

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22 1908

1531

## THE ENCYCICAL AND MODERN THOUGHT.

The Tablet.  
In another column, a correspondent who signs himself "Peoples of," makes an objection which, he thinks, may be urged against the interpretation of the Encyclical "Pascei Greges," set forth in The Tablet and by given Catholic writers in other leading reviews. We think that our correspondent is evidently too loyal a Catholic and too well informed not to be able to forecast fairly well the solution of his difficulty, and he will forgive us if we harbor an impression that he is courteously perplexed with the perplexity of others, and desires an answer, not so much for himself as for the benefit of some who are outside the Church, and are excusably misled by the vehement campaign of misrepresentation which has been waged against the Encyclical by a certain section of the non-Catholic Press. The objection of which he is the exponent may be stated as follows:

The interpretation of the Encyclical given in The Tablet, and by Father Sydney Smith, S. J., in The Month, and Father Gerard, S. J., in The Hibbert Journal, and by Mgr. Moynan in The Nineteenth Century, and after it that the Encyclical condemns certain errors which are glaringly heretical and obviously anti-Catholic, and which by the fact can hardly be presumed to have had any very large following amongst Catholics, here or abroad.

Now, if this be really the object of the first or doctrinal part of the Encyclical, how can we explain the second or disciplinary part, namely the Popes should take the trouble and have recourse to quite elaborate and extraordinary repressive measures for the detection and suppression of the errors in question in such and other countries? Why such a desire to maintain the Faith which nobody denies.

But, on the other hand, if it should be that the interpretation given by The Tablet and by the writers named is not correct, and that the object of the Pope is really to extirpate modern thought, modern aspirations, and modern knowledge, then one would expect him not to have done, and to make the forces of the Church for a supreme effort of repression.

It requires but a moment's reflection to see the non sequitur of such a construction. First of all, we may be allowed to repeat here what we have already pointed out on a former occasion, that the interpretation of the Encyclical given in our columns was not in the least a personal or peculiar one. It was set forth, as our correspondent notes, by the three writers just named, and independently, as the plain statement of what any theologian would hold to be the obvious content of the Encyclical. That interpretation was further confirmed by the fact that it coincided in every way with the much fuller exposition of the Encyclical which was given independently in a series of fifteen public conferences to distinguished audiences in Paris by some of the learned professors of the Institut Catholique, an institution which ranks as one of the most eminent theological schools in Europe. It was still further confirmed by being received with special approval in Rome itself, where it was even republished in extenso in the columns of the official organ, the Osservatore Romano (it would be vain to imagine that this was due to any tactical desire on the part of Rome "to receive and minimize," seeing that this marked approval was given at the very moment when the Holy Father by a subsequent decree was enforcing the whole tenor of the Encyclical under the severest censures). Our correspondent will agree with us that an interpretation which is made not only in London but independently at Paris, and is accepted at Rome by the highest authorities as exact, has after all a strong presumption of being the right one, and of representing what the Pope intended. But that by the way.

Now to turn to our correspondent's induction. It seems at first sight to argue that if the Pope's intention were to condemn very fundamental and important heresies, it would be strange that he should take extraordinary measures for their repression. To that the obvious answer is that first of all it is not in the least a matter of doubt or question whether the Pope intended to condemn heresies which are both fundamental and anti-Christian, and so much so as to be subversive of all religion. He himself says so in the plainest possible terms. After stating, in the most painstaking way, the whole system which he condemns, he declares it to be the "synthesis of all the heresies," and the "sap and substance" of errors against faith, and "the destruction of all religion." And secondly, this being so, we cannot see how it is strange that the Pope should take elaborate measures for their detection and repression. We should think it strange—conceivably strange—if he did not.

But this, we presume, is not quite the point of our correspondent. He would, no doubt, agree with us that the Pope condemns deadly heresies which are subversive of all religion, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that he should take every lawful means to protect the Church of God against them. But it might fairly be contended that if these errors are so glaring as those stated in our interpretation and in the articles referred to, they can hardly be the same as those which the Pope describes as subtle; and if they are so fundamentally anti-Christian as we have made out, then presumably they are held by few, and are practically unknown, they cannot

be those which are described as widespread and deeply rooted in the Encyclical, nor could they be such as to induce the Supreme Pontiff to proclaim a state of martial law in order to cope with the offenders.

Here, of course, the solution lies in a simple consideration of the facts. Proclamation of martial law means a suspension of the Constitution, or at least of the ordinary law. There is nothing of the kind to be found in the Encyclical. The disciplinary provisions prescribed leave the Constitution of the Church, and the ordinary working of Canon Law, absolutely untouched. In view of an existing evil, severe measures of a stringent character are adopted, and the ordinaries are required to inform the Holy See in their triennial report as to their fulfilment, much needed reform is introduced by which the episcopal duties of vigilance and censorship are discharged through a diocesan commission. But there is nothing in all this which would bring to the mind of a theologian or a canonist the least resemblance to a proclamation of martial law, or even a massing or mobilisation of forces. They are simple and practical administrative precautions dictated by the nature of the evil against which they are directed.

In the Encyclical, the Modernist system was wisely presented as a whole, and largely in the terminology, and often in the very words, of the Modernist authors. Very naturally, the errors are described in that elusive and subtle setting which was notoriously a part of the stock in trade of the movement. Such errors, although plain and pernicious enough in all conscience, are, like all fundamental errors, embedded in an element of mysticism and subtlety. Aristianism, which was in many ways much less subversive than Modernism (for it undermined certain dogmas, not all dogmas and all extrinsic revelation), was undoubtedly a palpable heresy; but that, as we know, did not hinder it in the least from being disguised in a texture of infinite subtleties and slippery erasions. The exposition of Modernism in the Encyclical was addressed to ecclesiastics who, by their training, could hardly fail to apprehend its admirable but technical statement, and to them the errors would be no less glaring because they came forth in the nebulous dress of the subtle philosophical system in which their authors had deviously clothed them. But our readers, and amongst them we hope our correspondent, will agree with us that if a fair account of the Encyclical had to be given to the reading public at large, it was surely important that the errors should be unmasked and stated sincerely in their plain significance and stripped of their native subtleties of thought and speech which naturally attached to their official exposure. The purpose of such an interpretation, whether in our own columns or in the pages of the Reviews, was to do this, and we think that the man in the street, as well as the man in the study, should know exactly what the Pope was condemning, and why he condemned it. If then errors which were rightly described in the Encyclical as subtle were found in such interpretations to be glaring, we can only say that that is just the task which the writers had in view, and we are glad to think that the authorities in Rome, who have the best right to know the meaning of their own words, expressed their approval of the manner in which the task was accomplished.

Again, we must remember that the system of error with which the Holy Father had to deal was not confined to this or that local diocese. It had infiltrated itself into several centres in Italy, Germany and France, and it was certainly not unknown in the United States and in England. It had made itself felt not only in certain publications, but had revealed its trend in the perversion of a given number of the clergy and of ecclesiastical students who had fallen under its influence. That, in such circumstances, the Holy Father should speak of the errors as widespread, or deep rooted, as compared to a mere local or speculative heresy, is obviously natural, although it would be absurd to interpret his words as denoting any notable corruption or detraction of the Catholic people. But the error had assumed quite sufficient proportions for the Holy Father to take cognisance of it, and in the wise fulfilment of his sacred trust, to deal with it sternly and effectively. It is happily true that here in England we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that the clergy and faithful, as a whole, were practically untouched by it. At the same time, it would, of course, be simple fatuity to pretend that the evil had no existence whatever in our midst. The leading band of Modernist protagonists, who have joined hands abroad in courting the censures of the Church, did in loudly—and not without some justification—that this century has contributed its quota to the movement. Books, Modernist in both meaning and spirit, have been published, and have circulated amongst us. The most audacious plea in favor of that very system of the mere sense origin of religion and revelation, and the human origin of dogma, which is condemned in the Encyclical may be found in the pages of a non-Catholic review published in this country more than two years ago. Something very like a propaganda, insidious in its character, and repulatively underhand in its methods, was carried on in carefully chosen centres in favor of one, cloaked in false mysticism, appealing largely to religious minds of shallow or untrained mentality, while the more aggressive and advanced utterances of Modernist error on the Continent were made fairly well known in this country. These are facts which our correspond-

ent must bear in mind when he represents the fundamental errors reproached in the Encyclical as being practically unknown in England. They must certainly in justice be taken into account in any criticism upon which we may venture concerning the action of the Holy See in urging the Episcopate to renewed vigilance, and to effective measures to obviate the extension of the evil. Undoubtedly, the Modernist following, if it may be said to exist in England, is insignificant both in numbers and influence. It is, however, at all necessary that any large or important section of the population should be suffering from an epidemic, that the salutary authorities are asked to be active and alert in preventing the spread of the infection. That the Holy Father, in view of the deadly nature of certain anti-Christian errors, should prescribe strict regulations for the spiritual safety of his flock, is no more unreasonable than that the Board of Health, notified of a few cases of cubic plague in London or Liverpool, should require prompt measures of vigilance and prevention to be enforced throughout the Kingdom. Hence between the fundamental nature of the heresies condemned in the first part of the Encyclical and the stringency of the disciplinary provisions ordained for their repression in the second, there is very far from anything like incommensurability. On the contrary, there exists between the doctrinal condemnations and the disciplinary precautions, a perfect rational proportion, and the one is the natural outcome and practical supplement of the other.

Finally, if we here in England have been so happily free from any considerable impact of the Modernist movement, we must not forget that some parts of the Catholic countries abroad have been less fortunate, and that, though even there its following has been relatively small and is now diminishing, yet, in view of the insidious activity urged in its propagation, the strictures and the repressive measures of the Supreme Pontiff have been more than justified. The errors which were pointed out in our exposition, and which our correspondent rightly denounces as glaring and anti-Christian, are to be seen described, and condemned in the Encyclical by all who will take the trouble to refer to its pages. All who have in any measure followed the movement during the last five years know perfectly well the books of the Modernist authors where these errors are to be found in situ. Anyone who wishes to assure himself of the fact has only to consult amongst other sources the careful and abundant references in the footnotes of the account of the public lectures given under the auspices of the Institut Catholique at Paris, which, we believe, are shortly to be published by Canon Gaudreau. Moreover, in ordering the regulations of vigilance and repression in the Encyclical by all given countries or districts in which the Modernist influence was more active, it would have been invidious, and in view of the far-reaching diffusion of literary communication, it would have been certainly short sighted if the Pope had prescribed such regulations for the countries and not for others. It has been part of the wisdom of the paternal consideration and good taste of the Holy Father that, in the discharge of his high duty of admonition and correction, he has made no distinction between his world wide children, and that the incalculating mention of a special person or a special place is not to be found in the Encyclical from one end to the other.

With fundamental errors against Catholic Faith, clearly and carefully noted and stated in their system in the pages of the Encyclical, and with the categorical declaration of the Holy Father that it is precisely this system of errors "subversive of all religion," we think that all doubts as to the object of condemnation would have been impossible to any candid reader of the Encyclical. To close one's eyes to the whole tenor of its doctrinal statement, in which it set forth so minutely and unmistakably what it does condemn, and to make out that it is directed against the whole structure of modern thought and aspirations, which, as such, it nowhere condemns, would surely be a feat of perverse and imaginative criticism. That the Modernist at bay, detected and unmasked in the exposure of the true inwardness of his system, should seek at any cost to evade the point of the indictment, and to involve the whole system of modern thought in his own condemnation, with the usual appeal to the gallery, may be a matter of excusable, if desperate principle. He could suffer without bitterness, and stand firm without recourse to exasperating words or deeds. So it was that his pastoral, whilst dutifully laying down the line of duty to be followed, ever counselled patience and hope. And yet, because he with the other French Cardinals wrote a letter of appeal to the President of the Republic against the separation of Church and State then threatening, he was declared guilty of an abuse of his position. His eighty-eight years made him not only the *doyen* of the French episcopate but also of the Sacred College. His last public act, his reception of the Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu, may be taken to stand as a summary of his life, his most probably hastened his death. His loss can scarcely yet be realized. He had lived so long and labored so actively in the public eye, that it seemed what had been would be; he had in fact, become an institution in Paris and in the Church of France. But at last the blow, often feared and so often

deferred, has fallen; and a great and venerable figure, full of years and honors, and followed by the love of his people, has been taken from amongst us. R. I. P.

## CARDINAL IN PULPIT.

TEMPLES OF NATURE, OF SOLOMON AND OF THE SOUL HIS THEME.  
Baltimore, Md., Feb. 4.—Cardinal Gibbons preached on Sunday on "The Three Temples." The Mass, which was in honor of the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, was celebrated by Rev. Dr. William A. Fieboer.

