

The Catholic Record.

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

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1553.

My Neighbors Girl.

My neighbor's girl is a snow-white bride,
Her face is as white as my father's side,
And her little head bends 'neath her bridal wreath
"As low as mine's bowed with care."
Her eyes are dimmed by her many weeps,
And dim are mine, too, with tears,
Her lover stands by and he whispers low—
"Oh, long are the weary years."
O God, be kind to the little white wife,
Late comes her woman's dole-
My man he sleeps in the clear green sea,
O God, be good to his soul!

My neighbor's wife lies still and pale,
But her smiling eyes are wide,
For a little head leans at her curving breast
Her tender heart beside.
And little she reck of her woman's pain,
Awailed with woman's tears,
As her man-child stirs in his sleep—
"Oh, long are the weary years!"
O God, be kind to the rosy child,
Late come his mother's dole—
The clover grows over my baby's head—
O God, keep safe his soul!

My neighbor's hands fold close the cross,
That lies on his quiet breast,
The candles gleam at his head and his feet,
And the priest prays long and sweet,
The din of the noisy world without
Rolls over his patient ears,
I look on my waiting aching heart—
"Oh, long are the weary years!"
O God, be good to the toiling man,
Shut be his heart from the world,
My heart's apart from this weary earth,
O God, call home my soul—
—Gertrude E. King, in *Appleson's Magazine*, April.

CARDINAL LOGUE ON AMERICA.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, who arrived from America at Queenstown on Saturday, June 13, preached at the 12 o'clock Mass in St. Colman's Cathedral, Queenstown, on Sunday. The subject of his sermon was his visit to the United States, in reference to which he said:

"We had the most striking proof that could be placed before men's eyes of the vitality and the activity and the triumphant success of the Church of Christ in our great nation. One of the great nations of Christendom of the present day affords a spectacle of the triumph which Christ's kingdom has achieved over the souls of men. We have been eye-witnesses of it on a great occasion. We were invited by the Archbishop of New York to join in the solemn ceremonies which were undertaken to give thanks to God and to celebrate one hundred years of the work of this teaching of the Gospel, and, my dear brethren, the result was wonderful. When we consider what the Church in America was a hundred years ago, before 1808, and when we consider what it is now, not only in the Archdiocese of New York, but throughout the whole of the United States, in all its States and all its Territories, we see realized the promise of Christ to His apostles: 'Behold, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world.' Even in the early days of the Church there was hardly a more striking proof of the vitality and the efficacy of the Gospel in conquering men's minds than we had observing the progress that has been made by the Church in the great country during a hundred years.

"To give you an idea of it, I took down a few statistics to bring before your minds what we saw with our eyes. Before 1808 there was one Bishop in the United States, Bishop Carroll, who played a leading part in the great movement which resulted in the independence of the United States. He was the only Bishop, and the handful of Catholics there were scattered over the wild country almost without priests, and to a great extent without Mass and without sacraments.

"What do we see at the present day? We see 14 Archbishops in the United States, 90 Bishops, 10,789 secular priests, 3,655 of the regular clergy, making a total of 14,484. There are 7,643 churches—that is to say, parish churches with pastors; there are 3,941 mission churches and churches which have Mass occasionally, and, as far as can be ascertained, the total of Catholics in the United States, which has grown out of the handful in 1808, is now, some say, fifteen millions. It is thought that when the census, which is being taken now by one of the American Archbishops, commissioned by the Government, has been made out it will reach nearly twenty millions.

FRUITS OF OUR HOLY FAITH.

"The Church is alive and strong and vigorous. There was no coldness about the Catholics that we met in the United States. We found none who were ashamed of their holy religion. From those in the highest walks of life to the poor laboring men who were taking care of the streets, they were all proud of their holy faith, prepared to acknowledge it and to show their pride in it. There was no grumbling; none of the spirit of criticism and carping, which, unfortunately, has begun to introduce itself in Ireland at the present day. You would not find there what I saw by a newspaper this morning; you would not find there a Catholic in any walk of life who would stand on a public platform and declare to his hearers that the pulpit was the platform of cowards. Such was the expression that was given to the feelings of a certain politician in England lately.

After describing the scene in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on occasion of the principal religious ceremony of the century, the Cardinal continued:

So much for the ceremonies in the church. But outside the church there was a manifestation of Catholic feeling which would make a person feel proud of the name of Catholic. The laity thought, and rightly thought, that they should take a leading part in the celebration, and the means which they devised for taking this part in the celebration was to have a public procession, or what they call a parade, I believe, in the United States; and a general in the army, General Barry, was summoned from Cuba to organize this procession and discipline the people who were to take part in it. I may

mention, in passing, that he was not left without his reward. The President of the United States, on the occasion of his coming to organize the procession, raised him to the highest grade which a general can have in America, the grade of brigadier general. Perhaps the two things had no connection, but every one believed that they had. Every one believed that the President wanted, by raising this Catholic general to the highest grade in the army, in connection with his organizing this procession, to show his own sympathy with the great Catholic celebration in New York, and he showed it expressly besides. He wrote a most beautiful letter to the Archbishop, conveying his congratulations and the congratulations of America, on the triumph of the Church in the great celebration in which we all took part.

A DISPLAY OF POWER.

"That march past of the multitude opened my eyes, and the eyes even of New York's as they told me themselves, to the strength and vitality and the vigor and the boldness, if I may so express myself, of the Catholic faith in New York. That general rode at the head of his procession until he reached a place where they turned off in other streets and dispersed and then he came back to the immense platform raised there for all the visitors, and he was sitting near me. He counted the files of men passing and the time they took, and he found that they were marching at the rate of fifteen thousand an hour. The procession took three hours in passing the stand, so that there must have been forty-five thousand men marching past in that procession.

"And who were these men? There at the head of the procession were the Catholic judges of New York, and the Catholic lawyers, and the Catholic doctors, and the members, numerous as they are, of the Catholic Club, which includes all the leading gentlemen of New York. They were not ashamed to make that public profession of their faith; they were not ashamed to come down amongst the people to march past their Archbishop and make that public profession of their attachment to him and of their attachment to their holy religion. And then came various societies and confraternities, and the people. And though the procession, I could see for myself, was principally made up of Irishmen, and descendants of Irishmen, you had Germans, Italians and Poles in lesser numbers, of course, than the Irish, and you had Catholics from every country marching in that great procession. I do not believe there is any other city in the world that could have turned out the display of men. I do not believe there is any other place in the world where such a public profession could be made of the Catholic faith. It was a powerful display of the attachment of these people to the Church, and that was one of the principal things that struck me during my visit to the United States, both in the Archdiocese of New York and in all other dioceses that were visited, because we went a good deal about through the country, and we went to Canada and elsewhere.

THE SECRET OF CATHOLIC SUCCESS HERE.

"Everywhere we went I found the most cordial and affectionate relations between the people in every grade of society and the Bishops and the clergy. This is one of the points of a lively faith, and that is one of the means by which Almighty God will preserve the faith in the United States. I forgot to mention that there was a great assembly, where the most eloquent men of America addressed themselves to the people and professed publicly their attachment to the Catholic Church and to our Holy Father the Pope. It was a magnificent display. Well, in organizing that and in the ceremonies and in the procession the Archbishop's word regulated everything. The lay gentlemen concerned acted by his direction, and took instruction from him, and they showed themselves just like children in his hands; and I believe that that is the secret of the success and the triumph of the faith in the United States. As long as that lasts, the Church will be prosperous and the Church will be successful in evangelizing the people, and even in bringing others into the fold. That was one of the things I had the satisfaction of witnessing during my time in America.

"I went down to Philadelphia—I intended to go anyhow—to visit the Archbishop, but a good priest, one of his leading priests, who was born in my diocese, died, and I went to his funeral. He was Mgr. Garvey, who was head of the Seminary in the Philadelphia Archdiocese. He died after two or three days' sickness, to our great sorrow. I went to the funeral, which was attended by the Archbishop of New York and by a number of Bishops who were friends of the deceased, and by numbers of priests beyond my counting. I met there on the occasion seven ministers who came into the Catholic Church in a body, and I met there also a lady, who will yet be canonized, Mother Drexel. She came down to see one of these clergymen who had been a leading man in the Protestant Church, and the founder and superior of a convent of Protestant nuns. She came down there to concert means with him of receiving that whole convent of Protestant nuns into the Church. So that you see that the faith is not only flourishing amongst Catholics, but that it is making progress amongst those outside the Church.

