very doubtful one.

The fraternal orders do a great deal of positive good, and were it not for their silly rituals and their apings of the secret forms of the condemned societies their members would never be called into question by the authorities of the church. The ritual is the chief obstacle, and it seems strange that more of those societies have not had sagacity enough to remove this bar to Catholic membership.

PROTECTION VS. PIETY.

Catholics want insurance, not religion; and they resent the presumption of those who attempt to supply them with both. How often have we heard it said by non-Catholics, "My lodge is religion enough for me." Is it this attempt on the part of such organizations to supply a code of morals as well as protection for the heirs after death which the church resents, and will continue to resent.

The average Protestant is of the broad-gauge type, and anything in the line of a religious ritual or ceremony is penible. They wonder why it is that Catholic priests will not permit prayers and ceremonies originating in a committee of indifferent Christians to be tacked on to the regular Catholic burial service, or, in fact, to take the place of such services. Those rites and ceremonies may mean anything or nothing. They are performed over the pagan, Jew or Christian with equal readiness, and from the standpoint of spirituality, imply nothing but the universal belief of Americans that it is good form to bury people with a religious ceremony of some kind.

There seems to be a general impression at the same time that cheap insurance has no attractions except when coupled with an opportunity to go through some childish form of initiation, and that degrees and high sounding titles must form an essential part of such initiation. The whole thing is nothing more nor less than a species of hazing, indulged in by fathers and mothers of families and by people who ought to know better. It is a compound of horseplay and buffoonery, with a few attenuated principles of worldly wisdom and Christian charity thrown in for effect.

BLIND OBEDIENCE.

I have not dwelt at any length upon the element of blind obedience which enters to a certain extent into the initiatory ceremonies of nearly all the secret orders. Few of them demand an obedience which conflicts with a member's conscience, and amongst those who still retain it in their ceremonial there is a disposition to regard it as an obsolete and unreasonable requirement and one which the intelligence and good sense of the world has outgrown. No reasonable man to-day questions the value of life insurance, and its important place in the struggle for existence. It is the poor man's best means of providing for his family, and the Church recognizes this fact by giving its approval to fraternal orders which are distinctively Catholic. Those Catholic societies are doing everywhere to-day a vast amount of good, and there is no danger that at some future time their members will be compelled to leave them because of some implicit or explicit condemnation on the part of those who guard the spiritual welfare of the faithful.

Scored Heart Review THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXXIX.

Dr. Andrew D. White's description of Cardinal Bellarmine's solicitude to foil the plot of some wicked curialists against the life of Paul Sardi as "Scottish conscientiousness," appears, as we have seen, to rest merely on the fact that the Cardinal's Christian name was Robert, given him by his godfather, also a Cardinal, and a Robert Bellarmine, it seems, and probably his godfather, were of old Tuscan nobility. The only connection between Scotland and the younger Robert of which I have ever heard is that he once engaged in a lively controversy with King James of England and Scotland, in which he asks the King why he had been a Puritan in Scotland and had then taken to persecuting Puritans in England.

Dr. White's description of "Scottish conscientiousness" seems to show a touch of the admirable embellishment not unnatural in a gentleman whose name is "Andrew Dixon." He describes it as "preferring the interests of humanity to those of the hierarchy."

I myself can not boast of Scottish blood, except by marriage, but I love Scottish Presbyterianism in its present form, devout and mild, above any other aspect of Christianity. I own, however, that it would never have occurred to me to describe the Scottish religion and morality of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as distinguished for devotion to humanity, after glancing at the ghastly details given by Buckle and Chamberlain. I do not know where relentless inhumanity ever had a fuller field, except in Germany, than in Scotland, from the Reformation down to the Revolution of 1688. And in Germany the inhumanity which distinguished the waste, in the North and in the South, by mostly in the wholesale massacres of imagined witches, whereas in Scotland, besides such a rage against supposed witchcraft as literally makes the Spanish Inquisition appear mild in the comparison, the most fearful of inhumanity prevailed in reference to all sorts of scandals and delinquencies.

True, these cruelties were an attempt to suppress immorality. Yet such a zeal for morality as extinguishes all human pity can not well be described as a devotion to the interests of humanity.

Still more surprising to me is the description of the Scottish conscientiousness of that time as independent of the interests of the hierarchy. Where can be found a more overbearing hierarchy than the Kirk of Scotland, down almost to 1800? Pastors and elders seem to have exercised a control over morals and manners, over domestic and social concerns, which appears incredible. They were chosen by the people, it is true, or by leading laymen, but, once installed, they became dictators of the most autocratic imperiousness. A man whose doctrinal and practical allegiance to the teaching and discipline of the Kirk was in doubt could not be hanged, but he was apt to have his life made bitter to him. A latitudinarian Scotchman, reading Le Sage's description of the free and easy way in which actors at Madrid overstepped the church laws of abstinence, if only they were not suspected of heretical leanings, might have been tempted to wish that he were living in Spain rather than in the Lothians.

Above all, I must own that I have been astonished to see Scotland in vogue in advantageous contrast to Italy in the matter of assassinations. I should have thought that however much they might diverge otherwise, they would have been recognized as in sympathy here. As Macaulay remarks, the English established in Scotland before the nineteenth century, although I suppose that these vendettas had greatly declined in the Lowlands by 1700.

Least of all should we have supposed that Scotland would have been cited as contrasting illustriously with Italy as touching religious assassinations. I have never heard of any other one in Italy except this attack on Sarpi, and this was severely denounced by the reigning Pope. On the other hand, the history of Scottish Presbyterianism, after a few preliminary martyrdoms, begins with the murder of the Cardinal Primate, and this Knox calls "Rathven's godly deed." True, Dr. McCrie insists that this is only an exhibition of grim humor, which is not meriting the place of approbation—it is in interpretation, such as it is, unwarranted, and appears sufficiently plain from the fact that Knox, recognizing that the murder of Rizzio was an important help towards the confirmation of Protestantism, as indeed it was formally planned by Protestant lords, using the conjugal jealousy of a weak minded Catholic, describes this also as "a just and necessary act."

Godman's proposal to the people, to drag their Queen to the gallows and hang her up, can hardly be brought in here, for it was not carried out, and had it been, would have been rather massacre than assassination.