The Cardinal said:  
"There are three temples which have been sanctified by the presence of God our Saviour—the temple of nature, the temple of Solomon and the living temple of the soul."

"Christ our Redeemer sanctified the temple of nature when He descended from the bosom of His Father and became manifest to the world which He had created. On entering into this planet the choir that greeted Him on the right of His birth were the angels, when they sang: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.'"

"The first temple in which man ever worshipped his Maker was the dome of nature, under whose mighty arch all mankind are assembled. It was only in this God-created temple that the human family gave praise to their heavenly Father for three thousand years—from Adam to Solomon's time. It was under this majestic vault that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob offered prayers and sacrifices to the Lord. It was under this roof of heaven that the royal Prophet received his inspiration to compose this immortal psalm which has been the delight and consolation of all succeeding generations. It was while contemplating the works of creation that he uttered those sublime words: 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament announces the work of His Hands.'"

"Like thoughtless children, who walk the earth like thoughtless children, who move through parental halls without recognizing the ancestral portraits looking down on them from the walls. We fail to observe the portrait of our Father stamped upon the palace of nature which He created. Did we contemplate the works of the universe with a devout spirit we would behold the image of our Father suspended from the dome of heaven and marked on every star of the firmament and on every leaf of the forest. For they all cry out with one voice: 'Thou, O Lord, hast made us, and no we our Creator.'"

"The second temple erected to the worship of God was the Temple of Jerusalem. The Gospel tells us that the infant Saviour was brought into the temple by His parents, to be consecrated to the Lord in accordance with the Mosaic law. At the same moment an aged man, named Simeon, devout and God-fearing, was admonished by the Holy Spirit that the promised Messiah was in His temple. Prompted by the same Holy Ghost, he entered the sanctuary and instantly recognized the infant Saviour. And taking the Child in his arms and filled with holy joy, he exclaimed in the very language which are daily recited by every priest in the divine office: 'Now, O Lord, dost Thou permit Thy servant to depart in peace, according to Thy Word, because mine eyes have seen Thy salvation which Thou hast prepared in the sight of all nations, a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.'"

"If Simeon had not responded to the inspiration of Heaven he would have departed without ever having contemplated the promised Redeemer. By obeying the sacred voice of the Holy Ghost he was rewarded by beholding in the flesh the Saviour of Mankind, and thus he enjoyed a privilege which was not vouchsafed to Moses or Abraham, or Isaac or Jacob, or to any of the prophets. Thus it is that every grace we receive is a link in the chain of our immortal destiny. Let us see that no link in the chain be broken or lost through our fault."

"My house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." "When you enter the house of God, my brethren, banish from the temple of your hearts all thoughts of trade and commerce, of purchase and sale, of stocks and bonds, of commercial and professional occupations. Above all, let your soul never be deserted by the demon of lust, revenge or intemperance."

"It is of the temple of the soul that our Lord speaks when he says: 'If any one will love Me, My Father will love him, and we will come into him and make our abode with him.' Mark these words: 'We will come,'—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. For where the Father and the Son are, there also is the Holy Ghost by co-operation. 'We will make our abode.' God, it is true, dwells in the souls of all men—in the sinner as well as of the righteous—by His knowledge which is omniscient, by His power which is omnipotent, and by His essence which all pervades. But He dwells in the soul of the just in a special manner, by His grace, His friendship and His love, and it is to this kind of presence that our Lord refers.

"Behold, says our Lord, 'I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice, and open the door to Me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me.' Christ knocks at the door of every heart, but how difficultly He is answered. There are some who absolutely reject Him, even as the keepers of Bethselem rejected Mary when she knocked for hospitality at their doors. There was no room for her. There are others who give Him a temporary admission, perhaps after a mission, or a stirring sermon, or some grievous visitation of God. But His summons in these hearts is very brief. Other guests enter with whom Christ can have no fellowship, and He quits a place where He finds no welcome."

"There are others in whose hearts Jesus finds a permanent home. He knocks and they open unto Him. He says with them, and they with Him. They enjoy His familiar friendship. 'God grant that you may be of the number of those who thus receive Him. May He sit upon the throne of your hearts. May He preside over your intellect, your affections, your memory and your imagination, and over all the congregation of your thought, so that you can say with the apostle: 'I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me.' May you never be divorced from Him. Say, with the apostle: 'Who should separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword? I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor might, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"Not only do we read God's law written in our hearts, by means of that interior light, but we can hear the voice of the Lawgiver Himself, secretly preaching to us. Who can say that he has not heard that Preacher, whether he be Christian or infidel, Jew or Gentile, civilized or savage, learned or unlearned?"

"Tell me, do you not hear this interior voice every day, every hour, whispering to you in the sanctuary of your soul? At one time he commands, exhorts, entreats and impels you to noble and generous deeds; at another he restrains, bids you back, cautions you against the precipice to which your passions would impel you. Now his thunders in your ears words of condemnation and reproach. He fills you with bitter remorse, and denounces you as a wicked and unfaithful servant. Again you hear His sweet voice praising and commending, and praising through you in joy and consolation, and saying to you, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

"O brethren, listen with docility to the voice of the eternal Lawgiver speaking in the temple of your souls: 'To-day, if you hear the voice of God, harden not your hearts.' If you feel bound to listen with attention to me, who am a sinful man, with what reverence should you hearken to the still, small voice of the Holy Spirit whispering within your earthly tabernacle! Say then with the prophet Samuel: 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant hearkeneth.'

## THE SOUL A DIVINE TEMPLE.

"It is the temple of the soul that the Apostle St. Paul speaks when he says: 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you, for the temple of God is holy which you are?' You observe that on the principal festival days of the year, the altar is ablaze with lights and is tastefully adorned with flowers. These decorations, as you know, are in honor of the Blessed Sacrament reposing in the tabernacle. 'And is not the Holy Ghost also worthy of our homage?' And does He not dwell in every chaste and devout soul? Try to be pure of heart, and the spirit of God will dwell in you. Adorn the tabernacle of your heart with spiritual flowers, with the rose of charity, with the lilies of purity, with the violets of meekness and humility, with the evergreen of perseverance. Lay them on the altar of your hearts. Their fragrance will ascend as a sweet odor to the throne of the Most High."

"It is of the temple of the soul that the same apostle speaks when he says: 'If any one profane this temple, him let God destroy. And what fellowship hath the temple of God with idols?' Once when our Saviour entered the temple He found the money-changers there, and those that bought and sold victims for the sacrifice. And seizing a scourge He drove the money-changers from the temple, exclaiming:

"How unspokably transcendent is your dignity when you are in a state of righteousness. You are honored by the true, real and substantial presence of the Holy Ghost. You possess not only the grace of God, but the God of all grace. You receive not only the gift of the Giver, but the Giver of every gift. Not only is the kingdom of your soul permeated by the heavenly power, but the root of the lily itself is planted in your breast. All this we know and believe, though it is beyond our comprehension. We can only exclaim in grateful admiration with Solomon when he had finished the temple: 'O Lord, God of Israel, if Heaven and the heavens of heaven can not contain Thee, how is it that Thou condescendest to dwell in this house of clay which Thy hands have framed and fashioned?'"

"Behold," says our Lord, 'I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice, and open the door to Me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me.' Christ knocks at the door of every heart, but how difficultly He is answered. There are some who absolutely reject Him, even as the keepers of Bethselem rejected Mary when she knocked for hospitality at their doors. There was no room for her. There are others who give Him a temporary admission, perhaps after a mission, or a stirring sermon, or some grievous visitation of God. But His summons in these hearts is very brief. Other guests enter with whom Christ can have no fellowship, and He quits a place where He finds no welcome."

"There are others in whose hearts Jesus finds a permanent home. He knocks and they open unto Him. He says with them, and they with Him. They enjoy His familiar friendship. 'God grant that you may be of the number of those who thus receive Him. May He sit upon the throne of your hearts. May He preside over your intellect, your affections, your memory and your imagination, and over all the congregation of your thought, so that you can say with the apostle: 'I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me.' May you never be divorced from Him. Say, with the apostle: 'Who should separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword? I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor might, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"Not only do we read God's law written in our hearts, by means of that interior light, but we can hear the voice of the Lawgiver Himself, secretly preaching to us. Who can say that he has not heard that Preacher, whether he be Christian or infidel, Jew or Gentile, civilized or savage, learned or unlearned?"

"Tell me, do you not hear this interior voice every day, every hour, whispering to you in the sanctuary of your soul? At one time he commands, exhorts, entreats and impels you to noble and generous deeds; at another he restrains, bids you back, cautions you against the precipice to which your passions would impel you. Now his thunders in your ears words of condemnation and reproach. He fills you with bitter remorse, and denounces you as a wicked and unfaithful servant. Again you hear His sweet voice praising and commending, and praising through you in joy and consolation, and saying to you, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

Mr. L. A. Russell, for many years one of the ablest and most prominent attorneys in Cleveland, has been received into the Catholic Church. Cardinal Gibbons has announced the appointment of Rev. William T. Russell of the Cathedral, Baltimore, to succeed the late Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford as pastor of St. Patrick's church, Washington. Dennis O'Sullivan, Irish actor and singer, died at the Grant Hospital, Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 1., after an operation for appendicitis performed Thursday. He was born in San Francisco in 1866. His greatest success was "Peggy MacGregor."

In the presence of Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignors and priests from all parts of the country, and amid a scene of wondrous beauty, Cardinal Gibbons, on Jan. 28, vested with the sacred pallium Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, D. D., Archbishop of Boston. At a meeting at Archbishop Quigley's residence in Chicago the other day to name three men as candidates for the position of Bishop of Rockford, the new diocese which is being formed out of part of the Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago, Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon was selected as one of the names to be sent to Rome, being first choice.

On Feb. 2, the feast of the Purification of Blessed Virgin Mary, William J. and Mary R. Doran, parents of Rev. Alva W. Doran, of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, and formerly of St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, were received into the true fold by their son. The ceremony took place in the Church of the Epiphany, where Father Doran will celebrate a Mass of thanksgiving at an early date.

NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MISS ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER VII.

Her heart with love beaming, her eyes with smiles beaming...

Notwithstanding Nora's noble purpose—the principle of right which governed her...

One afternoon a sad, listless feeling came over her, and, stealing away from the group which surrounded her...

"Holy Mother," thought Nora, "perhaps we've lost the way. How can it be that we can ever find a country beyond there...

A stress of rough weather occurred, which continued some days, and the hearts of the bravest of those poor landmen grew timid and fearful amidst the terrors of the deep...

"An' where is that, sir?" asked Nora, leaning forward, and speaking earnestly.

now, for the first time, presented itself. She could not see the dim light of the future...

"Don't look down, Patsy; look up," shouted the captain; "hold tight and look aloft. Don't look down again, but feel your way with your feet."

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"I have been waiting to see Mr. Donahoe," she said, rising. "I am here. What do you want?"

"I am very busy, and in a great hurry," he replied; "but tell me your business."

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"What can you do?"

nothing worth knowing turns up, miss, that you don't see in the Pilot; and Mr. Donahoe's a man that's not ashamed of his country or his religion...

"When can I go?" asked Nora, full of hope. "To-morrow, when Willie goes to work," replied honest Thomas McGinnis.

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"I have been waiting to see Mr. Donahoe," she said, rising. "I am here. What do you want?"

"I am very busy, and in a great hurry," he replied; "but tell me your business."

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"What can you do?"

"I can turn my hand to anything, sir," she said, quietly; "but at home I mostly sew, and I got up linen."

"Do you know the way home?" "Very well. Persons very frequently come here to inquire about help, and I will keep you in mind. Now you had better go. But where did you say you stopped?"

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"I have been waiting to see Mr. Donahoe," she said, rising. "I am here. What do you want?"

"I am very busy, and in a great hurry," he replied; "but tell me your business."

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"What can you do?"

my life. I suppose I should find trials everywhere and in every situation; if you please, I'll come in the morning, if that'll suit."

"In the morning, of course. Be here by 6 o'clock. I think we shall get on; for Nora, you look as if I shall be able to respect you. Your dress, so plain and neat, everything so clean and tidy about you...

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"I have been waiting to see Mr. Donahoe," she said, rising. "I am here. What do you want?"

"I am very busy, and in a great hurry," he replied; "but tell me your business."

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"What can you do?"

with the cold. Forgetting entirely the bundle she found in the room, she changed her dress, and, as soon as her strength returned, she went about her usual business, with no other concern than a fear that she should not be able to get to church in the morning.