BEAUTIFUL UNION OF CLERGY AND PEOPLE.

"And I believe, under God's providence and God's grace, which works everything in us, I believe that the external means by which God carries out that great work in America is the beautiful union which exists between the clergy and people—faith and affection on the part of the people and paternal interest on the part of the clergy.

There is no one work to which the priest can set his hand there in which the people are not prepared to co-operate as regards the risk, the expense and the sacrifice involved.

"On this day fortnight I was asked to lay the foundation-stone of a new church, and the people were there in multitudes, prepared to back up their pastor in founding that new church in a new district. It is outside the city at present, but the city is creeping up to it, and the place is becoming peopled, and they want a church. On the evening of the same day I was present at the laying of the foundation of new schools that will take up as much space as your Cathedral here and there again the people were in multitudes, and gave their contributions to the pastor who was raising these schools.

"All these things are done by the Catholics themselves. They get no part of the subsidy which is given by the State for the education of the children, but their parochial schools are the glory of the Church in America, and the children receive a magnificent education in them. So much so that merchants and others, as I saw by the newspapers, seeking assistants for their various offices and stores, try to get as many as they can from the Parochial schools, passing over those who are educated in the State schools, because, they say, in the Parochial schools they find boys and girls who know their business and who will be obedient and respectful to those who employ them.

DEBT TO IRELAND.

"There is no doubt that at the present day there are great multitudes of splendid Catholics from Germany and from Poland, and some of them from Austria, and even from the East, who have their own Eastern priests and their own rites, and the Bishops make every provision for them and provide them with churches, and allow them, as the Pope himself does, to carry out their ceremonies according to the rites of their Church. They are not schismatic Greeks, like the Russians. They are Catholics, united to the Catholic Church. You have them from these countries, but when all comes to all you will find that the United States owes the Catholic faith to Ireland. There is no doubt whatever about that; the Irish were the first to raise the standard of the cross in the United States. Of course, in South America the early Spaniards took care to make their conquest, not merely a secular but a religious. But I am speaking of the United States only, and it is an acknowledged fact that the faith of the United States is an Irish faith, and hence it is that they have so many churches dedicated to St. Patrick, and hence it is that they have such a veneration for St. Patrick, and hence it is that the good Archbishop of New York was good enough to ask your good Bishop and myself—and, indeed, he asked other Bishops, but they were not able to join him—to celebrate his great centenary, because all feel and all acknowledge that what the Catholic Church is in the United States at the present day is due in a great measure to Irish faith, Irish piety and Irish fidelity to the teaching which was handed down to the people through their forefathers from St. Patrick's time to the present day.

"There is another thing, though perhaps the Church is not a place to speak of it. I never received more kindness, and your Bishop will tell you the same, than we both received in the United States, and we must say in justice that the kindness and hospitality we received was not confined to Catholics. We found that our countrymen of other creeds, and even Americans, were just as ready to receive and show us kindness, and to go to trouble that we are not accustomed to in this country to make us at home. So that is one reason why I left the United States with great regret, and why the strong feeling of affection I had for that great country before, as being the home of so many of our race, has been increased a hundred-fold by my visit.

A CLERGY FUTURE.

"I trust that the great country will prosper and go on in God's holy fear and love, and that the faith, which is so strong amongst a large body of the people at present, will spread and take hold of men's minds, keep them faithful to the truths of the Gospel, faithful to the religion of Jesus Christ, in which they were born, and that their general well-being and that of their spiritual welfare will proceed as it has proceeded during the last hundred years, and, if it does, that country will be one of the greatest countries, perhaps the greatest country, in the world. They have vast resources, and if they keep within the four corners of the Gospel, keep to justice, charity and purity of life, they will assert for themselves a place which few, perhaps no empire, has had since the most flourishing days of the Roman Empire."—*Phil. Catholic Standard and Times*.

The Pope's Joke.

Rome, March 15.—The Vatican is chuckling over a little jest by the Pope. He has a friend in Venice who is sick. Last week he received in audience a Hebrew gentleman who is also a friend of the invalid. In bidding his visitor farewell the Pope said:

"If you see our friend tell him I send him my apostolic blessing."

"But your Holiness," objected the other, "I am a Jew."

"That does not matter," retorted the Pope, "the goods are all right, though the packing might be bad."

A Catholic who tells you, "I don't read a Catholic paper," is apt to have a son who will say, "I don't go to church."

ONLY A ROSE.

One Sunday afternoon in the month of October as I was passing through the Rue de Vaugirard in Paris, it suddenly began to rain. Mechanically I looked to the right and left seeking a place of shelter. The little church of the Carmelites was near by and thither I hastened. When I entered I saw on all sides decorations of flowers and lights, and an immense crowd assembled.

"What feast are they celebrating?" I asked an old lady who was kneeling beside me saying her beads.

She raised her head in astonishment. "This is the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and as a memento of the day, the reverend fathers are going to present all in church with a blessed rose."

With difficulty I made my way forward through the crowd, when the Father Prior began to speak. His pale and noble countenance lighted up with a heavenly joy, inspired, respected; the myriads of candles that burned around the altar formed for him a kind of brilliant aureole; his mild and penetrating eyes rested with pleasure upon the pious throng that surrounded him and listened to his words. His address was brief and simple.

"I am going to distribute roses among you," he said. "They are very small, for we are poor. Let their perfume remind you of the virtues of the Queen of Heaven, and inspire you with the desire of striving to imitate her example. They are blessed, that they may bring to your homes the blessing of Mary. Mothers, let them adorn the cradle of your children. Wives, present them to your husbands; tell them this flower will serve as a monitor when duty calls them from you. Young maidens, wear them on your breast, that the aspirations of your heart may be to Jesus and Mary united in the same love."

Then began the distribution. When I approached to receive my rose, the Prior smiled; he seemed to read in my thought that word chance that had brought me there. I bowed and left the church much more serious than when I entered. I returned home and placed the blessed rose on the portrait of my mother. Poor mother! she seemed to look upon me then more tenderly than ever. Perhaps it was her prayer in heaven that had directed my steps. I passed the time in reflecting upon how little things often produce great effects. I cannot tell now all that my surging thoughts revealed to my mystic rose; it was almost a confession; and the little flower was the heavenly balm that I applied to the festering wounds of my heart. "To-morrow," I said to myself that evening, "I will return to that church and ask for that good Prior and say to him: 'The rose has brought me back, repentant and converted.'"

MODERNISM.

When Modernism first came to the front non-Catholics, especially Anglicans of the High Church school, were inclined to welcome it as one more case of desecration amongst Catholics, which is always so dear to them. Liberal Catholics have for a long time been the hope of the Church. It is a pity that it should become the predominant feature in the Church then the High Churchman hoped that the obviously unsatisfactory position in which he is placed might be obviated. Then Rome would be inclined to yield, and be willing to come to an arrangement with the Anglican Church, or at any rate that party which delights to call itself Catholic though not Roman Catholic. There would then be the possibility of union without trouble, if only to save the very name of Christianity in the world. Anglican orders would be recognised, and there would be the realization of the High Church Anglican dream of a number of schools of thought diametrically opposed possibly, but still united in the maintenance of a semblance, at least, of hierarchical rule under the presidency of the Pope of Rome. These dreams they will pursue for the use of the term we trust, are anxious to have universal recognition of their Catholicity, which they fully understand is only possible, when there is a closer union with the only Church which all acknowledge as Catholic, while at the same time retaining their freedom to believe and teach anything they choose. The one thing that is essential is the recognition of an authority which in matters of faith and morals they must submit to whether they can agree with it or not. The advent therefore of the Modernists to these men was a godsend. Here were Roman Catholics, admitted as such by all, who yet doubted the infallibility of the decisions of the Holy See, who while continuing to say Mass—a word dear to Anglicans of this school though for obvious reasons they dare not use it publicly—were adapting their teaching to the vagaries known as Modern Thought. Men who did not hesitate to question the dogmas of the Church as archaic expressions of opinions of a by-gone age. Men, too, who while thus teaching, were yet wearing the vestments of the Catholic ceremonial and showing themselves in every respect ritualists in the true water. When, therefore, the Holy Father in his encyclical of last year condemned in no uncertain terms these teachers as heretics, the High Church party was furious, and with the help of so-called Roman Catholic correspondents of its journals, denounced His Holiness as behind the times, ignorant, misinformed and everything else which was bad. Now, however, their eyes are being opened, and they are beginning to see that Modernism is right not only in the end of anything like absolute authority on matters of religion, which they were only too glad to admit, but also to the belief

in the miraculous and the supernatural which would leave them nothing, even as Anglicans, to fight for. The extract which we print in the following paragraph from the British Weekly brings out this change of opinion so forcibly in its comments on a speech lately delivered by the Protestant Bishop of Birmingham, that we feel it is worthy of reproduction for the benefit of our readers.

