

The Catholic Record.

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

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ON THE RESURRECTION.

Father Searle, of the Paulists, Answers Dr. Newton.

The following able article, which appears in the *Catholic World* magazine for June, is from the pen of the Rev. George M. Searle, of the Paulists, professor of mathematics and astronomy at the Catholic University, Washington:

Rev. Dr. Hober Newton, in a sermon preached a few weeks ago, expressed some opinions about the Resurrection which created quite a sensation and have been quite widely discussed and commented on. They seem, strangely enough, to have been considered as original with him; in point of fact, however, they are quite familiar to any one acquainted with modern liberal Christianity, so-called, though it is probable that those who entertained them a few years ago have now, by a natural progress, arrived at a complete disbelief in the fundamental point of faith which they attack. Similar notions were also entertained, and condemned as heresies, in the early ages of the Church. The only reason or excuse which can be given for noticing them now is the attention which they have so undeservedly attracted.

The principal idea broached by Dr. Newton is that the body of Christ did not really rise from the tomb, that in which He showed Himself to His apostles being only something made in its likeness. As to what became of the body which was laid in the sepulchre, the doctor is prudently non-committal. It would appear that he holds the Christian faith so far as to believe that the body there deposited was a real human body like our own; but of course any belief of a thinker of this progressive type might vary from Sunday to Sunday, so that it hardly seems necessary to be very particular on this point. At any rate, he is reported to have said: "Some one will ask me what, then, became of the body? But I am too reverent to speculate about what became of that sacred temple of the Divine Spirit. I leave all such irreverent speculations to higher ecclesiastical authorities."

It must be confessed that it is rather hard to see at first just where the irreverence in this speculation comes in. If the original theory is not irreverent, it is not very evident why irreverence should be involved in the examination of questions so intimately connected with it. But it is no doubt an excellent plan to thus ward off criticism. Here at least, if nowhere else, our reverend—and reverent—theorist may indeed lay some claim to originality.

If we look squarely at the matter, undeterred by this warning, we see of course that the theory that Christ did not raise His body from the tomb, assuming it again to Himself, implies—since it is not held that it remained there—either that it was removed thence by some human agency, or that it was disposed of by the power or direction of God in some miraculous way. We may safely say by the power of God, for we are talking to Christians, and for such no other power outside of the natural order can be admissible in this case.

The first of these is the most obvious supposition, and was the one adopted for us at the time by the enemies of Christ. He had, as we all know, distinctly predicted His resurrection; the chief priests and the Pharisees were aware of this, and knew also that what was understood by this among the Jews was a resurrection, like that in the case of Lazarus, of the actual body which had died. Assuming them to have really believed that this was impossible, or indeed even in the interests of truth itself—though they were not much in earnest about that—it was reasonable enough for them to take the precautions which they did to prevent the abstraction of Christ's body from the tomb by His disciples. If they could keep it there, His prediction was a failure.

When they found they could not keep it there, in spite of their precautions, there was but one resource, which they of course adopted. They bribed the guards which had been set to watch at the sepulchre to say that they had fallen asleep. Of course they could not, without absurdity, testify positively that the body had been stolen while they slept; but such an explanation of its disappearance had then all the probability which was needed.

Obviously, this explanation cannot be given by any Christian without what would very rightly be called irreverence. For certainly it would be such to suspect the disciples of a trick like this, and still more to imagine Christ as having directed them, or any one of them, to perform it. And it seems to be this which Dr. Newton is shirking when he says he is too reverent to speculate about the matter. It may not be too much, however, taking into account his general proclivities, to suspect that he really inclines to this view of the case; for, if he did not, it would naturally occur to him to suggest the only other available alternative, mentioned above. Probably what he really means is that he is too reverent to the "higher ecclesiastical authorities" to speculate about it out aloud. Enough has already been said to

show that we cannot, if we wish to remain Christians in any proper sense of the term, doubt that Christ actually raised His body, the one in which He had lived and was crucified, from the tomb. If the Apostles abstracted it themselves their whole preaching was an imposture; if it were taken by some one else without their knowledge, or otherwise disposed of by the power of God, Christ would certainly have instructed them about it, and not allowed them to preach a lie to the world. We simply have to reject Christianity as a divine revelation if the Resurrection is not true in the sense the Church has held and taught it; that is plain enough; though it must be acknowledged in behalf of Dr. Newton that he is not the first who has failed to acknowledge this; and perhaps many have failed even to see it.

He took special care that they should understand that there was no mistake about the identity of His risen body with that which had suffered on the cross. No one can rationally put any other interpretation on His words as recorded by St. Luke, on the occasion of His appearance to the Apostles on the evening of the first Easter. They did not at first believe it was really His body which they saw; "they being troubled and affrighted," supposed that they saw a spirit. And He said to them: "Why are you troubled and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself; feel and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see Me to have" (Luke xxiv., 37-39). And St. John, as we all know, tells us how, as St. Thomas was not present on the occasion just mentioned, Christ took special pains to assure him on the next Sunday that it was really His crucified body which had now risen. "Put in thy finger hither, and see My hands, and bring hither thy hand, and put it into My side" (John xx., 21).

A most remarkable statement of Dr. Newton, and one far from creditable to him, must now be noticed. Our attention is often drawn to statements by Protestants having some considerable claims to learning and a fair general reputation for honesty, which are inconsistent with either one or the other of these qualities. But really this seems almost to surpass all hitherto uttered; we cannot tell whether in the line of astounding ignorance or of unblushing effrontery. The doctor is quoted as saying: "No one believes that He (Christ) entered into the higher life which we call heaven in the physical body. Some time or other, after what we call the resurrection, that physical body was dropped, and in His spiritual body Jesus Christ passed into the heavenly sphere."

It is not almost inconceivable that any sane person, pretending to know anything about Christianity, could make such a statement as this? "No one," forsooth, believes what over three hundred millions of Christians believe: no one believes what the Church has held without question from the beginning! Is it possible that the learned doctor does not know that it is the Catholic faith that the body of Christ which was buried and which rose from the dead, is now in heaven? O, knowing this, does he have the effrontery to call the whole of Christendom, with the exception of some isolated geniuses like himself, "no one"? For Protestants have made no general protest on this point, and if they say the Apostles' Creed, they express their belief in just this very thing. Really, this is unequalled; it stands out quite by itself among its kind.

But to proceed on the main line. Dr. Newton acknowledges that the actual statements of the evangelists support the belief in Christ's physical resurrection, and alleges no definite quotation from them against it. Would it be believed that he pretends to have a sufficient proof of his theory in St. Paul's words (I. Cor. xv., 50), that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God"? But this is not to be wondered at. Heretics have always used the Bible in this way; they choose a text or set of texts which can be made to support their opinion and ignore what is inconvenient. Eymologically a heretic means a "chooser"; and Dr. Newton is an admirable specimen of the class. He will not even look three verses below, and read (v. 53) "this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality."

The sense is obvious, and must be so even to Dr. Newton himself. "Flesh and blood," as it is in this mortal life, cannot inherit the kingdom of God; it must be raised to a higher state, and endowed with glorious qualities, corresponding to that state, before it can do so. These qualities are well understood and defined by theologians. The chief of these are impassibility, brightness, agility and subtility.

That we might realize these qualities more fully God has been pleased to give us numerous examples of them in the lives of His chosen servants. As to the first, that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—to use the names familiar to Protestants—in the fiery furnace, is by no means unique. The same thing, in one form or another, is recorded frequently in the acts of the martyrs, and to magical arts. It has also been noted on various occasions in more recent days, one instance being familiar to those who have read the

well attested accounts of the apparition at Lourdes. The true character of these phenomena is manifest by the preservation of the body not only from pain but from physical injury, as in the case of Bernadette just referred to.

The quality of brightness has also numerous illustrations. To show that it cannot be attributed to imagination, one instance out of many will suffice; that, namely, of St. Andrew Avellino, who on one occasion when returning from a sick call in a storm of wind and rain which extinguished the torches of the attendants, shed a light from his body, which lit up the way.

Elevation in the air and flight through it is so well known an occurrence in the lives of holy persons that in many instances it has hardly occasioned any surprise in the spectators, especially in the case of saints like St. Joseph of Cupertino (1603-1663), with whom it was, we may say, habitual.

The very quality which in Christ's risen life excites our greatest wonder, that of passing through closed doors, is not without examples among the saints, those of St. Dominic and St. Raymond of Penafort being perhaps the most notable.

It would be unprofitable to dilate more on this subject, as the evidence cannot be made convincing without a very extended treatment. The mass of it is immense; but a great deal of it has stood the test of most rigorous examination.

Of course it is quite possible for any one so disposed to close his eyes and ears, to abandon reason and common sense, and absolutely deny all this evidence, and everything else which does not come within the range of his everyday experience. But obviously no one can, consistently with this, hold to his belief in the miracles of Christ, or form any theories based on the Gospel records; especially as Christ Himself predicted that His followers should show in their lives marvels similar to, and even greater than, His own.

And now one point especially deserves to be noted.

It is this: As has been said, there is perhaps room for doubt whether Dr. Newton holds, like some ancient heretics, that Christ's body was a mere illusion, not a physical body at all, both before and after the resurrection, or keeps to the usual and correct, as well as natural, belief that it was a true physical and human body, at any rate in the first of these periods. If he adopts the first view the whole matter has no application to us, as Christ ceases to be a man, and no conclusions as to any resurrection for us can be drawn from his. We ought charitably to presume that he has the sense to see this; and therefore give what is also otherwise the most probable meaning to his words, and consider him to hold that Christ had during His mortal life a real human body. And now we must ask him to notice a noteworthy matter, namely, that phenomena similar to those which were observable after the resurrection were occasionally manifested during the previous periods, as, for example, in His walking on the water (Matt. xiv.); in His disappearance when the Nazarenes were about to cast Him from the precipice, (Luke iv., 30); and similar occurrences, (John viii., 59, and x., 39); and especially in His transfiguration. Now, if such qualities as lightness, invisibility and splendor were possible in a physical and material body similar to our own why should not the risen body also be physical and material?

The simple fact of the matter is that qualities of this description do not belong of right to a mortal body, but may be and often have been—as in these cases of our Lord Himself, and in those of the saints which have been referred to—conferred on it temporarily in a special and miraculous way. But they do belong of right and continuously to a risen body, whether that of Christ or of any one who has part in His resurrection, though they may not be continuously manifested.

The whole ground or excuse for vagaries such as those of Dr. Newton therefore absolutely disappears.

It only remains to inquire whether there are any necessary and unchangeable physical laws which shut out the hypothesis of a material body in any occurrence observed in Christ's risen life. To this no scientific man who cares for his reputation will presume to give an affirmative answer. He may say, indeed, that it is contrary to his scientific experience, and to that of the world at large, that one piece of solid matter can pass through another without visible disturbance of either; and this—really the passing through closed doors—is really the only case presenting special difficulty. But if asked for a reason why this should be so he will probably say that the strength of the forces binding the particles of a solid together would be the obstacle. He must, however, acknowledge that these forces might be modified so that such penetration would be possible; for, as regards mere space or room, even the usual theories of matter allow plenty.

And it is quite to the point to remember that the corpuscular theory of light, proposed by Dr. Newton's great namesake, though now abandoned, was never considered absurd, and was not rejected on any such grounds; just as electricity is even now commonly treated of as a fluid

passing through solids with great rapidity. To say that these substances were regarded as imponderable is a futile objection; for weight, or in other words, subjection to and exercise of the action of gravity, is not the real test for discerning matter from spirit. Should any one wish, however, to assert that this action is inseparable from material substances, such an assertion, however groundless, is not to the purpose; for the mass may be diminished, so as to be practically imperceptible. It was indeed Sir Isaac's theory that the particles of light were subject to gravitational action, but from their small mass incapable of exerting it perceptibly.

It would evidently be simply ridiculous for any one of us, with our very rudimentary notions of the constitution of matter, to say or to hold that a material universe is impossible except on the laws which we have observed, or that material substances could not exist in the present universe exhibiting phenomena which would require a modification of the laws so far ascertained. Even in the case of gravitation, the best known of all, no sensible astronomer felt any absolute confidence that it would be found to apply to the orbits of the double stars.

Let us now look, to show the remarkable contrast between the scientific and the non-scientific mind, at the ground—really the only ground—on which Dr. Newton bases his objections to the Christian dogma of the resurrection. He says that in "the language of the records, it is said"—and seemingly he asserts to this—"implicitly implies the resurrection of Christ's physical body." But he remarks that over against any such language there is a general tenor of the description of the appearance of Jesus. Those descriptions are of a body wholly differing in its powers from the body which we now know. Our bodies cannot appear and disappear at will. They cannot pass through closed doors." It may be remarked that he does not seem to notice that the appearing and disappearing at will was, as has been shown, observed in Christ during His mortal life. But the principal thing to be noticed is that he assumes that because Christ's risen body exhibited qualities different from what we observe in material bodies, it could not be a material body or at any rate not the same which He had before. As if, forsooth, new qualities could not be given to that body, even had they never been previously manifested.

We all remember how the great Sir Isaac Newton confessed after his astonishing discoveries that he was but a child, picking up pebbles on the beach, while the great ocean of truth lay unexplored beyond. But Dr. Hober Newton is a much superior man, and knows it all.

In what has been said some injustice may have been done to him; for his words have been taken from reports, not from any document bearing his signature. But still these reports are probably not far astray; and it really seems as if he had not at all understood what the dogma is that he is combating; at least that is the most favorable supposition that can be made. He does not see that what Christians believe is that Christ's body and the bodies of those who share His resurrection have glorious qualities assigned to them which no one pretends they habitually possessed in their mortal life; how far those qualities follow laws divinely established, or how far they are under the control of the soul with which the risen body is reunited, is of course unknown.

The risen body, with its new qualities or gifts, is called the spiritual body. "It is sown," says St. Paul, "an animal body" ("a natural body," the Protestant version has it); "it shall rise a spiritual body." Dr. Newton uses the term "spiritual body," but does not seem to attach any very definite idea to it. It would appear from some subsequent remarks of his that he imagines this body to be one that we carry about with us through life, or that it is formed in some way at the moment of death. "It may," he is reported as saying, "draw around itself from the body which it leaves, or from the spiritual elements in the encompassing ether, the elements for a new and finer material body." This is certainly a truly scientific idea. One would think that "spiritual elements in the ether" were quite well understood and recognized.

It is really too much to expect of us that we should try to make sense out of such crude and random notions. As to the Christian dogma, the sense of which is quite clear, any one can see that the material substance of a body may remain precisely the same, though new qualities are conferred. The difficulties as to the reconstruction of a body out of the particles composing it at the time of death, as well as other considerations, have given rise to a good deal of discussion as to just what is meant in this matter by identity; and certainly we do not need to use the term in its most absolute sense, in which our living bodies do not remain the same from hour to hour. But we have no space to enter on this subject, and this is not the issue which Dr. Newton raises.

Those who govern others must take care to be kind listeners, or else they will soon offend God and fall into secret sins.—Father Faber.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

The *Liverpool Catholic Times* says that the Anglican Bishop of Salisbury has been dealing with the important question: What is to be the Church of the future in English speaking countries? His Lordship has avoided the still greater question: What is to be the Church of the future for the entire world? Herein he has shown his wisdom. He is aware, no doubt, that the only Church which can now, as at all times, claim to be the Church of humanity without distinction of race, is the great Catholic Church, and he perceives likewise that there is no probability that she will ever lose that position. There is no other Church which can for a moment bear comparison with her in this respect. The fact should, it might be imagined, have suggested to the Bishop of Salisbury the absurdity of delivering an address which, inferentially at least, would lead his hearers to believe that the Established Church is the Church which Our Lord founded for the salvation of the human race. Apart from this, we cannot be surprised if his Lordship endeavored to persuade himself and the gentlemen who listened to him that the prospects of the communion of which he is a distinguished member are bright and encouraging. Such an attitude on the part of a religious leader speaking on an occasion when it is deemed advisable to inspire hope and encouragement is to be expected. But, at the same time, in addresses of that kind we look for sobriety and judgment, and at least an approach to a recognition of affairs as they exist. We look, too, to a dignitary such as the Bishop of Salisbury for a display of broad-mindedness and charity in referring to the Church of the majority of Christians. When we fail to find these evidences of analytic power and of kindness we are much disappointed, and our disappointment is all the greater because on a former occasion his Lordship gave very decided proofs of good-will towards Catholics. His letters, which were published in our own columns at the time, were conspicuous for good taste and friendliness, and we did not hesitate to describe them as models worthy of imitation. It is, therefore, with no little surprise we read the language in which, adopting the tone of the antiquated Exeter Hall controversialist, he speaks of the "superstitions" of "Romanism," and hints, that for purposes of expediency, they are "much kept in the background." His Lordship does not see eye to eye with us; his beliefs are not ours; but is that any reason why our tenets should be steeped in superstition and his free from it? We can only say that the language he has used—the mere clap-net of the bigot—is unworthy of the Bishop.