"Are you ill, sir?" she asked timidly. "No," he growled. "And what has tossed your room up, sir, so dreadful?" she asked.

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"I have been waiting to see Mr. Donahoe," she said, rising. "I am here. What do you want?"

"I am very busy, and in a great hurry," he replied; "but tell me your business."

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly. He is not in at present," replied the gentleman...

"What can you do?"

entirely the snow, she soon as he it about her her concern not be able rning. door of Mr. in and light itself to her t back and re burning, go on the room was Clothing ere, papers irection, his and the bed urther in the at upright as rigid and and. There s eyes, and some sud- she asked ur room up, ur of your I missed sir? it is no candles ad! I am haven't a No; I'll sir," said iding the ydney," the police ined," he sir! Lord dly you're he excited. "Rained, l. Now go y that's a such gene in her e. ry. Well, n't wish it house, for in a B to tomorrow in Boston, Maine to upon their be left to as I best you ear. "ny comfort t you, be- rather my l my ward- sts. Ah! I see things (rl), Nora; whether or ora," Nora, leav- go down to 's no woun- dollars! I hope in- o see inding ways s was kept a ydney and yded that ore silent and that low, while, tempts to nervously r tumbled- inted with spinning, usd that he on, or had extensive him. But a and Nora e engaged deriminal. He fur-tantial de- ls and the s. He sp- s his place as certain s breast- ting-room, omen, all these; but near more than this, efforts by ard, their trange old kind. He sd honest- ness; while n him and oneliness, I to make ich sunk s into his with more ar known ing came. She had s to wash to begin her work. old lines, g; more than she'll get, that's certain." He then rang his bell, which Nora answered directly, for some undefined reason and uneasiness had begun to possess her mind. "It's all right, Nora Brady. It's all here, just precisely as I put it in myself the day I lost it. You are an honest girl. Some might suspect you; but I don't, because you never wasted my wood and candles. Now tell me, what do you expect me to give you?" "Give me, sir? Nothing," she said. "But of course you expect some reward?" "Faith, then, sir, I'm paid enough to think it's with the right owner. You dropped it, and I picked it up; so it's yours, an' not mine; an' I'm only sorry I didn't think of it at first, though to be sure I never dreamed what it was. If I had, it would have saved you a deal of trouble, an' you might have had a

So, with the dress in her hand, she went round to the window, through which the first red sunbeams were stealing; and, rubbing the dry mud off quite easily, she gave it one good shake, when something fell with a heavy thud to the floor, and, turning quickly, she looked down and saw the package she had picked up in the snow. Nora laughed a low, merry laugh at her own forgetfulness, for she had never thought of it until that moment, and took it up to examine. "It's an old thing, anyway," she said, turning it over; "an' if there's a thread an' needles an' some snuff or tobacco in it, it's about as much as it's worth. What in the world it is I don't know, an' I'm afeared to handle it; there's no tellin' the fingers that tied it up so tight, or what disease was in 'em. Anyway, if it's anything worth havin', it's none of mine, an' I must see to that at once."

By this time Nora had unfastened the numerous strips of red tape which were wrapped around it, and unclasped the steel fastenings; then it fell open in her hands. A mortal pallor overspread her face, and she sank trembling in a chair beside her, exclaiming, "Merciful God, defend me!" And well she might be terror-stricken at first, for it was stuffed with bank-bills of various denominations—some old, some new, but all of high value. She touched them with her fingers, lifting their edges carefully. "One thousand, two thousand, three, four, five, six thousand! more—an' more!" she murmured, gazing with a half-stupified look on the treasure. There was a dimness in her sight, and a strange singing in her ears. "Ho! lucky Nora! Now are your labors ended. You have found a great treasure; your trials are past; you need toll no longer; you can buy another Glen-dariff for those you so dearly love; and, best of all, you can marry Dennis. Close up that wallet, you silly child; it is yours; you found it; no one claims it. Use its contents and purchase happiness." Thus sang the tempter of her soul to poor bewildered Nora, who sat trembling and numb, still gazing down on the bills when suddenly a movement of her hand caused a memorandum leaf to move aside, and she saw, in almost effaced gilt letters, but still very legible, the name of "Stoddard Mallow."

In an instant the cloud fled, and all was clear. A bright, happy smile flashed over her face, and, falling on her knees, she thanked God in all the earnest simplicity of her heart for the discovery. "I know, my heavenly Father, that it was none of mine; an' I wouldn't have held it an' hour longer in my possession. I would have taken it to the dear sagarth, (Priest) thy faithful servant, to be restored to its lawful owner, only Thou hast shown me what to do, for which I thank Thee for ever an' ever." Then she rose to her feet, and, holding the precious wallet close to her breast, as if she feared it would fly away, ran with light and joyous steps down to Mr. Mallow's door, where for an instant she hesitated, but, hearing a movement within, she knew he was up, and knocked.

"What now, Nora Brady?" he said, gruffly, as he opened the door.

"Oh, sir, here it is! Take it, in the name of God! I found it in the street the night of the storm, and forgot all about it," she exclaimed, thrusting the wallet into the astonished old man's hands, as he stood pale and trembling on the threshold of his door. "It is yours, sir; your name is in it."

"Eh—mine—street—name!" he gasped out, while he clutched the wallet, and looked wildly at Nora.

"You must have dropped it, sir, that night in the snow. I was coming from church, an' stumbled against something, an' picked it up an' it was this. But faith, sir, the storm got so wild at that hour, and a chimney fell not far off, an' the tiles came chattering over an' around me, so that it scared the life out of me. I poked it down into my pocket and run for my life, sir; an' by the time I got home, what with being half frozen, an' out of breath, an' the scare I had, I never thought of the thing again till this morn'." I took out my dress to wash to day, an' I shook it, when out tumbled your wallet; an' when I opened it, sir, I declared to my own shoes, I was half-kilt with the fright to see such a power of money in the hands of a poor girl like me; an' I'm glad, Mr. Mallow, that you've got it all safe again as if it was my own," said Nora, rapidly.

"Stop, stop. Go away until I count it. O course it's mine, Nora Brady; but it'll be a bad thing for you if a cent is missing," he said, while his teeth chattered with cold, and his whole frame quivered with excitement. "I'll ring for you presently."

Over and over again the old man counted the bills. He lit a candle; for the light was dim in his room. Excited and confused, he put on two pairs of spectacles, and turned the notes first on one side, then on the other. He scrutinized the wallet inside and out; the mud-splashes still clinging to it, and the stains of the sloppy place in which it had fallen. Then he counted the money all over again.

"It's all here; every note. Not even a small gold piece gone. She's an honest girl—an honest, good girl. But she'll want a great reward, I'll warrant; more than she'll get, that's certain."

He then rang his bell, which Nora answered directly, for some undefined reason and uneasiness had begun to possess her mind.

"It's all right, Nora Brady. It's all here, just precisely as I put it in myself the day I lost it. You are an honest girl. Some might suspect you; but I don't, because you never wasted my wood and candles. Now tell me, what do you expect me to give you?"

"Give me, sir? Nothing," she said.

"But of course you expect some reward?"

"Faith, then, sir, I'm paid enough to think it's with the right owner. You dropped it, and I picked it up; so it's yours, an' not mine; an' I'm only sorry I didn't think of it at first, though to be sure I never dreamed what it was. If I had, it would have saved you a deal of trouble, an' you might have had a

fire and candles all those cold nights that you've been without," said Nora, with simplicity.

"And you wish no reward?" he asked.

"I wouldn't take a cent, sir, by way of being paid for doin' my duty, to save me from beggin'. It wouldn't seem right; an' I won't do it."

"You're a fool, Nora—a perfect fool. But remember, from this day, old Mallow, as I am called, is your friend; and if at any time I can help you, I will, so help me God!" said the old man, with quivering lips.

"Thank you, sir, a time may come for that. But breakfast's almost ready," she said, going away.

"Hav'nt you come back here, you wild Irish jade—come back!"

"My work is all behindhand this mornin'; please to say quick what you want," she said, turning back.

"Leave me to speak of this matter to Mrs. Sydney. I don't like my affairs gossiped about. If you were to tell it, some would believe you and some wouldn't; so it's best to come from me, as I believe every word you have said. And, mind, you may light me a fire to-night," he said.

"And a candle, sir!" said Nora, turning away with a light-hearted laugh.

After breakfast, Mr. Mallow had a long private conversation with Mrs. Sydney in the parlor; and that same day, without taking a human being into his confidence, he deposited \$500 in the Trenton Bank to the credit of Nora Brady. He paid the detectives for the trouble and expense they had been at, and silenced their inquiries by informing them that he had mislaid his wallet and unexpectedly found it. They thought, as he was a very rich old man, such eccentric freaks were not only allowable, but diverting, and gave them selves no further concern in the affair, except to record the case as being disposed of.

Mrs. Sydney only spoke more gently and kindly to Nora after that long conference with Mr. Mallow, and would frequently lay down her knitting and sewing to take a long, earnest look at her, as she lifted around, through her spectacles, which, whenever Nora observed it, always warned the blushing on her cheeks, because she could not imagine why she had so suddenly become an object of such particular interest to the old lady, to whom she was becoming attached. She was gradually winning friends. Her obliging disposition, her practical piety, yes, her practical piety and virtue of a humble domestic, caused those who lived in daily intercourse with her—persons who rejected the most essential truths of religion; of whom some were transcendentalists, and others were bitter and bigoted in their errors—to look with an eye of interest and respect towards the old creed whose precepts she had illustrated with so much simplicity and faith. Even Patillo, sickening her arms akimbo, and holding her turbaned head back with a sagacious and patronizing air, allowed "she was a good gal, an' not so good either that she was goin' to 'low anybody to trample on her. She's done got me under, honey, an' how she's done it dis child's onable to 'spress; ease, you see, honey she's a spry kind in her ways, an' a spry sort like; and, as I reckon she's a good gal, if she are a Catholic." Thus spoke the oracle of the kitchen.

"Dear Suz," says Mrs. Sydney, "it's nothing that she pleases me; but to think she's got around and made friends with such a high shillies body as Patillo, and such a tight person as Mr. Mallow, is beyond my comprehension. But she's a good girl. She practices her religion, and is never ashamed to own up to being a Catholic, and can always give a reasonable answer when she is asked questions about her faith."

And Mrs. Sydney placed unlimited confidence in her. The poor old lady, who had always borne her troubles and the annoyances of her position with patience, now obtained some rest, body and mind; for Nora could be trusted in every particular; and the girl would have been quite happy but for those sad memories of home, which came over, like cold gusts of wind, over the hopeful and genial world of her heart. It would have cheered her had she received a letter, or even heard of her name, from Mr. Mallow, several months rolled by, and she had not heard a word either from I stand or him. She had made other remittances to Dennis for the general fund; and the thought that she was at least aiding to keep away the wolf from the door of those she loved, gave her a degree of happiness; then, when the shadows darkened around her, her firm and loving trust in God would brighten the clouds, until the rainbow, Hope, shone out, cheering her with visions of brighter and better days.

Mrs. McGinnis, her friend, had been ill, and, as frequently as she could arrange her business so as to leave nothing undone, she had got permission to go and help to nurse and watch with her; and every time she went, Mrs. Sydney would place some little delicacy in her hand to tempt the appetite of her sick friend. One night she was returning home from her mission of kindness, attended by Thomas McGinnis, when, as they were passing through an obscure street, they saw three or four men standing on a doorstep, talking loudly and earnestly, while others were passing in and out, men and women together.

"Is anything amiss, friends with the Widow Blake?" asked McGinnis.

"Och, the widdy's safe enough; but he's a gentleman that was passing, an' fell down in a fit, an' we think he's dyin'," replied one of the men.

"An' have they brought a doctor yet?" asked Thomas.

"Two or three's gone for the docther but there's none come yet; I'm be-dad, it's my opinion that he'll die before one comes."

"Has any one brought a priest?"

"One of the boys went for his reverence; but it's likely he's not a Catholic, but a pagan, like the rest of the people in Ameriky; for it bates Ban-nagher tuel' to tell what they b'lieve and what they doesn't."

"That's enough for you; but there's no telling who the grace of God is with, and who it isn't, in a dying hour. Anyway, I hope his reverence will come. I will go for Dr. Bryant, if you will go in, Miss Brady, and sit with Widow Blake, who's a daunt, hard-working crayer as ever broke bread."

"Of course I'll wait, Mr. McGinnis, and see if I can be of some use, too," replied Nora, going into the house, and entering a small room which communicated with another by an old-fashioned, narrow door. Two or three women were sitting around, taking snuff, and suggesting to each other a thousand inallible remedies for the sick person's relief, which in their own experience had worked miracles. Mrs. Blake now bustled in to get the vinegar-cruet, and in her hurry almost stumbled over Nora, who said, with a modest air, "I came with Mr. McGinnis, ma'am. He is gone for the doctor, and I shall be glad if I can help you at all."