"Bishop Gore, whose illness we all deeply regret, delivered last week a very thoughtful and weighty address on Modernism. At first the High Anglicans were much disposed to welcome the Modernist movement in the Roman Catholic Church. They did not see whereunto that movement was growing. They took it that when men like Loisy criticised the narratives of miraculous events, they believed, nevertheless, that miraculous events actually occurred. It is difficult to see how they thought so, but they know better now. Loisy has shown himself to be a downright unbeliever, willing to use in priestly robes the language of belief. We have already pointed out the portentous nature of the new situation. We are threatened with a race of unbelieving priests, who believe in nothing but their own priestly claims. Dr. Gore said: 'We have, rather widespread, a combination which is more or less new in experience, a combination of a high sacramental doctrine with intense dogmatic weakness at the centre. This is a movement full of peril, because it seems to hold on, while in reality it surrenders all.' It is an immortal masquerade. On the absolute necessity for miracle in religion, Dr. Gore spoke with his accustomed boldness and force. 'He could not conceive any element of trustworthiness which could belong to Christianity as a positive religion if it was mistaken in its appeal to experience with regard to the great central event of the Resurrection. Nor again was he able to enter in the least into the state of mind which held that it would not make a fundamental difference to the actual strength, the moral and practical strength, of the Christian creed if we began to doubt all this. He must frankly confess that he was quite certain that his moral hopes were bound up with his belief in the miracles which were recorded of Christ, perhaps most of all with regard to the miracle of the Resurrection, but not with regard to that exclusively.' The one alternative to supernatural religion now offered to us is Unitarianism, but it is not the old honest Unitarianism. It is the dishonest Unitarianism, which clings to loaves and fishes and robes and titles and words, while it has forfeited the right to all."

FROM A NON-CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

On the closing day of a mission held recently at Ithaca, N. Y., the seat of Cornell University, the Right Rev. Edmund J. McQuaid, D. D., confirmed a class of forty-five converts and gave one of the ablest addresses in defense of the Catholic faith ever heard in that city. The sermon was prompted by a recent blasphemous utterance by a Cornell professor, who would have the world now believe that Jesus Christ was only a mere man, and not the Son of God as well as the Son of Mary. An editorial in appreciation of the Catholic Church and the benefits of a Catholic mission appeared in the Ithaca Daily News, as follows:

"Century after century the mighty arm of the Catholic Church has been stretched forth to subdue the powers of darkness. Unwavering in her profession, unwavering in her teachings, the grand old Church of Rome has thundered forth, year in and year out, that the wages of sin is death. In vain have the tides of atheism beat against her adamantine ramparts; in vain has so-called 'advanced theology' levelled its slugs and shot and volley fire into her entrenched camps. The Catholic Church stands today, as it has stood, for the inviolability of the faith, and supreme in the hearts of the people who compose its membership. No one of properly balanced mind in or out of the Catholic Church, can fail to admire and profoundly respect a structure that can survive as it does, as defying all this, without ever so much as asking quarter or conceding a hair's breadth. As for Christian people professing whatever creed, they surely must rejoice that a defender of the faith so sturdy and so able remains to them. For the Catholic Church belongs by no means to the Catholic priesthood and to their immediate followers; it belongs to the Christian world."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

The Passing of Bigotry.

The imposition of a fine of \$150 on a newsdealer in New York for selling copies of a French and Italian anti-Catholic publication is another illustration of the marked change in public sentiment toward the Catholic body on the American side. Less than thirty years ago it was considered no offense to revile the Church, her clergy and members—as now the people "won't stand for it," as the saying is. The day of the bigot and the defamer is passing—a new era has dawned, and we should rejoice and be grateful. The change of attitude toward us is due first to a prudent desire to have the conservative force of the Church remain as a bulwark of society in times when other forces are making strongly against the rights of property and the rights of individuals; secondly, to a growing recognition of the fact that for all foreign-born citizens of the country and their descendants the Catholic Church affords a home infinitely safer than either sectarianism or secularism.—*Ave Marie*.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Right Rev. Paul Eugene Roy, who has been consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec, Canada, is one of a family of twenty, fifteen of whom are living and four of whom are priests.

The will of the late Senator Thomas Cunningham of New York disposes of an estate valued at nearly \$1,000,000, of which \$63,000 is given for religious and charitable purposes.

Among the converts recently received into the Church, was Mr. Isaac Stein of Denver, Col., who was baptized and received the last rites on his deathbed. At the close of the ceremony, he passed quietly away. Mr. Stein was a member of the Jewish faith, and in the early days of Denver was a prominent politician.

The Catholic World of New York has purchased Donohoe's Magazine and with the July number the latter magazine will cease to be published. The purchase means no change in the editorial management or the character of the Catholic World. Donohoe's was one of the oldest Catholic magazines in this country and many will regret its disappearance from the field of contemporary Catholic literature.

Martha Moore Avery, who was for a number of years one of the leaders of thought among socialists, and whose brilliant career for her world-wide reputation, who recently embraced the Catholic faith, is one of the most active workers in the promotion and development of the new Catholic university which is to be built at Newton, Mass., under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers of Boston college.

A chapel for celebrating Mass is rarely found in connection with a hotel, yet Mexico City provides such a convenience for the use of visiting priests. It is believed to be the only one of its kind in the republic and receives the patronage of priests stopping in the city. The hotel which provides this accommodation is the Colon. For years it has maintained a private chapel and on this account has gained a wide reputation.

The Rev. Thomas S. Lee has given \$10,000 to the Catholic University at Washington for the establishment of a fellowship in the faculty of theology, to aid priests in acquiring the degree of doctor of theology. The fellowship is at the disposition of the University, and has attached to it but one obligation, the saying of twelve Masses annually for the soul of the donor's parents, their ancestors and descendants. Father Lee is pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C.

St. Francis' Home for Orphan Boys, the gift of the Catholic clergy and laity of Detroit to Bishop Foley, in honor of the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood, which was celebrated last September, was dedicated July 5, with imposing ceremonies. The Bishop, who officiated in person, was met on the outskirts of the city and escorted to the new institution by a procession of Catholic societies. The new institution is located on a plot of about six acres. The building is 162x192 ft. in dimensions. It is constructed of brick, stone and steel and is wholly fireproof. It represents an expenditure of \$250,000.

Recently in a sermon on the subject, Right Rev. Mgr. Lynch of Utica, N. Y., gave the record of mixed marriages in his own parish and their sad results. In the last 25 years there were only 609 marriages in the Church, and of those 178, or nearly one-third, were mixed marriages. Of the 178 non-Catholic parties, 74 had never been baptized. Allowing 2 children to each marriage, Mgr. Lynch showed that, according to the census of the parish, 225 children were lost to the faith. Assuming that half of these children marry Protestants, it is evident the Church's loss is greatly increased. The quickest and surest way, declared the prelate, to destroy the Catholic Church in any community is to allow mixed marriages.

Six of the Protestant Episcopal ministers recently received into the Church will enter the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, in September, where Messrs. Henckell, Hawkes, and Bourne have already preceded them. Those who will enter at the beginning of the scholastic year are Dr. William McGarvey, Maurice L. Cowt and William L. Hayward, late of St. Elizabeth's Protestant Episcopal church, this city; Charles E. Bowles and Otho W. Gro-moll, late of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Chicago, and Edgar N. Cowan, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee. William H. McClellan, formerly of St. Elizabeth's Protestant Episcopal church, will become an instructor in a Jesuit college in September, and may later enter that order.