But when we come to the assertions of the Bishop with regard to the condition and prospects of the Church of England and the position of the Catholic Church in the colonies, our astonishment is greatly increased. His Lordship has recently paid visits to New Zealand, a number of the seaports in the Australian colonies, and some parts of North America. Judging from the character of some of his remarks it would seem to us that whilst in the States he must have been seized by a love for the art of indulging in amusing paradox which is cultivated with no little success across the Atlantic. Treating of the "mission" of the Church of England, His Lordship says: "What is the distinctive character of the Anglican communion? It is no doubt the combination of respect for authority and repose upon revelation and tradition, with the utmost possible amount of freedom and pliability to meet changing needs." In reading these words we cannot help asking is the good Bishop really serious? It seems to us that if there is any single religious body in which respect for authority is at a discount it is the Church of England. Even the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, who do not profess to believe in apostolic succession, are far more amenable to discipline. They manage their religious affairs as they manage their business and their politics, submitting to the verdict of the majority. But in every branch and section of the Church of England there appear to be continual bickerings and quarrels, simply because each unit is not ready to acknowledge a higher religious authority than himself. As to revelation, it is preserved in such forms as the individual conscience accepts it with scarcely any reference to a living authority; and with regard to tradition, we always believed that the greater number of Protestants considered it one of the Roman "superstitions." The strain of paradox or humor, or whatever it be, is well kept up throughout His Lordship's address. "Romanism," he declares, "is not suited to the democratic temper which prevails in the Colonies. It is too much everywhere of an *Imperium in imperio*, and as such it is not looked upon with confidence. Politicians may seek alliance with its solid vote in times when parties are evenly balanced, but they do it with a bad conscience and a sense of weakness. The general good sense of the community is against allowing what is usually a minority to have

advantages which it has not earned by superiority either in morals or intelligence, but only by the fact of its subservience to priestly direction in voting. As individual Roman Catholics become more enlightened they are less inclined to separate themselves from their neighbors or to submit to direction from the local priesthood or to control from Rome. It will be a long time, humbly speaking, before this change is effected; and God has, I believe, work for Roman Catholics to do in protesting against the miserable system of secular education which prevails in most of the colonies, and in stimulating themselves and others to greater devotion. I do not think this work will or can be done in a short time, and I believe that His Providence, therefore, will preserve their organization for this salutary purpose. But I also hope and believe that He will open and enlighten their eyes in the process, and enable them to approach in many ways nearer to ourselves. If ever the Church of Rome is reformed in Europe—as God grant it may be!—the stimulus will come, I believe, from its own adherents in the English-speaking colonies and the United States who have learnt to see the true ideal of a Christian Church represented in the polity of the Church of England." Anything more highly ludicrous than this passage of his Lordship's address we have not come across in our experience. A Bishop of the Church of England telling us that the Catholic Church is not democratic enough for the age, and that it is to be saved by being remodeled on the pattern of that "true ideal of a Christian Church"—the Anglican Establishment! Surely absurdity could not further go! In one of Charles Lever's novels he introduces an English visitor to Ireland, who, by means of the rollicking expedients of his Irish acquaintances, is made to believe that night is day in that country. The Bishop's colonial friends must have been playing some such prank upon His Lordship.

In America and in the colonies the Catholic Church is powerful essentially because it is democratic. Its clergy took up their work amongst the people in the Apostolic spirit—without scrip or staff. They had no wealth, but they believed in the rights and the generosity of the people, and their confidence has been repaid. They are everywhere trusted and revered, because it is felt that they are unselfish, and their influence has grown because they have been pioneers in putting programmes and principles before the masses. Take men such as Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Ryan, and Bishop Keane in America; or Cardinal Moran and Archbishop Carr in Australia, and what Anglicans do we find who can be mentioned in the same breath with them—whose influence even among Protestant working men can be compared with theirs? Absolutely none. Protestants of every shade in the colonies are too much engaged in considering suitable "calls" and commercial transactions to be influential leaders of popular movements. It is Protestant religious ministers of this kind who need a reformation, for by their worship of Mammon they are bringing the name of Christianity into contempt.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

The Longevity of Temperate Persons.

We can point with pride to the life-work of many men as proof that total abstinence, in practice and as a principle, is a benediction, direct and indirect, in its effects upon life and character. Thousands of men who began life under favorable auspices have fallen in the prime of their manhood, without having accomplished their allotted work. Total abstinence would have saved them. Moderate drinking led them to an untimely end.

A noted statistician of England, after long and careful investigations, comparisons and observations, has established the following facts:

Between the ages of fifteen and twenty, where the total abstainers die, eighteen moderate drinkers die. Between the ages of twenty and thirty, ten of the former and thirty one of the latter. Between thirty and forty years, forty moderate drinkers to ten abstainers die.

That is: A total abstainer twenty years old has a fair chance of living forty-four years longer; a moderate drinker has a chance of living only fifteen and one half years longer.

At thirty years a total abstainer has a chance of living thirty six and one-half years longer; a moderate drinker at the same age only thirteen and one-half years.

At forty a total abstainer has a chance of living twenty-eight years more, and a moderate drinker only eleven and two-thirds.

We may talk and write as eloquently as we will about the "fifteen hundred millions" annually spent in our own nation for intoxicating liquors, but half the truth is not told unless we add the actual money value of the wasted mental and physical resources of thousands of otherwise noble and useful citizens, destroyed by moderate drinking.

Kind words cost us nothing, yet how often do we grade them!—Father Faber.

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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XLV.

It was indeed a terrible ordeal of suffering through which D'Antignac was passing, and those around him thought more than once that the end was at hand. But his strong vitality still resisted the approach of dissolution; and after days of agony he came slowly back to a knowledge of the things of life, was, exhausted, shattered from the onslaught of pain, which like a salient foe retreated slowly, in preparation for some fiercer attack which the worn forces of life could no longer resist.

During these days no one shared more constantly the vigil by his bedside than the Vicomte de Marigny, and in this way he was thrown into frequent contact with Arminie. It was a contact which both avoided at first, but in the sharp tension of anxiety as D'Antignac's danger increased they forgot all save this anxiety which they owned in common, and when the worst was over it was as familiar friends that they congratulated each other.

"And now," said De Marigny as they talked softly in the *salon*, while deep quiet reigned in the chamber adjoining, where Helene kept watch by him who lay wrapped in the bliss of respite from agony, "you should also think of resting. So much watching and anxiety has told upon you."

"Has it?" she said. "But relief seems rest enough—and it is such great relief!"

"Yes," he said a little sadly, "to us; but to him it is only a fresh lease of suffering. One cannot forget that."

"No, one cannot forget it," said Arminie, "but who can say what it enables him to merit—for others as well as for himself? I am sure there is comfort in that for him, and so there should be for us."

"You have learned something of his way of looking at things," said the vicomte, with a smile.

"Everything that I know of good I have learned from him," she answered simply.

There was a moment's silence. It was late afternoon, and through the open windows floods of long sunshine came, together with the hoarse, hoarse sound of the city's life—the beating, as it were, of its great heart. The soft air was full of refreshment, but it brought no touch of color to Arminie's pale cheeks. Watching and anxiety had told upon her, as M. de Marigny said, but it had not lessened the charm of the sensitive, poetic face with its deep, beautiful eyes. Those eyes were gazing out of the window at the depths of blue sky when she spoke next, as if unconsciously uttering a thought aloud:

"But it will be harder than ever to leave him after this."

The vicomte started. "To leave him!" he repeated involuntarily.

"Are you going away?"

She, too, started a little; and now a faint tinge of color came into her cheeks. It was evident that she had spoken unconsciously.

"Oh! yes," she said, a little hurriedly. "I thought you knew. I go soon to join the Sisters of Charity."

The vicomte did not answer immediately. Indeed, he did not seem to cost him a strong effort when he said presently:

"I have heard that you thought of the religious life, but I did not know what order—"

"There could be no question with me," she said. "I want a place in the ranks of those whose lives are given to the service of the suffering and of the poor. And where should I find that save with the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul?"

She paused after the question, and M. de Marigny forced himself to say something about the merit of such a choice.

"I do not think that I can claim much merit," she answered quietly, "for it is less a deliberate choice between the higher things of God and the lower things of the world than a passion which impels me. I could not rest in ease and happiness. The misery of which the world is full, and which I know so well, would pursue me. I could not forget it. For others such forgetfulness may be possible. It would not be for me. The poor call me. My place is with them and my work is among them."

She looked at him, as she spoke, with eyes full of wistful entreaty. Her voice, though very low, seemed with every sentence to deepen in feeling. He could not resist the impression that she was pleading with him to understand her now, as he had understood her before. Again the thought of the churchyard of Marigny came to him, and of the letter which he had read on the terrace of the chateau—full of the same entreaty. It was impossible to withhold the expression of his comprehension and sympathy.

"I understand you," he said in a low tone. "The passion of which you speak is that with which God fills the souls which He destined for noble deeds. Before all human passions must veil their heads. And you have this great happiness," he added in a tone that, despite himself, was sad, "that you offer to God a heart and a life that will

be His supremely—a heart that has not been wearied by the world, a life that has not been soiled in its service. You have chosen 'the better part.' No one could even desire to take it from you."

Comprehension was not on his side alone. She understood the sadness under the self-forgetful words, and a longing filled her to say something—anything—to lessen the pain of which she was instinctively conscious. She did not pause to think as she spoke hurriedly:

"Such words are like all that I have known of you. You have always understood; you have never made a mistake; you have been kind and generous from the first. Do you know what it is to be placed in a difficult position and to meet one who divines all that you feel without the need of speech, and who never fails in sympathy? That is what I have always found you. Do not think that I have not felt it—that I do not feel it in my heart." She paused for an instant, then went on in another tone—that tone, at once proud and pathetic, which he had heard from her once before—"I told you once that it mattered little what name one bore. Where I am going it matters nothing—for there alone the Socialist's dream of equality is realized, so I may for once acknowledge the tie of kindred blood, and say that in leaving the world I shall take with me no happier memory than that I leave such a noble kinsman fighting in a cause for which I can only pray."

Words failed him with which to answer her. She seemed already to speak from a height which no prayer of his could reach, had he desired to make any. But he had not forgotten the hour when he resigned his heart's desire to the will of God; and now that he was face to face with Arminie, that he heard her words, saw her spirit, as it were, unveiled, he felt, as D'Antignac had felt before him, that her resolve was based on no impulsive fancy, but on the clear and positive words—heard now as of old by many a faithful soul—"Leave all and follow me."

"What can I say to you?" he asked presently in a low tone. "You know what is in my heart, but you have sealed my lips."

"Have we not understood each other?" she answered gently, rising as she spoke and standing before him, a slender figure in the slanting sunset glow. "Believe me, all is better so; and you—in a little while you will feel it. For this is God's will—I am sure of it—and He makes no mistakes. See!"—she clasped her hands with the old familiar gesture—"after what I have known could I turn my back upon humanity which suffers, and upon God who calls, to be merely happy? Ah! no. You must feel—say that you feel I could not!"

He, too, rose, answering with every faculty of his being to the sudden passion of that demand upon him.

"I feel it now," he said, "if I have not felt it before. All that I have offered is worthless compared to what you choose. How could a man dare to make himself the rival of God? I do not dare. Go, in God's name! Leave happiness to those who have no higher good."

"But is there not happiness in the higher good?" she said. "The world may not know it, but you know that there is. To work to endure, to spend and be spent in God's service and the service of the poor, in lessening for a few the misery that drives them to despair—what is the happiness of ease and content and natural love to this? It is wonderful that God should have called me to this happiness; but since He has—oh! if hereafter you ever think of me, let it be to thank Him for me!"

She turned and went away before he could utter a word; but, left alone, he said to himself that he should ever remember her chiefly as she had stood before him then—her eyes full of infinite radiance, and her figure touched by a light that left the room with her.

As D'Antignac grew better one of the first visitors admitted to his presence was Egerton. The young man had been solicitous in his inquiries, but he had not seen D'Antignac until this occasion, when Helene admitted him to the familiar chamber, warning him, however, not to remain long.

It was an unnecessary caution. For Egerton was so shocked when he saw the face that lay motionless on its pillow—as white and thin again as when he saw it last—that he would fain have escaped almost immediately, fearing to exhaust the little strength which the sick man still possessed, had not D'Antignac detained him.

"Nay, do not go," he said, when, after his inquiries were over, the young man made a movement to depart. "I have not seen you for what seems to me a long time—whether it be long or short in reality I do not know—and I have something to tell you."

"I only fear to tire you—or to suffer you to tire yourself," said Egerton, hesitating. "Mlle. D'Antignac warned me—"

"Never mind Helene," said D'Antignac. "I don't allow her to play tyrant over me a moment longer than I am able to assert myself. *Resist!* I want to speak to you of Arminie."

He made a slight motion with his hand—a hand as thin and pale as the hand which Egerton obeyed by resuming his seat, wondering as he did so over the marvellous faculty of this man for forgetting himself in others. He had dismissed the subject of his own suffering—that absorbing subject

to most invalids—in the fewest possible words. But he was ready to talk of Arminie, to throw himself into the interests of another life. It was so wonderful to Egerton that he did not speak, and after a brief pause D'Antignac went on:

"Do you remember—but of course you remember—our conversation one day about the last passion which her father laid upon you? We decided then that she must be told of it, if the necessity arose. You will be glad to know that it has not arisen, and that it will never arise."

"I am glad—very glad—to know it," said Egerton, much surprised; "but pardon me if I ask how can you be sure that it will never arise?"

"Because," answered D'Antignac, "we agreed that she need not be told unless there was a probability of her marrying M. de Marigny. There is no such probability."

"But there may be," said Egerton a little obstinately.

"No," said D'Antignac, with a smile in his dark, serene eyes, "there will never be. For those who enter the religious life there is no more question of marriage than there is for the dead; and Arminie will soon enter that life."

"What! she will become a nun?" cried Egerton, startled beyond control.

"Not exactly a nun—that is not a cloistered nun," answered D'Antignac calmly. "She will become a Sister of Charity, to follow in the footsteps of our Lord, to nurse His sick and tend His poor. If you will think a moment you will perceive that it is the only fitting end for Arminie."

Egerton did not answer; he sat still and thought for more than a moment. And he said to himself at length that it was indeed the only fitting end for the girl whose youth had been passed amid the terrible sounds of the social revolution, who had heard the divine counsels of perfection perverted into war-cries of communism and robbery, who had seen face to face the misery that leads to revolt and the spiritual ignorance that leads to crime. What could she, with her passionate soul and clear mind, do but join the great army of those whose mission it is to carry light and comfort into the dark places of earth? Dearly the young man felt as she had said—that happiness, mere commonplace, earthly happiness, was not for her. It was beneath the exalted soul that could not do less for God than her own father had done for humanity. By a flash of inspiration Egerton saw and understood it all. Even before the light of faith had shone upon him, too, had felt, as noble souls must feel, the divine necessity of sacrifice; and though he could not yet in his ignorance fathom that mystery (which must be ever a mystery to the carnal mind) of prayer and intercession for a guilty world which the cloister hides, he had often bowed before those heroines of divine charity who carry through hos- pital wards and scenes of infinite wretchedness the habit of St. Vincent de Paul. It was truly a fitting end for the Socialist's daughter that she should wear this habit of the devoted servants of the poor, and that she, whose father had denied God with his dying lips, should go through life holding the crucifix before dying eyes.

"I understand now why it was that I could never feel as if any worldly destiny within my power to imagine would suit her," said the young man at length abruptly. "As I told you once, she always seemed above the possibility of love from me. That was not remarkable; but even when I thought of her in connection with M. de Marigny, I might feel that it would be an ideal marriage, yet I could not fancy her merely a happy wife like other women. She seemed made for some higher destiny—to be a heroine, a genius, or perhaps a saint."

"She may be all three yet," said D'Antignac, smiling. "Saints are the geniuses of the supernatural order; and, indeed, in the natural order I have always thought that there was a touch of genius in Arminie. But then, you know, I have always been an enthusiast about her."

"Every one who knows her must be," said Egerton.