"Well, I don't know about help,—poor gentleman he's dyin', I think, I wish to God we could find his friends," said kind-hearted, fat Mrs. Blake, in a distracted manner. "But come in, honey, an' see what you think."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### A STRAYED LAMB.

"Is there not somebody I might go to come and sit with you a while?" said Father Logan, as he prepared to take his departure.

"Yes," replied the sick woman; "there's Mrs. Gillan, in the third room down the passage. She might come if you asked her."

"I certainly shall ask her," rejoined the priest. "Now, good by, and try and remember all we have talked over. I'll come around in the mornin'."

Carefully closing the door behind him, he turned down the narrow passage, whose walls were dark with age and the accumulated dirt of years. At the third door he stopped and knocked, but it was not opened. He knocked again and hearing some shrill cry of "Come in!" opened the door, and, standing on the threshold, looked into the dingy, squallid room. At first he thought it was empty, but afterwards saw in the further corner a rough bed, made of boxes, on which were spread some ragged clothing. Out of the rags peered a thin, sharp face, lit up by piercing black eyes. He started back, the resemblance to a rat was so striking! Then, recalling his errand, he asked for Mrs. Gillan.

"Other side. What is it you want her for? Thought you might be a doctor coming to see me."

"To see you?" said the priest, crossing the room to the speaker. "Why, are you ill?"

"I should think so. Why, I've been in three hospitals, but they couldn't cure me."

There was such an unselfish pride in this statement, that the hearer shuddered.

"I think you ought to be in a hospital now. This is surely no place for you. Can you walk at all?"

"Never have walked! Why, that's what's the matter. Something wrong with my back, and the legs are all twisted."

"And no bed but this? How could they let you out of the hospital?"

"Oh, I had a nice mattress, but—stoop down and I'll whisper; she'd best me if she heard me tell. She took it; it was worth pawing."

"Took it! Would beat you! Why, who is she?"

"Aunt Fan. Oh, she's pretty smart; and she'd real good to me, except when—you know."

Father Logan was deeply moved. This helpless sufferer at the mercy of such a guardian! But perhaps the story was not true.

"What a while," he said, "I'm just going to Mrs. Gillan. I want her to look after a sick woman. Then I'll come back and we can have a long talk. He was back in a few minutes, looking very grave. The child's story was evidently true, and the question was how could the grievous wrong be righted."

"Now, first of all," he said, "I want to be your friend, you know. Tell me all you like; what you want, and what I can do for you. And how do you pass the days?"

"I'm busy, working!" There was such importance in the voice and look that the priest repressed the smile that rose at the idea of such a frail atom of humanity working.

But when, from under some news papers, the child produced a few articles of wood, exquisitely carved, he was astonished.

"Did you do this?"

"Yes, all myself. When I was in the last hospital a sailor learned me, and it's a real good to help pass the time. At first she wouldn't let me do it, but now that she can sell them, it's different. I can't do them fast enough for her."

"Well—oh, what name an I to call you?"

"Loys Cullan."

"Loys! That's a strange name for a boy."

"Oh that's only a bit of it. It's much longer. I know because I saw it written in a book of mother's, once. But she took the book. She put it on the fire and said something about rub-bish. But it was not rubbish; it was quite new. Here comes Mrs. Gillan. What for?"

"You will see in a short time. She went to get a proper bed for you, and we will make you comfortable very soon."

"What's the use of your spending the money?" he said, with a sob. "She'll only sell it."

"Not this time, I think," said Father Logan. "You see, now I've arranged with Mrs. Gillan to look after you, and see that you get sufficient food and as not ill-used. I'll have to go now, but, if you like, I'll come often."

"Oh, do come every day! I get so tired, all alone. Give me my parcel now. I'll let you see it, you've been so good."

Lovingly he unfolded the paper, and disclosed a torn, soiled picture, the first glimpse of which brought a rash of emotions to the good priest's heart. It was a representation of the Sacred Heart.

"No," 'twas in the book she turned. It must have been my mother's. I don't remember her at all, and then the pain makes me forget. But I love the kind face, and I make up little stories about it."

"What do you make up?" he asked Father Logan, eagerly. He had gotten all about his uneasiness and the work he must do before sunset. This little one, so wonderfully brought under his notice, must be a child of holy Church, a lamb strayed from the fold.

"When she's cross and I'm hungry and cold, or when the pain comes to twist my poor legs worse, I look at it, and think how kind He'd be. And then He points to His heart, and so I think that means He would love even me, though she says I'm so bad? Do you know about it?"

Then, in simple words, the priest told him the old, old story—the little Babe at Bethlehem in the arms of His dear Mother, the gracious boy of Nazareth, the gentle, loving teacher and savior, who loved especially to heal those who suffered; here he felt the little hot hand clasp his more tightly; the patient sufferer; the willing victim in the greatest tragedy of the world; the bright Easter morn, the empty grave and the rejoicing angels. Then he spoke of the love that prompted all, and how those He loved and lived and died for, and how the great Him with such kindness; of the vision of the humble nun, and from that picture of the Sacred Heart.

The keen black eyes were dimmed with tears when the story was ended, and the voice quivered that spoke:

"I'm sure I heard all that before, but the pain makes me forget. Come and tell me often, for I never want to forget again."

### Educational.

## New Term

from Jan. 2nd. Enter any day for long or short course. New Catalogue ready. Write for it if you have any idea of a college course. Address W. H. SHAW, Principal, Central Business College, Toronto.

### St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA

Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation for matriculation and professional studies. College of Arts—preparation for degrees. College of Science—preparation for degrees. Thoroughly equipped experimental laboratories. Critical English Literature courses. Special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$100.00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

dark with intense agony, the dew gathered on the sunken face. Yet even in this suffering he managed to whisper: "He comes, father, on the feast. He will take me. I'm not frightened now."

And, as his agony increased, not one cry or complaint broke from him, only the holy name of Jesus and Mary. Then the tremor ceased, the lids drooped over the shadowed eyes, and Father Logan, bending over him, caught the last utterance: "Heart of Jesus, burning with love—"

In the eastern sky the light gathered and spread in faintest hues of rose and amber; the morning star, quivering on the deep blue of the zenith, pale before the coming day. Another Feast of the Sacred Heart had dawned upon the waiting world, and in the darkened room the good priest knelt in prayer beside the little lifeless form of the weak lamb now gathered into the bosom of the Good Shepherd.—C. M. in the Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The Spectator believes that in the present, as in the past, lawlessness is regarded indifferently in Ireland, if it is inspired by a political, not a private motive. As an illustration of this, it tells how "an Irish murderer," being tried in Dublin in Queen Elizabeth's time on the charge of having burned the cathedral at Cashel, secured his acquittal by brazenly acknowledging that he had done the deed, but thought that the Archbishop was inside. The Court, says the Spectator, directed his acquittal upon the ground that the prisoner's motive was political, as the Archbishop was the Pope's emissary and therefore an enemy to the State.—Cashel.

"Perhaps, after all, Loys, we'll say 'Amen,' he said, as the thought crept into his heart that the boy might celebrate the Feast of the Assumption with the countless hosts who press round the throne of Mary Immaculate. The boy's eyes shone with love and joy, and drawing forth a tiny package from under his pillow, he handed it to the priest.

"I hid it for you," he said. "I meant to give it to you on the feast, but I'll give it now, and perhaps on the feast you'll bring Him to me."

The package being opened, revealed a small statue of the Sacred Heart, exquisitely carved.

"How clever you are, Loys! Many a great sculptor couldn't do better—perhaps not so well for love has glorified your work. I'm afraid I can't arrange for the day you want, as I'll be so busy."

"We shall see," said Loys, gravely.

Yes, it was, after all, the Feast of the Sacred Heart when the King of Love came to the little longing heart. The frail thread of life was worn, and now Loys, lingering in agony on the threshold of eternity, was awaiting the coming of the Lord he loved so dearly. Father Logan, summoned in haste, feared lest he should be too late, but the boy's trembling voice reassured him as he crossed the threshold.

"I'm waiting, father—oh, such terrible pain! But I know He will take me when He comes."

Then, folding his frail hands, he made his last confession and prepared to receive his Lord and love, and, having received, lay so still that he seemed lifeless. The moments passed. Father Logan feared that he noted the trembling of the hands that clasped the crucifix, and caught the whisper of the first aspiration he had taught him, "Heart of Jesus, burning with love—he drew back. Not by word or motion would he break in on that holy moment, but the weary little soul was resting in the embrace of the Sacred Heart.

Alas! that such calm moments should pass so quickly. The little, feeble frame quivered, the eyes opened widely,

**THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE.**

Ordinary grades of galvanized steel are not considered good enough for "Galt Sure-grip" Shingles. A special grade of the best, wear-defying galvanized steel is prepared exclusively for them. Consequently, as the very outset, Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles have the power to outwear all others, wooden or galvanized.

Then, Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles are locked together far more securely than ordinary shingles. Easily and quickly put on and when on will withstand the severest test of storm or lightning.

The strongest shingles make the longest lasting roof—and Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles are in every way the strongest. Cost no more than common shingles—are the most economical kind to buy.

Write for free Catalogue and further information to

**The Galt Art Metal Co., Ltd. GALT, ONT.**




## Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly. His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body. The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

NOW: To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



### ELECTRO-CHEMICAL RHEUMATIC RINGS

Are Guaranteed to Cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia, also Female Disorders arising from Uric Acid. The Electro-Chemical Ring is not a permanent cure but a powerful medium for the elimination of uric acid from this ring lies in the combination of various metals of which the ring is made. No matter what the trouble which the ring will effect a cure. Looks just like any other ring, can be worn to do all we claim, or will refund the money. Send size of finger when ordering. Mailed to any address on receipt of \$1.00.

The F. E. KARN CO., Limited  
COR. QUEEN & VICTORIA STS. TORONTO, CAN.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOMAS COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1906.

ANSWERS TO A CORRESPONDENT.

Our first correspondent approaches us in an inoffensive manner. He finds that the late Briton has the Times through which to make complaint.

Our first correspondent approaches us in an inoffensive manner. He finds that the late Briton has the Times through which to make complaint.

Our first correspondent approaches us in an inoffensive manner. He finds that the late Briton has the Times through which to make complaint.

Our first correspondent approaches us in an inoffensive manner. He finds that the late Briton has the Times through which to make complaint.

Our first correspondent approaches us in an inoffensive manner. He finds that the late Briton has the Times through which to make complaint.

Our first correspondent approaches us in an inoffensive manner. He finds that the late Briton has the Times through which to make complaint.

Our first correspondent approaches us in an inoffensive manner. He finds that the late Briton has the Times through which to make complaint.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

another. Clerical writers would not be alone in characterizing such conundrums. It is not uncommon for people to find a great deal of fault with everything Catholic.

JUST A DREAM.

One of our friends, an old gentleman who watches others playing the game of life, comes now and then into our sanctum to prove, as he says, that he is rude in his speech.

One picture our old friend delights in drawing is the club of the future. Oh, no! he is not a fanatic. Live and let live is his watchword.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

He has in view a club that will devote itself to the education and safeguarding of the Catholics. There will be a gymnasium, but there will also be a night school presided over, not by amateurs, but by the experienced.

the most powerful spurred highwaymen of these days did not cause as much suffering as the ruthless capitalist of the present time.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

A swindler has been collecting subscriptions for the CATHOLIC RECORD in Toronto, and we should deem it a favor if any one upon whom he may call would give him in charge of a police officer, and advise us.

We ask a careful perusal of the following article by our Presbyterian neighbors. It is taken from the Halifax Chronicle of February 8th, written by "Wayfarer," who, we take it, is a regular contributor to this paper.

The physical culture people tell us that alcohol is the destroyer of physical vigor. The railroad man's efficiency is impaired by it.

All the world's a stage. And the good fellow has his exits and entrances, and in his time plays many parts. At first the infant, mewling in the nurse's arms.

Without wishing to lessen the pleasure that an exchange derives from the fact that he does not live in the "Dark Ages" we may remark that the ages according to distinguished non-Catholic writers were ages of light.

Without wishing to lessen the pleasure that an exchange derives from the fact that he does not live in the "Dark Ages" we may remark that the ages according to distinguished non-Catholic writers were ages of light.

Without wishing to lessen the pleasure that an exchange derives from the fact that he does not live in the "Dark Ages" we may remark that the ages according to distinguished non-Catholic writers were ages of light.