The Monitor of Newark, N. J., chronicles the death of a remarkable convert in the person of William L. Van Valkenberg, for more than thirty-five years a public official in New York City and in his home town of Bergenfield, N. J., of which place he was mayor for nine years. When, a few years ago, a Catholic congregation was formed in Bergenfield, the mayor was one of the first Protestants to encourage the movement. Little by little his admiration for the Catholic religion became so great and his desire of investigating the doctrine of the Church so strong, that in his old age he started to study with the simplicity of a child in a catechism class. His favored books were "Catholic Belief," the "Baltimore Catechism" and the "Faith of Our Fathers."

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENRIK CONSIECNE.

CHAPTER XXIII. CONTINUED.

A single banner alone now remained standing in all the French host; the royal standard still waved its glittering folds, its silver lilies, and all the sparkling jewels with which the arms of France were embroidered. Guy pointed out with his hand to the place where it stood, and cried to the golden knight, "Yonder stands our prize!"

They redoubled their efforts to break through the French host; but without avail, until Adolf van Nieuwland, finding a favorable spot, pierced along the masses of the enemy, and fought his way to the great standard. What hostile hand, what envious spirit, impelled the youthful warrior thus to certain and untimely death? Had they known what had not as yet been revealed, they would have shed their tears for him at that moment, how fervently and with how many repetitions his name came before God on the wings of a maiden's prayers, they could not have thus ruthlessly consigned him to destruction!

For the royal banner was circled round by a band of noble and valiant knights, who had sworn by their troth and by their honor that they would die rather than suffer it to be taken from their keeping. And what could Adolf do against the flower of French chivalry? Words of scornful taunting greeted him, countless swords waved above his head; and, notwithstanding the marvelous intrepidity, he could no longer defend himself. Already his blood streamed from beneath his helm, and his eyes were clouded by the mists of death. Feeling that his last moment was come, he cried, "Matilda! Matilda! farewell!" and gathering up his remaining strength, he threw himself, with the energy of despair, upon the swords of his foes, forced his way through them to the standard, and wrenched it from the standard-bearer; but it was torn from him in an instant by numberless hands, his strength forsook him, he fell forward on his horse, and the whelming sea of foes closed over him.

The golden knight saw in a moment the danger of Adolf; he thought of the hopeless anguish of the wretched Matilda were her beloved to die by the hand of the enemy; and turning to his men, he cried, with a voice which rose like a thunder-clap above the crash of battle: "Forward, men of Flanders!"

Like the raging sea, which chafes against its embankment with fury irresistible—like that sea when, under some overmastering wave, the impediment to its mad career has been swept away, and it rolls its foaming billows over the plain, tearing up the trees by their roots, and dashing whole villages to the ground—so sprang forward the herd of Flemish lions at the cry of the unknown knight.

The French were burning with too fierce a courage for the Flemings to hope to overthrow them by one impetuous onset; but the clubs and halberds fell thick and fast as hail upon them. Long and desperate was the struggle; men and horses were mingled together in indescribable confusion; but soon the French knights were so hemmed in that they could not move, and they were driven slowly from their position. The axe of the golden knight had cleared his way to the standard, and he was closely followed by Guy and Arnold van Oudenarde, with a few of the bravest Flemings. He looked anxiously in the direction of the banner for the green plume of Adolf van Nieuwland; but it was not to be seen, and he thought he perceived it further on amongst the Flemings. The forty chosen knights who stood ranged around the standard now rushed upon the golden knight; but he wielded his axe with such effect that not a sword touched him. His first blow crushed the head of Alin de Breteagne, his second broke the ribs of Richard de Falaise; and all around the Flemings emulated his valor. The bearer of the standard now retreated, in order to preserve it from capture; but Robert with one blow thrust aside three or four of his foes, and pursued him into the midst of a group of Frenchmen at some distance from the spot where the conflict was raging, and succeeded at length in grasping his prize. A whole troop of knights now assailed him to retake the banner; but the golden knight, placing it as a spear in its rest, dashed impetuously amongst his pursuers. And thus he won his way back to the Flemish army, where he held aloft the captured standard, and cried, "Flanders! the Lion! the victory is ours!"

He was answered by a universal shout of joy; and the courage and strength of the Flemings seemed to increase every moment. Guy de St. Pol was yet posted at the Pottelberg with about ten thousand foot soldiers and a goodly troop of cavalry. He had already packed up all the valuables in the camp; and was about to save himself by flight, when Pierre Lebrun, one of those who had been fighting near the royal standard, dashed up to him, and cried: "What, St. Pol! can you act thus? Can you fly like a dastard, and leave unavenged the deaths of Robert d'Artois and our brethren in arms? Stay, I implore you, for the sake of the honor of France! Let us rather die than endure this shame; advance your troops, and victory may yet be ours."

But Guy de St. Pol would hear nothing of fighting; fear had taken complete possession of him, and he replied: "Messire Lebrun, I know my duty. I will not allow the baggage to be captured; it is better I should lead back the survivors to France, than that I should hurry them to certain destruction."

"And will you, then, abandon to the enemy all who are still fighting bravely sword in hand? Surely this is a traitor's deed; and if I survive this day, I will impeach you before the king for disloyalty and cowardice."

"Prudence compels my retreat, Messire Lebrun. I shall go, whatever you may think fit to say of me hereafter; for you are now too much excited to be capable of reflecting on all the circumstances of your position. Rage has bereft you of your reason."

"And you are benumbed and paralyzed by cowardice," retorted Pierre Lebrun. "Do as you will; to show you that I am as prudent as yourself, I shall march with my division to cover and assist the retreat."

He then took a troop of two thousand foot soldiers, and hastened with them to the field of battle. The number of the French was now so much reduced and there were so many gaps in their line, that the Flemings were enabled to assail them at the same time in front and in rear. The golden knight observed at once Lebrun's movement and its intention; he saw clearly that St. Pol was about to make his escape with the baggage, and he sprang to the side of Guy to inform him of his plan of the enemy. A few moments after, several Flemish hands dispersed themselves over the plain. Messire John Borlout, with the men of Ghent, hurried along the wall of the city and fell on Lebrun's flank; while the butchers, with their Dean, Jan Breydel, made a detour round the castle of Nedermoschere, and fell on the rear of the French camp.

St. Pol's soldiers had not reckoned on fighting; they were busied in packing together a crowd of precious things when the axes of the butchers, and death in their train, took them by surprise. St. Pol, being well mounted, made good his escape, without bestowing further thought on the fate of his troops. Soon the camp was won, and in a few moments not a Frenchman remained alive within it, while the Flemings took possession of all the gold and silver goblets, and of the countless treasures, which the French had brought with them.

On the field of battle the conflict had not yet ceased; about a thousand horsemen still persisted in their defence; they had resolved to sell their lives as dear as possible. Among them were more than a hundred noble knights, who had vowed not to survive the defeat, and so fought on with a calm and despairing courage. But at length they were driven on towards the walls of the city into the Bitter marsh, and their steeds sank into the treacherous bank of the Ronduite brook. The knights could no longer manage or assist their horses; so they sprang upon the ground, ranged themselves in a circle, and continued the fight with desperate energy. Many of them were, however, stifled in the Bitter marsh, which soon became a lake of blood, wherein were seen heads and arms, and legs of slain warriors mingled with helmets and broken swords, and which has preserved a memorial of this dismal tragedy in its present name, "The Bloody Marsh."

When some Lilyards, among whom where John van Gistel, and a number of the men at Brabant, saw that escape was impossible, they mingled with the Flemings and shouted: "Flanders! the Lion! Hail, hail Flanders!"

They thought thus to elude the notice of their countrymen; but a clothworker rushed from the throng towards John van Gistel, and struck him a blow on the head which crushed his skull to fragments, muttering the while: "Did not my father tell you, traitor, that you would not die in your bed, but that you would die in the field?"

The others were soon recognized by the make of their weapons, and hewn down or pierced without pity, as traitors and recreants. The young Guy felt a profound pity for the remaining knights who maintained so brave and obstinate a defence, and called to them to surrender, assuring them that their lives should be spared. Convinced that neither courage nor intrepidity could avail them, they yielded and were disarmed, and given into the custody of John Borlout. The most illustrious of these noble captives was Thibaud II., subsequently Duke of Lorraine; the remainder were all of noble name, famous as valiant knights; their number was about sixty.

And now their remained on the field not a single enemy to be vanquished; only here and there in the distance were seen a few fugitives hastening to secure a safe retreat.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Although a great part of the Flemish troops was engaged in pursuit of the flying enemy, there still remained some companies drawn up in order on the battlefield.