"Oh! no," D'Antignac answered. "To the commonplace and all things are commonplaces—and all persons also. To appreciate even a genius or a saint one must have a little, at least, of that fine quality called sympathy. I do not flatter you, *mon ami*, when I say that you possess more than a little of it."

"It proves a misleading quality sometimes," said Egerton.

"Without doubt. What is there of good which cannot be turned to evil? But surely by this time you have learned—or, if you have not, you will learn—that a man must have some certain guide to distinguish between the good and the evil of this life, where evil so often wears the guise of good."

"I have learned it," he answered Egerton. "I have learned it by the bewilderment with which I have listened to the different voices that tried to solve the riddle of life and only added to its mystery and its sadness. When one is young and rich, and the sun provides one with food and drink, and that one cares for nothing beyond the surface of existence. But if one does think, and if one begins to question, then there is no longer peace until one has followed principles to their ultimate end, and reached either the dreariness of absolute scepticism or the satisfaction of absolute faith."

"And you have reached?" said D'Antignac eagerly.

The door opened at that instant, and Egerton rose to his feet, glancing around quickly. Then he smiled.

"I thought it was Mlle. D'Antignac

coming to eject me," he said. "but it is Mlle. Arminie. She never appeared at a better moment. Come, mademoiselle, and hear the answer to a question which M. d'Antignac has just asked. I think it will interest you a little."

Arminie advanced, and laying her hand in that which he held out, said, with the exquisite smile and voice that charmed him first: "Whatever concerns you, M. Egerton, must interest me."

Egerton did not release her hand at once, but, holding it, stood looking from herself to D'Antignac for an instant. Then he lifted his glance to the crucifix that hung over D'Antignac's couch.

"After God," he said reverently, "I owe it to you two that I am able to say to-day, 'Credo in unum, sanctum, Catholicum et Apostolicum Ecclesiam.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FACE OF CHRIST.

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

All of us have heard the story of the artist who sold his soul to the devil for the power of painting to the life what-ever subject he chose; but not all of us know the whole story of the bargain, how it was broken and what happened thereafter, as it is told herein.

His name was Camillo, and there were scenes in his life which he did not care to remember, and which, consequently, he painted over with others even less comforting. At the age of fifty his memory was a charnel-house of dead recollections; his wife had left, his children quarrelled with him; most of his friends he had wronged or been wronged by; and he had made a large fortune and a great name for himself. It was not strange, therefore, that at this very period he should be notified by the devil of the termination of their contract, and the consequent immediate foreclosure of the mortgage upon his soul.

The mere idea of such a thing brought out the sweat upon Camillo's forehead; but, having a month allowed him to settle his worldly affairs, he spent one night in tossing sleeplessly between his silken sheets or restlessly pacing the floor of his luxurious chamber, and another in still wilder wanderings over the hills around his villa; the third morning he sent for Padre Antonio, the priest of his native village.

The Father had now grown to be an old, old man; but he came at once at the summons of Camillo. The counsel which he gave is a part of the old, well-known legend; that the artist should use the skill his contract still insured to him in painting the Face of Christ.

It was perhaps in virtue of his trained aesthetic taste, perhaps of his ambition, that Camillo decided to paint, not the dying or sorrowful Saviour, which so many artists have attempted and failed, but something still more difficult—the Christ of everyday life. By his contract with the devil he was able to reproduce his subject to the very life. It was a wonderful picture. Just what form the features wore, or the color of the hair and beard, I am not able to describe, for, in fact, no one who saw it could ever remember any of these particulars.

What they did see, and could never forget, was the face of a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief; cast off by those whom He loved; despised, poor and rejected; yet with a wonderful glad lightness in every line, as of one who had come to do the perfect will of God. The lips were parted in a half smile; the eyes were wonderful—full of light, too pure to behold iniquity, searching to the very ground of the heart, tender with infinite tenderness.

Camillo could not stand before those eyes; he cast himself on his face upon the floor, weeping bitterly, and thus he lay when the devil came to claim him. But the painter knew not even that the fatal hour had struck; he heard nothing of the clamor raised by the fiend, who saw that his prey had escaped him.

When at last, too blind with weeping even to read the hour upon his horologe, the artist rose to his feet, there on the floor lay the bellish contract, signed with his own blood, and he knew himself delivered.

For an hour he was in an ecstasy; then he bethought him of his custom, upon the completion of each picture, of giving a supper to his artist friends, reading their envy in their faces, and receiving their congratulations. On this occasion there could be no wild orgies such as had been known to occur at other times; but a sober and decorous banquet. Camillo could see no reason against it. The picture was surely the best he had ever painted.

The guests were curious and amused at their host's altered mood, but followed his lead with well-bred readiness until the cloth had been removed and wine set on the table. Then Camillo arose and took away the veil from the Face of Christ.

There was for a moment a wonderful silence.

Then with a great cry, a woman, painted and decked with jewels, the gifts of many lovers, a woman who had sat beside the host and been sorely vexed—or possessed to be—by the decorum of the feast—this woman sprang to her feet, and, with blanching face and wild white arms beating in the air, fought her way blindly toward the door.

"Let me go," she cried, "ere it slay me!" Let me away before His eyes burn me to ashes!

Another guest, a young man with the wine cup at his lips, flung aside

the ruby poison, fell on his knees and sobbed; others fainted; one even drew his sword upon the artist, calling him a devil who could so torment them; one by one all departed from the banquet hall, and Camillo was left alone.

He was very pale, and his hand trembled as he again let fall the veil over the Face of Christ.

With the earliest dawn of the next day Camillo was on horseback and away to visit Padre Antonio, for he did not on this occasion send for the Father to come to him.

Arrived at the priest's house, he made a general confession of all his sins that he could remember.

"None," said Padre Antonio; "none, unless it be the Face of Christ."

"Aye!" returned Camillo, "I am a free agent; and as such, in gratitude to God who has broken my bargain with Satan, I vow henceforth to forsake my ill ways and evil companions, and to live righteously from this day forward."

"The Lord give thee grace to do so," said Padre Antonio.

"But at the same time, my Father," pursued the painter, "you must admit that there are some excuses for me. I inherited evil tendencies; I was badly brought up; my friends have betrayed me; my own wife was false to me, and my children are rebellious and undutiful."

"That is most true," said Padre Antonio.

"But I forgive thee; I forgive thee all, freely," said Camillo. "I cannot, of course, take them back to my heart and home, for they are undeserving; but I have no hard thoughts of them, Father."

"I trust not, my son Camillo," replied the Father.

"And in truth, though I am a grievous sinner, other men have done worse," continued the artist. "See what I have made of myself. You remember me when I was a ragged little artist's model; look at me now! And I have never—though under a compact with Satan—committed aught that men call crime. I have lived a life of pleasure, but have I harmed any man?"

"Thou shouldst know," said the holy man.

"I do know," returned Camillo. "Well, give me my penance, absolution, and thy blessing, Father, and let me return home with a clean heart and a quiet conscience."

"There is a veil upon the face of thy picture?" asked the Father.

The artist assented, with a troubled glance.

"Then be thy penance this," said Padre Antonio; "to place the picture in the room of thine house thou dost most frequent, and to remove the veil. And when those eyes have read so deeply in thine heart that thou seest thyself as they see thee, then come hither—if it thou wilt—for absolution and the blessing of peace. Now God be with thee. Farewell."

Camillo went, his way homeward with a heavy heart.

"And but now I was so happy and so blest," quoth he to himself. "Was it well done of the Father to disturb my peace?" he asked. Yet did he not neglect to perform his penance.

A week later he sought the priest once more.

"My Father," said he, "I am a far worse man than I dreamed. How dared I ask for absolution? For when I had hung in my studio the picture you wot of, lo! I looked around the walls, and—ask me not, I cannot tell thee. Alas that I should have wrought evil to so many souls! Think you that I can ever atone?"

"Thou shouldst know," said the priest. "Return, and look once more on the Face of Christ."

So Camillo returned.

And the next day he rose early and went his way to the house of that woman who had risen up and fled from the face of his picture.

"Thou and I," said the artist, "have done much evil together; shall we now do much good?"

And the woman agreed. So she sold her jewels and her fine raiment and what precious things she had, and Camillo did the like; and they found other women known to them both, and gathered them into one house, and persuaded them to live a godly and virtuous life. Then Camillo went away to his own house, expecting to look without fear into the Face of Christ. For, indeed, there was nothing frightful there, but looks of tender love and eyes of searching purity.

But the next morning he went to the chief picture dealer in the city and ordered him to go here and there and buy up again every inch of canvas which bore the name of Camillo. Now Camillo was, as has been said, a great painter, and the surface of his pictures might have been covered with gold coins without reaching their price; so when this had been done there was left of all his fortune only a tiny cottage, into which he moved with his one sole treasure, the only relic of his great fame—the Face of Christ. For all those evil and lewd pictures had been burned with fire.

"Now do I indeed repent: now may I be absolved," quoth Camillo; and with a happy and peaceful heart he went his way to the home of Padre Antonio.

"God give you peace, my son; you have done well," said the priest. "Thou hast a poor home, but a wealthy heart; where is she who should be partner of both?"

"My wife?" cried Camillo, springing to his feet; "why, Padre, thou knowest she was false to me!"

"And thou?" cried Padre Antonio. Camillo went his way back to the city. "It was ill done of the Padre to

disturb my peace," he said. "Alas! I was just now so happy."

But he did not forget his penance, and the next day he sought the Father again.

"Father Antonio," he said, "thou hast been faithful to my poor soul. Help me to find my wife."

So the priest aided him gladly, and they found the wife of Camillo sunk in such misery and degradation that for many days she escaped their search.

"But should I not forgive her, who have been myself forgiven?" said the artist tenderly; and he took her home, and pleaded with her to live a better life, and dealt kindly with her.

And the Face of Christ hung on the wall, unveiled.

Then, after a day or two, came Camillo again to the priest, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Father Antonio," he said, "the Lord has shown me myself. I have been a bad son to old Marietta, my grandmother, a bad husband to my wife, a bad father to my children. My sins caused their error; the poison of my life corrupted them. Help me to atone."

So Father Antonio helped him, and they sought out old Marietta, whom he had neglected many years, and Camillo's sons and daughters; and before them all the artist humbled himself, and they fell upon his neck with tears, and forgave and were forgiven. Only Marietta, who had forgotten by this time the sins of his boyhood, and remembered only his glory and great name, maintained that she had nothing to forgive.

So Camillo took her home, and his children dwelt near in houses of their own, and all were happy and at peace among themselves. And the Face of Christ shone down upon them from the wall. But they had few friends in the city who cared to enter their humble dwelling; for it was a fearful thing carelessly to meet those pictured eyes.

Now, when they had so dwelt for many days, Camillo came again to Father Antonio, and said: "Father, may I yet be absolved?"

But Padre Antonio did not answer. "What!" cried the painter, "is there yet more to do?"

"Thou shouldst know," said Father Antonio.

"I know not," said Camillo, sorrowfully. "I have done all that can be done; even the slightest tie that hath bound my soul in former days I have sought to reunite; and if the friend had been wronged, I have besought forgiveness."

"Hath it been always granted?" asked the priest.

"Nay," said Camillo, "for to some the wrong hath been that to my soul hath so tainted their souls that they have wronged me, and that wrong is hard to pardon. But the others have been forgiven."

"It is well," said Padre Antonio.

"Yet you tell me there is more," said the artist.

"I tell thee! Nay," said the priest. "Thou shouldst know. What does the Face of Christ tell thee? My son, when thou hast won His absolution thou wilt not ask mine."

Then Camillo went home very sorrowful, and yet happy, for he felt that he could now look calmly and fearlessly into the eyes of the Christ; yet he would have liked well the priest's absolution.

So when night had fallen and he was left alone with his masterpiece, he knelt down before his canvas, and, folding his hands like the hands of a little child at prayer, he looked upward into the pictured eyes.

And the Face of Christ shone down upon his soul. The eyes were very searching, yet, oh! so loving and tender; the parted lips seemed to smile, like the lips of a mother over her naughty child, as she says: "But, darling, you grieve mamma."

Then Camillo fell upon his face with a great cry. And in the morning he went back to Father Antonio.

"Ah, my Father! How dared I ask for absolution? I, who knew not the smallest fraction of my sin! What are all the offenses against my fellow-man to my sins against Him?"

"Ah! what, indeed!" said Padre Antonio.

"And I also," said Padre Antonio. "And yet He forgives; that crushes me," said Camillo. "There is no effort in it with Him. He forgives freely. There is no little by little in it; I have come back to Him step by step, but He has carried me always in His heart. Padre Antonio, what shall I do to be saved?"

"Go back," said the priest, "and look once more on the Face of Christ."

So Camillo went back, and knelt all night long before his masterpiece, and the eyes of the Christ shone down into his soul. And a great sorrow came upon him, and also a great joy; a great anguish and a great peace; because the love without him was greater than the love within, and for the first moment in his half-century of years he felt all its weight.

Therefore, between the joy and the anguish, his heart broke, and his soul was drawn up into the ocean of love, eternal and illimitable.

And in the morning they found him lying dead beneath the eyes of Christ, with the peace of heaven upon his pallid features.

"The Lord Christ hath absolved him," said Padre Antonio. — Sacred Heart Review.

Experience Has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use, health and vigor could be fully restored.

NUNS AT THE CRIMEA.

A Brief Record of What the Sisters of Mercy Did There.—By Their Heroic Work They Won Love and Respect.

It was during the Crimean war in 1854 that the Irish Community of the Sisters of Mercy was for the first time allowed to pursue its mission of charity upon the battlefields of England. To the Right Rev. Mgr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, belongs the merit of suggesting the sending of some English-speaking nuns to aid the Crimean sufferers. He was himself the son of an Irish soldier, and he felt intensely the sad privations, temporal and spiritual, to which the sick and wounded soldiers were then exposed. Moreover, a bitter outcry had been raised throughout England against the nuns by the bigots of Exeter Hall notoriety, and he very justly said: "Let the nuns, who are so fiercely assailed, proceed to the battlefield; there their daily life, seen by the whole world, and their devotedness to the cause of charity, will be the best answer to the vile calumnies uttered against them."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, in the first installment of what promises to be a most interesting contribution to the new Australian Catholic Record, relates how, at Bishop Grant's request, five Sisters of Mercy, from Bernandsey Convent, were soon en route towards the East, under the guidance of M. Mary Clare Moore, a Dublin lady, whose privilege it was to be one of the first founders of that community. As the Government was indifferent to their services, they set out purely as volunteers, and the Earl of Arundel undertook to defray all their expenses. Before their arrival in Paris, however, the Government felt ashamed of the coldness shown to them, and arranged with Bishop Grant for the expenses of their journey and their official recognition as nurses in the military hospitals of the East.

Miss Nightingale joined these Sisters in Paris, and accompanied them during the remainder of the journey, and they continued to be associated with her throughout the whole campaign.

At Scutari she gave full charge of the hospital to M. Clare, and it was remarked that everything in which she followed the guidance of the devoted Sisters was attended with the most brilliant success, whilst in everything else failure and dissatisfaction followed her footsteps. A few weeks before the close of the war in 1856, Mother Clare, on account of failing health, was summoned home by Dr. Grant. Miss Nightingale, in several letters, attested her gratitude and admiration for the skill and devotedness of which M. Clare and companions had given such abundant proof. She thus writes from Balaklava: "My Dearest Rev. Mother: Your going home is the greatest blow I have yet had, but God's blessing and my love and gratitude go with you. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. But God will reward you for it with Himself. My love and gratitude will be yours, wherever you go. I do not presume to give you any tribute but my thanks. In another letter: "No one, even of your own children, values you, loves you, and reverences you, more than I do. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency, both in worldly talent of administration and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior."

The presence of the first Sisters of Mercy, as if by magic, wrought a complete change in the hospitals at Scutari. Hence it is not to be wondered at that prejudices at headquarters were soon set at rest; and in October, 1854, the Secretary of War in an official communication requested Dr. Grant to provide an additional staff of the devoted Sisters. As the convents were too few in England to supply a sufficient number, he at once wrote to the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and to other Irish prelates, soliciting their aid in this great work of charity.

He at first met with unexpected difficulties, for the Archbishop of Dublin, though desiring to meet his wishes, could not allow the Sisters to be associated in their work with paid nurses, or to be subordinate to any except the medical officers. He feared that the devoted Sisters would be held responsible for the faults of the former, and for the mistakes of Miss Nightingale, and letters from the Patriarch of Constantinople, which were received soon after, more than justified his prevision. These difficulties were, however, soon set aside in a practical way, and fifteen additional Sisters, under the direction of Mother Bridgeman, of Kinsale, as Superior, followed soon after by three others, hastened to the fields allotted to their zeal and heroism.