Without wishing to lessen the pleasure that an exchange derives from the fact that he does not live in the "Dark Ages" we may remark that the ages according to distinguished non-Catholic writers were ages of light.

Without wishing to lessen the pleasure that an exchange derives from the fact that he does not live in the "Dark Ages" we may remark that the ages according to distinguished non-Catholic writers were ages of light.

Presbyterian Church in Canada, and among their own people? Why then thrust contentiously into the fields of others?

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

Let us, if we must, hark back to the past, but let us not be deaf to the cries of this century.

A NEW PHASE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

It has often been made a reproach to the Christian Science communion that it has done nothing for the poor.

CHRISTIAN

a reproach to... the poor. A lady Baker G. of the seat...

time ago on... a well and who has herself to the...

from Mrs. an extremely... a well and who has herself to the...

illness and... a well and who has herself to the...

of his... a well and who has herself to the...

of his... a well and who has herself to the...

of his... a well and who has herself to the...

of his... a well and who has herself to the...

of his... a well and who has herself to the...

of his... a well and who has herself to the...

of his... a well and who has herself to the...

of his... a well and who has herself to the...

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF RELIGION.

NURSING A GROUCH. By Rev. J. T. Roche, L.L.D.

A gentleman bearing the honored and distinctively Catholic name of Patrick Kelley, writes to know if priests, even with the approval of the bishop of the diocese, can licitly refuse the sacraments to a man "unless he contribute money for a certain definite purpose."

Patrick evidently means well, but unfortunately he belongs to that class of whom it has been flippantly said that "they are long on theology and short on cash."

It is altogether too bad that we should have those "grouches" and sore spots and old wounds waiting to be healed.

It is altogether too bad that we should have those "grouches" and sore spots and old wounds waiting to be healed.

It is altogether too bad that we should have those "grouches" and sore spots and old wounds waiting to be healed.

It is altogether too bad that we should have those "grouches" and sore spots and old wounds waiting to be healed.

It is altogether too bad that we should have those "grouches" and sore spots and old wounds waiting to be healed.

It is altogether too bad that we should have those "grouches" and sore spots and old wounds waiting to be healed.

It is altogether too bad that we should have those "grouches" and sore spots and old wounds waiting to be healed.

It is altogether too bad that we should have those "grouches" and sore spots and old wounds waiting to be healed.

REASONS CANNOT ACCEPT THE CRASS VIEW OF A MATERIAL FIRE.

By Rev. J. T. Roche, L.L.D.

We assume this means that it is contrary to reason that material fire can cause pain to a non-material being, such as the soul.

But to Rev. Mr. Clark's statement that "reason cannot accept the crass view of material fire," we will let the founder of his Church reply.

Now from this fact the necessary inference is that those same early Christians believed in the existence of Purgatory, or intermediate state, or condition where souls in their needs were helped by the prayers of the living.

They therefore believed that those for whom they prayed were in an intermediate state, or phase of existence where they needed the prayers of their friends.

Thus the practice of praying for the dead and the doctrine of a middle state of expiation, go together, each supposing the other.

They therefore believed that those for whom they prayed were in an intermediate state, or phase of existence where they needed the prayers of their friends.

They therefore believed that those for whom they prayed were in an intermediate state, or phase of existence where they needed the prayers of their friends.

They therefore believed that those for whom they prayed were in an intermediate state, or phase of existence where they needed the prayers of their friends.

They therefore believed that those for whom they prayed were in an intermediate state, or phase of existence where they needed the prayers of their friends.

They therefore believed that those for whom they prayed were in an intermediate state, or phase of existence where they needed the prayers of their friends.

THE INDEX.

THE LAW AS TO PROHIBITED BOOKS.

The Rev. P. A. Sheehan, probably best known to the world at large as the author of "My New Catechism," is a student and critic as well as a writer.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

Since the publication of the late Encyclical of the Holy Father, and of the Syllabus of Errors which immediately preceded it, public attention has been drawn in a very marked manner to the constitution and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

A NOTABLE CONVERSION.

OLDEST BAPTIST MISSIONARY IN MEXICO BECOMES CATHOLIC.

A recent conversion deserving of more than casual mention is that of the Rev. William H. Sloan, for thirty-five years a minister of the Baptist church and for the past twenty-three years a missionary of that church in Mexico.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

Mr. Sloan's decision to embrace the Catholic faith in Mexico, which for years has served as a kind of signal station whence Protestant missionaries have flashed all sorts of charges and bitter criticisms of the Church to the four quarters of the globe, is in itself an interesting and suggestive circumstance.

THE PRIEST AN EVERY-DAY MAN.

By Rev. J. T. Roche, L.L.D.

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N. J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man,' and that every interest of life appeals to him."

NOW I AM WELL.

THANKS TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

I wish to state, for the sake of others who may be suffering like I was, that I suffered from severe indigestion and constipation for years and that there was also much trouble with unpleasant pains in my back which made me miserable, constantly. I tried physicians and took many remedies but I got no relief.

Advertisement for Pin-Money For You, Madam! Money you can make easily---at work you'll really enjoy, and you don't put up cash to start with, either---. Includes image of a Peerless incubator and contact information for The Lee-Hodgins Co. Limited.

**FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.**

Sequentima Sunday.  
THE CHOSEN FEW.

"To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but to the rest in parables: that seeing they may not see, and hearing they may not understand." (St. Luke vii. 9.)

These are very important words which we should lay deeply to heart. Their meaning opens out the more we study them, and we would do well to spend a little time in finding out whether we come under the condemnation or not. Let me try to assist you in your examination.  
Our Lord was a personage that was constantly surrounded by crowds of men and women who were impelled towards Him by many and various motives. His fame had spread through out the country, and He was regarded by all as a great man; but all were not equally impressed as to the kind and extent of His greatness. Hence it was that some came out of pure curiosity, some to receive a favor, while a few we may believe were led to Him by a desire to learn from His lips a higher doctrine than any they had hitherto been taught.

Now, with such a motley gathering always around Him, our Lord could not speak casually on subjects so new and difficult to be understood by His hearers. He was only carrying out His own command, "Give not that which is holy to dogs: neither cast ye your pearls before swine." Our Lord in thus acting only did what was reasonable as well as merciful. He acted reasonably in that it would have been the height of folly for Him to use words above the native understanding of the majority, who would estimate His teaching as the babbling of one not wholly in his mind. He acted mercifully because he thereby freed them from the penalty attached to the non-fulfillment of their duty learned in these discourses; for not plainly being told the will of God, they could not be brought to account for any neglect in its carrying out. Our Lord says, "To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but to the rest in parables." Here we have the antithesis "you" and "rest." The "you" refers directly to the apostles, and indirectly to all who are in the same condition of mind and heart as theirs. By the "rest" are to be understood those who are either antagonistic to the divine word, or who are too steeped in sin and ignorance of anything nobler than pandering to the wants of the body and the demands of the passions, to be prepared to receive the revelation that God makes of Himself and of our obligations to Him. Yes, brethren, the heart and the intellect must be in a suitable condition before we may expect to benefit from anything that God makes known regarding Himself or ourselves.

Man of his own natural powers cannot effect anything. In order for us to rise to the supernatural, we need the assistance of the Holy Spirit, whose work it is to all our minds with supernatural thought and desires, and with our individual co-operation to accomplish in us whatever God has designed from all eternity. The apostle St. James tells us that "every best gift and every perfect gift is from above," and surely there can be no more best and perfect gift than the divine whispering of the Spirit of God. This is the reason why the vast mass of mankind in general, and Christians in particular, seem to have a little concern with the things pertaining to the soul. They seldom or never hear the voice of God or conscience, intruding them to the means of salvation, or illuminating their minds for a clearer and larger grasp of the truths of our holy faith. They always appear to be stupid and indifferent on any subject not having a direct reference to the things of this life. This, brethren, betrays a sickly state of our spiritual nature. We who are born again by the waters of regeneration and nourished by the other sacraments of the Catholic Church, and possessing so many helps for attaining to a high degree of sanctity, should, if we use them rightly and persistently day by day to a clearer and fuller perception of the divine mysteries, till we come after death to the perfect and complete vision of God in paradise. There is no excuse for us. If we do not co-operate with the grace of God, then we shall share the lot of those of whom it is said, "But he that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath."

**PIOUS BELIEFS.**

NON-CATHOLICS OFTEN MISLED BY IGNORANT OVERZEAL OF CATHOLICS.

In an interesting and timely article on "What Must be Believed, What May be Believed," contributed to the Catholic Transcript by Rev. T. M. Crowley, we find a useful word as to "pious beliefs."

For convenience sake the writer divides the various topics that came up for consideration into three classes—what is of divine faith and ecclesiastical faith, the opinion of theologians and pious practices, in which last class he includes modern miracles and sacred shrines.

"Here," he says, "the non-Catholic falls into error, and many times because of the ignorant overzeal of his Catholic friend. There are many deviations in the Catholic Church, none of which, apart from the Mass on Sundays and holy days and the reception of the Eucharist at Easter, are of obligation. They are useful if properly understood and followed with an enlightened mind, but it is decidedly wrong and very detrimental to impress non-Catholics with the belief that these are a part of the faith. Many of them have the approbation of the Church, and if understood and practiced as the Church wishes them to be understood and practiced, they are a source of grace and blessing. The devotion of the secular is an example. Worn in the spirit of the Church it is the source of good in many ways; but to hold that the mere wearing of it,

without anything else on man's part, can be a pledge of salvation, is nothing short of blasphemy, for God, after all, cannot abdicate his own sovereignty.

"Pious beliefs are very useful and even if sometimes misinterpreted by Catholics, their main object is subverted, which in the last analysis is the honor and glory of God. And I may also apply this to relics and to sacred shrines, the object of which is to honor God in His saints or some mystery of religion, as the Incarnation inseparably connected with the Holy Loreto. But it must be always borne in mind that these are vastly different than the doctrines that are called 'of faith.'

"In regard to modern miracles and revelations but little need be said. They may be believed or not, according as the testimony in favor of them furnishes a motive of credibility. God's power is not shortened, nor God's knowledge decreased; and, if it so please Him, there is nothing either on the part of God or of man that makes a miracle or revelation intrinsically impossible. But whilst we Catholics may believe them, it is well to be on our guard against elevating them beyond their own sphere. To put them in the realm of revealed doctrine is to be more Catholic than the Church and to work serious harm both within and outside the Church.

"These few reflections show substantially what Catholics must believe and in what they are free. If the distinction were always kept in view, there would be less misunderstanding and less tendency on the part of papers, secular and religious, to make mistakes that to the enlightened Catholic are supremely ridiculous."

**AUTHORITY.**

Authority has the right of rule and sway inherent in itself, for the author of a thing, whence the word arises, must have all that pertains to carrying out the reasons for its existence. Authority stands to maintain law and order, our earthly rights and well-being, and so it is to be respected and obeyed, just as God is to be honored and obeyed as the first great author, Creator and Lord of all things.

The authority of the earthly ruler is but a shadow of the divine and has its root in God and its power from Him. Thus the apostle says, "All power, all authority is from God."  
"Through Me kings reign and rulers rule," says God in Holy writ, and His will is obeyed. We are to give our assent, that is, give to authority our submission, our respect and our obedience. We must be submissive to rule, though we know how strong is the feeling of rebellion in us, incited as it always is by the enemy of our souls who says, "Non serviam," "I will not serve." Law, order is heaven's first law, and it must be the same everywhere. Nature obeys fixed laws, and man for his part must follow rule and obey a ruler; the planets revolve around the sun as well as turn on their own axis, whilst the sun draws its power, its light, its heat from God the Creator of all. In the same way man, whilst having great power and independence in himself, still depends on God through the channels which He has provided. Man in his wisdom must see the necessity of this, and he, for example, in the family, the workshop, or what you will, in any place where there are a number, some one must rule and all others obey; there may be minor differences, but in no way a there must be a working and one great commandment, and in harmony and under one established rule and order; there must be unity and co-operation on both sides; unity as to some one who governs and unity as to all the rest obeying that one.

We are to be docile and submissive to those placed over us; we are to respect and obey them. It must not be a sullen aspect or an unwilling submission, but one cheerfully given because right and necessary, seeing in those who rule the representatives of God Himself, who will hold them even to a stricter accountability than those over whom they rule.

How great is the responsibility of those who govern! They must answer not only for themselves but in large part for their subjects. The latter may have many grieves through their misrule, just like the children of a bad and indifferent father have their sorrows, or the workmen of a cruel and heartless employer know injustice and hardship, and all this must be accounted for before God, who bids the afflicted bear up through their trials and sorrows during the day of His justice soon to come.