John Borlout gave orders to his men to keep a strict watch on the field until the following day, according to the custom of war. The division led by Borlout consisted now of three thousand men of Ghent; and in addition to these, many others had remained on the ground, either wounded or exhausted by fatigue. And now that the victory was won, and the chains of their fatherland broken, the Flemings testified their joy by repeated cries of, "Flanders and the Lion! Victory! Victory!" Their shouts were echoed back from the walls of the city by the men of Ypres and Courtrai with even greater energy. They, too, might well shout victory; for while the battle was raging on the Groeningen Place, the Castellain van Lens had made a sortie from the citadel, and would have reduced the city to ashes, had not the men of Ypres made so vigorous a resistance, that they drove him back into the citadel after a long conflict. The castellain found that scarcely a tenth part of his soldiers had escaped the rage of the citizens.

The captains and knights now returned to the camp, and through round the golden knight, to express to him their fervent gratitude; but, fearful of betraying himself, he answered not a word. Guy, who was standing at his side, turned to the knights and said: "Messires, the knight who has so wondrously delivered us and all the land of Flanders, is a crusader, and wishes to remain unknown. The noblest son of Flanders bears his name."

The knights were silent immediately; and every one was endeavoring to guess who this could be, who was at once so brave, so noble, and so lofty of stature. Those of them who remembered the meeting at the wood in the valley were not long in recognizing him; but remembering their pledges, they kept profound silence. Others there were who had no doubt that the unknown was the Count of Flanders himself; but the wish of the golden knight

to remain unknown imposed on them also the obligation of secrecy.

After Robert had conversed awhile with Guy in a low voice, he cast his eye over the surrounding group of knights; and then turning to Guy, with troubled and dejected on his features, he said: "I do not see Adolf van Nieuwland; an agonizing doubt troubles me. Can it be that my young friend has fallen beneath the sword of the foe? That would indeed be to me an intolerable and an enduring grief; and my poor Matilda! how will she mourn her good brother?"

"He cannot be dead, Robert; I am sure that I saw his green plume waving just now among the trees of the Neerland wood. He must be in close pursuit of the foe; you saw with what irrepensible fury he threw himself upon the French in the battle. Fear nothing for him; God will not have allowed him to be slain."

"O Guy, are you speaking the truth? My heart is wrung, and it was this day without an ally of bitterness. I pray you, my brother, let the men of Messire Borlout search the field, and see whether Adolf is among the slain. I will go to console my anxious Matilda; the presence of her father will be at least a momentary consolation."

He then greeted the knights courteously, and hastened to the Abbey of Groeningen. Guy gave orders to John Borlout to disperse his men over the field, and to bring the wounded and dead knights into the tents. As they began their search, they were seen suddenly to stand still, as though arrested by some sight of horror. Now that the heat and rage of the conflict had subsided, their eyes ranged over the broad plain, where lay in hideous confusion the mangled bodies of men and horses, standards and broken armor. Here and there a wounded man stretched his hands towards them with a piteous cry, and a low wailing, more dismal than the deepest solitude, filled the air; it was the voice of the wounded, crying, "Water! water! For God's sake water!"

As the men of Ghent roamed over the field, they sought those in whose bosoms were yet some pulses of life, and brought them with care into the camp. One and another was employed to fetch water from the Gavel brook, and to give it to the sight to watch the eagerness with which the wounded seized it, and with what gratitude, with what glistening eyes, they welcomed the refreshing draught.

The soldiers had received orders to bring every knight they found killed or wounded, into the camp. They had already recovered more than half of the slain, and had traversed a considerable extent of the field of battle. As they drew near the place where the strife had been most deadly, they found the dead more numerous. They were busily removing the helmet of Messire van Maelchelan, when they heard close at hand a low moan, which seemed to issue from the ground. They listened, but all was lying stretched across the bodies, and gave the faintest token of life. Suddenly the moan was repeated; it came from a little distance, from between two prostrate horses. After many efforts, they succeeded in drawing one of the horses aside, and found the knight from whom the sound proceeded. He was drenched in the blood of many of the foe. His armor was indented and broken by the tread of horses; his right hand still convulsively grasped his sword, while in his left was a green veil. His pallid features bore the impress of approaching death, and he gazed on his John Borlout with restless wandering looks.

John Borlout recognized in a moment the unfortunate Adolf van Nieuwland. They looked in haste the joints of his mail, raised his head gently, and moistened his lips with water. His falling voice murmured some unintelligible words, and his eyes closed as if his soul had at length taken its flight from his tortured body. The breeze and the refreshing water had overpowered him; and he lost for some moments all consciousness. When he at length opened his eyes, like one whose life was ebbing fast, he pressed Borlout's hand, and said—so slowly, that between each word there was a long pause—

"I am dying. You see it, Messire John; my soul cannot linger much longer on earth. But beware me not; I die contented, for our fatherland is delivered—free—free—"

His voice here failed him. His breath grew shorter; his head dropped; he slowly brought the green veil to his lips, and imprinted on it a last kiss. This done, he lost all consciousness, and fell apparently lifeless in the arms of John Borlout. Yet his heart continued to beat, and the warmth of his body became tokened remains of life. The captain of Ghent did not so hastily abandon hope, but conveyed the wounded knight to the camp with the tenderest care.

Matilda had taken refuge in a cell of the Abbey of Groeningen during the battle, whither she was accompanied by Adolf's sister. Her terror and anxiety were extreme; her relatives, her beloved Adolf—all were in that fearful conflict. On the issue of this contest, waged by the Flemings against so powerful a foe, hung the freedom of her father; this field of battle would either win again for him the throne of Flanders, or forever crumble it to dust. What the death of all she loved was inevitable, and that some horrible doom awaited herself. As the war-trumpets echoed over the field, all maidens shuddered and grew pale, as if in that sound the stroke of death had descended on them. Their terror was too great to be expressed in words; they fell on their knees, and hot tears streamed down their cheeks. And thus they lay in fervent prayer, motionless, almost lifeless, as though sunk in heavy slumber, while from time to time a deep groan broke from their crushed hearts. As they caught the distant sounds of the fight, Maria sighed: "O Thou Almighty, Lord God of Hosts, have mercy on us! Bring us help in this our hour of need, O Lord!"

And Matilda's gentle voice continued:

"O loving Jesus, Redeemer of men, shield him! Call him not to Thee, O Jesus most merciful! Holy Mother of God, pray for us! O Mother of Christ, consolation of the afflicted, pray for him!"

Then the roar of battle came nearer, and filled their hearts with fresh alarms; and their hands shook like the tender leaves of the aspen-tree. Deeper sank their heads upon their breasts, their tears flowed more abundantly, and their prayers were murmured with fainter voice; for terror had paralysed all their energies.

The strife lasted long; the appalling cry of the troops, as they fought hand to hand, resounded through the lonely cell. For long hours those low-whispered prayers went forth; and still they prayed, when the golden knight knocked at the abbey gate. The sound of heavy footsteps caused them to turn their eyes towards the door, and they were still and motionless with sweet anticipation.

"Adolf come again!" sighed Maria. "Oh, our prayer is heard!"

Matilda listened with greater eagerness, and replied in tones of sadness: "No, no, it is not Adolf; his step is not so heavy. O Maria, it may be a herald of evil tidings!"

The door of the cell turned on its hinges, a nun opened it; and the golden knight entered. Matilda's tender frame trembled with fear; she raised her eyes doubtfully and timidly to the stranger, who stood before her, and opened his arms to her. It seemed to her a delusive dream; but her agitation was fleeting as the lightning which flashes and is gone; she rushed eagerly forward and was clasped in her father's arms.

"My father!" she exclaimed; "my beloved father! do I see you again free—your chains broken? Let me press you to my heart. O God, how good Thou art! Do not turn away your face, dearest father; let me taste all my bliss."

Robert Bethune embraced his loving daughter with unutterable joy; and when their hearts at length beat more tranquilly, he laid his helmet and gloves of steel on the low stool on which Matilda had been kneeling. Worn by his exertions, he sank into a couch. Matilda threw her arms around him, gazing with admiration and awe on him whose face had been overcast to her so full of consolation and strength—on him whose noble blood flowed in her veins, and who loved her so deeply and tenderly; and she listened with beating heart to the words which that beloved voice murmured in her ear.