Lord Napier was one of those who bore testimony to the fidelity with which the nuns observed the rule of non-interference with the Protestant patients. He held at that time a diplomatic position under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in Constantinople, and may relate his testimony in his own words: "During the distress of the Crimean war the Ambassador called me one morning and said: 'Go down to the port. You will find a ship there loaded with Jewish exiles, Russian subjects from the Crimea. It is your duty to disembark them. The Turks will give you a house in which they may be placed. I turn them over entirely to you.' I went down to the shore and received about 200 persons, the most miserable objects that could be witnessed, most of them old men, women and children, sunk in the lowest depths of indigence and despair. I placed them in the cold, ruinous lodging allotted to them by the Ottoman

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The Experience and Impressions of Tom Moore and Boyle O'Reilly in This Remarkable Place.

Father Cronin writes as follows to the Union and Times of his recent visit to Virginia: "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," which the muse of Moore has immortalized. In 1803, when on his way to Bermuda to assume the duties in the admiralty court to which he had been appointed, the poet visited Norfolk, and while there determined on seeing the wild and wondrous region known as the Dismal Swamp and the enchanting lake, so silent and lone nestling at its very heart. It is pictured by those who have penetrated its gloom and canoed over its dark waters as a weird and enchanted region. Nature seems to have showered beauty there with hot hand, as if to bewilder the imagination. The late John Boyle O'Reilly, who visited the swamp in 1888 shall describe it for us: "It was a lovely evening, and the surroundings were so novel and so unexpectedly attractive that we can never forget the impression. Far before us as the eye could reach, ran the canal, narrowing in perspective, till it closed to a point. On the right, rose from the water, a dense forest of cypress and juniper, flowering poplar, black gum, yellow pine, maple and swamp oak, with a marvelous under-wood of laurel in ravishing flower, the very air heavy with perfume, honeysuckle heaped in delicious blossom, yellow jessamine, bay, myrtle, purple trumpet flowers of the poison oak vine, with the ever-present roses and white flowering blackberry hanging into the water. "But with the decline of the lovely day came such a jubilant chorus of sweet voices! Never had we heard except in the air of dreamland, such a concert of delicious bird music. In number and variety the singers were multiplied beyond conception. Far as we could see along the canal we knew that the air was vibrant with the harmony. We thought such unbroken melody following the eye into the remote distance was a more delightful music in itself than that which was ravishing the senses. Here the mocking bird ceased to mock and poured out its own soul. The cat bird discordant no longer, shot its clear joy through the great harmony, and the wren and swamp canary twined their notes like the threads of gossamer through the warp and woof of this marvellous tapestry of sound. "The serpent, however, has found his slimy way into this paradise of nature, mingles his hissings with the song of the rich plumaged birds, and coils his glittering scales round the jessamine, the laurel and the wild rose. So too, does the poisonous weed breathe forth its blasted vapors of death, while the wolf and panther still inhabit those marshy wilds. "Such, in brief, is the Dismal Swamp — with its one hundred and fifty-thousand acres, extending from Virginia into North Carolina — which Moore penetrated even to the gloomy shores of the lake in 1803, with no other guide than "Old Tony," the black boatman. On the poet's return to Norfolk he wrote the beautiful poem called "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," which, though doubtless familiar to many readers, I venture to reproduce here:

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP. Written at Norfolk in Virginia. "They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he had wandered into that dreary wilderness and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses. "They made her a grave too cold and damp For a soul so warm and true; And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. "Whereat I might long by a fire-fly lamp, She paddles her white canoe. "And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see, And her paddle I soon shall hear; Long and loving our life shall be, And I'll bid the maid in a cypress tree When the footstep of Death is near!" "Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds; His path was rugged and sore, Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds— Through many a fen where the serpent feeds. And man never trod before. "And when on the earth he sank to sleep, It slumber his eyelids knew, He lay where the deadly vine doth weep, Its venomous tear and nightly steep. "The dew with blistering dew, And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake, And the copper snake breathed in his ear, Till he, starting, cried from his dream awake. "Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake, And the white canoe of my dear? "He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright Quick o'er its surface play'd— "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!" And the dim shore echoed for many a night And man never trod before. "Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark, Which carried him off from the shore; Far he follow'd the meteor-spark— The winds were high and the clouds were dark. And the boat returned no more! "But off from the Indian hunter's camp, This lover and maid so true, Are seen at the hour of the midnight damp To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp And paddle their white canoe. "This account of Moore's visit to the Dismal Swamp and the poem it inspired would not be complete did I fail to transcribe Uncle Tony's story of the trip as recorded by Mr. Robert Arnold of Suffolk, Va. Here is old Tony's story: "I shall never forget that time. One mornin' I war gettin' my skiff ready to go to de lake, a mighty nice-lookin' man cum up to me an' sed: "Ar you

GREATNESS AND HAPPINESS.

A few days ago Prince Bismarck made the melancholy confession that he had never been happy. This world renowned statesman, loaded with honors, stated with praise, the acknowledged founder of a great empire, the hero of millions and the idol of nations, standing upon the verge of the grave, declares that all the happiness of his eighty years crowded together would not fill twenty four hours.

It is indeed, a sad comment on human greatness and an impressive witness to the emptiness and vanity of all earthly glory! As men count greatness no man of modern times holds a higher seat among the great than Bismarck. For more than forty years he has been a leader and a master of men. Health, wealth, learning, power, fame and honor have attended his footsteps. His domestic life has been all that could be desired. He married his idol, whose faithfulness and devotion never failed him; and yet the great man was unhappy! He was, he says, too much absorbed in fighting for his country to take pleasure in life. His duties, his labors, his cares and his responsibilities were always a burden to him. He had no time to listen to the sweet notes of praise that were ever sounding in his ears. It should not be forgotten that in his long struggle for his country and his people he never escaped criticism and abuse. He was hated and cursed as well as loved and praised. So far as his enemies, he took as little heed to his enemies as to his friends. Even now, when millions of his countrymen are sounding his praises and doing honor, this gray-haired statesman is often overcome with emotion and weeps and sobs like a child. He is full of years and full of honors, but of happiness he has none.

What is the meaning of this sad and melancholy spectacle upon which all the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity. It speaks in words which none can fail to understand. It is not in the power of earthly honors to bestow happiness. Neither titles, nor rank, nor wealth, nor learning, nor earthly glory can make us happy. How foolish, then, is the mad scramble for place and power! The human soul can never be contented with earthly things. As well attempt to slake thirst with gall as to try wealth and fame. It seems strange that the human race is so slow to learn this simple lesson! When will men cease to set their affections on things of the earth, in the vain hope that they have power to satisfy the cravings of the heart!—The Angelus.

In Medieval Days.

Venice is now a sleepy town, mouldy, and keeping alive as a show place for tourists. But it was once a most active seaport and busy with industry in many forms. And Venice was a type and example of how commerce could thrive and still be faithful to the laws of God and the precepts of the Catholic religion. An interesting little fact related to this was graciously referred to lately in New York by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, of that city, in the course of an address made by him at the fiftieth anniversary of the best known synagogue in that city. "I read on the church of San Giacomo di Rialto," he said, "this inscription: 'Around this temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, his covenants faithful.' In the inscription on the front of that ancient Catholic church of Venice thus quoted by Dr. Krauskopf, is contained the entire moral code of trade. An attentive and intelligent reading of history will show that the principles thus held up to the traders and manufacturers of Venice were generally observed in all the towns of Europe when they were dominated by the Catholic religion.

Byron used a great deal of hair-dressing, but was very particular to have only the best to be found in the market. If Ayer's Hair Vigor had been obtainable then, doubtless he would have tested its merits, as so many distinguished and fashionable people are doing now-a-days.

THE ENCYCICAL.

None, we hope, have read the comments of the press on the Pope's recent letter to the English people with deeper interest than Catholics. An opportunity, which ought not to be neglected, is thus afforded of getting nearer to the minds of many Christians who are outside the visible Church. The encyclical has been received in a spirit which most persons did not suppose to exist. Naturally enough, opinions have been expressed to which Catholics could not give assent; however, most of the writers who have commented upon the Holy Father's letter recognize in it an authority above that of any other religious teacher in Christendom. It is a wonderful thing that his words should be attentively considered by so many who deny his claim to be the Vicar of Christ; and it is a blessed thing that they should be so well received. It would console the heart of Leo XIII., we think, as it will surprise many to read this extract from The Church Times of London: "The spirit which breathes through the letter of Leo XIII. to England must touch all hearts. It appeals straight to the religious instincts which are so strong among all classes of our countrymen; and all, whether churchmen or otherwise, or belonging to the Roman Catholic body in England, must feel that it conveys to them a lesson, and speaks to them in accents which none who have any love for our Lord and Master can afford to disregard. . . . What, in England, should be the response to such an invitation? Surely nothing short of this—that, at the invitation of our own Bishops, the whole of England should unite, day by day and Sunday by Sunday, in the prayer that He who promised His peace to His Church should look not on our sins, but on our faith, and grant her that peace and unity which is agreeable to His will."

And these words quoted from an editorial in the Boston Herald: "Such a document, bearing the goodwill of the foremost Bishop in Christendom, and evidently coming from his heart and conscience, is an unusual event. Nothing has happened since the English Reformation, in the way of an effort toward the restoration of unity, which makes a higher appeal or breathes more kindly sentiments toward those who are separated from the Roman Catholic Church."

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

London, Saturday, June 15, 1895.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF P. P. AISM.

"America," the official organ of the Junior American Mechanics, reports that the association is losing ground fast. In Western Pennsylvania alone, during the past few months, seventy-five councils have been dissolved, and from twenty others there had been no reports for 1894.

Even Lambton, the only county in Ontario in which P. P. Aism was able to elect two members to the Local Legislature on the platform of the order, has become ashamed of the regime of bigotry, and the congregation of the Rev. J. C. Madill, late President of the P. P. A., are now up in arms against him.

As a result of the dispute, he has hired a barn near the church; which he proposes to use until his faction build him a church. He held services there on Sunday, 2nd of June; and though some uphold him, the majority appear to have decided to throw him aside, the reason assigned being, that notwithstanding that he has ceased to be President of the P. P. A., he continues at the head of that disreputable association in Sarnia.

To the credit of the Congregationalists, to which sect Mr. Madill belongs, it is to be said that as a denomination they do not approve of P. P. Aism. The Congregational Union last summer passed a resolution as strongly worded as we could conceive to be possible, condemning P. P. A. fanaticism.

The Congregational Union, the Lambton Superintendent, and the Sombra congregation deserve credit for the noble stand they have taken against intolerance. We may indeed reasonably entertain the hope that the day of Christian reunion is not far off when we find the descendants of the English Puritans and the Scotch Cameronians departing so far from the traditions of their ancestors as to have become the advocates of toleration.

We fear, however, that so much of this new toleration arises out of religious indifference, and the conviction that no special faith in Christian dogmas is requisite, that it would be premature to infer that it is a prelude to Christian unity. Perhaps, therefore, we are merely to accept the change at its intrinsic value, and not to draw too many hopeful inferences from it.

We must say we are pleased with these evidences that the spirit of intolerance is dying out; and the fact is due, in great measure, to the exposure of the infamy of A. P. A. and P. P. A. principles and the refutation of their falsehoods by the press, a good work in which many Protestant journals co-operated with praiseworthy zeal.

We are not of the opinion that only some of our friends have from time to

time given expression, that the discomfitures and even the proceedings of the proscriptive association should be passed over in silence. Such facts in connection with it, as we have mentioned in this article, should be made known to the public, that the light of day may be thrown upon what is going on in regard to it.

Every recent development points to the fact that P. P. Aism is dying out, and the chief cause of this is that its doings have been so thoroughly exposed to the light.

WHITHER DRIFTING?

There are among the religious journals many which still maintain that the tendency of nineteenth century Protestantism is not toward Deism and the rejection of all revelation, yet the evidences that this is the case are more and more numerous every day.

We are satisfied that whatever may be the preponderance of the old style of orthodoxy just at the present date, in some of the sects the day is fast approaching when most decided Latitudinarianism will prevail, and just as "a little leaven corrupteth the whole lump," we know it is a certainty that such teaching is necessarily disseminated at an alarmingly-increased rate every successive year.

So it is with dangerous teaching. Two or three scholars turned out thus inoculated with it will multiply the results next year so alarmingly that there is no knowing where the thing will stop—and, without exaggeration, this is just what is happening.

The Free Kirk of Scotland is already captured by the Latitudinarians: the Protestant Churches of France were captured years ago, and those of Germany are in a fair way of succumbing, if the majority of them have not already gone over to the enemy.

In England matters have not as yet gone so far, but the tendency is in the same direction. We know how the late Mr. Spurgeon, who had a strong faith in Christianity, formally left the Baptist Union because it was "going down the inclined plane with a constantly accelerated velocity toward Tophet."

We have now a more recent example to the same effect. Dr. Clifford, one of the most prominent of to-day's Baptist divines, said a few days ago in a sermon on the Bible, that

"German scissors had simply cut away the creeds and outer accretions which had gathered round the Book. We are not given over to the dominion of the letter; we hold to the unfettered study of the whole revelation. But it is necessary to oppose the usurpations of creeds and Churches, Popes and councils, and even the 'verbal infallibilists' who would not allow us to have free communion with Christ in His Word. Jesus Christ is our revelation; our religion is not the religion of a book."

It would appear from this that in the rev. doctor's opinion there is nothing more in the bible than the statement of some facts of history concerning Christ and perhaps a little which may be true about Moses and some of the Jewish kings, all of which may or may not be believed, as we please. But creeds and precepts of morality must go! They are only "accretions" and human opinions which have been tacked on to the word.

Let us have, says the doctor, "free communion with Christ in His Word." What solid meaning can be got out of this saying, we confess we cannot com-

prehend. What becomes of Christ and His Word, if we are to say that He has given us no positive doctrinal teaching? And what are we to believe even concerning Christ, if "verbal infallibilism" is fallacy?

It is beyond dispute that such doctrine as this which Dr. Clifford propounds will shatter all belief in Christianity, and it is equally true that Protestantism is on all sides coming fast to the ideal of the Baptist divine, an ideal which will leave us as bereft of belief in Christian doctrine as Tom Paine or Col. Ingersoll could desire?

As long ago as two hundred years the following lines were written, evidently by some wag, on a blank page of the parish register of Ekington, in Derbyshire, England:

"Our grandfathers were Papists. Our fathers Oliverians. We their sons are Atheists. Sure our sons will be queer ones."

The writer of this seems to have been gifted with the spirit of prophecy.

We do not mean to say that he was a prophet, really, but he certainly hit the nail on the head—and if the lines were appropriate then, or nearly so, they are more so now.

In further confirmation of what we have stated regarding the condition of the Protestant religion in Germany we may refer to a recent paper written from Heidelberg, in that country, by Rev. Walter M. Paton, which appears in the columns of the Christian Guardian of the 5th inst. That gentleman says:

"During an observation of several months, and after some enquiry touching the subject, I have become convinced that the moral power of the Reformed Church is so far gone as to offer very little promise for the religious future of the people of South Germany. It is true that the outward indications are not at all unfavorable. Congregations are large and attentive, etc.

Still with all favorable evidences duly weighed, there is a lack of power in the religion which is current. The attitude, especially of the intelligent male population, would add to the revelation. The views held of moral obligations, of the Church and its ordinances, of the office and work of the Christian ministry, of the Sabbath, and of religious instruction in the schools, give a voice of condemnation on the prevailing character of Christianity; while, finally, the ignorance of the Bible, where it exists, and the knowledge of it, where it exists, in different ways tell a tale which one regrets to hear.

In a population of Protestants numbering over 20,000, of which nine-tenths (9,000) may be assumed to be males, there are not more than three hundred of the class specified at the Sunday services of the Protestant churches in Heidelberg."

This gentleman remarks specially that the educated and the humblest classes are alike inadequately represented among the three hundred, who belong, nearly all, to "the class of tradesmen and the better circumstanced mechanics."

The conclusion drawn by the writer quoted is that "the ignorance of the Bible, we have reason to believe, is general, and rank intellectualism and rank ignorance to real religion are the blight of Protestantism among high and low in this part of the province."

The ignorance of the Bible of which the writer complains, after more than three centuries of thoroughly "Evangelical" training, with all the advantage that the wide diffusion of the art, and the perfection to which the work of printing has attained during that period, is a pretty offset to the fable which many Protestant controversialists are so fond of repeating, that Luther knew nothing of the Bible till he accidentally came across a mutilated copy, in the days when printing was in its infancy.