When inhumanity, hierarchical pride, and religious assassination—as distinguished from formal inflictions of heresy, which the two religions concur in approving—are to be denounced at the cost of the Catholics, we should do well to steer clear of the religious history of Scotland.

President White is a great admirer of Paul Sarpi, as being a known hater of Papacy, and of the Council of Trent. He admires him especially for his veracity, as contrasted with the untrustworthiness of Cardinal Pallavicini. It seems very curious then that Ranko, who is a real historian, and a great one, and a thorough going Protestant, remarks, as quoted by Father Campbell, that after we have done our best to master the two ponderous histories of the Council, by the Servite and the Jesuit, with the vast amount of confirmatory documents, we remain at a loss which of the two authors has misled us the more completely. We are then that Ranko has indeed little confidence in the Cardinal, but not a whit

more in the Servite. He does not at all seem that extreme dislike of the Pope and Council is any certain evidence of distinguished veraciousness.

Ranko remarks that Sarpi first brought into general use a way of writing history of which De Thou had given some specimens, but which first came into common use after Sarpi, namely, that which, after describing each event, endeavoring to show how it casts a light, usually unfavorable, on the motives of the actors in it. A steady endeavor to show that the men of the other part are knaves or fools or villains, is not a very good training in truthfulness of temper.

Ranko says also that a great part of Sarpi's credit—undoubtedly that I am quoting throughout from the Messenger which makes itself responsible as against Dr. White—rests on his large use of authorities to which all Cardinal Pallavicini's great influence could not procure him access, and which, after Sarpi had employed them, have been destroyed. We are therefore wholly unable to control him in those large ranges of his history, an advantage on which it is safe to describe each of the Venetian Signoria—which Dr. White admires as much as he does its illustrious client—has fully reckoned. We can only surmise that, as Ranko gives him little credit for truthfulness where he can be controlled, he presumes that he is not more scrupulous where nobody knows the facts but himself.

Sarpi, it seems, has quite a way of translating the instructions given to papal legates into speeches delivered by them. As the nuncios, naturally, had large discretion in producing their instructions, this way of transforming their negotiations may easily give a wholly false complexion to especially in the speeches which he puts into the mouth of the legates as addressed to the Emperor. The author is particularly infelicitous here, Ranko remarks, because he is plainly ignorant of the constitution of the Empire.

Ranko describes as a fundamental feature of Sarpi's writing an implacable detestation never to give the Papacy credit for conciliatory dispositions, however facts may speak in its behalf. Yet we know that the Pope, for a while, restored the communion under both species in parts of Germany, and was strongly inclined to the admission of a married priesthood there, had not the inflexible opposition of the Council moved him reluctantly to desist.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

ST. BLASE.

St. Blase was Bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia. In his time the Christians suffered many persecutions, from which the holy Bishop did not escape. That his life might be saved to his flock the saint withdrew to a grotto in Mount Aacus. Here he spent his time in penance and prayer and preparing his soul for the crown of martyrdom. Whilst there the animals of the forest became his friends. One day a hunter accidentally came upon the saint in the midst of these animals. The hunter reported him to the governor, who sent officers to apprehend the man of God. The saint cordially met them at the door of his cave and said: "You are welcome, for now I see that God has not forgotten me." When the soldiers took him away the animals followed. The soldiers became terrified, but St. Blase reassured them and said: "Be not afraid, they will do you no harm," and then he ordered them to go back. They obeyed him and looked sadly after him until he was out of sight.

While on his way to prison many of the people came to the roadside to bid him farewell and ask his last blessing. Among them was a poor woman who carried a child in her arms. A fish bone had stuck in the child's throat, and the poor mother was inconsolable, fearing that the child would choke to death. She begged the saint to have pity on her and cure her child. The saint knelt down, prayed, blessed the child with the Sign of the Cross, and it was immediately cured. When brought before the governor, the saint was ordered to be sacrificed to the gods. Refusing to do so, he was beaten with clubs, thrown into prison and finally beheaded.

The Church venerates this saint as having special power over diseases of the throat. On his feast day in the third of February, it is the custom in many places for the priests to bless the throats of the people, and to ask God to cure them if they have any throat trouble, or to beseech God to protect them from any such evils. The ceremony is performed by the priest holding crosswise two burning candles, touching the throat of the faithful, and saying the following prayer: "Through the intercession of the holy Bishop and martyr, St. Blase, may the Lord preserve you from every disease of the throat, and of any other disease, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

THE "OPEN BIBLE" AMONG AFRICAN SAVAGES.

MONSTRIOUS EFFECT OF PROMISCUOUS DISTRIBUTION OF OLD TESTAMENT BY PROTESTANTS.

There is one text of Scripture upon which the directors and supporters of Bible societies do not sufficiently reflect. We refer to the declarations of St. Peter that in the epistles of "our beloved brother Paul" there are "some things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction." The evil effect of the promiscuous distribution of the Bible among uneducated people, leaving them free to interpret it as they will, is bad enough, but the effect is monstrous in the case of the uncivilized. Protestant missionaries have frankly admitted that to the savages of West Africa, so lately awakened from the sleep of barbarism, the "open Bible" is a delusion and a snare. Our own missionaries are more specific. The New Zealand Tablet

cites the following passage of an article on "The Development of West Africa," contributed to the Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society by the Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. S. P., of Onitsha, S. Nigeria:

"But before I leave the question of polygamy, I cannot conscientiously omit to allude here, though with the utmost delicacy and the deepest respect for the motives that inspire it, to the practice, on the part of some religious societies, of the promiscuous and indiscriminate distribution of the books of the Old Testament. It is undeniable that it has greatly contributed to strengthen and even propagate polygamy among these people. Now that they are learning how to read—and, except in the very remote interior, you will rarely find a village without one or more young men able to do so—they will be attracted to the reading of the Old Testament. It is undeniable that it has greatly contributed to their untutored and naturally corrupt minds, unable yet to discriminate between the Old Testament in itself and the New Testament, by which it has been modified and supplemented not to say corrected."—Ave Maria.

FIVE-MINUTE HERMON Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOR.

Has the love of his neighbor fulfilled the law of God (the day)?

There can be no doubt, my brethren, that the saving of our souls sometimes seems to be a very troublesome business. There are so many laws and commandments binding on us, so many sins which we are likely to commit; and if we break any of these laws in any grievous way—if we are guilty, that is to say, of mortal sin—our souls are lost till we have repaired heaven is to be toiled in on a raft which can be made out of the sacraments at the last moment.