We must beg God to give us strength to bear with imprudent rulers and help us to obey them, for authority is to be obeyed for itself. Injustice at times will be attempted by rulers following their own whims rather than the principles of justice, and will become tyrants rather than good and wise rulers; but if they persist their way will soon be brought to an end by the just uprising of the people at large.

Again, those who rule may be inferior in many ways to those ruled. They may not have the same amount of intelligence, or those ruled may be lacking in virtue and morality; but all this is to make no difference as long as the law is carried out according to the principles of justice; they are only figures and instruments, unworthy, indeed, yet wielding a power not their own but God's, which He has entrusted to them. The sceptre is greater than the hand that wields it, the crown is of more consequence than the one who wears it, yes, the mace is greater than the six hundred who guard it, for all these stand for authority. Let us see, therefore, our duty to the State, to the Government under which we live and perform it fully and religiously as good citizens, lovers of law and order, in a secondary degree only to that higher rule of loving and serving God as His child, and the future citizens of heaven.

Rendering to God the things that are God's includes rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. A good and devout Christian is always a good

faithful citizen; but this cannot be said vice versa. Many a man keeps the laws of the State and breaks the law of God. He is to all appearances a good man and is so regarded in the eyes of the law; he is just to his fellow-men, possible and law-abiding and is considered a good and valuable member of society. But he is wanting in his duty to God in one way or another. It is his family, perhaps, that is suffering from his neglect of them, or there are in his home hidden wrongs and crimes of which the law knows nothing or takes no notice, and so he may be just before the world and condemned before God. In this we may well say, "Men's ways are not God's ways. This world is, indeed, a more plaything and toy of this world are vain and fleeting in comparison with the things of the life to come. Earth's laws are but for the day, but the laws of God are for an eternity. The law and order which we admire and gladly sustain are only so many smokestacks across the dial of time which has its beginning and end in eternity. So external service will count for nothing unless accompanied with internal and everlasting principles.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

**PIANO SERVES AS ALTAR.**

EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY IN A TOWN NEAR CLEVELAND WHERE CATHOLIC CHURCH WAS UNKNOWN.

One would hardly expect to find today, in the great State of Ohio, a few miles from Cleveland, a thriving community, many of whose inhabitants had never seen a Catholic church. Such a condition was found to exist in Rittman, O., by Rev. Thomas J. O'Hern, of the Apostolate, when he went there recently to give a series of lectures to non-Catholics. The territory lies within the jurisdiction of Father Hermann, pastor of D.ylestown, who arranged for the lectures. They were held in the Opera House and the people of both town and surrounding country manifested the keenest interest in the topics discussed. The speaker was greeted every evening by a crowd which entirely filled the building, some of them having driven a distance of seven or eight miles. The questions showed that their knowledge of the Church was very meagre. They were all eager to receive copies of the catechism explaining Catholic doctrine which were distributed among them gratuitously.

While the lectures were intended primarily for non-Catholics, they proved to be of the greatest value to the Catholics of the vicinity. A square piano on the stage served as an altar, and Mass was celebrated every day. Many of the non-Catholics, who had never been in a Catholic Church, came to see what Mass was like. Every day several Catholics would make themselves known and express a desire to return to the Church and receive the sacraments. Up to that time no one in Rittman knew that they were Catholics. The faith was just flickering and about the only reason they could give for being Catholics was that they had been born such, as some of them stated.

The ladies who were very enthusiastic and desire to build a church. One of the men has headed the list by subscribing \$400. The future of Rittman looks bright. Extensive additions are being made to the large salt works and box board factory in the town. Father Hermann has received the lectures reported at Doylstown, so Father O'Hern lectured there from Jan. 12th to 18th. Doylstown is situated upon a hill and is a quaint old town about one hundred years old. In approaching from any direction the spire of the Catholic Church can be seen long before you arrive. The church is spacious and beautiful and Father Hermann has just completed a magnificent school building.

A course of lectures was given in Doylstown about thirteen years ago by the Marquis de Fontenay, the first of the century, and were so popular that the lectures were attended somewhat better than the recent course, but this was due to the fact that the weather was very inclement in the early part of the week. Then, too, interest in religion is not so keen among people generally today as it was fifteen years ago, because Protestantism is losing its hold upon them, and they are drifting into indifference. Hence, if the Catholic Church does not reach them before that condition arrives, they will be beyond the reach of religious appeal.

The Presbyterians in Doylstown are at least making an effort. They held services every evening while the lectures were going on, and rang the bell furiously every time the bell of the Catholic Church began to ring. I think, however, that the action was done to the ringing constituted the major portion of the minister's congregation.

The Lutherans were very much interested and Father Hermann expects to start a class of instruction in the near future. T. J. O'H.

A noble, large-hearted life, fruitful in good works, giving and receiving blessings, and finding, even in this world, a plentiful reward in the greatness of its joys, this is the gift granted, even here, to those who forsake self, give up self, and are ready to "lose their life for the Gospel's sake."—Abbe Henri Perreye.

**LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS.**

A. METAGART, M. D., C. M., 25 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. Metagart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. Meredith, Chief Justice, Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario, Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., President Victoria College, Toronto.  
Right Rev. A. Swannston, Bishop of Toronto.  
Right Rev. W. B. D. Pringle, Knox College, Toronto.  
Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Bishops, Ottawa.  
Dr. Metagart's vegetable remedies for the fluency and tobacco habits are here tried, safe and infallible. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation on correct correspondence invited.

**DOLLARS AND CENTS THINKING.**

It is positively surprising to consider to what extent this habit of thinking in dollars and cents has assumed control of the men and women of to-day. Even the scholar, the man of letters, falls victim to the ruling passion of the age and refuses to buy the book he wants because he must pay 25 m. more than usual for it, and willingly snags up the book he doesn't want because it happens to be marked down 25c.

The soldier-saint of Loyola, in his famous meditation on "The Two Standards," reminds us that those who follow Satan go their way without a glimpse of reward from the base prince of darkness. In a like predicament are the erring, deluded mortals who think in dollars and cents. Many of them, with all their wearisome howling about saving money and breeding ducks, never get enough of those same ducks to give themselves a respectful funeral; and those who do succeed in making what they vulgarly call their "pile," can't for the life of them put it in any effective use. Some of them are not men enough to admit it, but the truth is this: Their gold has turned to mush. Homely sayings these, and thoughts of thought before? Granted, but sayings with much pith and hidden meaning, and thoughts that the modern world cannot too often entertain. We have had enough thinking in dollars and cents. Let us by way of variety, think in terms men and women. Not "How much is he worth?" but "Who is he?" should be the question of tenets on our lips.

We must have money, to be sure, even as we must have microbes, even as we must have rain. But when we seek it too earnestly and too exclusively we often fail to attain the gilded goal, and infallibly fall to reach any other goal. When the Saviour uttered those momentous words: "A rich man shall hardly enter the Kingdom of Heaven," He meant, not that the rich man is necessarily wicked or sin ridden, but that he is so absorbed in his riches that he is prone to pass by the blessed kingdom without being aware of its existence. In other words, he becomes indifferent—indifferent, that is, to all but the pursuit of wealth; and in our day and generation indifference is the unpardonable sin. It is one of the gravest, the most deplorable results of the base habit of thinking in dollars and cents.—Monitor.

**PAGANISM AMONG THE "SMART-SET."**

A staff correspondent in Reynold's Newspaper (London) notes and gives interesting, even if reviling, particulars of the pagan "Smart Set" dog-worship solemnly denounced recently by Father Bernard Vaughan. We have heard, says the correspondent, of thoughtless women cloning their dogs in costly furs and boots, and hanging their necks around about with jewels. But possibly the latest phase of the show exhibits in the tradesmen's section is the most astounding, pleasing and reckless fooling in the way of money wasting we have seen. A feature of the show was the splendid display of Christmas presents for dogs. These took the shape of silver brushes, chains, collars, motor costumes, traveling trunks and boxes, and india rubber balls for the pet dogs when they want something to play with!

But that is not all or nearly all. The cult of the pet dog, continues the correspondent, is becoming so acute that several ladies take nurses in uniform to attend to the "collare" of the animals, and to feed them. It is a matter of no moment that a farm boy's mother has to cut her lad's hair by the simple process of turning a pudding basin upside down on his head and cutting round it. The pet dog's toilet places him far above the plough boy in value. Experts, for costly fees, trim his hair, dress his coat, scent him with delicate perfumes, or give him a bath and shampoo.

Thus far above the plough boy in value is the pet dog in twentieth century "So ciety" civilization. To point the moral is needless.—New York Freeman's Journal.

**EUROPE**

24 countries, 300 miles coaching. For program write F. Witrow, B.A., Toronto

**A BEAUTIFUL FACE**

All the old methods of securing beauty and a perfect complexion are replaced by the RUBBER COMPLEXION BULB. It prevents and removes white spots, pimples, blackheads, freckles, blotches, etc. It makes the skin soft, clear, smooth and white. A single evening application produces remarkable results. Blackheads in many cases are banished in a few minutes. The speed with which it works is truly wonderful. It cleans your face, soothes and soothes your skin. No woman who owns one of these remarkable devices need have any further fear of wrinkles or blotches. Always ready, nothing to get out of order. The regular price is other price \$1.00. In order to introduce our Catalogue of other novelties we will send the Complexion Bulb complete with full directions for thirty-five cents. This price cannot afford to miss this bargain. Address The F. E. KARN CO., Limited Cor. Queen & Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CAN.

**The North American Life Assurance Company**

Held its Annual Meeting at its Home Office, in Toronto, on Thursday, the 30th day of January, 1908. The President, Mr. John L. Blaikie, was appointed Chairman, and the Managing Director, Mr. L. Goldman, Secretary, when the following report of the business of the Company for the year ended December 31st, 1907, was submitted:—

|                                  |   |
|----------------------------------|---|
| <b>New Business</b>              | The policies issued for the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$1,622,635.00, being greater than the new business transacted for the previous year.   |
| <b>Saving in Expenses</b>        | The business has continued to be conducted on a conservative basis, resulting in a further reduction in the ratio of expenses to premium income of over two per cent. This percentage of relation has resulted in a material saving in expenses of \$26,918.17, as compared with 1906.  |
| <b>Cash Income</b>               | The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was \$1,815,097.93, showing the satisfactory increase for the year of \$68,553.69.  |
| <b>Payments to Policyholders</b> | The amount paid on policy holder's account was \$907,347.44, and of this amount the sum of \$266,825.95 represents payments for dividends, matured endowments and investment policies.  |
| <b>Assets</b>                    | The assets increased during the year by the sum of \$936,811.63, and now amount to \$3,785,876.08.  |
| <b>Net Surplus Increased</b>     | After making ample provision for all liabilities, including the special Contingent Fund of \$155,173.35 to provide for the temporary depreciation in the value of debentures, bonds and stocks, and paying the sum of \$97,394.79 for dividends to policyholders during the year, there was an addition made to the net surplus which now amounts to \$673,556.04, the year's work from every standpoint being highly satisfactory. |
| <b>Assets Safely Invested</b>    | The assets of the Company continue to be, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities; a detailed list of these will be published with the Annual Report for distribution.  |
| <b>Monthly Audit</b>             | A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company. In addition to the examination of the securities by the Auditors, a committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit each quarter.  |

The Officers, Field Representatives and Office Staff deserve to be commended for their efficiency and diligence.

**L. Goldman, J. L. Blaikie,**  
Managing Director, President.

The Annual Report, showing marked proofs of the solid position of the Company, and containing a list of the securities held, and also those upon which the Company has made collateral loans, will be sent in due course to each policyholder.

**Hair Goods by Mail!**  
Hair Switches, Puffs, Curls, Pompadours, Toupees, Etc.  
Twenty-five per cent. discount at present. Send sample of hair. We can match your hair to perfection. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We do not need to see you.  
Write for free Catalogue DAY & MOHLER  
The King St. Hair Specialists.  
115 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

**THE London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.**  
ESTABLISHED 1859  
Assets \$2,468,440 00  
Reserve \$1,150,250 00  
Surplus \$1,318,190 00  
Security for Policyholders \$2,468,440 00  
Incorporated and licensed by the Dominion Government. Operates from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Conservative, reliable and progressive.  
HEAD OFFICE, 82 and 84 King Street, TORONTO  
HON. JOHN DRYDEN, D. WEISMILLER, Sec. & Man. Dir.