"Matilda," said he, "my noble child, God has long proved us with suffering; but now our sorrows are ended; Flanders is free—its avenger. The Black Lion has torn the Lilies to pieces, and the aliens are discomfited and driven back. Dismiss every fear; the vile mercenary of Joanna of Navarre are no more."

The maiden listened with agonized attention to the words of her father. She looked at him with a peculiar expression; she could but faintly smile. Joy had come so suddenly upon her, that she seemed deprived of all power of speech. After a few moments, she observed that her father had ceased speaking; and she said:

"O my God, our fatherland is free! The French are defeated and slain; and you, my father, I possess you once more. We shall go back again to our beautiful Wynandael. Sorrow shall no more cloud your days; and I shall pass my life joyfully and happily in your arms. This is beyond hope—beyond all that I have dared to ask of God in my prayers."

"Listen attentively, my child; and be calm. I beseech you; this day I must leave you again. The noble knight who released me from my bonds has my word of honor that I would return as soon as the battle was over."

"The maiden's head sank again upon her breast, and she sighed, in bitter grief:— "They will put you to a cruel death, O my poor father!"

"Do not be so fearful, Matilda," continued Robert; "my brother Guy has taken sixty French knights of noblest blood prisoners; Philip the Fair will be told that their lives are hostages for mine; and he cannot allow the brave survivors of his army to be offered up as victims to his vengeance. Flanders is now more powerful than France. So I implore you dry your tears. Rejoice, for a blessed future awaits us; I will restore Castle Wynandael again, that we may live in it as in days gone by. Then we shall again enjoy the chase, with our falcons on our wrist. Can you not imagine how merry our first hunting party will be?"

An inexpressibly sweet smile and a fervent kiss were Matilda's answer. But on a sudden a thought of pain seemed to cross her mind; for her countenance was overspread with gloom, and she bent her eyes on the ground, like one who is overcome by shame.

Robert looked at her inquiringly and asked: "Matilda, my child, why is your countenance so suddenly overcast with sadness?"

"The maiden only half raised her eyes, and answered with a low voice: "But my father—you say nothing of Adolf;—why did he not come with you?"

There was a slight pause before Robert replied. He discerned that unknown to herself, a profound feeling was slumbering in Matilda's heart; therefore not without design he answered her thus:—

"Adolf is detained by his duty, my child; fugitives are scattered over the plain, and I believe he is pursuing them. I may say to you, Matilda, that our friend, Adolf is the most valiant and the most noble knight I know. Never have I seen more manliness and intrepidity. Twice he saved the life of my brother Guy; beneath the banner royal of France the enemy fell in numbers beneath his sword; all the knights are repeating his praises, and ascribe to him a large share in the deliverance of Flanders."

While Robert was uttering these words, he kept his eye fixed on his

daughter, and scrutinized every emotion that flitted across her expressive features. He read there a mingled pride and rapture, and had no further doubt that his conjecture was well founded. Maria, the while, stood with her eyes fixed on Robert, and drank in with eager joy the praises which he bestowed so lavishly on her brother.

While Matilda was gazing on her father in a transport of bliss, there was heard suddenly a confused noise of voices in the court of the monastery. After a few moments all was again still; then the door of the cell opened, and Guy entered slowly, and with a disturbed countenance he came near to his brother, and said:

"A great disaster has befallen us my dear to us all; the men of Ghent found him on the field of battle, lying under a heap of slain, and they have brought him here into the monastery. His life trembles on his lips, and I think the hour of his death cannot be very distant. He anxiously begs to see you once more ere he quits this world; wherefore I pray you my brother, grant him this last favor." Then, turning to Maria, he continued: "He desires to see you also, noble maiden."

One cry of bitter anguish broke from the hearts of both maidens. Matilda fell lifeless into her father's arms; and Maria flew to the door, and rushed from the chamber in an agony of despair. Their cries brought two nuns into the cell, who took charge of the unhappy Matilda; her father stooped and kissed her, and turned to visit the dying Adolf; when the maiden, perceiving his intention, tore herself from the arms of the nuns, and clinging to her father, cried:

"Let me go with you my father; let me see him once more! Woe, woe is me; what a sharp sword pierces my heart! My father, I shall die with him; I feel already the approach of death. I must see him; come, come speedily; he is dying! O Adolf! Adolf!"

Robert gazed on his daughter with tender compassion; he could not doubt now the existence of that secret feeling which had slowly and quietly taken root in his daughter's heart. The discovery gave him no pain, caused him no displeasure; unable to comfort her with words, he pressed her to his heart. But Matilda disengaged herself from these tender bonds, and drew Robert towards the door, crying:

"O my father, have pity on me! Come, that I may once more hear the voice of my good brother, that his eyes may look on me once more before he dies."

She knelt down at his feet, and continued, amidst burning tears: "I implore you, do not reject my petition; hear me; grant it, my lord and my father."

Robert would have preferred leaving his daughter in the care of the nuns; for he feared, with reason, that the sight of the dying knight would completely overwhelm her; yet he could not deny her urgent prayers; he took her, therefore, by the hand, and said:

"Be it so, my daughter; go with me, and visit the unfortunate Adolf. But I pray you, disturb him not by your grief; think that God has this day bestowed on us a great mercy, and that he may be justly provoked to anger by your despair."

Ere these words were ended they had left the cell. Adolf had been brought into the refectory of the monastery, and laid carefully on a feather-bed upon the floor. A priest, well skilled in the healing art, had examined him with care, and found no open wound; long blue stripes indicated the blows he had received, and in many places were large bruises and contusions. He was bled; and then his body was carefully washed, and a restorative balsam applied. Through the care of the skillful priest he had recovered a measure of strength; but yet he seemed at the point of death, although his eyes were no longer so dull and listless.

Around his bed stood many knights in deep silence, mourning for their friend. John van Renesse, Arnold van Oudenarde, and Peter Deconinck assisted the priest in his operations; William van Guelick, John Borlout, and Baldwin van Papebrode stood at the left hand of the couch, while Guy, Jan Breydel, and the more illustrious knights, gazed on the wounded man with their heads bowed low in sorrow and in sympathy.

Maria was kneeling weeping near her brother; she had seized his hand, and was bedewing it with her tears, while Adolf bent on her an unsteady and almost vacant look. As Robert and his daughter entered the refectory, the knights were all struck with wonder and emotion. He, who had come in the hour of need, their mysterious deliverer, was the Lion of Flanders, the Count! They all bowed before him with profound reverence, and said:

"Honor to the Lion, our Lord!"

Robert left his daughter's hand, raised Messires John Borlout and van Renesse from the ground, and kissed both of them on the cheek; he then beckoned to the other knights to rise, and addressed them thus:—

"My true and loyal vassals, my friends, you have shown me to-day how mighty is a nation of heroes! I wear my coronet now with a loftier pride than that with which Philip the Fair wears the crown of France; for of you I may well boast and glory."

He then approached Adolf, took his hand, and looked at him for some time in silence; a tear glistened awhile beneath each eyelid of the Lion, and at length dropped a pearl of price—upon the ground. Matilda was kneeling at the head of Adolf's couch; she had taken her green veil from her hand; and her tears fell hot and fast upon this token of her affection, and of his self-sacrifice and devotedness. She spoke not a word; she did not even steal a look at Adolf; but covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

The priest, too, stood motionless, his eyes steadily fastened on the wounded knight. He marked some wonderful thing which, increasing every moment, spoke of returning life and vigor. And in truth his eyes had lost their fixed and glassy expression, and his countenance no longer bore the signs of approaching death. Soon he raised his eyes to Robert, with a look of intense love and devotion; and said slowly, and

with a voice broken by suffering and weakness:

"Oh, my Lord and Count! your presence is to me a sweet consolation. Now I can die in peace. . . . Our fatherland is free! You will occupy the Lion's throne in peaceful and happy days. . . . Gladly do I now quit this earth, now that the future promises so much happiness to you and to your noble daughter. Oh, believe me, in this my hour of death, your mischances were more grievous to me, your unworthy servant, than to yourself. Often have I, in the still night, moistened my bed with my tears, as I thought of the mournful lot of the noble Matilda, and of your captivity. . . . Then turning his head slightly towards Matilda, he made her tears flow yet more abundantly, as he said:

"Weep not, noble maiden; I merit not this tender compassion. There is another life than this! There it is my hope and trust I shall see my good sister again. Remain on earth, the stay and solace of your father's old age; and sometimes in your prayers think of your brother, who must quit you."