But really our salvation is not such a complicated and intricate affair if we would only look at it in the right way. The course which we have to follow is not such a difficult one to bear in mind, and to keep. There are many commandments, it is true; but they all have the same spirit, and if we have that spirit they will all come quite easy.

What is the spirit? Our Lord has told us. It is the love of God, and of our neighbor for God's sake. The love of God and of our neighbor gives us a short cut to the kingdom of heaven; and we are guided by it, we shall not come near the dangers that seem so many and so threatening.

Let us see how this is: how is this love going to work to keep us in the safe and sure track? It is not so hard to see. For what is it to love any one; how do we act towards one whom we really and truly love? Are we always trying to give him no more pain or trouble, and keep as much as we can for ourselves? Do we try to have our own way as much as possible, and never to step out of it for his sake, unless compelled by force or threats?

No, of course not. We keep far away from what will offend him. We always are trying to find out what will please him best. So if he is not unreasonable, and if he knows our desire and intention, the danger of offending him disappears.

Now it is just so in the matter of serving God and keeping His law. The continual mortal sins into which Christians fall, and which it seems so hard to avoid, are due to their trying to run too near the rocks. No wonder they so often get wrecked in these dangerous waters. They are all the time striking on the commandments, and the whole sea seems full of them because they try to sail as near them as they can. If they would only give them a wide berth, and keep out in the deep ocean of the love of God, sin and its forgiveness would not cause so much anxiety and trouble.

If we would only ask ourselves what will please God best, and try to give Him all that He desires, as we would if we loved Him as He deserves to be loved, and as we do with others whom we really do love—if we would do this instead of trying how far we can have our own way and yet come out right in the end, the whole matter of saving our souls would have a very different aspect. Now, why not try to follow this line? It is no fanciful thing beyond our power. Plenty of Christians have done it before us, and are doing it all the time.

But if we do not feel prepared, or are a little afraid to commit ourselves to this course just yet, at least we could endeavor to have some love for our neighbor, and make some sacrifice for him. We have St. Paul's word for it, you see, that even he who loves his neighbor will be sure to fulfill the law. Yes, we may feel quite sure if, by a generous love of our neighbor, we keep far off being wrecked on the last part of the Ten Commandments, that we shall run clear of the first part as well.

The commonest grace of the lowest of us is a word of wonders. How then shall we venture into the labyrinth of graces belonging to the Immaculate Mother of God?

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CANDLEMAS DAY AND BLESSED CANDLES.

The feast of the Purification, which is to be celebrated next Friday, Feb. 2, is the day chosen by the church for the special and public blessing of the candles which are to be used in her sacred offices throughout the year. We can see a special fitness in this choice, when we remember that on this day our Blessed Lord, Who is the Light of the world, was presented in the temple, and holy Simeon first sang his never to be forgotten hymn:— "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant O Lord, according to Thy word in peace because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

Blessed candles, blessed ashes, holy water, blessed palms, are known among us as "sacramentals." They are, to quote the Catechism, "things set apart or blessed by the church, to excite good thoughts and to increase devotion. In the office for the blessing of the candles, the priest uses a beautiful prayer, begging Almighty God to bless, sanctify, and kindle with the light of Thy heavenly benediction these candles. . . . Thee, our Lord God, who being worthy to be intamed with the holy fire of Thy sweetest charity, may deserve to be presented in the holy temple of Thy glory."

The following prayer is even more lovely in its many symbolic phrases, beseeching Christ, "the true light, that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," to grant that as these lights, enkindled with visible fire, dispel the darkness of night, so an invisible fire, that is to say, the brightness of the Holy Ghost, may illumine our hearts and free us from the blindness of every vice, and may cause that, after the darksome perils of this world are over, we may reach that light that never falleth.

Such a prayer is in itself a holy poem; and, in the next prayer, we find displayed the church's use of holy history in the reference made to God's servant Moses, who by divine command, bade the purest oil be prepared for lamps to burn continually before the Almighty; while the next prayer is directly addressed to the Second Person of the adorable Trinity as incarnate in human flesh, and on "this day" the venerable old man Simeon, illumined by the light of Thy Spirit, recognized, received and blessed. How fittingly follows the earnest request that we, "being enlightened and taught by the grace of the same Holy Spirit," may truly acknowledge and faithfully love our Lord!

We do not sufficiently study the remarkable offices of Holy Church, so radiant of spiritual fragrances, so bright with celestial loveliness. What a gem of sparkling radiance is the antiphon for the Candlemas procession:—"Adorn thy chamber, O Sion, and receive Christ the King; in love consider Mary, who is the gate of heaven; for she bears the glorious King of the new light; remaining ever a Virgin, she brings in her hands the Sun begotten before the day-star."

With what lightning like rapidity our minds revert to Him Who, indeed begotten the day-star, is, as the Nicene Creed forever tells us, "born of the Father before all ages. God of God, Light of Light."

Let us then pray, beseeching candles always in our homes, prizing them for the beauty of holiness which they bring before our mind's eye, and for the helpful thoughts they awaken of Christ the Light, Who comes to make radiant the darkness of our souls.

These candles are for special use at the times when Holy Communion is brought to the sick. We should be glad, also, to do our share in providing the candles to be used in church upon the altar, and Mass and Benediction. We thus do honor to our Blessed Lord in His sacrament of sacraments; at the same time that we surround ourselves with things that have been sanctified and made helpful by the blessing of the Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

TOLD BY FATHER TABB.

"I'll go in," she said, "for I've never yet seen a Catholic service, and it will amuse them at home to hear how these poor people do."

The Benediction was just beginning. What an earth could it mean? There was light enough surely. Strange that this inward darkness of the mind should express itself so! Then the flowers and the incense and the tinkling bells made her wonder the more.

Vespers over, the Rosary begins. Ah, there is idolatry! Hail Mary, full of grace, and over and over again. Then the Lord's Prayer. "Well, they keep at least a glimmer of Christian faith, so there may be some hope for them, blind as they are."

She was among the last to leave the church. Seeing a rosary in one of the pews, she took it home with her.