**Easter and St. Patrick's Day Post Cards**  
Plain ..... \$1.00 per 100  
Gold Embossed ..... \$1.50 per 100  
Postage 5c. per 100 extra.  
Sample package of 20 assorted, 25 cents.  
Cards mailed 2 for 5c. and 5c. each.  
Norman Peel Mfg., London, Canada

**THE OPEN DOOR**  
to the welfare of families, the stability of business, and the comforts of old age is found in life insurance; and therefore

**COKEFFE'S FOOD EXTRACT OF MALT**  
TORONTO, CAN.

**THE Mutual Life OF CANADA.**  
invites good lives to join its ever expanding household, to become partners in its growing business, and to share equitably in all its benefits.

**"NEW CENTURY" Washing Machine**  
Your Little Girl Can Do The Washing WITH THE  
"New Century" Washing Machine  
It's far easier than churning or running a sewing machine. No rubbing—no work. Just turn the handle for 5 minutes and the clothes are washed—snowy white. Has a strong wringer stand that allows the water to drain right into the tub. Price delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec—\$5.50. Our booklet tells how to turn wash day into child's play. Write for free copy.  
Howswell Mfg. Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

**A Policy in this Company pays**  
**Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT.**  
**\$15 WOMAN'S SUITS, \$6.50**  
Tailored to order. Suits to \$18. Send for free cloth samples, and fall style book.—SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., LONDON, ONT.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Shadow of Failure.

The terror of failure and the fear of coming to wait keep multitudes of people from obtaining the very things they desire, by sapping their vitality, by incapacitating them through worry and anxiety, for the effective, creative work necessary to give them success.

Wherever we go, this fear ghost, this terror-specter stands between men and their goal; no person is in a position to do good work while haunted by it. There can be no great courage where there is no confidence or assurance, and half the battle is in the conviction that we can do what we undertake.

The mind always full of doubts, fears, forebodings, is not in a condition to do effective creative work, but is perpetually handicapped by this unfortunate attitude.

Nothing will so completely paralyze the creative power of the mind and body as a dark, gloomy, discouraged mental attitude. No great creative work can be done by a man who is not an optimist.

The human mind cannot accomplish great work unless the banner of hope goes in advance. A man will follow this banner when money, friends, reputation everything else has gone.

Some men are pitched to a minor key. They probably do not realize it; but there is a downward tendency in their thought and conversation. Everything is down—business poor, prospects dark. They are always seeing snags ahead. They see tendencies in American life which are sure to undermine our democracy and end in revolution.

Nothing is as it used to be when they were young. They cannot get any more decent help. Everything is in a deplorable condition. It is a most unfortunate thing to get into such a mental habit.

I know some of these people. Their letters are always pessimistic. They go through life like a tornado cloud, carrying blackness and threatening disaster wherever they go.

Everything depends upon the way we look at things. Near these calamity howlers we find people living practically under the same conditions, who see beauty and increasing goodness, and an upward trend in civilization everywhere.

What an untold blessing to form early in life the optimistic habit of seeing the best instead of the worst! Think how much more those get out of life who are always courageous, hopeful, always grateful for every good thing that comes to them, and who have a great faith in the goodness of human nature and in the honesty of most people!

Smile and wait. One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our level best. It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a great philosopher who has not learned the secret of smiling and waiting.

A great many people can smile at difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience; but the man who can both smile and wait, if he has that tenacity of purpose which never turns back will surely win.

The fact is, large things can only be done by optimists. Little successes are left to pessimistic people who cannot set their teeth, clench their fists, and smile at hardships or misfortunes and patiently wait.

Smile and wait—there are whole volumes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to wait. If the Corn 7's of Your Mouth Sag—When you see the corners of your child's mouth go down, you know the remedy. You try to make him laugh, to forget the thing that caused his mouth to droop. Why not apply the antidote in your own case?

If the corners of your mouth sag, you know the antidote that will turn them up—a smile, a good, hearty laugh or an uplifting thought. If you catch a glimpse of your face in the glass and see that there is a thundercloud in your expression, if it does not seem possible to look pleasant, just get by yourself a few minutes and persistently crowd into your mind as many pleasant, hopeful, joyous, optimistic, encouraging thoughts as possible and you will be surprised to see how quickly your expression will change.

The thundercloud is in your face because there is one in your mind. It is a mental reflection.—Success.

rice. As for teachin he says the boys learn nothing. I'm sure your riting aint no better, and your spellin is horful.

"I'm going to see you next week, and look out for a parcel to morrow. There's six fresh eggs—the hantan hen's a sittin, and will have a nice brood—and some puddin—and four slices of bread and butter—and some ham sandwiches—and a nice cake which grandmother made for you—and six sheets of note paper and envelopes for you to rite home—and a pound of cherries, black-harts—and a bottle of elder wine—and a green tie from your aunt Bridget."

Give my respects to Father McReady. I am toid he's a nice good meanin gentleman and fine priest, and that's it's all the fault of those about him that the boys isn't looked after.

Look out for us next week, Your lovin mother till death, MARY ANNE BARNOW.

P. S. They say young Muttichary's goin to your school. I'm glad of it. A little starvation will do him good. Don't you get quarrellin with him. Be a good boy, and be very obediant to your masters."

A few days after the receipt of this letter, the porter announced that Mrs. Popwiche and two other ladies had come to visit her son John. Very impatient was the poor mother, as she waited many minutes and still the door opened not. To her Johnny was the whole school. The other two hundred boys were quite put out of sight, and satron, masters—nay! Father McReady himself—had nothing to do but wait upon the wants of Johnny. Therefore Johnny should have been produced on the instant, clean as a new pin, spotless, recently satiated with meats and drinks, and his mind as fully fed within as his body without. As a matter of unhappy fact, Johnny, living in a school of real life and not in a school of a mother's imagination, was, contrary to all orders received from authority, disporting himself in a large hole in the playground, which the workmen had hollowed out as the first step to the making of a big swimming bath.

Recent rains had formed an inland lake, and on this Master John, dressed in his best clothes by the care of the matron who had a wholesome dread of Mrs. Popwiche, washed, combed, and generally straightened in the early morning, was now floating on a raft of slender and dangerous make, one shoe and trouser leg thoroughly drenched with muddy water, his coat bespattered with water by rival navigators, his hair floating wildly in the breeze, and his face bright with excitement and fun, but otherwise grimy, and not in that state which would delight an expectant mother's heart.

The unhappy matron could not restrain a burst of indignation, which Johnny answered with a flood of angry tears: in the midst of which came an impatient message from Mrs. Popwiche demanding to be informed how much longer she was to be kept there.

So with pouting lips and a face from which washing had not wholly removed the trace of tears, with boots dull with wet, and one soaking trouser-leg, came Johnny, still full of anger with the matron, to his irritated mother.

For a time nothing was heard but sobs of affection and feeling, as Johnny was passed from mother to aunt, and aunt to mother, and turned round, and examined, from tearful face to bespattered trouser and wet shoes.

"And here's a state to find my darling boy in! His clothes wringing wet though to give him his death of cold! Didn't I tell you, Bridget, this was the way they neglected the poor children. And you've been crying, my poor boy; do snob beat you, Johnny? Oh! if they ever beat you!"

"The matron's always knocking me about," whimpered Johnny, holding out his right hand in such a way that a small case mark in the palm of the hand would attract attention.

"Did she hit you like that? Look here, Bridget, they're murdering the poor child."

"Brother Placidus gave me that," said Johnny, "three weeks ago, because the matron said I'd torn my best trousers on purpose; look! said Johnny, showing the mangled tear, "but it wasn't I, it was a big nail in the form. But Johnny did not explain that he had taken his best trousers on the sly from the matron's room, and had been wearing them on week-days, contrary to all rule.

Mrs. Popwiche was on the point of demanding to see Father McReady at once and remove her boy; when aunt Sarah, the third lady, who had a family of her own, and knew something of the ways of spoiled children, directed attention to a pleasanter subject.

"See! Johnny, here are some of the cakes I promised you."

Grief for the time was over; Johnny's mouth was full of cake, and his heart full of contentment; but even out of present happiness Mrs. Popwiche soon again gathered grief. "Look at the dear boy," she said, "he eats as if he'd had nothing for a twelvemonth. Have you had your dinner, Johnny?"

Johnny clang weepingly to his mother, while Father McReady interposed and said that he must wait the father's decision before he allowed the boy to go.

"Oh! so this is a prison-house, is it? where a mother can't have her own flesh and blood when she wants it about her! If there's law in England, I'll have my boy out."

And the whole tale was told to Popwiche in the evening, with many tears and many additions. "Now that's enough, woman," said Popwiche; "you went down to kick up a row; and if you'd found the boy fed on oysters and porter, with gold trousers on, you'd have kicked it up—good night, Martha!"

CHAPTER VIII. FATHER McREADY'S POST BAG.

The short holidays which could be allowed at Tarragroy school were over. Poor Johnny had not been home. Suits of tears and outcries from Mrs. Popwiche, Michael held firm; "leave the boy where he is," said he, "what will be the streets of Bernousey to do him good?"

St. Johnny stopped at school for the holidays, not without inward grubbings and talks up and down the playground with Hardwin.

But the holidays were over at last; and Father McReady is looking over his letter bag in his little office room, with Brother Placidus beside him. Let us—for we have his permission—join them and read the letters with them.

"O!," said Father McReady, "there's that poor boy, Bilton, not coming back!"

"No loss to the school, Father; he was stupid, poor lad; but what reason does his mother give?"

"The school is not good enough for him, Placidus; but you had better read it, the spelling is a little odd. I don't fancy the poor woman is a very good judge of progress."

"Sar! I received your note and will send you the money in the course of a week. I am sorry to say the boy came home a greater dunce than when he went to school at your place; therefore sent some war else."

"Poor woman!" said Father McReady; "there are three things—the hardest things in all knowledge—of which it seems to me everybody in England supposes himself an infallible judge—Religion, the Government of the Country, and Education. The very costliest and best teachers on these points that the priests, the prime ministers, or the sen-of-masters. Well! here's a boy to make up for him. Ah! this is the sort of case I want."

"Rev. Father,—My first duty as a mother is to bring up my children in my holy religion, and then, please God, to do my duty. I write now to ask you to take my boys into Thornbury School. The oldest is turned eleven years, and the only teaching he has had is the little I can give him. I have two boys. The younger is going on nine, and my whole thought is how I can manage to give them religious training. We have no Catholic place of worship nearer than twenty-two miles off at St. Alban's—and that's only just opened, and the best I can do is to get over there at Euter-tide to keep myself in the Church. Now and again we've had a priest to visit us, and glad I was to see him, but not for these four years. I do feel so lonesome—no one of my own to talk to, and all the neighbors quarrelling with one another about religion—and all (we have communicated with Father McReady, and can vouch for the correctness—word by word—of this letter) (Ed.) hating the true Faith—poor ignorant things. Well it's part my own fault, and yet he's a good husband to me though he's not a Catholic. Still, I can't blame myself much, and it's no use now. And now will you kindly tell me all about the schools. What clothes must they have to come? and do they wear a uniform?"

I hope they'll be let serve on the altar, the youngest has a nice little voice for singing. I hope you will be as reasonable as you can with me about the terms. Trade's been very dull down here these few years, and I can't pay much; but I'll do all I can, if I get my poor boys brought up in the love of God.

Hoping a favorable answer, from Yours truly, MARY ANN BARNOW.

"A good woman, Brother Placidus, that—and just the case I want to see a case—these poor creatures living away from Mass; and the contrary's a fall of them. I never found a village yet without a Catholic in it."

"She should've had a married a Protestant, Father." "Small blame to her, Placidus. Who was there to marry? How was she to come across a Catholic husband, unless she picked up a stray baker-maker down in those parts? By all means let us have her boys, and do our best for them. "What have we here?" continued Father McReady, as he made progress with his pile of letters. "Oh! three applications for payments of accounts—rather sharp; and here to meet them is sixpences in stamps from Bridget to the poor boys' and ten shillings from a lady who can't give more, being obliged to give all she can to persons who really need it—I suppose she thinks we need it—Suppose I wish she had my accounts to settle:—and a kind refusal from a gentleman who has many calls near home; and that's all—no I stop, here's a portra from a Protestant, good man, and that is all in the money way. "Here's another letter from poor Father Mordie; I am sorry." "Does he still believe that boy of his, Father?" "Yes; still the old thing—not enough to eat of course, and put him to dirty jobs, and didn't get his own man to drink out of, nor his own knife to eat with, and the boys hit him, and I know not what—here, Placidus, put it away in the left hand drawer; don't let us lose our peace or our time over that."