Suddenly he stopped, and looked around him in astonishment.

"Merciful God!" cried he, turning an inquiring look on the priest, "what means this? I feel a renewed vigor; my blood flows more freely in my veins!"

Matilda arose at these words, and gazed at him in painful expectation, and looked anxiously and inquiringly at the priest, who had been attentively watching Adolf during this scene, and noting his most fleeting expression and emotion. He took Adolf's hand and felt his pulse, while all the bystanders followed his every movement with eager curiosity; and at length they had not abandoned all hope of restoring the wounded knight. The skillful leech opened the eyelids of his patient in silence, and attentively examined his eyes; he opened his mouth, and passed his hand over his unwearying breast; and then turning to the knights around the couch, he said, in a tone of decided conviction:

"I can now assure you, messires, that the fever which threatened the life of the youthful knight has subsided; he will not die."

A sensible tremor passed over all present, and one might have thought the priest had uttered a doom of death; but soon this convulsive thrill was succeeded by a bounding joy, which broke forth in words and gestures.

Maria had answered the assurance of the priest with a piercing cry, and clasped her brother to her breast; while Matilda fell on her knees, raised her hands toward heaven, and cried with a loud voice:

"I thank Thee, O God all merciful, full of compassion, that Thou hast heard the prayers of Thine unworthy hand-maiden!"

And after this brief thanksgiving she sprang up, and threw herself, trembling with joy, on her father's arms.

"He will live! he will not die!" she exclaimed, in a transport of gladness. "Oh, now I am happy!" and she rested a moment exhausted on Robert's breast. But soon she turned again eagerly back to Adolf, and exchanged words of joy and gratitude with him.

What appeared a miracle to all present was but a natural result of Adolf's condition. He had received no open wound, but many bruises; the pain which these occasioned him had induced a violent fever, which threatened his life; but the presence of Matilda seemed to have brought the malady to a crisis, and by imparting fresh energy to his soul, gave him strength to battle with it, and, as it were, to cast it off; and thus did she appear as an angel of life to rescue him from the grave, which already yawned to receive him.

Robert de Bethune allowed his daughter, who was beside herself with joy, to remain kneeling by Adolf's side; and advancing towards the knights, he addressed them in these words:

"You, noble sons of Flanders, have this day won a victory; the memory whereof shall live amongst your children as a record of your lofty prowess; you have shown the whole world how dearly the alien has expiated his temerity in setting his foot on the soil of the Lion. The love of your fatherland has exalted you into heroes; and your arms, moved by a righteous vengeance, have laid the tyrant low. Freedom is a precious thing in the esteem of those who have sealed it with their heart's blood. Henceforth no prince of the south shall enslave us more; you would all rather die a thousand deaths, than allow the alien to sing over you the song of triumph. Now this day exists no longer. France, this day, exalted high above all other lands; and this glory she owes to you, most noble knights! And now our will is, that rest and peace should recompense the loyalty of our subjects; our highest joy will be that all should greet us by the name of father, so far as our loving care and unceasing vigilance can render us worthy of this title. Nevertheless, should the French dare to return, again would we be the Lion of Flanders, and again would our battle-axe lead you on to the conflict. And now let our victory be unstained by further violence; above all, pursue not the Lilyards, it behooves us to protect even their rights. For the present I must leave you; until my return, I pray you obey my brother Guy as your liege lord and count."

"What say you of leaving?" cried the skeptical John Borlout; "you are surely not going back to France. They will avenge their defeat on you, noble count."

"Messires," said Robert, let me ask you, who is there amongst you who would, from fear of death, break his word of honor and stain his knightly loyalty?"

All at once hung their heads, and uttered not a word. They saw with sorrow that they dared not oppose their count's return. He continued:

"Messire Deconinck, you a man of wisdom has been of essential service to us, and we hope to task it still further; you are now a member of our council, and I require you to live with us in our castle. Messire Breydel, your valor and fidelity merit a great reward; I appoint you

commander-in-chief of all your fellow-citizens who may be able to assist us in time of war; I know how well this office belongs to you. Moreover, you henceforth become to our court, and will dwell there to obey it pleases you. And you, Adolf, you, my friend, deserve a yet richer recompense. We have all been witnesses of your prowess; you have approved yourself worthy of the noble name of your forefathers. I have not forgotten your self-devotion; I know with what care, with what love, you have protected and consoled my unhappy child; I know the pure, the profound feeling that has taken root and sprung up, unconsciously to yourselves, in the hearts of you both; and shall I allow you to outstrip me in noble generosity? Let the illustrious blood of the Counts of Flanders mingle its stream with that of the noble lords of Newland, and let the Black Lion add its glories to your shield. I give you my beloved child, my Matilda, to wife."

From Matilda's heart burst only one word—the name of Adolf. Trembling violently, she seized his hand, and looked steadfastly in his eyes; then she wept precious tears, tears of joy, joy precious and overwhelming. The youthful knight uttered not a word; his bliss was too great, too profound, too sacred to be expressed in words. He raised his eyes beaming with love, on Matilda; then turned them, full of gratitude, to Robert; and then upwards in adoration to God.

For some little time a noise had been heard in the courtyard of the monastery, and it seemed as though a large crowd of people were gathered there. The tumult waxed greater and greater, and at intervals was heard a mighty shout of joy. A nun brought the tidings that a great multitude stood at the abbey-gate, and demanded, with repeated cries, to see the golden knight. As the door of the hall was opened, Robert caught distinctly the cry:

"Flanders! the Lion! hail to our deliverer! hail!" Robert turned to the nun, and said:

"Tell them that the golden knight, whom they demand to see, will appear among them in a few moments."

Then he approached the sick knight, seized his yet feeble hand and said:

"Adolf van Newland, my beloved Matilda will be your wife. May the blessing of the Almighty rest upon your heads, and give to your children the valour of their father and the virtues of their mother! You have merited yet more than this; but I have no more precious gift to bestow on you than the child who might have been the solace and the stay of my declining age."

While words of heartfelt gratitude flowed from Adolf's lips, Robert hastily approached Guy, and said:

"My dear brother, it is my wish that the marriage should take place as soon as possible, with all fitting magnificence, and with the customary religious ceremonies. Messires, I am about to leave you, with a hope that I shall soon return to you, free and unshackled, to labour for the happiness of my faithful subjects."

After these words, he again drew near to Adolf, and kissed him on the cheek:

"Farewell, my son," he said.

And pressing Matilda to his heart:

"Farewell, my darling Matilda. Weep no more for me; I am happy now that my fatherland is avenged; and I shall soon return again."

He then embraced his brother Guy, William van Gulick, and some other knights, his especial friends. He pressed with deep emotion the hands of all the others, and exclaimed as he took his departure:

"Farewell, farewell all, noble sons of Flanders, my true brothers-in-arms!"

In the courtyard he mounted his horse and resumed his journey; then he lowered his visor, and a countless multitude was there assembled; and as soon as they caught sight of the golden knight, they drew back on both sides to make way for him, and greeted him with exulting acclamations.

"Hail to the golden knight! victory! Hail to our deliverer!"

They clapped their hands, they gathered the earth he trod, and kept it as a sacred relic; for to St. George, who had been invoked during the battle in every church of Courtrai, had come to their aid in this majestic form. The slow measured tread of the knight, and the deep silence, confirmed them in their belief; and many fell on their knees as he passed by them. They followed him for more than a league into the country, and it seemed as if their gaze of veneration could never be satisfied; for the longer they gazed, the more wonderful did the golden knight appear in their eyes. Their fancy lent him the form and features wherewith the saints are wont to be depicted; one sign from Robert would have laid them in the dust prostrate and adoring.

At length he gave his horse the spur, and vanished like an arrow into the wood. The people strove long to catch the gleam of his golden armour between the trees,—but in vain; his charge had borne him far beyond the range of their vision; and then they looked sadly on each other and said with a sigh:

"He has gone back to heaven again!"

and knights should receive honourable burial in the abbey of Groeningen, as appears from an ancient painting still to be seen in St. Michael's Church at Courtrai. There is also in the Museum of Messire Goethals-Verecrussen at Courtrai, a stone which once lay on the grave of King Sigis; it bears his arms, and the following inscription:

"In the year of our Lord mcccii, on St. Benedict's day, was fought the battle of Courtrai. Under this stone lies buried King Sigis. Pray God for his soul! Amen."