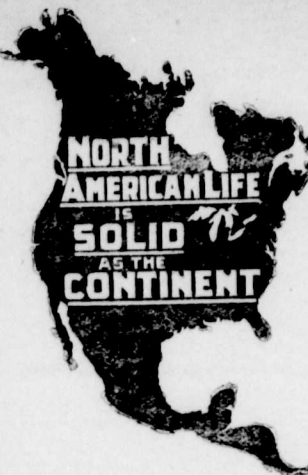
"How they will laugh when I show this," she said, "and pray on it to them!" She had the words by heart. Bedtime came, and the young girl, taking this rosary with her, went to her room.

She knelt, as was her custom, to say her prayers. "Hail Mary"—God forgive me; I didn't mean to say that! "Our Father"—blessed art Thou—foolish distraction!"

She got up from her knees and walked the room. The faint words haunted her. "Hail Mary, full of grace."

She knelt again, trying to fix her thoughts, but the effort failed. "It is better to lie down for a while, perhaps."

She had never before slept without saying a prayer. Can she do so now? "Hail Mary, full of grace"—ah! that I had the grace to pray well—the Lord is with thee. When in thy company He also is with me. Holy Mary, Mother of God! Mother, surely she loved her Child. He made thee; some portions of those same graces ask Him



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Apologizing thus for the words she had uttered, she lay down again, and this time slept soundly. Next morning the same words came to her lips, and from that time forth she daily repeated them. She entered the church a few weeks later, and lived to be the mother of a Catholic family, and was buried with the beads (her stolen property, as she called them) clasped to her bosom. The account was related to me by her daughter.

A Pleasing Incident.

The good-will which exists between Catholics and non-Catholics in Cedar Falls, Iowa, was strikingly manifest on Christmas Day, says the Iowa Catholic Messenger. One of the leading ministers of the city went to the chancel after Mass to see Father Donion and to express his appreciation of the service and, above all, the merits of the sermon, which pleased him very much.

BABY'S TONGUE TELLS.

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Goad of Kindness. Pardon me if I suggest to you that you enter into a covenant of kindness with your soul. Let us resolve that if we get put out of our wits by something said to us or something done to us we will not take it out of our wife, which many respectable "Christians" do.

Let us resolve this week that no friend shall pass us without a signal of good will, even if it is across a street. If any one succeeds this week, then let us trample under foot our envy and our jealousy and let us go and tell that man that this is one of the greatest things we ever heard of; that they cannot imagine how we have been lifted up by their joy.

Boys, believe not everything you hear. The world is full of liars, and you come in contact with an immense number of them. Day after day you deal with liars. You must deal with them. You would have to exclude yourself from all communication with people if you would prevent your coming in contact with liars.

Because someone has said so, is that a sufficient reason for believing it? Because someone has laughed at a holy practice of yours, is that a reason for giving it up? Believe not everyone you come in contact with. Not everybody means well to you; remember that. The most sacred things are scoffed at by some people.

There is something in genuine, spontaneous humor which removes all restraint, scatters embarrassment, relieves tension and welds souls together as no introduction or conversation can. It puts the shy at ease, dissipates prejudice, gives confidence to the timid, and reassures the shrinking soul.

Oh, what riches live in a sunny soul! What a blessed heritage is a sunny face, to be able to fling out sunshine wherever one goes, to be able to scatter the shadows and to lighten sorrow-laden hearts, to have power to send cheer into despairing souls through a sunny and a radiant heart!

This blessing is not very difficult of acquisition, for a sunny face is but a reflection of a warm, generous heart. The sunshine does not appear first upon the face, but in the soul. The glad smile that makes the face radiant is but a glimpse of the soul's sunshine.

Young Men, be honest. Because you have just discovered that there is hypocrisy in this world, do not become so inflated with this knowledge that you seek to demonstrate the futility of religion.

Be honest! Be honest with your fellow man! This applies also to woman. What is more contemptible than a person who

will betray a trust, whether the trust be virtue or money, or confidential information? If you deceive one, confidence is ruined. The confidence of your fellows, of the men with whom you associate and do business, can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.

Be honest with yourself! The religion you are taught represents the highest standard of life. It shows you the highest standard of manhood. This should be your standard. It should be yours. Perhaps you may err in minor things but you can not afford to be mean, or low, or disreputable, or false to the religion of your mother and the religion you yourself should sustain.

Be honest towards God! Are you so puffed up that you think you can fool God? Do you have an idea you can avoid the confessional, or going there, conceal the truth and deceive the Lord? Tell the truth. Be honest!—Intermountain.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Things a Girl can do. Before a girl is twelve there are many things she should be able to do. Can you and do you do them? Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are. Never forget or hum so as to disturb others.

Never go out with your shoes unbuttoned or minus your collar. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Speak clearly so that every one may understand you.

Learn how to enter and leave a room and how to close a door softly. You are responsible. If other girls do not care for your companionship, you should not blame them.

If you are sweet and cheerful and sympathetic, you will draw hearts to you as the sun draws the dew. If you interest yourself in what is going on in the world, you will be interesting to others.

A common cause why so many of our boys go astray is their being so easily influenced by others. Not only through bad example are many boys made to fall, but also through the influence brought to bear on them by the deceiving words and sayings of others.

To offset the bad influence exerted on you from that side, I say to you, dear boys, beware; listen not to the words of everyone who approaches you; be not influenced by the sayings of such as would try to make you give up your good practices, your childlike faith, your virtue, your innocence.

Boys, believe not everything you hear. The world is full of liars, and you come in contact with an immense number of them. Day after day you deal with liars. You must deal with them. You would have to exclude yourself from all communication with people if you would prevent your coming in contact with liars.

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Young Men, be honest. Because you have just discovered that there is hypocrisy in this world, do not become so inflated with this knowledge that you seek to demonstrate the futility of religion.