But considering the way in which modern Protestants in Germany and elsewhere now regard the Bible, it is very questionable whether its wide diffusion is of much, or of any, benefit to them. We may well ask: "Whither drifting?"

A SENSATIONAL SYNOD.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church of America, which is one of the forms of religion usually reckoned as Presbyterian, is now in session at Grand Rapids, Michigan. The smallness of this denomination at the present time is a curious commentary on the variations through which Protestant denominations pass, as this Church is asserted to be the oldest Protestant Church in America, having been founded in 1628, and it boasts that it "has continuously existed to this date." Yet so small is it now that though the delegates to synod are sent from both Canada and all parts of the United States, laymen and clergymen together, who are generally selected in equal numbers from each district, amount to only two hundred

and fifty persons who are entitled to sit in Council. Of these the "unusually large number" of one hundred and fifty-six were present at the first session.

A very important piece of intelligence is given to the world by the reporter of the Synod's proceedings: viz., that at the opening synodical service in the church, the eastern delegates were treated to a surprise by the sight of the lady singers appearing in the choir loft without hats!

It would appear from all this that the Synod has some hope that through sensationalism the denomination may make up some of the progress which the preaching of the gospel has not been sufficient to assure to them. But, perhaps, it may be that these fancies in religion are the very cause why the sect has not made advance with the progress of the nation.

There is a certain class which delights in sensationalism in religion, but it is surely not so with those who worship God in spirit and truth, and who desire to serve Him for His own sake, and we are not surprised at the sudden collapses which take place in some of the sects which aim at making their mark by the exhibition of all imaginable vagaries.

The Salvation Army is an example of a sudden popularity arising out of such vagaries. But we doubt whether this popularity will last. Indeed it would be more creditable to human intelligence if it were but short-lived, but there is enough of feebleness of intelligence in the world to make these efforts at sensational religion successful for a time. Yet they are not always so, as the want of success of the devices of the First Reformed Church of America sufficiently prove.

It would certainly astonish St. Paul as much as it did the Eastern delegates to the Synod, to see the women leading in prayer without their hats, in order to attract the notice of male admirers; for that was certainly not the Apostle's idea of what religious worship should be.

Of men, the Apostle said: "Every man praying or prophesying with his head covered, disgraceth his head. But every woman praying or prophesying with her head not covered, disgraceth her head, for it is all one as if she were shaven. For if a woman be not covered, let her be shorn or made bald, let her cover her head." (1 Cor., xi.)

In defence of the practice of the Reformed Church Synod, we scarcely expect to hear any one say: "but it was only of prayer that the Apostle spoke—whereas it was the choir of women that appeared without hats at the Reformed Synod—and their object was to sing—not to pray."

To this we have only to say: if their singing was not a prayer, it should have been kept for the theatre and not have been exhibited in a church.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

The school question of Manitoba remains in about the same position in which it has been for weeks, as far as public knowledge of what has been done regarding it is concerned. It is generally supposed that some kind of an arrangement has been made between Lord Aberdeen and the principal members of the Manitoban Government, Messrs. Greenway and Sifton, and that some measure of justice will be granted by Manitoba to the Catholic minority, whereby it will be unnecessary for the Dominion Government and Parliament to take the matter out of the hands of the local authorities by Dominion legislation which will have that effect; but as what has been done, or agreed upon, if it amounts to anything satisfactory, has been kept so far as a secret, we are at this moment unable to say whether or not any fair conclusion has been reached.

We must say, however, on behalf of our co-religionists, that no agreement will be satisfactory unless the full rights of Catholics which have been so injudiciously and unjustly taken away by Manitoba legislation be restored. It is the duty of the Dominion Government to see that this be done. The good faith of the Dominion is at stake, and unless this step be taken, it will be equivalent to a declaration that the Protestant majority hold that no faith is to be kept with Catholics. They may, when a point is thereby to be gained, make fair promises that Catholic rights shall be preserved; and such promises were made when Manitoba became part of our Dominion, though there was no intention that the promises should be

the charter of Catholic rights alone. The promise was to the effect that, whether Catholics or Protestants should become the prevailing body in the newly acquired territory, the rights of the minority should be respected in matters of education, by means of the establishment of a system of Separate school.

It appears certain that the general expectation at the time was that the minority to be protected would be Protestant, not Catholic, and for this reason the model on which a Separate school system was to be established was that of Quebec, where the fullest rights are granted to the Protestant minority.

Catholics were the majority of the population when this compact was made a condition of their entry into the Dominion, though their majority was not very decisive at the time. It was an evidence of the desire of the Catholic majority at the time to assure justice to the Protestants, who were most anxious to have this assurance, that this clause was adopted as part of the basis of union; and to make the matter more secure, the Dominion Parliament, by an unusually large majority, on motion of the Dominion Government, ratified the agreement by passing the Manitoba Act establishing that part of the territory into a Province, and stipulating that minority rights should be preserved intact, leaving the Dominion Government and Parliament as the final arbiter to decide when it might be necessary to step in to undo any act of tyranny on the part of the majority, whether it might be Catholic or Protestant.

The Legislature of Manitoba, as soon as it received its powers from the Dominion Parliament, proceeded to legislate so that the compact should be binding and irrevocable, by establishing a regular system of Separate schools, and thus the rights of the minority were made still more secure, as there is special provision in the Imperial Act of Confederation (the British North America Act) to preserve minority rights even when they did not exist at the time of union, provided such rights were afterwards established in any Province by local legislation.

It is needless to say that if the majority had continued to be Catholic there would never have been any attempt to interfere with the rights of the Protestant minority. The example of Quebec is before us to prove that such would be the case.

It is still within memory that, before the British North America Act was passed, there was a demand made by the Protestants of Lower Canada for certain improvements in their status, and a bill for the purpose of establishing these improvements was introduced into the Dominion Parliament, when it became certain that the Confederation Act would become law. The legislators from Lower Canada were quite prepared to aid in passing this bill, but as soon as the Catholics of Upper Canada showed that they wished for amendments to the school laws as they then existed, it was found that the Protestant legislators from Upper Canada raised so many objections that there was no hope of amelioration in favor of the Catholics. Then it was that the Lower Canadians declared that one-sided legislation in the Dominion Parliament could not be tolerated, and the bill for the Lower Canadian Protestants had also to be withdrawn.

It was thus, by the act of the Ontario Protestants, that their co-religionists of Quebec were thrown entirely upon the good-will of the Quebec Catholic majority to obtain the amendments they desired. But the Quebec majority were generous. As soon as Confederation was established, and the Provences were once more independent of each other, the Catholic Legislature proceeded to grant to the Protestant minority the amendments they sought to be added to the school law. If the Catholics of Manitoba had continued to be the majority of the Province, there is no doubt they would have been as generous as their co-patriots of Quebec. But the matter turned out differently. When Manitoba was thrown open to settlement from the rest of Canada, the Protestants soon preponderated, and as soon as they found themselves sufficiently preponderating, their first thought—or at least the first thought of their representatives—was to sweep away the rights of Catholics by the legislation of 1890-91.

The highest Court of Appeal in the British Empire has declared that the compact has been broken, and we say, on behalf of the Catholics of Canada, that the grievance must be redressed. We are satisfied that Manitoba

itself shall restore what it has unjustly taken away, if the Manitobans think proper to retrace their steps, but if they are not pleased to do this, the Dominion must, and we have no doubt will, act, or, if necessary, the petition for redress must go to the foot of Her Majesty's throne. We have no doubt that the redress we demand shall be obtained.

It is to be deplored that several of the Ontario Protestant Church synods have interfered to prevent redress being given; but these interferences cannot be allowed to stand in the way of justice being attained, and we shall not give up the fight until it be done.

There have been published within the last few days some misleading statements by Mr. E. D. Armour, of Toronto, regarding the inefficiency of the Catholic schools of Manitoba. We shall deal with this matter in another issue. Here we shall only remark in answer to Mr. Armour and the Globe newspaper, that it is not true, as they pretend, that the Catholics of Manitoba wish to perpetuate any deficiencies of the old school system. Everything human has its defects, and we should all aim at correcting such. But it is not by trampling upon Catholic rights that defects are to be corrected.

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA."

By Dean Harris. This valuable contribution to our historical literature will be received with joy and gratitude by all who have sought of reverence for the memory of the men who laid well and deeply the foundations of our prosperity and civilization. When Dean Harris gave with becoming diffidence and modesty his first work to the public it was quite apparent that he was no novice in the art of skilful writing and no stranger to laborious and impartial research. The patience of faithful investigation and the faculty of robbing cold historical data in the warm and living vesture of picturesque diction are qualities that must be possessed by the historian. We have no hesitation in saying that Dean Harris' claim to both cannot be denied, and we cherish the hope that the facile pen that has described so well the goodly deeds of the men who lived and died in the work of civilizing and Catholicizing the Niagara Peninsula will ere long re-write another page of Canadian history.

We can readily imagine the labor entailed by the task. The narration of the events from 1626 to 1695 is one calculated to test the patience and perseverance of the historian, and he only whom obstacles cannot frighten and for whom tireless toil has exquisite charms may hope to do it successfully. And it has been done successfully by the Dean of St. Catharines. Wonder it is that, with the cares and responsibilities of a parish, he should have found leisure to compose such a valuable work. Many must have been the interruptions, but the love of his country's past was the source whence he drew the strength that kept him faithful to his purpose of binding up for future use its records, scattered here and there in libraries and known only to archivists, and to preserve the traditions that are still lingering in the memory of a generation that is passing away.

Worthy indeed of portrayal is this glorious past, gemmed with the deeds that shine pure and lustrous with the light of self-sacrifice. Fascinating and instructive is the story, and we forget our trials and cares in the perusal of the lives of the old pioneers. Back from our eyes is swept the veil of years, and we see them, soldier and priest, in the forest primeval. Some are strong and athletic, while others seem weak and ill-fitted physically to endure privation. But the earnest expression and undefinable nobility of countenance tell us that we are in the presence of men—not men, indeed, who are swayed, like aspens, by every wind of interest, but men who are ready to do and die for principle. And away they go, to feel hunger and thirst—and to count it as nothing—to suffer and to die as gladly as ever one goes to a marriage feast. It seems all so unreal to a self-satisfied and grasping generation. Visionaries, it terms them, but visionaries, as they are the salt of the earth. They are beacon-lights to lofty endeavor and well-springs of enthusiasm. But they were heroes, and death oftentimes most cruel could alone stop their onward march. Heroes, indeed, silent and faithful, enthusiastic and earnest, who lived and died martyrs to the noblest cause that can enlist the service of human energy, long years ago in Canadian forests. And as we look in spirit

upon the pure and strong faces, transfigured by the splendor of lofty purpose, we feel a new love for the land that bears the imprint of their footsteps and a desire to show forth in our lives, although imperfectly, the virtues that make them deathless.

The first chapters of the work are devoted to a description of the mound-builders and copper workers, a mysterious race of Indians that was wiped out of existence by the Iroquois. "At the time," says Dean Harris, "that the Jesuit Fathers had established their mission among the Hurons in 1626, the desolation of forest, stretching from their frontier town to the Niagara river and beyond, was occupied by one of the most powerful and ferocious tribes of the great Canadian wilderness. Its members were called by the Indians Attiandaron, and by the French Neutrals."

On the 19th of June Father Charles Lallemand, Enemond Masse and Jean de Brebrouf, members of the Jesuit order, arrived at Quebec, ready to devote themselves to the conversion and elevation of the roving hordes that filled the forests of New France, now the Dominion of Canada.

The Jesuits have played a very conspicuous part in the Christianization of Canada. Already had they, in various parts of the world, proved that the indomitable courage and unflinching zeal of their founder had passed to them as a heritage. And so these three Jesuits, with the example of their brethren for encouragement and with the grace from on high as a weapon and buckler, stepped upon the virgin soil of the New World to do battle for Humanity and Christ. Fearless and self-denying, no one can read their lives without experiencing a feeling of strong emotion.

"Nowhere," says the Rev. H. Withrow in his Popular History of Canada, "did the Jesuit missionaries exhibit grander moral heroism or sublime self-sacrifice; nowhere did they encounter greater sufferings with more pious fortitude, or meet with a more tragical fate than in the wilderness missions of New France. They were the pioneers of civilization, the pathfinders of empire in this continent. With breviary and crucifix, at the command of the Superior of the Order at Quebec, they wandered all over the vast country stretching from the rocky shores of Nova Scotia to the distant prairies of the far West; from the regions around Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi river."

"Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," says Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way." But let us follow Dean Harris. The Fathers established a mission that was destined to carry the cross from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. In the spring of 1626 they, accompanied by de la Roche Dailion, went northwards with the Hurons. Dailion, however, did not long labor with the Jesuits, for, after a few months, he received a letter from his superior ordering him to set out for the great Neutral tribe, or Attiandaron. "This Franciscan priest," says Champlain, "was a man of extraordinary force of character, as distinguished for his noble birth and talents as he was remarkable for his humility and piety, who abandoned the honors and glories of the world for the humiliation and poverty of a religious life. Connected with the noble family of the Du Ludes and dowered with the gifts of piety and eloquence, he had but to enter life's arena to win its highest prize; but his hopes were centred on reward nobler than the world could give him, and, donning the habit of a Franciscan, he turned his steps to Canada. He labored amongst the Neutrals for some time, and with a measure of success. His design of establishing a treaty of commerce between them and the French was frustrated by the Hurons, who, fearing that the trade would be diverted from themselves, destroyed, by atrocious calumnies, his influence, and caused him eventually to flee to Quebec. After this he figures but little in Canadian history, and the last we hear of him is in a letter written by Champlain in 1629. The good work begun by Dailion was continued in 1640 by Fathers Chaumonot and Brebrouf. Leaving the shores of Lake Huron they arrived after a wearisome journey of four days at the first village of the Neutrals. The Neutrals received them kindly and heard their instructions with interest and attention. It seemed as if Christianity was to take up permanent abode in the hearts of these hitherto intractable savages; and the Fathers, glad with a great joy, sowed the good seed, and looked forward to its harvesting. But the unbalanced and fickle minds of the

children of the forest soon conceived a violent hatred for their benefactors, and they bade them to go from amongst them or die. Nearly ten years later Brebrouf died as a man should for his cause. Chaumonot, with a remnant of Hurons, was driven to Quebec, and the Neutrals were swept out of existence by the victorious Iroquois.

The dispersion of the Neutrals left the Niagara peninsula a solitude. In 1678 came Father Hennepin, in company with Sieur de la Motte (La Salle's lieutenant), to Niagara River to await there the coming of the Chevalier. The life and labors of this daring and adventurous priest are graphically described by Father Harris. One of the best passages in the book is his description of the Franciscan beholding for the first time the Niagara Falls "charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract."

And we must not forget the rhythmic poem of the author on the first Mass ever said on the banks of the Niagara River:—

Deep and silent and heavy and tall
The forest swept to the waters edge,
The wild deer died at the eagle's call,
The wild fox crept through the laurel hedge,
And the blue sky bent o'er the rivers flow
The "Beautiful River" long ago.

The narrative goes trippingly on, describing the visit of Father Hennepin to the Seneca towns, the advent of La Salle, his departure for the Mississippi, the labors of Fathers Melithon, Lamberville, Bruyas, Perrin, Milet and Carheil.

In 1759 the Fort of Niagara was captured by the English, commanded by Sir Wm. Johnston, and the lands of the French were given to the Loyalists, who came in terrified bands to Canada. There were no Catholics amongst them, and the historic ground of Jesuit and Franciscan felt the tread of the stranger. Gradually, however, Catholics began to settle, and were—thanks to a humane and enlightened legislation—afforded opportunities for the easier and more successful attainment of temporal prosperity.

Many were the faithful and fearless priests that lent themselves to the task of upbuilding the Church in the Niagara Peninsula, and Dean Harris has penned with loving and reverent hand the history of their struggles. He pays a tribute to the Rev. Edmund Burke, whose name is inseparably connected with the history of Catholicity in that region. The author's plan does not call for a detailed account of the labors of this heroic missionary, but we advise all who wish for an accurate and scholarly record of his career, to purchase his life, lately written by the present incumbent of the See of Halifax, Archbishop O'Brien.

On the 29th January, 1826, Pope Leo XII. separated Upper Canada from Quebec, and canonically raised it to a separate diocese, with Kingston for its See, and by a Brief of the same date created Right Rev. and Hon. A. MacDonnell first Bishop of Kingston. The MacDonnells gave enthusiastic and disinterested service to the land of their adoption, and the graceful and graphic tribute paid them by Dean Harris will cause many of their descendants to look back with a new pride and admiration upon the sturdy Highlanders. The author's account of the various priests who exercised the ministry in and around Niagara and of the origin and formation of the different parishes is very interesting and instructive.