Let us have her boys, and do our best for them. "What have we here?" continued Father McReady, as he made progress with his pile of letters. "Oh! three applications for payments of accounts—rather sharp; and here to meet them is sixpences in stamps from Bridget to the poor boys' and ten shillings from a lady who can't give more, being obliged to give all she can to persons who really need it—I suppose she thinks we need it—Suppose I wish she had my accounts to settle:—and a kind refusal from a gentleman who has many calls near home; and that's all—no I stop, here's a portra from a Protestant, good man, and that is all in the money way. "Here's another letter from poor Father Mordie; I am sorry." "Does he still believe that boy of his, Father?" "Yes; still the old thing—not enough to eat of course, and put him to dirty jobs, and didn't get his own man to drink out of, nor his own knife to eat with, and the boys hit him, and I know not what—here, Placidus, put it away in the left hand drawer; don't let us lose our peace or our time over that."

"Shan't you answer it, Father?" "What is the use, my dear boy? We have already done what we were bound to do—denied the truth of all these things. Having done so, we have done all that we need for courtesy, and for our fair name. Believe me, Placidus, this kind of thing is best left alone. Be courteous; and kind to all who attack you, but be silent, and don't attempt to defend yourself. It is not half so virtuous; and it is only lost time—they never believe you. What have we here? A letter from Mr. Wipstur.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

FAITH STILL STRONG. A BEAUTIFUL INSTANCE OF ITALIAN FEELING AND DEVOTION. Here is a Christmas story, which labors under two great disadvantages, for it is true and it happened only last week. It was Christmas eve and the Redeemptorist community of San Michele at Paganani had made everything ready for the midnight festival. It is no stretch of the imagination to suppose that as they seek the church and passed to and fro in front of the altar where lies the body of St. Alphonsus Maria di Liguori, they must have thought of the saint every now and then—the enthusiasm his preaching used to excite, especially at Christmas, among the simple folk in the whole countryside around Naples, and how he himself used to lead them in his own lovely hymn to the Divine Infant.

But it was growing late, and the community at Paganani were waiting the return of the Fathers who had been giving a mission in a parish some six miles away. Everything was very still in the darkness around, until at last a faint murmur was heard in the distance, which grew louder and louder and nearer with every minute. What could it be? The mystery was revealed.

There is One Who knows all which is hidden from me; there is One Whom nothing escapes of all that threatens me or that happens to me; there is One Who foresees all, where I can foresee nothing; Who can do all, while I can do nothing; and Who guides my steps with unerring wisdom, whilst I walk blindly on; and this all-knowing, almighty One is my Father. He is not less powerful than wise, not less loving than wise and powerful; infinite in the threefold unity of His wisdom, His power and His love.—Abbe Henri Perroye.

36th Thousand The Catholic Confession and the Sacrament of Penance By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid

How Christ Said the First Mass, or, The Lord's Last Supper The Rites and Ceremonies, the Ritual and Liturgy, the forms of Divine worship Christ observed when he changed the Passover into the mass. By REV. JAMES L. MEAGHER. Price \$1.25, post-paid. THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

WARM FEET. KARN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES THEY warm the Feet and Limbs, cure Cramps, Pains, and aches arising from cold, and will positively prevent and cure Rheumatism. The retail price is 50c. per pair, but in order to introduce our best Catalogue of Ladies', Gents', and Children's Underwear, we will send one sample pair, by return, and our new 50c. pair. Write for our Catalogue.

THE P. E. KARN CO., LIMITED Queen's Largest Drug House, 329, Canada's Victoria Sts., Toronto, CAN.

PEARL ROSARIES We have just received a large consignment of Pearl Rosaries which we are offering at extremely low prices. Below will be found description and prices.

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

| No.  | Length              | Cross | Cut or Turned | Price    |
|------|---------------------|-------|---------------|----------|
| 6000 | ..... 15 1/2 inches | Metal | Cut           | 25 cents |
| 6002 | ..... 15 "          | Pearl | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6256 | ..... 16 1/2 "      | Metal | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6261 | ..... 15 "          | Metal | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6204 | ..... 15 "          | Pearl | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6002 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6005 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Pearl | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6274 | ..... 14 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 40 "     |
| 6263 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Metal | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6275 | ..... 14 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6284 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Metal | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6080 | ..... 14 1/2 "      | Pearl | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6091 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Turned        | 60 "     |
| 6279 | ..... 18 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 60 "     |
| 6092 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6083 | ..... 17 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6083 | ..... 19 1/2 "      | Metal | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6085 | ..... 19 "          | Pearl | Turned        | \$ 1 00  |
| 6086 | ..... 19 1/2 "      | Pearl | Turned        | 1 00     |
| 6087 | ..... 21 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 1 25     |

MAGIC BAKING POWDER PURE AND WHOLESOME. ONE POUND CAN 25c E.W. GILLET COMPANY TORONTO, ONT.

let us have her boys, and do our best for them. "What have we here?" continued Father McReady, as he made progress with his pile of letters. "Oh! three applications for payments of accounts—rather sharp; and here to meet them is sixpences in stamps from Bridget to the poor boys' and ten shillings from a lady who can't give more, being obliged to give all she can to persons who really need it—I suppose she thinks we need it—Suppose I wish she had my accounts to settle:—and a kind refusal from a gentleman who has many calls near home; and that's all—no I stop, here's a portra from a Protestant, good man, and that is all in the money way. "Here's another letter from poor Father Mordie; I am sorry." "Does he still believe that boy of his, Father?" "Yes; still the old thing—not enough to eat of course, and put him to dirty jobs, and didn't get his own man to drink out of, nor his own knife to eat with, and the boys hit him, and I know not what—here, Placidus, put it away in the left hand drawer; don't let us lose our peace or our time over that."

"Shan't you answer it, Father?" "What is the use, my dear boy? We have already done what we were bound to do—denied the truth of all these things. Having done so, we have done all that we need for courtesy, and for our fair name. Believe me, Placidus, this kind of thing is best left alone. Be courteous; and kind to all who attack you, but be silent, and don't attempt to defend yourself. It is not half so virtuous; and it is only lost time—they never believe you. What have we here? A letter from Mr. Wipstur.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

FAITH STILL STRONG. A BEAUTIFUL INSTANCE OF ITALIAN FEELING AND DEVOTION. Here is a Christmas story, which labors under two great disadvantages, for it is true and it happened only last week. It was Christmas eve and the Redeemptorist community of San Michele at Paganani had made everything ready for the midnight festival. It is no stretch of the imagination to suppose that as they seek the church and passed to and fro in front of the altar where lies the body of St. Alphonsus Maria di Liguori, they must have thought of the saint every now and then—the enthusiasm his preaching used to excite, especially at Christmas, among the simple folk in the whole countryside around Naples, and how he himself used to lead them in his own lovely hymn to the Divine Infant.

But it was growing late, and the community at Paganani were waiting the return of the Fathers who had been giving a mission in a parish some six miles away. Everything was very still in the darkness around, until at last a faint murmur was heard in the distance, which grew louder and louder and nearer with every minute. What could it be? The mystery was revealed.

There is One Who knows all which is hidden from me; there is One Whom nothing escapes of all that threatens me or that happens to me; there is One Who foresees all, where I can foresee nothing; Who can do all, while I can do nothing; and Who guides my steps with unerring wisdom, whilst I walk blindly on; and this all-knowing, almighty One is my Father. He is not less powerful than wise, not less loving than wise and powerful; infinite in the threefold unity of His wisdom, His power and His love.—Abbe Henri Perroye.

36th Thousand The Catholic Confession and the Sacrament of Penance By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid

How Christ Said the First Mass, or, The Lord's Last Supper The Rites and Ceremonies, the Ritual and Liturgy, the forms of Divine worship Christ observed when he changed the Passover into the mass. By REV. JAMES L. MEAGHER. Price \$1.25, post-paid. THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

WARM FEET. KARN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES THEY warm the Feet and Limbs, cure Cramps, Pains, and aches arising from cold, and will positively prevent and cure Rheumatism. The retail price is 50c. per pair, but in order to introduce our best Catalogue of Ladies', Gents', and Children's Underwear, we will send one sample pair, by return, and our new 50c. pair. Write for our Catalogue.

THE P. E. KARN CO., LIMITED Queen's Largest Drug House, 329, Canada's Victoria Sts., Toronto, CAN.

PEARL ROSARIES We have just received a large consignment of Pearl Rosaries which we are offering at extremely low prices. Below will be found description and prices.

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

| No.  | Length              | Cross | Cut or Turned | Price    |
|------|---------------------|-------|---------------|----------|
| 6000 | ..... 15 1/2 inches | Metal | Cut           | 25 cents |
| 6002 | ..... 15 "          | Pearl | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6256 | ..... 16 1/2 "      | Metal | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6261 | ..... 15 "          | Metal | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6204 | ..... 15 "          | Pearl | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6002 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6005 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Pearl | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6274 | ..... 14 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 40 "     |
| 6263 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Metal | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6275 | ..... 14 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6284 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Metal | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6080 | ..... 14 1/2 "      | Pearl | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6091 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Turned        | 60 "     |
| 6279 | ..... 18 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 60 "     |
| 6092 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6083 | ..... 17 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6083 | ..... 19 1/2 "      | Metal | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6085 | ..... 19 "          | Pearl | Turned        | \$ 1 00  |
| 6086 | ..... 19 1/2 "      | Pearl | Turned        | 1 00     |
| 6087 | ..... 21 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 1 25     |

MAGIC BAKING POWDER PURE AND WHOLESOME. ONE POUND CAN 25c E.W. GILLET COMPANY TORONTO, ONT.



ed a quarter of an hour later, when the square in front of the church became filled with a multitude of men, as many as 3,000 and here in the midst of them was a carriage without horses with the three Redeemptorist missionaries seated in it. They had been drawn in triumph the whole six miles of the journey, and they had been accompanied by practically the entire male population of the parish they had been evangelizing. Then they filed the church, sang a hymn, listened to the thanks of the rector of Paganani, received his blessing and returned in a body to their distant parish to take part in the Midnight Mass there.—Rome.

There is One Who knows all which is hidden from me; there is One Whom nothing escapes of all that threatens me or that happens to me; there is One Who foresees all, where I can foresee nothing; Who can do all, while I can do nothing; and Who guides my steps with unerring wisdom, whilst I walk blindly on; and this all-knowing, almighty One is my Father. He is not less powerful than wise, not less loving than wise and powerful; infinite in the threefold unity of His wisdom, His power and His love.—Abbe Henri Perroye.

36th Thousand The Catholic Confession and the Sacrament of Penance By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid

How Christ Said the First Mass, or, The Lord's Last Supper The Rites and Ceremonies, the Ritual and Liturgy, the forms of Divine worship Christ observed when he changed the Passover into the mass. By REV. JAMES L. MEAGHER. Price \$1.25, post-paid. THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

WARM FEET. KARN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES THEY warm the Feet and Limbs, cure Cramps, Pains, and aches arising from cold, and will positively prevent and cure Rheumatism. The retail price is 50c. per pair, but in order to introduce our best Catalogue of Ladies', Gents', and Children's Underwear, we will send one sample pair, by return, and our new 50c. pair. Write for our Catalogue.

THE P. E. KARN CO., LIMITED Queen's Largest Drug House, 329, Canada's Victoria Sts., Toronto, CAN.

PEARL ROSARIES We have just received a large consignment of Pearl Rosaries which we are offering at extremely low prices. Below will be found description and prices.

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

| No.  | Length              | Cross | Cut or Turned | Price    |
|------|---------------------|-------|---------------|----------|
| 6000 | ..... 15 1/2 inches | Metal | Cut           | 25 cents |
| 6002 | ..... 15 "          | Pearl | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6256 | ..... 16 1/2 "      | Metal | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6261 | ..... 15 "          | Metal | Cut           | 35 "     |
| 6204 | ..... 15 "          | Pearl | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6002 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6005 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Pearl | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6274 | ..... 14 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 40 "     |
| 6263 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Metal | Cut           | 40 "     |
| 6275 | ..... 14 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6284 | ..... 15 1/2 "      | Metal | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6080 | ..... 14 1/2 "      | Pearl | Cut           | 50 "     |
| 6285 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Turned        | 50 "     |
| 6091 | ..... 17 "          | Metal | Turned        | 60 "     |
| 6279 | ..... 18 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 60 "     |
| 6092 | ..... 18 "          | Metal | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6083 | ..... 17 "          | Pearl | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6083 | ..... 19 1/2 "      | Metal | Turned        | 75 "     |
| 6085 | ..... 19 "          | Pearl | Turned        | \$ 1 00  |
| 6086 | ..... 19 1/2 "      | Pearl | Turned        | 1 00     |
| 6087 | ..... 21 "          | Pearl |               |          |