Be kind to the boys. Some boys, particularly if they belong to large families, have absolutely no place in the household—not a corner of it in which they feel themselves indispensible at home. If they make a little noise, boy-like, the mother exclaims: "Stop that outlandish noise. You know better than to whistle in the house. You are always in the way. Go away, and don't let me see you again to-day." Now Jim, John or Peter, or

whatever his name may be, will with-draw, and boy-like, will say nothing, but boy-like again, will keep up a big thinking. If we could read his thoughts it is more than likely they would run thus:

"Now why can't mother give a fellow a kind word once in a while? I don't believe I'm always in the way, or why does she call me when she wants a pail of water or an armful of wood? Why ain't I in her road then? It must be a disgrace to be a boy, for she and sisters are always snubbing me because I am a boy. I wish I was away from home then I could have a few minutes peace." If he goes down town with a view of finding a place where he is not in the road, it is very likely that he will not find the best company in the world, and ten chances to one, will contract vile habits. Mothers and sisters, treat your boys well, and you will never pass sleepless night on their account.

A MODERN MARTYR.

THE EDIFYING STORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A NINETEENTH CENTURY MARTYR.

Rev. James A. Walsh, director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Boston archdiocese, has lately issued a volume of the life and letters of Theophane Venard, a young and intrepid missionary who was ordained with the late Abbe Hogan, of Boston, and who labored nine years in China, and was brutally beheaded. The story of the young martyr's life and death is both interesting and inspiring, and Father Walsh has done a service to the reading public in publishing it in permanent form.

Theophane Venard was ordained priest in Paris in May, 1851. While Father Hogan remained in Paris, where later, during the Communist uprising he was imprisoned and barely escaped massacre, Theophane Venard, only twenty-three years old at the time, left France a few months after his ordination, for Tonquin, at the south-east corner of China, and after nine years was beheaded.

The parting of this young apostle from his family, his experiences in Tonquin during a period of relentless persecution, his privations, captivities and martyrdom are all vividly and beautifully told in the letters which passed between the young priest and his family.

The devotion of this young martyr to his relatives throws a light on family life in France with which few are familiar. This devotion displays itself especially toward his sister, whom he calls "part of his very life," and toward his younger brother Eusebius, who after-wards became a priest, and is to-day the venerable Curé of a small parish in the diocese of Poitiers.

Father Walsh, the editor of this life, is a personal friend of Father Eusebius Venard, and has twice been a guest of the latter at his presbytery in Assai, on which occasions he secured the photographs which illustrate the work. The spirit of modern martyrs as manifested in the life of Theophane Venard is difficult for those who love the comforts of life to appreciate. These letters read more like a narrative of the early Diocletian persecutions than like a record of contemporary events. Surely truth is stranger than fiction.

Here is a young man who thirsts not for the apostolate, alone, but for tyrdom. At nine years of age, on the bedside of his mother, inspired by the life of another martyr missionary, he declares his wish: "And I too, will go to Tonquin and I, too, will be a martyr."

Twenty-three years later, a prisoner writing from his cage in Tonquin on the eve of his decapitation, he recalled these prophetic words and glorified in their approaching fulfillment.

His courage was a awful death facing him, he said, "as if he were going to a feast," his captors remarked. Offered his release if he would abjure his faith, he silenced his persecutors once for all by his indignant refusal to consider for a moment such a thought.

The several letters which he writes during his captivity are rich in poetry and beautiful for the religious sentiment which they express. These were not the outpourings of a fanatic, but the expressions of a well-balanced faith in one who has carefully and logically reasoned out his duty, fulfilling it to the end.

The thought displayed in some of these last letters is nothing short of sublime. In writing, e. g., to his Bishop and lifelong friend, he breaks out into this prayer: "When my head falls under the axe of the executioner, remember, O loving Jesus, immaculate Mother, as the bunch of ripe grapes falls under the scissars—as the full-blown rose which has been gathered in your honor."

Sending his last words of love to his sister he says: "It is midnight. Around my wooden cage I see nothing but banners and long sabers. In one corner of the hall, where my cage is placed, a group of soldiers are playing at cards, another group are playing from time to time the scotches strike the hours of night on their drums or tom-toms. About two feet from my cage a feeble oil-lamp throws a vacillating light on this sheet of Chinese paper and enables me to trace these few lines."

"From day to day I expect my sentence. Perhaps tomorrow I shall be led to execution. Happy death which conducts me to the portals of eternal life. According to all human probability I shall be beheaded, a glorious shame, of which heaven will be the price!"

"At this news, darling sister, you will shed tears, but they should be tears of joy. Think of your brother with the aureole of the martyrs, and bearing in his hand the palm of victory!"

A reader follows this beautiful life to its close he will not be disappointed; the courage he is led to expect is there in all its strength. Father Venard had prepared for himself a

special dress for the day of his nuptials a garment of white cotton covered with a long robe of black silk.

Having put it on he calmly appeared before the mandarins; and when the sentence of death had been pronounced he took up his parable and made a little speech.

This was a formal declaration that he had gone to Tonquin only to teach the true religion and that he was going to die for the same cause.

He ended by saying to his judges: "One day we shall meet again at the tribunal of God." The mandarin of justice arose hastily and exclaimed: "I will have no insolence."

The convey was ordered to start at once. It was composed of two elephants and two hundred soldiers, commanded by a lieutenant colonel. Father Venard began to sing Latin psalms and hymns as the procession left the town.

The place of the execution was about half an hour from the mandarin's house, and when they had arrived, the soldiers formed a great circle to keep back the crowd, which was enormous. They took off his chain and with a hammer loosened the nails which fastened the ring about his neck and ankles. Then the soldiers pushed all outside the circle.

The executioner was a hideous hunchback, who had already decapitated four priests of the 25th of March, 1860, and had begged to be allowed to perform this horrible office that he might have the martyr's clothes. He began by asking as of an ordinary criminal what he would give to be executed promptly and well.

The answer he received was: "The longer it lasts the better it will be." Seeing that Father Venard's clothes were new and clean, his whole anxiety was to get them without any stains of blood. The missionary took off his clothes except his trousers. His elbows were then tightly tied behind his back, forcing him to hold up his head for the fatal stroke.

LOSS AND GAIN IN FRANCE.

SITUATION BROUGHT BY THE SEPARATION LAW IS NOT ALL GLOOM. London Catholic Times.

While the government officials are busy making their inventory of the spoil, the ecclesiastics may well ponder over the situation opened up by the separation law. It brings them some good. The Bishops will now be appointed by the Pope alone; an enormous gain. And the Bishops will be free to leave France without the government's permission. They will be able to publish their pastorals and decrees at will; to hold synods, and to travel beyond the limits of their diocese at pleasure. They will become free men, in a word. And that is no small gain, for they will thus be in a position to supervise and advance the interests of the church.