Written well and carefully, replete with many and interesting notes on the customs of the Indians, and containing a faithful and impartial record of the early pioneers, it merits an honored place in every Canadian library. We congratulate you, Dean Harris!

THE JUDGESHIP OF HURON COUNTY.

The death of Judge Toms, the Senior County Judge of Huron, has left a vacancy which it is now necessary for the Dominion Government to fill, and we understand there is a good deal of wire-pulling among legal politicians for the office.

There ought not to be much difficulty for the Government to settle the problem satisfactorily. The present Junior Judge, B. L. Doyle, has for the past thirteen years fulfilled the duties of his office to the satisfaction of all parties, and it is well known that he has had the principal burden of the judicial duties of the county to bear during most of that time, so that it may be said that he was practically the Senior Judge, though nominally the Junior. The proper solution of the problem would therefore be to appoint Judge Doyle to the vacancy now to be filled. His ability for the place is undoubted, and he has in every respect the first claim upon the

position which he has practically filled for so long a period.

We understand that it is really not necessary there should be two judges, a senior and a junior, in Huron now, owing to a decrease of judicial labor during the last thirteen years, and it follows that the appointment of Judge Doyle to the vacancy would save the tax-payers the expense of having the judicial duties divided as they have been, besides being an assurance to the public that in the hands of so able and popular a judge as the present junior one, those duties would be properly performed.

Judge Doyle is familiar with his work, and there has been no flaw in his conduct which might render his fitness for it doubtful. It would be a proper and graceful act on the part of the Government to recognize now his long and faithful service by appointing him to the position he is so well qualified to fill.

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

In our brief notice in last week's RECORD of the annual meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Co., we inadvertently used the word "shareholders" instead of "policyholders." A perusal of the report will show that this popular company is purely mutual, having no shareholders. The meeting which was held at its head office, Waterloo, on the 23rd ult., attracted a large number of policyholders, who must have found everything eminently satisfactory, if we may judge from the harmony and enthusiasm that prevailed.

On the 31st December last the company completed its 25th year—an important event in the history of any institution—and the directors' report shows it to have achieved a record of which any company might well feel proud. The membership exceeded 14,000, carrying assurances aggregating nearly \$19,000,000; the yearly cash income reached \$659,989, or about \$2,200 in cash for each business day; while it paid out to its living members in profits, endowments, etc., \$700, and for death claims, \$500 each working day, making over \$300,000 in benefits paid to policyholders, or their representatives, for the year. The company has increased its reserve fund in addition to its \$2,566,560 reserve at 4 per cent., for the protection of its members, by the sum of \$117,231, in order to change to the higher and safer basis of a 4 per cent H. M. Reserve; and while it has reduced its expense ratio as compared with 1893, it still, at the close of its financial year, held to the credit of its distributable surplus, over and above all liabilities, the substantial sum of \$160,416. Out of this the company during 1895 will pay to its members those liberal dividends in reduction of their premiums which have distinguished it in the past and which have so greatly contributed to make it one of the most popular and best companies for policyholders in Canada.

It will therefore appear quite evident that the Ontario Mutual Life possesses all the elements which make for solidity, strength, progress, and liberality towards its policyholders. Its merits may be summarized thus: (1) the company is well established with a brilliant record of twenty-five years; (2) it is well and ably managed solely in the interests of its policyholders, who constitute its membership; (3) it is a purely mutual company, having no shareholders; (4) it gives to its members, in addition to the ordinary profits paid by other companies, all the profits which in stock companies go to swell the dividends of their shareholders; (5) policies are practically without conditions; (6) its security and liberality are unsurpassed, and (7) it pays its death claims at once on completion of claim papers. Hence the Ontario Mutual Life should be, and we believe it is, the cheapest and most desirable company for policyholders.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

REV. FATHER NOONAN, of the Cathedral, who, a few weeks ago, left this city to visit friends in Ireland, has arrived safely at his destination. His friends in this parish—and they are many—sincerely hope he will have a pleasant vacation in the land of his birth and that he will return with renewed strength to pursue his sacred calling.

M. GUILLON is not a person from whom we would expect a testimony to the necessity of religion and religious education for the purpose of preventing a nation from relapsing into barbarism, yet he has recently made public

his conviction, derived from close study of the statistics, that the most hardened criminals of France of late years have been youths under twenty years of age, and that an appalling proportion of these have been completely debauched at the age of thirteen. He says also that there is no doubt the result is due to the banishing of religious influences from the schools. We have no doubt of this either, and the future hope of the safety of France lies in the fact that in spite of the efforts of the Government to demoralize the rising generation by means of godless schools, the zeal of the religious teachers has been such that the Catholic schools have been and are well attended, while in many cases the godless ones have been comparatively empty.

It is scarcely conceivable that Mr. W. E. Gladstone can be an admirer of the regicidal and irresponsible tyrant who introduced cant into England, and trampled upon the people of Ireland; yet we find from our English exchanges that his son, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, is taking a leading part in a movement to erect a statue in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Oliver Cromwell, the mention of whose name is as offensive to honest Englishmen as the odor of carrion. Westminster Abbey, once dedicated to the service of God in the celebration of the perpetual sacrifice of the Catholic Church, has been long desecrated by being perverted to other purposes, and heathenized by the memorials erected within it for the apotheosis of everything but that which is sacred; but this latest desecration is the worst of all, if it be carried out. We hope that Mr. W. Gladstone has not dishonored himself in his venerable old age by approving this recent vagary of his son.

A FEW days ago a disgraceful scene occurred in a respectable inn at Preston, Lancashire, England: this was the sale of a wife by James Dilworth, a baker of the town. The woman was led into the inn by her husband by a halter fastened around her neck, her hands being tied. It would seem that no force was used, but that the woman was a consenting party to the transaction and was in great glee during the process. She was twenty-seven years of age and of prepossessing appearance, but she and her husband did not agree, and the law appears to be still in force by which a wife can be sold by auction in this way. She was set up at a British shilling. Two shillings were bid then by a woman, and a man named Gudgeon finally bid thirty pence, and the wife was sold to him. Later in the day Gudgeon sold her for three shillings to another factory-worker. Such scenes as this are rare, but they do occur from time to time in England, and in England only of all the countries of the world claiming to be civilized. Of course the like of this could not occur in a Catholic country.

The actual solution of the Armenian question has not yet been reached, but it has progressed so far that the three European powers have agreed upon a series of reforms in the Government of Armenia which it is hoped will give the unfortunate people of that province a semblance of Home Rule which will deliver them from the domination of greedy Turkish officials and marauding Kurds. The terms have been peremptorily proposed to Turkey, but the Sultan at first deliberately faced the powers with defiance and refused to adopt the plans proposed. This attitude has led to the supposition that some unknown power has urged the Porte to resist the demands and promised to support him in so doing, and it has even been asserted that Russia is at the bottom of the refusal, playing a double part. There is nothing known for certain regarding what may be the cause of this audacity, and there has been much speculation regarding it. The withdrawal of Russia from co-operating with France and England might have the effect of overthrowing all the plans for the amelioration of the condition of the Armenians; it is satisfactory to learn, however, by later telegrams from the spot that the Sultan has apparently been merely endeavoring to hoodwink the Western powers by taking a bold stand in the first instance, for it is now reported that he has since shown signs of yielding, as he did not induce the powers to give up a single point in their demands. There is no doubt that a firm front exhibited by Christian nations would induce the Turk to yield, but the danger is that with their conflicting interests in regard to Eastern matters, some one of the powers may withdraw from the Western alliance.

We have still good reason to hope that this Turkish problem will be settled once for all.

HOME RULE OUTLOOK.

Gladstone Gives His Opinion on this Subject.

"In my opinion the claims of Ireland might not improbably have been at this moment accepted and established by law but for the disastrous effect of this schism in bewildering the mind of British electors (as it might well do) and the effect thereby produced in curtailing the Liberal majority of 1892. * * * What I say is I'll tell the Tories to go ahead with my blessing; and I'll tell them that any support at my command I'll render in favor of Home Rule no matter by whom it is fathered. W. E. GLADSTONE.

These are Gladstone's latest words on the Home Rule outlook and is the only expression of opinion which he has given on that subject since his retirement from the premiership. In it, as will be seen, the disastrous schism in the Irish party is held largely responsible for the failure of Home Rule. They were spoken to Edward M. Laffin, an American newspaper correspondent, and his skill in obtaining this coveted expression of opinion from Gladstone on this subject is a triumph of American journalism.

AFTER much persistence, and after exercising all his ingenuity, the correspondent, armed with a letter of introduction from Justin McCarthy, M. P., succeeded, through the good influences of Rev. Harry Drew, Gladstone's son-in-law, in obtaining an audience with the Grand Old Man. Without making any comment on the suggestion of an interview Mr. Gladstone first asked the correspondent:

"What is the feeling about the Irish situation in America?"

"Disgust at the unfortunate wrangling," was the answer.

"What! Distrust of Mr. McCarthy and his followers?"

"Distrust was not the word used, sir. I said 'disgust.'"

He paused for a moment, and then with a gesture and sigh pitiable in the extreme, the great man with the vigorous mind and the feeble frame said: "Ah! The hearing is going, you know."

"Ah! no," continued Mr. Gladstone "no one needs to be told how I feel on the Irish question. Why, with all your Irish blood—for I understand from Mr. McCarthy you are an Irish American—I am a better home ruler than you."

A merry twinkle accompanied this. He continued more feelingly and more earnestly:

"What I have just said applies to you or any other Irish Home Ruler. An Irishman is a home ruler because of his love for his country. I am one because of the justice of the Irish cause in the first place, and next because of my humiliation as an Englishman at the wrongs inflicted on Ireland."

"It would be interesting to know, Mr. Gladstone, what is to be the outcome of the present situation. I have already secured for the paper I represent written statements from the prominent men in the contending Irish parties. These will be published in the paper I represent, and a statement from you accompanying them would be of exceptional interest."

After a long pause Mr. Gladstone said: "I'll say this, that the British electors have been and are being bewildered by the Irish strife. I'll say further that the most hopeful source of settlement as regards ending the unfortunate contention is among American friends of Ireland. This brings to my mind that Mr. De Pwee—"

"Mr. Depew, you mean, Mr. Gladstone?"

"Depew? The New York orator? De Pwee—I thought it was, De Pwee."

At any rate, he told me that there were not 10 per cent. of the entire voting population of the United States out of sympathy with Ireland's struggle for her rights. In view of this it appears to me that out of such a vast sea of sympathetic interest there ought to arise some hope, some effort ought to come to end the deplorable, the unintelligible schism that exists."

Supposing no such settlement can be effected, Mr. Gladstone, what effect will the continuance of the discussion have on the English parties?"

FAVORS ANY HOME RULE MOVEMENT.

"English politicians will weigh, dissect, discuss and analyze this response when it reaches them: Some talk of the Tories and some kind of a Home Rule measure. What I say is—"

A long pause and a reflective look through the window at which little Dorothy Drew had appeared. After about a minute—"What I say is, I'll tell the Tories to go ahead, with my blessing, and I'll render any support at my command in favor of Home Rule, no matter by whom it is fathered."

ABOUT THE TORIES.

"Then you think the Tories are considering a Home Rule project?"

"I don't know that I ought to—but, yes, the Liberal-Unionists are the ones who are most bitterly opposed to Home Rule in any form, in every form. They are the men who are most viciously, most uncompromisingly, opposed to it. If the Tories fail to adopt some form of Home Rule, it will be because of the Liberal-Unionists. For the Tories to take up our programme and make their own of it would not be such a surprise to any one acquainted with modern English political history. To me particularly, a participant in or an

observer of, many reform movements during a long period, it is never strange or surprising to see the Tories steal our measures and make their own of them. Oh, yes, the Liberal-Unionists are the ones who are most uncompromisingly, most bitterly, opposed to Home Rule."

Every reference to the Liberal-Unionists was uttered with an air of bitter disgust.

VIEW OF IRISH LEADERS.

From a number of interviews secured by the correspondent from the Irish members on both sides the following two are given as fair samples. They were carefully prepared in response to these queries, which were submitted in writing.

1. What are the more suggestively encouraging phases of the present situation, from the Irish standpoint?

2. What are the chief dangers to be guarded against and avoided, and the ones whose existence is most to be deplored?

3. What are the chief obstacles in the way of Irish unity?

The substance of Mr. O'Brien's replies to the above questions are as follows: "1. No measure of first-rate importance once passed through the House of Commons by a Liberal Government has ever failed to be eventually passed into law. It will be so with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, unless it be our own fault. If Home Rule is less passionately debated now in England, it is largely because Englishmen have got over their first alarms as to the effect of Home Rule. 2. The chief danger, practically speaking the only danger, is in discord in the Irish ranks. Mr. Redmond's section are doing their worst to bring back the Tories. 3. The only obstacle to reunion is Mr. Redmond's determination to have no peace."

"POEMS AND LYRICS," BY J. K. FORAN.

Dr. Foran has in this little volume proved his right to be classed among our Canadian singers. Ere now, indeed, it was well known that he knew how to build the lofty rhyme, but few perhaps realized that he possessed the poetic insight revealed by the present volume.

It were folsom adulation to say that it has no defects. Yet no impartial critic will, despite its faults of technique and of halting rhyme, close his eyes to the many beauties that, gem-like, sparkle from cover to cover in his gift to Canadian poetry. We miss the suggestiveness, the undertone the exquisite metrical expression of the fire—touched lips of the master.

Betimes, however, the verse, bubbling over with music, growing deeper and stronger, runs on harmoniously, and then suddenly a worn-out platitude breaks in upon the cadenced measure, and all is discord. But the poems were jotted down here and there in moments of leisure snatched from a busy life, and this may account for the false chords and broken notes.

I think that Dr. Foran must have been tired, and anxious to complete his work. If he had been guided by the time-honored Horatian maxim the present volume would have been shorn of some of its contents. Not in censorious spirit do I pen the words, but in regret, for they convey no adequate idea of his poetic talent.

Dowered with imagination and splendid powers of expression, his muse should be truer and stronger, and we cherish the hope that the promise that he gives in some of his lyrics shall in the near future reach its perfect flowering and realization.

He is at his best in his patriotic poems. He loves his country with all the energy of a warm and enthusiastic heart, and he hymns her glories in exultant strains. His "Canadian rare land" is creative of his best and sustained efforts—the simple and direct utterances that live in hearts that have aught of appreciation for native land. This alone merits for Dr. Foran's work a place in every Canadian library.

Take for example his poem on "Canada's Bell." He prefaces it by narrating the story of how the Florentines made a bell. The ease and grace with which he weaves the legend into verse is remarkable. One can almost see the metal melting and hear the hammers welding it into shape and form. And he tells us how the bell of Canada is being fashioned:

Freest land of all creation,
Land of hope and expectation,
In its crucible its now,
It is just in its formation,
Powerful in its broad foundation,
Grand each gleam and aspiration
Lighting up its radiant brow,
In the workshop of creation
It is being formed now.

And when the bell on high is suspended he describes in musical and forceful language the glad message that it rings out to the nations.

Then when the work is ended,
And this bell on high suspended,
And its powerful notes have blended
With the tones of other lands,
When loudly it is rolling
And its thunder voice is tolling
Full loud from pole to pole in
Its peal will be commands
Calling all to come and worship
Where their country's altar stands,
In strong united bands.

All through the book are evidences of true poetry—the utterance of a man who sees sermons in stones, the melodies that come unbidden from a patriotic and tender soul. We congratulate you, Dr. Foran. W. F.

It is better to be generous than selfish, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the mysterious darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Tarice blessed is he who, when all is dreary and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good,—thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear, bright day,—Washington Gladstone.

WHY THEY DON'T MARRY.

The Enforced Celibacy of Priests Explained in Simple Words.

"Why Priests Don't Marry" was the subject of a recent discourse by Very Rev. Father Rudolph, O. S. F. C., of Pecham, says the Glasgow Observer.

Leo XIII., the glorious Pontiff, who so well filled the chair of St. Peter, he said, had immortalized his pontificate by the strenuous efforts he had made for bringing all nations, tribes and tongues into the one fold of the one Shepherd, the Holy Catholic Church founded 1800 years ago by Jesus Christ. His latter endeavor in this respect was a letter to the English people, in which the Holy Father with loving and affectionate solicitude invited the nation to the old religion which flourished in this land centuries ago. The Pope called upon English Catholics to assist him in this grand and glorious work of reunion, and he especially urged upon them to do this by prayer and by good example.

In bridging over the gulf which separated Protestantism from the Catholic Church there were, naturally enough, a great many and serious obstacles to be surmounted, and one of these difficulties—the celibacy of the Catholic clergy—had been made very prominent during the past week in the columns of a London daily paper in connection with or arising out of the Pope's letter. Those outside the Church could not possibly understand why Catholic priests did not marry. Some thought, and thought very seriously, that was a most wicked thing for the Catholic Church, or the Church of Rome, as they preferred to call it, to impose such a law upon her ministers. They argued that it was a law against the teaching of the Gospel, that it was an unnatural law and impossible for men to observe it. Frequently they would hear men say, "I like the Catholic religion in a great many things; I would like my wife and children to be Catholics, but as long as your priests are not married I do not feel justified in allowing my family to join you."

Father Rudolph proceeded to prove by good, solid reasoning and authority that the celibacy of the Catholic clergy was in perfect harmony and in perfect keeping with the Gospel, that it was sanctioned by Jesus Christ, the founder of the Christian religion, by His apostles, and he would even go farther and show that clerical celibacy was a moral necessity for the fulfillment of the sacred ministry, for the work which God had given them to do. In the first place he would remind them that the law of celibacy in the Catholic Church was a purely ecclesiastical law; it was in fact a part of the Church's discipline. They did not pretend for a single moment that it was part of the deposit of Divine revelation left by Jesus Christ in the Church which it could not tamper with or change in anyway. It was perhaps hardly necessary for him to point out that the Church had power to make such laws. As they well knew, the Catholic Church was a society of Divine institution, it was a human society, composed of human beings. Now the society called the Catholic Church, like any other organization, must have a perfect right to make its own laws and regulations, which are arranged for preserving order, and especially for forwarding the end of her existence—the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Every society made its own laws and nobody questioned them, and if men desired to join a society or club they must agree with the rules of that society. They were not compelled to become members, but they joined of their own free will. And so it was with regard to the priesthood of the Catholic Church.

The Church did not say to any man "you must not get married," neither did the Church say they must be priests. They were perfectly free to use their liberty and freedom which God gave them, but this the Church did say, "If you want to be a priest, if you want to be one of my ministers, you must fall in with my regulations, and one of my regulations is that you must never get married." That was all the Church said, and before a young man was allowed to receive that sacred order, which bound him to celibacy for the remainder of his life, she must know his mind and his heart as far as possible, and the Church must know that he had a vocation for the ministry. And when the Church was sure of this she allowed the young man to take upon himself the sacred obligations, and even then he was not allowed to take, up the sacred calling until he was twenty-two years of age, and surely a young man at that age was not acting blindly when he received the order of subdeacon and thereby binding himself to life-long celibacy!

Of course the objection would at once be put forward, "That is all very well; we will admit that it is necessary for a priest as long as he wishes to remain in the Church as one of her ministers to abide by her regulations. But here is where we find fault with your Church: a man may afterwards find he has made a mistake and is unable to observe the vow of celibacy. Then why does your Church make that man remain a celibate all his life; why not let him have his freedom and go away?" The answer to this was very easy and very natural. Supposing a young man at the age of twenty-two was married and afterwards repented of the step, would they think it proper for him to leave his wife and family, would the law allow it? The young man knew perfectly well what he was

doing when he entered the contract, and he would be breaking the law if he deserted his wife. Or if a man purchased some house property and afterwards found he had not made a bargain, would the seller take it back. It was the same with the celibacy question. A man made a contract and had given himself up really and willingly to the Church. Then why did they allow him to draw back after having made a bargain? Plenty of married people would like to be single again, but it was too late. The Bible told them repeatedly that they must always be careful to pay their vows to Almighty God, and apart altogether from the contract there was the vow to God that must be paid, and this was only just and reasonable. The Catholic Church would be trifling with God if she were to allow a man for every whim and fancy to break his solemn vows and engagements.

It may be asked whether the Church had a right to impose these obligations, because a society might go beyond its powers. They had in the teaching of our Lord as well as the apostles the highest sanction in compelling the ministers of the Catholic Church to live chaste and pure lives. In the Sacred Scriptures there were told of the beauty and splendor of a chaste life. "Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation, for the memory thereof is immortal. It is known both to God and to man."

They had the teaching of Almighty God, they had the testimony of revelation and they had Jesus Christ and His holy Apostles extolling the state of celibacy. And not only had they divine authority, but it was also necessary for the propagation of religion and for the spread of the kingdom of God on earth, that the Church of God should have a celibate and chaste clergy.

MARRIAGE WOULD HANDICAP THEM. It would be really impossible to carry out the work that God had given His Church to do if the ministers of that Church were married. Let them consider for a single moment the state of those ministers of whatever Church they might belong to who were married and had wives and children to care for, and they would find how true it was that they were divided and were unable to give themselves wholly to God. Just imagine for a moment a young curate in a parish. He decided to change his condition and he fell in love with some young woman, or perhaps half a dozen young ladies fell in love with him. Consider this young curate attending to the things of the Lord and at the same time courting a certain young lady. Suppose this young curate was married, then were his troubles over? No, for "when a man's married his troubles begin."

Perhaps he might get married to an ungodly woman, fond of fighting and drinking and quarrels with the neighbors. The preacher had an extract from a daily paper, of a clergyman's divorce suit. He was married in 1861, and in his evidence before the judge alleged that his wife was addicted to paroxysms of temper, during which she called him abusive names and threw things at him. Fancy the dignity of the clergyman!

WORK OF CELIBATES. Fancy a minister of God with all these troubles and trials striving to win people to God, and by word and example endeavoring to lead them to heaven! Could they in the face of this approve of a married clergy; would any Protestant with any common sense argue that it would be better to have married clergy than those who were bound by the vow of celibacy? Look at the priests of God; look at those who had made sacrifices—aye, and given their lives for others; could they do it if they were not celibates? Who was it in every age who had been the pioneers of civilization; to whom did they owe their learning and literature? The celibate priests and monks of the Catholic Church—men who gave themselves to God and humanity—men who thought no sacrifice too great. Who was it that converted this land when the pagan Saxons had driven out the old religion of the Britons? Was it married men? No; it the celibate monk. Who, again, was it that carried religion into Germany and every part of the globe? Was it not the celibate monk? Go to the hospitals where fever was raging, and who would they find kneeling at the bedside of the dying man or woman but the celibate priest. Look at Father Damien, who lived among the lepers administering to their spiritual wants! Would a married clergyman follow in his footsteps?

Father Fidelis. The Boston Republic says that the Reverend James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis, the Passionist,) is soon to preach in a mission at Kenyon, O., the place where stands the Protestant Episcopal seminary of which he was the president some thirty years ago, before he became a Catholic. Doctor Stone's return to the scenes of former labors in another faith will doubtless recall many old memories to him, as well as to those who knew him when he was head of Kenyon college. The learned and eloquent Passionist appears to be in great demand as a missionary, and he is called to all parts of the country so eager are pastors to secure his efficient services in behalf of their flocks.—Catholic Review.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY.

A Franciscan Father of the monastery of St. Lawrence at Naples tells the following story:

In a peaceful little cottage by the seaside there lived a young fisherman and his mother. One stormy night while they were performing their night-prayers, they were startled by a desperate outcry as that of a man in terrible agony. The young man rushed to the door and to his horror found a man who had been waylaid by robbers and was now in a dying condition. The robbers fled; for, besides fearing the presence of a witness, they had to escape the hands of the policeman who were on their trail. The fisherman stooped down to assist the dying man, but in a few moments more all was over. The policeman, now entering upon the scene, and seeing the young man stooping over the lifeless body, captured him as the murderer, congratulating themselves that they had finally succeeded in tracing one of long been searching. All protests on the part of son and mother were in vain, and he was taken to prison. The circumstantial evidences were too strong against the young fisherman; the trial was soon ended. He was condemned to death.

The police had heard the cry, the body was still warm, no one was near but he; the testimony of the mother was of no value in this case, and thus the declarations of the young man's innocence were considered only as those of a stubborn criminal. The poor mother had endeavored to come to the trial, but she was so inexperienced and helpless in such matters that she arrived in court when all was over and the death-sentence was passed—the criminal to be executed early the next day. The mother broke out in sobs and tears and asked her son, "There were no way to get rid of her, said the judge, in order to get rid of her, said the king could change matters. The mother's mind was quickly settled. She would go to the king at once, fall down at his feet and plead for the life of her son. She did not know of any formalities, and was disappointed when told that she had to bring her petition in the prescribed form of writing. The sun was already going down when she left the palace to find a lawyer to write up her petition. When returning with the document it was too late of course, the doors were closed and no petitioner could enter. The poor woman was heart-broken. Not knowing what to do she passed by the church of St. Lawrence. She entered and before the statue of St. Anthony prayed as only a mother's heart under such circumstances could pray. But her time, even here was short, for the sacristan came and rattling his keys gave her a sign that it was time for him to shut the doors. In her agony the poor mother, who was still holding the document in her hand, threw it over the iron railing calling out aloud and despairingly: "St. Anthony, you must save my child."

Singularly consoled and quieted, she left the church and went home. It was about 10 o'clock. The king was alone in his study, looking through some important documents he had to sign. He had given his servants strict orders to admit no one, as he did not wish to be disturbed. Suddenly there was a rap at the door, and a moment after a Franciscan brother entered. His appearance was so majestic yet amiable, that the king was charmed for a moment. The Franciscan approached the king and without any embarrassment modestly spoke: "I beg pardon of your majesty for coming at so late an hour, but my business is very urgent, and will not allow any delay, as a man's life is at stake."

"Speak, brother. What can I do for you?" said the king encouragingly. "Your majesty signed a death-warrant to-day for a young fisherman who was found at the corpse of a murdered man. All evidences seemed to tell against him, and yet he is entirely innocent." "I am sorry," said the king, "I can do nothing in such matters. The courts are there for that and when the court passes a sentence I can not change it, nor can I presume that the sentence is not just." "I will vouch for the innocence of my client," said the monk with a positiveness that impressed the king. "I beg your majesty to write a few words of pardon below this petition." The king spontaneously reached for the pen, but, reflecting again, he stopped and asked the monk: "Where do you come from?" "From the monastery of St. Lawrence, your majesty," answered the monk. "But even if I do grant your petition," said the king, "it will be too late, for he will be executed before this can reach him." There is no time to be lost, it is true," said the monk, "but I will see that the document is delivered in time. Pray just write a few words of pardon here," and the monk pointed with his finger to the blank space where the king was to sign. The king did sign, and with a few words of courtesy and thanks the monk left the room. The whole affair had made a wonderful impression on the king. He tried to continue his work, but, reflecting, again, said to himself: How could this man come in here at this hour? He asked the chamberlain and all the servants, but nobody had seen any one enter or depart. They searched, but no trace of the monk could be found. The king resolved to go to the mon-

A TOUCHING CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

In the *patois* of Central France are preserved many touching legends. In passing through villages, in conversing with the peasants, in visiting the laborer's hut, one sees how the imagination of these simple people is struck with the least details of the Divine infancy. "In one of these excursions through the country," says a traveller, "I found myself one Saturday in the house of a good peasant. Of course I assisted at the sermon of the day. After ordinary prayers the *curé* spoke of the childhood of Jesus. I am glad of this opportunity of hearing the good pastor of the flock which he had tended for more than forty years with the charity of an apostle and unbounded devotedness. He commenced: "Jesus was five years old; He lived with His parents in the village of Nazareth, assisting His father in his humble labors. His mother kept in heart the words, full of wisdom, which fell from the Divine Child. Not far from them lived a woman who had a son of the same age as Jesus. This child was suddenly seized with so profound a grief that convulsive sobs escaped from his breast; day and night the cries were the same, and the poor mother could find nothing to console him. Despair took possession of her heart. "My child," she said "is very sick. What can I do, my God, to relieve him?" Suddenly a thought came to her. She would go to the house of her neighbor, the Virgin Mary, and tell her all her troubles, and ask her by what means she could save her dear child. Jesus listened attentively to the plaint of the desolate mother, while the child continued to cry. Then approaching the poor little one, He embraced him tenderly. Immediately his tears ceased. He looked sweetly at Jesus, and an ineffable smile lighted up his pretty face. The happy mother was astonished at this prodigy, and, turning toward Mary, "Holy woman," said she, "your son will be the greatest among the greatest." Jesus pressed the hand of the child saying, "This one shall be my brother; he will suffer and die for my sake. Weep not, O privileged mother, but rejoice." The woman went home pondering on what she had seen and heard, and blessing God in her heart. After this event the children grew up together. Jesus instructed His friends in things so marvellous that He alone understood them. After the death of the man of our Lord, a man, a saint, animated with divine love, was stoned to death for the faith and opened the era of martyrdom. The first stone cast at him struck his face at the very spot which Jesus had kissed. This martyr, whom the Christ child had consoled, accomplished by his death the prediction of the Saviour."

astory early next morning and find the solution to this mystery. The scaffold on which the young man was to be executed had already been erected and the poor young man in his cell was expecting his executioner to enter, when the doors of the prison opened, and instead an officer of the king appeared with the *pardun*. The young fisherman was at liberty to return home to his mother!

At the dawn of day the State's Attorney was terrified to see a document of pardon signed by the king the day previous lying on his table. He supposed that one of his servants had laid it there and had forgotten or neglected to tell him about it. He was in a terrible predicament. Snatching the document, he rushed to the prison to save the young man's life. We already know that he was not too late—

In the course of the forenoon the king appeared at the monastery of St. Lawrence. He had all the brothers assembled in the refectory, and asked the Rev. Prior who of them had been to see him in the palace the night before. The astonished Prior replied that he knew of no one to leave the house at so late an hour. The king, scrutinizing the monks and not seeing his man, told the Prior what had happened. The Prior suggested to call the mother, who might inform them to whom she had given the petition. When the king was shown around the monastery to pass away the time, and was also taken to the church. The king passed from one altar to another, until he finally came to the shrine of St. Anthony. Instantly recognizing his man, he pointed to the statue and said: "That is the one who came to me."

"Pardon, your majesty," said the Prior, "he is not under my jurisdiction." In consequence of this incident, the city of Naples selected St. Anthony as one of its patron saints.

POPE LEO ORDERS HIS TOMB.

The Great Sculptor Maroni now at Work on it—The Holy Father's Political Testament.

There have been many rumors of late of the failing health of Leo XIII., and in view of the fact that he is now eighty-five years of age it certainly seems probable that he will not be given many years more of life. The Holy Father himself seems to feel that his end cannot be very far off. Despatches from Rome state that he has issued a document which is in the nature of a political testament to the Cardinals.

In it he is reported to review his whole pontificate and the reasons which dictated his policy. Speaking of the apathy shown by the great powers at the beginning of his pontificate he shows that no other position than the one taken could have prevented the identification of the Papacy in the estimation of other nations with the new order of things instituted in Rome.

Even if temporal power has not been attained, the Papacy has at least arrived at a position where it is no longer at the mercy of an unfriendly Government. The document concludes by appealing to the Cardinals when they meet in future conclave to keep this ideal in mind and to continue this line of policy as well as to hasten as much as possible the election of the next Pope.

The entire tenor of the document is to name the choice of a successor who will continue the present Pope's policy. Not only has the Holy Father issued his testament, he has also ordered his tomb. The great sculptor Maroni, the most celebrated not only of Rome but of all Italy, is now at work on it, and that by the orders of the Pope himself. The descriptions of this tomb which have appeared in one or two American newspapers, have been for the most part garbled and fantastic. The *New World* is enabled to present its readers with an authentic account of this tomb, translated from a French brochure. The monument is in white Carrara marble. On the lid of the tomb is a lion holding in his talons the tiara. At the right is the statue of Faith, in one hand, holding a torch, in the other the Holy Scriptures. At the left is the statue of Truth, in one hand a mirror, in the other the armorial bearings of the Pope. Underneath the lion, on the side of the sepulchre, an inscription, concise, simple and humble, is graven in the marble in large, black letters.

HIC LEO XIII., SOVEREIGN PONTIFF IS DUST. (HERE LEO XIII., SOVEREIGN PONTIFF IS DUST.) The world will lose one of the most notable of its figures, Christendom its well-beloved head when that inscription is verified.

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Sunday Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

OUR DUTY TO THOSE WITHOUT.

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. (St. Luke xiv., 23.)