But on the other side, they will be poor. And poor, too, will be their clergy. Nor is it likely that the government will allow the separation law so to work its effects as that the church and the priest may derive much benefit from it. The local associations will not be permitted to become too active, and there are ominous threats that the priests are to be deprived of their rights of citizenship. Already it is being suggested in anti clerical circles that the priests shall not be allowed either to vote or to teach. On the ground that they are subjected to obedience to what the Freemasons are pleased to call a foreign power, it is proposed that the clergy throughout France should be held incapable of exercising the franchise. And from many quarters comes the warning that, if the separation law proves too weak to muzzle the church, it rigors should be increased and extended.

The great danger is that the church in France may sink into a slough of despair and from very hopelessness fall out of the nations' life. Cramped at every turn, the clergy may confine themselves still more within the sacristy, and so grow to be quite isolated from the masses of the people. To prevent this, a number of leading Catholics have started a weekly new paper called the "Domain," the aim and object of which is to bring Catholics to accept the policy of the late Pope Leo XIII., and by rallying to the republic to reform it. Whether it is not now too late to succeed in bringing French Catholics round to Pope Leo's advice may be questioned; but when men like the Abbe Klein believe it can be done, the chances may be less doubtful than they look.

At all events, the separation law has to be held with a bad grace. It will not be denied that it opens a new era for Catholicism in France. Whether the clergy receive or reject the law, the government will enforce it. And if it be true that the government has behind it a strong element of public opinion, there is little hope of the clergy obtaining either relief or redress. For fear or woe the situation has to be faced, and the anti clerical majority in Parliament will not let their work of persecution weaken for want of zeal of hatred. They mean to ruin the Church, and unless Catholics turn them out at the elections of 1900, they will strive to bring their work to a successful conclusion.

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. From the Messenger.

Some of our Protestant contemporaries may feel surprised when they read that Martin Luther taught and defended the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In 1527 Luther published, at Wittenberg, a book of sermons entitled "Explanation of the Gospels for the Principal Feasts of the Whole Year." In order not to have the text tampered with, he himself took care of the editing. The collection contains a sermon preached by the reformer on the Day of the Conception of the Mother of God. But this is not all; there are passages in the sermon which not merely state the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, but defend it, too, with some of the arguments used to-day by our Catholic theologians.

"We celebrate to-day," he says, "the Feast of the Virgin Mary, how she was conceived without original sin. * * * We believe justly and happily that it (Mary's conception) occurred without original sin. * * * At the first moment, when she began to live she was sinless and adorned with God's grace, full of grace; and this is not an empty word. * * * This is implied in the words spoken to her by the angel: 'Blessed art thou amongst women.' For she could not have been addressed 'Blessed art thou' if she had lain under the malediction. Again, it was right and befitting that she should be preserved without sin from whom Christ was to take the flesh that was to overcome all sins. For that is properly blessed which is adorned with grace, i. e., what is without sin. Many others have written much about this, and have pointed out beautiful reasons, which are too lengthy to be enumerated here."

These sentiments were penned by Luther ten years after his apostasy from the church, at the time of his most active campaign against her.

Let us take for our daily practise in the ensuing year, union with God; and, as our subject for our particular examen, the presence of God. Thou, O God, seek us. Make us very faithful and careful in all our duties, doing them earnestly and gladly, all for Thee.

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THE APOSTLE OF LOVE.

SERMON BY REV. M. J. O'RIBDAN, Rector of St. Charles' Church, VIKESVILLE, MD.

St. John soared a foot on the wings of divine love, walked the streets of gold, drank of the river of life from the heavenly Jerusalem and looked into the face of Him Who dwelleth in light inaccessible. As Isaiah in the domain of poetry soared above other sacred writers, (Blair, the rhetorician, says above all profane writers, too) so St. John combined a simplicity of diction and a sublimity of thought unique in prose literature.

Consider the words, "All things were made by Him." Though creation is attributed to the Father, it is attributed to the Son as the exemplar cause. An architect before building has every detail of the plan in his mind. The Almighty Architect understanding himself from all eternity conceives the Eternal Word, at once the adequate expression of Himself, and the exemplar of all things possible.

"In Him was the life and the life was the light of men." As St. Thomas says, created things are perfect in proportion as they partake of the Divine life. They are the inanimate vegetable and the animal worlds and the intellectual life of which God spoke when He said, "Let us make man to our image and likeness." There is yet a higher degree in which man may resemble God. It is the Divine Word manifesting itself to the soul as the splendor of the Father, and the Holy Ghost dwelling therein as the radiance of the Father.

How appropriately then is St. John called the Divine because of the sublime truths which he grasped and conveyed in the simplest language. The elevated mind beholds in one principle and the more elevated the intellect the more simplified the form of knowledge, so that in God knowledge is not by sequence or inference or piecemeal, but one pure act beholding the past, the present, the future and the possible.

St. John's sublimity of thought was equalled only by the tenderness of his love. He was indeed the disciple whom Jesus loved and he absorbed the divine ardor from close contact with His Master. Witness that scene on the last evening of our Saviour's life on earth. To all his disciples He gave His own body and blood, but to John He gave his heart. Behold St. John reclining in silent love at that breaking heart and Jesus lost in ecstatic contemplation. Peter will unlock the gates of heaven to countless souls, but St. John unlocks the Heart of Jesus and enters into the Holy of Holies of His most intimate confidence.

St. John's love was like his mind, broad and universal. Great in his thoughts and great in his affections, he was originally an illiterate fisherman, but under the influence of his Master, his mind broadened and his heart expanded like the petals of the rose unfolding beneath the influence of the advancing sun. Let me give you an example to show how he was acquiring this breadth of mind and heart to meet the standard of the gospel and to love not only Jew, but every creature on whose countenance God has set His seal. A girl of twelve years has just died; sounds of funeral music issue from the house and the parents of the girl inform our Saviour that it is too late. But the hour of hopelessness is the hour of God. He approaches the bed of the innocent

victim. On one side weeping parents, on the other Jesus, St. John and two other apostles. Amid the awful silence and suspense, that voice in peaceful tones, indicative of Omnipotence, breaks the spell: "She is not dead, but asleep. Young girl, arise!" Here at the bed of death John learned that charity of Jesus whose message from his Father was a message of love. For God is charity, a charity whose object is not the brother Jew, but every man in pain and misery. Hence St. John does not speak of Jew, but of mankind, not of Palestine or Armenia, but of the world, because God is no respecter of persons and Christ died for all men.

The love of Christ discriminates not in favor of Jew or Gentile. Its vision stops not at the accidents of birth or position, of education or environment, but beneath the rag and the robes, in misfortune or success, in poverty or wealth, it sees a human being and brother, an image of God, created by the same Father and destined for the same supernatural end. What a lesson for us in our petty antipathies, our miserable narrowness, our racial, political and personal prejudices.

The ardor of his love was never chilled although put to severe tests. He was literally a martyr of love. The greatest happiness that a saint can have is to die for Jesus. For he purchases eternal happiness at a very low price. Hence the saint welcomes martyrdom. Listen to St. Paul: "Unhappy man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death." Listen to the youthful Paneratus in the broad arena of the Coliseum about to be torn by wild beasts. He prays: "Today, yes, to-day, oh, most blessed Lord, is the appointed day of Thy coming. Tarry no longer." And turning to the enraged and disappointed mob, he exclaims in tones of joyous expectation: "It was a panther that gave my father his crown. Perhaps the same will bestow the crown on me." Witness the martyrdom of St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch. He walks firmly down the arena in presence of eighty thousand people. "Where are the lions," he asks. "The man who fears God fears naught else." He is anxious to obtain his crown of martyrdom and blesses the day of his death and thanks his executioners.

St. John had loved enough to merit the crown of martyrdom. It seems that he is to obtain it. Alas he must suffer martyrdom, but cannot die. He is on the way to Rome no doubt to pay homage to St. Clement. He stopped outside the wall and on the Appian way almost in sight of the magnificent basilica which bears his name, he is plunged into a caldron of seething oil. Will it be true to its nature and give him the crown. The fiery mass refuses to burn his virginal flesh, and St. John is condemned to live. Condemned to live, will you say? Was not this his greatest consolation? Ah! it might be consolation for you and for me, but for a saint, for one who loved like St. John, it was a most bitter martyrdom. Notwithstanding his disappointment his love grew more ardent as years advanced. Like a majestic column left standing alone to commemorate the glory of bygone ages, he remained the same devoted disciple, preaching and practicing the gospel of love till called to the Heavenly Jerusalem which the glory of God hath enlightened and the lamp whereof is the Lamb.

A DISGUSTED PROTESTANT MINISTER.

The Rev. Charles Wellesley Spicer, of Portsmouth, O., has abandoned in disgust the Protestant Ministry and henceforth intends to devote his attention to the law. In a local paper he candidly sets forth the motives that prompt him to take this step. He frankly states that he is not satisfied with the position taken in recent times by the Protestant Church, which, according to him, is dominated by a spirit of materialism. Here is a synopsis of his reasons for leaving the pulpit, as given by a press dispatch: "In the statement he complains that 'this is an age of materialism,' and that the Church has been caught in the maelstrom of it. The Protestant Church lacks authority and direction, he says, in which respect it differentiates itself from the Catholic Church, which alone maintains the bold, aggressive spirit of the past, and which alone is gaining ground." For these reasons, and the additional one that Church work is unremunerative he has embraced the law. He invites the Church to take warning.

The Church over which the ex Rev. Spicer presided is the Christ Episcopal Church of Portsmouth, O., which we are informed "is the most fashionable and wealthy congregation in the city." It remains to be seen whether or not it will follow the advice of its former pastor and "take warning." That there are some Protestant congregations that are open to the charges made by Mr. Spicer is beyond doubt. The very designation "a wealthy and fashionable congregation" indicates the segregation of the rich and the cultured from the common people, to whom the Founder of Christianity and His disciples preached the Gospel. As we write we have in mind a Protestant Church on Fifth Avenue, of this city, which is essentially a rich man's club, the poor would as soon think of crossing its threshold as they would of forcing their way into the "Millionaire Club," at the entrance to Central Park.

Not far away from this exclusive Protestant Church stands St. Patrick's Cathedral, with its doors open all day long. If you enter you will find the poor as well as the rich kneeling in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. The presence of our Lord utterly annihilates the artificial distinctions that obtrude themselves so offensively in the rich Protestant church a few blocks away. Where these artificial distinctions exist it is not surprising that the spirit of materialism manifests itself, and that the spiritual is gradually relegated to the rear.

The ex-Protestant clergyman whom we have quoted above is not the only Protestant that has been impressed by the difference between the temporizing

policy of the Protestant sects and the unbending attitude of the Catholic Church, when the essential truths of Christianity are in question. The difference is easily explained. The Church has received a divine commission. The Protestant sects have not. That is the reason they are constantly minimizing great Christian truths, even to the vanishing point.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A Dollar for Each Orphan.

A dollar for every orphan in the city. That was the philanthropic way in which Dr. Raymond Sauvage of New Orleans celebrated the removal of his drug store from one location to another. The money was given to the institutions which care for the orphans, and no discrimination was made, either as to sex, race or color. Each institution was notified of the offer and its officer made a certified statement of the number of children cared for by it. On presentation of this Dr. Sauvage paid a dollar for each child as there are orphans. The total expenditure was no less than \$2,000.

A USURER'S RESTITUTION.

The obligation of restoring ill-gotten goods rests lightly on the average guilty conscience. As the exception only proves the rule, the following instance may be of interest: Cardinal Prisco, Archbishop of Naples, has accepted the task of "restoring to the poor the money taken from them by the rich," imposed on him by the will of the late Filippo Florio, a rich eccentric bachelor, who died recently. He made his fortune of \$1,500,000 at never for the sons of wealthy parents, inclined to be rakes. When he was 50, Filippo thought he had taken enough revenge on the rich, whom he hated as oppressors of the poor and made a testament, naming the Cardinal, a certain notary and a lawyer as executors.

The bulk of the money goes to the Hospital for incurables; the addition of the new wing is provided in which only the poorest of the poor shall be lodged. Over each door the following sentence is to be set in letters of gold: "The money I took from the wealthy, who took it from the poor, shall now return to the poor."

Do not multiply your New Year resolutions. The making of many means the breaking of all. Single out your predominant fault. Struggle with it until you are master, and you will then have mastered the many.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

ST. JOHN'S CLUB, A NEW ORGANIZATION IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY.