What are you doing to help your neighbor, who has a soul to save as well as you? I mean that neighbor who has not the gift of faith. Has it ever occurred to you that Christ's religion is for all men, and is intended for those who are not in the Church as well as for her faithful members? Have the words, "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," lost their meaning? Are not the spiritually poor, lame and blind everywhere about us? Are not the highways and hedges full of people who would gladly come in if we would but tell them how?

The time has gone by when the mere fact that we hold the faith is sufficient to prove that we are fervent Catholics. No longer may we sit calmly waiting for the nations to come and ask us for the truth. The day is at hand when we must arise and go forth in the Spirit of Christ, and as His Apostles, to convert our neighbors and our fellow-citizens. When shall I start? If we are to follow out the injunction of Christ, now is the time. The harvest is at hand and it is great, but the laborers are few. It is to the lay people of the Church that this message is sent as well as to the clergy; and now, when our ranks of clergy are none too full, we must call on the good lay people to help us.

In this great country of ours dwell sixty millions of people, one sixth of whom, at the most, are Catholics. Here is the work, then, before us—the conversion of America to the faith. It can be done if we will set ourselves about it in earnest; and it must be done if we wish to prove ourselves faithful Catholics. For the good Catholic not only desires to keep his faith and save his soul, but he wishes all men to have the same faith and attain salvation by the practice of that faith.

Here, then, are fifty millions of people who have not the faith of Christ. What shall we do to give it to them? Oh! what a great question. To the lay people of the Church comes this call! Listen to the means which you may use to aid your neighbor who is without the faith, to gain it.

The first great means is prayer. If every Catholic would say a short prayer once a day for the conversion of unbelievers in our land, the great work would take a new stride forward. If sodalities, confraternities and all religious organizations would at every meeting pray for the same object but one short Our Father and Hail Mary, conversions would become far more frequent. Again, suppose each devout member of a parish should take to praying for some particular person, that such a one might receive the gift of faith, what a multitude would be converted in a few years! Prayer can do more than anything else, as it can bring the grace of conversion where words and study are powerless.

The second means of converting our neighbors to the faith is by our teaching. We must be ready to answer their questions, ready to ask them questions whose answers will lead them to the light. This is a day when people are interested in religious questions, and if we can answer their objections, solve their doubts and difficulties, we have in our hands a powerful means of advancing the kingdom of God on earth. Such knowledge it is our duty to acquire in the best way we can. Read the books, then, which will make a well-instructed Catholic out of you, and fit you to instruct others in the faith. If a lecture is given in the church, bring along your non-Catholic neighbor; bring him to sermons. And thus you shall bring your religion into honor and respect, and also contribute to the saving of many souls. Great are the rewards to him who is the means of saving even one soul from death. If you spent \$1 a year for Catholic news, and another to pay for a Catholic newspaper, you would do—well, nothing very heroic, but something towards spreading the light.

We must teach also by example, and show by our lives that what makes us sober, honest and pure in our religion. Our lives ought to be examples of temperance, uprightiness and purity. No drunkard is fit to bear the name of Catholic. No libertine is worthy to be named among the faithful. No thief ought to be classed among the members of the Church.

Let your zeal for your religion rouse you on Sunday, rain or shine, to attend Mass. Let it stir you up to your confession and Communion every month, at least. Let your life be an example of what you profess. Be not a swearer, a curser, or a drunkard, a thief, a liar, a scandal-monger, a licentious man. Be but a good-living, practical Catholic, that those who are without may be the sooner attracted by the religion which makes you what they see you to be. By these means you may become fellow-workers with the clergy in the great plan of converting our country which God has determined on.

Put them in practice, these means of prayer, teaching and example, that when our Lord shall come you and

many of your converts may go into the marriage feast, where they shall bless your name for ever.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A "Soft" Job.

He was an able-bodied young man, but he was lazy. He earned only \$5 a week. He had a "soft" job, and so did not care that his wages were small; that he, a man, was only earning a boy's pay. Too many boys are looking for a "soft snap" as they call it. A place where they can loaf half the time, and look on while somebody else works the other half, just suits them. They do not realize that the greatest pleasure on earth is hard work which employs both body and mind, and brings in its train sweet sleep, contentment and success.

A Girl's Best Charm.

My dear girls, keep yourselves looking as sweet and dainty as possible. Never under-value the charm of an agreeable appearance. It is the most delightful letter of introduction that can be given to a stranger, and there is no reason in the world why every woman should not be pleasant to look upon. A famous woman once said: "There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not understand how to make themselves beautiful." This is absolutely true. So the right thing for you to do is to sit down, think it over, and make yourself the charming example that points to the moral of this.

You Cannot.

Say, young man, there is one thing you cannot do. You can't make a success in life unless you work. Better men than you have tried it and failed. You can't loaf around the street corners and saloons, smoke cigars, tell foul stories, drink whiskey and sponge on some one else without making a failure in life. You should learn a trade or get into some honest business. If you don't you will become a chronic loafer, despised by all—producing nothing—simply making yourself a burden on your parents or on the State.

There is no place in the world to-day for loafers. The ripe fruit is always at the top of the tree. You must climb to get it. Smarter men will jump up and pluck it all. Move! Do something, no matter how small. It will be a starter. Help yourself and others will help you. There is no royal road, or short cut, to success, for visionary idlers. Toil, grit, energy and perseverance—these are the requisites. Wake up and see what you can do!

Danger of Keeping Bad Company.

The crows one spring began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun and prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a sociable parrot, which, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and hastened to see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg.

When the bird was taken home the children asked, "What did it, papa? Who hurt our pretty poll?" "Bad company!" bad company, answered the parrot in a solemn voice. "Ay, that it was!" said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company." With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever.

But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with the cry, "Bad company! bad company!"

Home Education.

How full of meaning is that saying of St. John Chrysostom's: "The parent's lips are the child's primer." The words that fall from a parent's lips are necessarily the first education of the infant's mind; they constitute an ever-present source of intellectual development, an all-powerful factor in the formation of the child's affections and aspirations. It is in the parent's words that the child's intelligence begins to discern the first glimmerings of that holy faith and religion, the germs of which were infused at the baptismal font; it is the parent's whisperings that engender the first beginnings of a sacred awe for the mysteries of religion; the first realization of dependence on the invisible Creator; the first tender yearnings of love towards Jesus and Mary; the first aspirations of a holy ambition in the growth of virtue, and the attainment of eternal reward! Finally, the parent's lips ought to be that daily source of instruction from which the innocent and pliable soul of the child learns its duties, its dangers, its enemies, its temptations. How often the self-restrained and generous devotedness of the man or woman dates back to the first idea of virtue and Christian charity implanted in childhood by God-fearing parents; or, on the other hand, how often the hideous crimes and the moral obliquity of the criminal classes can be traced to the blasphemy of the homes of their childhood.—Right Rev. Dr. Kuck.

Give the Boys a Chance.

Yes, give them a chance to develop themselves! Don't hinder or permit them to be hindered with the belief

that the success of their father in business makes it unnecessary for the son to work, and work hard too. Show them the peculiarity of this government where a good trade or profession is a better possession than a prospective heritage. Few boys who if shown the necessity of developing themselves will do it and do it well. Don't regard the father's wealth as a passport to happiness, or success for the son. A friend of Simon Cameron was one day speaking to him about Donald Cameron, Simon's noted son, and during the conversation, remarked upon the advantages in early life that Donald enjoyed, but which to his father were entirely wanting. "Yes," said Simon, "but there is one great advantage that I had which my son could not feel." "Why, what was that," asked the friend. "The advantage of poverty."

While it is not necessary or desirable that each boy should feel the pangs of poverty to become a successful man, yet it is desirable that the boy should not have thrust upon him a belief of his own independence; that previous generations have made him bed a downy one; that labor—manual or mental—is to him not the evidence of manliness and the unfailing guarantee of his position. Advise your boys, but advise them properly. Give your boys a chance, but be sure it is a chance. This is a serious subject. Don't let your false pride lay out a wrong course for those in whose generation your old age must be spent, and on whose future many of your hopes are laid.

Crowned According to Merit.

There are degrees of beatitude among the saints in heaven. The soul's bliss depends largely on the manner in which it has borne its moral responsibilities when on earth. According as it shall have merited in this life will its glory be in the life beyond the grave. The clearness of the beatific vision and the intimacy of the beatific union depend upon the sanctity of the soul after it has passed through its probationary state. In proportion to its share in the light of glory will it see God more perfectly. But this share depends upon its charity. Therefore the soul having the most charity will see God the most perfectly and will enjoy the greatest happiness. Admirable to contemplate are the various grades of merit running through this heavenly company. There is the soul of the infant that died after it had been cleansed in the saving waters of baptism; here shine forth the confessor and the martyr, who have undergone bodily torture for the love of Christ; there sits radiant the wife and the mother, whose tortures of soul for a wayward husband or an undutiful son were no less bitter; there moves the virgin, who within the convent enclosure or amid the world's snares had retained her innocence; elsewhere the repentant sinner, who rose up from his sins and became renovated in the spirit of holiness and right-doing. Again, that bright flame so high up is a soul, unknown to fame, who in the cloister of his heart fought and wrestled all through life with the best within, and kept it down; and, lo! God has taken special note of his hard-won victory, and has set him far above many a great earthly light and many a one famed for sanctity. And yonder is a white soul that had been reviled by the tongue of calumny, interceding with God that He may grant the grace of repentance to the blackhearted slanderer and calumniator whose poisonous words had sent that soul to a premature grave. And so every soul reveals the working of God's grace in some distinct manner; and all the way up to Joseph, up to Mary, beauty, variety and harmony run through the scale of this heavenly diapason.

Baptist Deaconesses.

The Amity Baptist Church and the Second German Baptist Church of New York have recently established the order of Deaconesses, who are to do similar work to that done by the sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, although they will take no vows of celibacy nor will they be obliged to remain in the organization for any particular length of time.

Nevertheless, the establishment of such an order is important and significant, for there is no denomination that has been so determined in its opposition to sisterhoods as the Baptists, who have believed strenuously in the independence of the individual, and who, some years ago would have regarded an order of this character as "Popish" in the extreme.

These Baptist Sisters, however, are to wear a distinctive dress and to devote their time to the assistance of the poor and helpless, precisely as certain orders of the Catholic Sisters do. It is a great innovation, and we are glad to see it, for two reasons: it shows that prejudice against our good Catholic Sisters is disappearing, and that they are now taken for models, even by those who formerly misunderstood and despised them; and there is pleasure in observing that there are true, earnest women among Protestants who are willing to give up the world in great measure and sacrifice their lives to the good of unfortunate humanity. Catholic women have been doing this for ages and it is nothing new in our Church; but it is only of late that Protestants have had the scales removed from their eyes and have begun to perceive how much noble work women, properly organized, may do in this field.—Baltimore Mirror.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember Hood's cures.

THIRTY YEARS OF TORTURE.

Hands and Fingers Twisted out of Shape With Rheumatism.—The Story of an Old Man Now Nearing the Foot of Life's Hill—How Relief Came to Him After Repeated Failures and Disappointments.

From the Kemptville Advance. I am now almost at the foot of the hill of life, having attained the seventy-sixth year of my age, and never during that time have I made a statement more willingly and conscientiously than now. My body has been tortured by pain for upwards of thirty years, caused by rheumatism, and there are thousands enduring a like affliction that need not if they would but heed my experience and avail themselves of the proper means of relief. The disease first affected my hip and spread to my legs and arms. Like many sufferers spared neither trouble nor expense in seeking something to alleviate the pain. The disease had made me so helpless that I was unable to put on my coat and my hands and fingers were being twisted out of shape. There seemed not the shadow of a hope of relief, and very naturally I became discouraged and disheartened, and time after time have I given up in despair. I heard in Arizona three years ago I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for six boxes in order to give them a fair trial. I followed the directions closely and by the time the fourth box was finished the pain had greatly lessened and I was much improved. My friends having witnessed the



I was unable to put on my coat.

wonderful effect upon my body could not help admiring the Pink Pills and being about to leave for the East I gave the remaining two boxes to them. Unfortunately I neglected getting another supply for nearly a year after returning to this part, and I felt that me Pink Pills were one of the necessities of life. Last spring I procured a few boxes and have been taking them since, with a very satisfactory effect and glad to say. Now I feel like a new man entirely free from pain or stiffness of joint. I have a slight numbness of feet and half way to the knee, but an confident that these pills will relieve this feeling. Although well advanced in years, I am able and do walk many miles a day. For rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand pre-eminently above all other medicines according to my experience and I urge a trial on all suffering from this painful malady.

The above is an unvarnished statement of facts as told the Advance recently by Mr. George Selleck, an esteemed resident of Miller's Corners, and no one hearing the earnest manner of his recital could fail to be convinced of Mr. Selleck's sincerity. But if this were not enough hundreds of witnesses could be summoned, if need be, to prove the truth of every word stated. Mr. Angus Buchanan, the well-known druggist and popular reeve of Kemptville, speaks of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as one of the most popular remedies known, having a great sale among his customers and giving general satisfaction.

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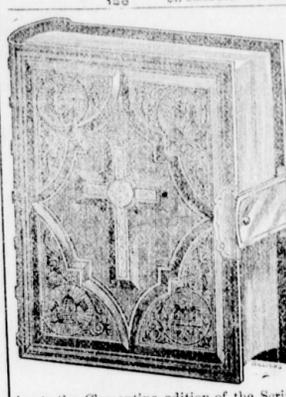
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When Baby Was Dead.

When baby was dead, And the sudden rays of sunshine crept Into the quiet room, across the bed Where he so gently, sweetly slept; I would have barred my all to hear him coo, And catch at the light—like he used to do!

When baby was dead, And mother's tear-scarred face reached down To kiss the face, the eyes, the head, And smooth the locks in the hush of night, I would have barred my all to hear him coo, And reach up his arms—like he used to do!

When baby was dead, Ah, my God! what a moment was wrung From a broken heart, as heavy as lead— From lips where a baby song lately hung; I would have barred my all to hear him coo, And hear him laugh out—like he used to do!

When baby was dead, I could see no joy in the air of gloom— Hope into outer darkness fled; When God spoke soft through the desolate room, And set him reach up—like he used to do!

—ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

Two Good Irish Stories.

A Protestant magistrate once had a little waif of an Irish boy brought before him for some trifling misdemeanor. Wishing to ascertain how much the child comprehended of his duty to God and his neighbor, he asked him if he could say his prayers. The boy promptly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and further volunteered that he could say the "Hail Mary." The magistrate testily replied that he did not want to hear that, but requested him to repeat the Creed. The child, much frightened, began to do so, but when he came to the clause, "Born of the Virgin Mary," he stopped short, and anxiously said, "Please yer Worship, she's turned up again, and what an it to do?"

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Cauldron, the Devil's Glen, etc. Said the traveler, "The devil seems to be the greatest landowner in these parts!" "Ah! sure, your Honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so; but he lives in England. I think he's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland.—London Gentlewoman.

Prejudice.

The New York Independent expresses gratification to observe constant evidences of a change in the tone of many Protestants in this country toward the Catholic Church. "There was a time," it says, "when no Protestant seemed to be able to look upon it with the least degree of toleration or allowance. He waged war against it as though it was an evil thing, and only evil. The great amount of prejudice has obscured clear vision both on the Protestant and Catholic side. We hope that the time is at hand when this prejudice shall be dissipated, so that Catholics may come to understand their Protestant fellow Christians, and

appreciate them for what they are; and that a similar view may be taken of Roman Catholic Christians by Protestants."

There is indeed a marked change in the attitude of many Protestants toward the Church; and, from being brought into closer relationship with their separated brethren, Catholics have become more tolerant of ignorance that is unconscious and of ignorance that is without malice. A blessed change! It is only justice to add that such able and honest journals as the Independent have done much to bring it about.—Ave Maria.

The Sin of Lying.

Telling the truth is a duty inculcated again and again in the Sacred Scriptures. God insists on the necessity of truth-telling. The truth always and under all circumstances must be told if one would be acceptable to God. Even men who make no pretense to religion insist on the necessity of truth. The world will pardon many grave sins, but it has no place for the man who will not tell the truth. The social fabric demands truth as an essential element. Take away the sacred regard for truth, and you sap the very foundations of social order. Justice rests on truth. It would be difficult to imagine how truth could exist unless truth held supreme sway. When we consider the importance and necessity of truth to society we can understand better why God, who is the author of society, commands us to be always truthful and why He uses such apparently harsh language against lying and the liar.

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord," "a thief is better than a man who is always lying," "thou wilt destroy all who speak a lie," "a lie is a foul blot on a man," such are some of the severe but just terms in which God denounces lies and liars.

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