Completely equipped and elegantly furnished are the rooms of the St. John's Club, located on the second floor of the Coffee Block, Upper Wyndham street. All the modern conveniences essential to wholesome, attractive recreation are there.

On the left of the entrance to the club is the large assembly hall, which has been divided into three apartments. The first is the smoking room, which is furnished with easy chairs. The second apartment will be devoted to games, and the necessary tables and chairs have been purchased. The vest end of the room is set apart for billiards and pool, and very fine tables have been provided.

Along the hallway are located private rooms for the chaplain and secretary, and also a well equipped billiard room. On the south side of the hall is the reading room which is supplied with a good line of books, magazines, newspapers, and a comfortable sofa. Next is the reception and music room, and here it is that the beautiful Bill piano purchased by the club is to be seen.

At the end of the hall is the gymnasium, which is equipped with various appliances for physical culture. The club has also a billiard room, which is furnished with a billiard table, and a large billiard board of red baize. The furnishing of the rooms has been most carefully and completely planned, and the appearance at once of comfort and durability.

The entire suite of rooms present a neat and attractive appearance, and the club has a most excellent reputation for its success in completing the work of improvement and to be congratulated on the splendid success that attended their efforts.

It is the intention to have a literary society in connection with the club. The officers are: Chaplain, Rev. J. C. Coffey, S. J.; President, Dr. F. T. Coughlin; Vice-President, Frank H. Hynes; Secretary, E. C. O'Brien; Treasurer, W. H. Bedford; Librarian, J. Sheridan; Steward, W. W. Arnold; Executive Committee, Messrs. W. W. Arnold, J. A. Sullivan, Fred Gibson; Trustees, J. A. Sullivan, Fred Gibson; and the Rev. J. C. Coffey, S. J.

The opening of the club rooms on Tuesday evening was a most successful affair. A large number of the ladies friends of the club were present, and the Rev. J. C. Coffey, S. J., presided. The Rev. J. C. Coffey, S. J., presided at the opening of the club rooms, and in his address he congratulated the club on the splendid success that attended their efforts.

President Coughlin welcomed the large audience to the opening of St. John's Club. It remains to be seen whether or not it will follow the advice of its former pastor and "take warning." That there are some Protestant congregations that are open to the charges made by Mr. Spicer is beyond doubt. The very designation "a wealthy and fashionable congregation" indicates the segregation of the rich and the cultured from the common people, to whom the Founder of Christianity and His disciples preached the Gospel.

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Fruit Cures Constipation

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Constipation because they are made of fruit.

Constipation comes from just one cause—lack of bile. It is the bile—flowing into the intestines—that causes the bowels to move. More bile is the only thing that can cure Chronic Constipation.

Fruit acts directly on the liver. It stimulates and strengthens the millions of tiny liver cells—causes more bile to be made—and makes the liver give up more bile to the bowels.

Mrs. Kate Ewert, Hamilton, Ont., writes asking that for years constipation was her trouble, and says: "I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' with great benefit, and they are a grand medicine for constipation and other stomach trouble. I would not care to be without them in the house, they are so good."

Cathartics, pills, salts, aperient waters don't reach the liver. They merely irritate the bowels and make the bowels move by irritating the lining membrane. Constipation is made worse by such drugs.

Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets.

contain no calomel, cascara, senna or other bowel irritants. They are concentrated fruit juices, combined and made more active medicinally by our process of uniting them. "Fruit-a-tives" are a liver tonic. They tone up and stimulate the liver—and cause the liver to secrete more bile. This means a healthy bowel action and a permanent cure for Constipation, Biliousness and kindred troubles.

All druggists should have them. Sent prepaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50—by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



THE AMERICAN SHOE.

The citizens of London, Ontario, are justly proud of their manufacturing industries. One of the most noted at the present time is the Cook, Fitz Gerald Company Limited. Both members of the firm are natives of this district. A visit to their factory the other day gave us an agreeable surprise. The premises are commodious and it is a veritable bee hive of industry. The company have secured from the United States some of the very best experts in the production of fine shoe work. In addition to this they have a large staff of Canadian workmen. They produce what is known as the "Astoria," an American shoe; and the finished product is equal in every respect to that produced by the very best factories in the United States. This is something of which Canadians should feel proud.

MESSRS. MALLON AND M'CAE.

Recent changes by which the city of Toronto has now the handsome Home Bank building on King street west, with the branches on Church street and Queen street west, remind us that these banks are under the management of three young men, whose reputation is such as to inspire confidence, and whose records, whether taken individually or collectively, are a guarantee for successful and popular management. Major Maslin, who has been connected with the concern for about fifteen years, has also made a name for himself in South Africa as a gallant and trusted soldier. Mr. John F. Mallon, lately appointed to the management of the Church street branch, is a member of one of our large and model Catholic families; while Mr. James McCabe, head of the Queen street branch, has been identified for years with the advancement of the parishes in which he has lived—St. Mary's and the Holy Family. The business capabilities and application of these gentlemen is vouched for by the rapidity of their rise and by their selection to the important positions they now occupy.

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DIED. O'MAHONEY—On Jan. 9th, of pneumonia, Daniel O'Mahoney, of the township of Townsend, Norfolk Co., farmer, aged sixty nine years. May his soul rest in peace!

STAFFORD—In Chicago, on Jan. 23d Mrs. John W. Stafford (Lalish Cole) second daughter of Mr. Frank H. Coles, of Hamilton, Ontario, died at her home in Chicago, Ontario, at the age of 65 years. May her soul rest in peace!

BARRETT—At Ottawa, on 21st inst., of kidney trouble, Mr. W. H. Barrett, barrister. May his soul rest in peace!

McDONNELL—At Killbuck, Ont., on Jan. 17th, 1906, Mr. Wm. McDonnell, aged eighty six years, a native of Keshorn, Lanesborough Co., Scotland. May his soul rest in peace!

TOOHEY—At London, Ont., on Sunday Jan. 21, 1906, Miss Kate Toohey, daughter of the late John Toohey. May she rest in peace!

CASSIDY—At New Liskeard, Ont., on Jan. 21st, Margaret Mary Anthony, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cassidy. May her soul rest in peace!

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