Besides the vessels of gold, costly stuffs, and rich armour, there were found on the battle-field more than seven hundred golden spurs, which knights alone had the privilege of wearing; these were suspended with the captured banners from the vault of our Lady's church at Courtrai, and thence this battle acquired the name of "The Battle of the Golden Spurs." Several thousand horses also fell into the hands of the Flemings, who used them with great effect in subsequent battles. In front of the gate of Courtrai which opens towards Ghent, in the centre of the battle-field, there was in the year 1831 a chapel of our Lady of Groeningen; on its altar were to be deciphered the names of the French knights who had fallen in the fight, and one of the genuine old spurs of gold was still suspended from the vault. In Courtrai the anniversary of the battle was kept as a day of public rejoicing, and its memory still lingers in a Kermesse, which is called the Vergerdageden, or day of gathering. Every year in the month of July, the poor of Courtrai go from house to house begging for old clothes, which they sell in commemoration of the sale of the rich booty of 1302. Then, accompanied by a player on the violin, they betake themselves to the Pottelberg, the old camp of the French, and drink and dance until evening.

When tidings of this terrible defeat reached France, the whole court was filled with consternation and grief. Philip burst into a furious passion with Joanna of Navarre, whose evil counsels were the cause of all these disasters, and of all their consequences; and his reproaches may be read in some quaint contemporary verses by Lodewyk van Viltken. The historians of France, indeed, have described Joanna in much brighter colours; but it is an amiable peculiarity of their national character to handle very indulgently the vices of their monarchs, at least of their dead monarchs; and it is an undoubted truth, that the Flemish chronicles give a far more trustworthy description of the odious disposition of Queen Joanna.

The magistrates of Ghent, who were all Liliards, and thought that King Philip would send a fresh expedition into Flanders with all haste, closed their gates, intending to hold out their city as long as possible for France. But they met their punishment at the hands of the men of Ghent themselves. The people rushed to arms, the magistrates and every other Liliard were put to death, and Guy received the keys of the city, and with them a pledge of everlasting fidelity from the hands of the principal citizens.

Meanwhile Count John of Namur, brother of Robert de Bethune, returned to Flanders and assumed the government; he collected in haste a new and far larger army, to resist any further attempt on the part of the French, and restored order everywhere. Without allowing his troops any repose, he marched to Lille, where some disturbances had broken out; thence he proceeded to Douay, which he captured, taking the garrison prisoners; and Cassel yielded after a very brief resistance. After taking some other garrisons of lesser note, he was obliged to return; for not an enemy remained on the soil of Flanders; and as he deemed a small band of picked soldiers sufficient for all purposes of defence, he disbanded his army.

The land was still and at rest; trade and commerce flourished with renewed vigour; the wasted fields were sown with better hope of a bounteous harvest, and it seemed as though Flanders had acquired new life and new strength. Men thought with reason that the lesson France had received was sufficient. Philip the Fair himself, had in fact, little desire to renew the strife; but the reproaches which burst from all France, the lamentations of the knights whose brothers had fallen at Courtrai, and above all, the instigations of Joanna, who thirsted for revenge, compelled him at length to declare war. He collected a force of eighty thousand men, amongst whom were twenty thousand cavalry; but it was far inferior to the former army, inasmuch as it consisted, chiefly of mercenaries, or of recruits levied by force. The command was intrusted to Louis King of Navarre; he was instructed, before venturing on a general action, to take Douay and other French frontier towns from the Flemings; and with this commission, he pitched his camp in a plain near Vitry, a few miles from Douay.

No sooner did the Flemings hear that a fresh army was being assembled in France, than the cry "To arms!" resounded through the length and breadth of the land. Never was so universal and so intense an enthusiasm known; from every village the inhabitants poured forth with weapons of all kinds; on they came, singing and shouting in such numbers, that John of Namur was obliged to send many of them back to their abodes, fearing that it would be impossible to provide for so enormous a host. Those who had formerly been Liliards longed now to wipe out the stain, and implored, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed a part in the conflict; and this was readily granted them. Besides John of Namur, most of the knights who had shared the glories of Courtrai repaired to the army. Guy, William van Gulick, John van Rensselaer, John Borluut, Peter Deconinck, an Breydel, and many others, were amongst them. Adolf van Newland had not yet recovered from his wounds, and could not therefore accompany them.

The Flemings marched against the enemy in two divisions, and at first took up a position about three leagues from the French camp; and they soon advanced to the Scarpe, a small river near

the French; but as the generals on both sides wished to avoid an action, day after day passed on without any result. The cause of this pacific attitude was, that John of Namur had sent ambassadors to France to treat with the king for the liberation of the old Count of Robert, and to conclude, if possible, a treaty of peace. But the French court could not agree on the terms to be proposed or accepted, and the answer was unfavourable.

The Flemings meanwhile began to murmur, and longed to fall on the French, in spite of the prohibition of their general; and the discontent became at last so alarming, that John of Namur was compelled to cross the Scarpe and attack the enemy. A bridge of five boats was thrown across the stream, and the Flemish army passed over, singing and shouting with joy that they were at length going to fight; but an ambiguous message from France kept them still for some days longer on the further side of the river. At length the army would be no longer restrained, and the murmurs threatened to become serious. Every thing was ready for the attack, and the army was put in motion; when the French, not daring to meet it, hastily broke up their camp, and retreated in confusion. The Flemings put themselves in pursuit, and slew a great number of them; they possessed themselves besides of the castle of Harne, where the King of Navarre had taken up his quarters. Their stores, tents, and everything the French army had brought with them, fell into the hands of the Flemings; and after a few insignificant skirmishes, the French were driven back into France overwhelmed with disgrace.

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Count Guy was received in Flanders with the utmost rejoicing, and returned to Wynandae. But when he read the treaty to the assembled states, it was rejected; and the old Count saw himself obliged to return, like another Regulus, to France in the following April. During the truce, Philip the Fair had made every exertion to collect a mighty army. Mercenaries were every where enlisted, and heavy taxes imposed to meet the expenses of the war. The king himself marched with the army to the Flemish frontier towards the end of June. Besides the land forces a large fleet, commanded by Renier Grimaldi of Genoa, sailed along the coast of Flanders, to attack the young Guy and Jan van Rensselaer Zealand.

Philip of Flanders, however, meanwhile sent forth his proclamation through the land, and gathered a valiant army around his standard; and with those he marched to give battle to the enemy. On the first day there was a partial engagement, in which one of the French generals was slain, with many of his men. The next day the Flemings stood drawn up eager for fight, and prepared for an impetuous attack; but the French were again panic-stricken, and fled to Utrecht, leaving their camp a prey to the Flemings. Then Philip a second time stormed Basse, and burnt the suburbs of the city of Lens.

The king next resolved to attack Flanders on the side of Henegauy, and marched towards Doornyk; but the very first day the Flemings had overtaken him. He was the less willing to accept battle, that he had received no tidings of his fleet; and in order to avoid an engagement, he broke up his camp in the night, and fled from place to place, closely pursued by the Flemings.

The action between the two fleets was fought on the 10th of August, 1304; it lasted two whole days from morning to night. The first day the Flemings had the advantage, and would certainly have gained a total victory, had not some of their ships been driven on a sand bank in the night. This gave the

French; but as the generals on both sides wished to avoid an action, day after day passed on without any result. The cause of this pacific attitude was, that John of Namur had sent ambassadors to France to treat with the king for the liberation of the old Count of Robert, and to conclude, if possible, a treaty of peace. But the French court could not agree on the terms to be proposed or accepted, and the answer was unfavourable.

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REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.

"Any news from Charles lately?" the priest asked, good-naturedly.

"Yes, I had a long letter from him last evening. He is getting along nicely and has been appointed one of the resident-surgeons in one of the large London hospitals. He likes his work immensely, and of course during spare hours there are a thousand and one things for the stranger to see in old London. He likes everything so well I am afraid we will have a hard time coaxing him back to America."

The Catholic Record

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

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1908. Mr. Thomas Coffey:

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1908.

THE IMPIOUS AND MORTAL MEMORY.

Having devoted some attention of late to higher historical criticism we have upon mature consideration come to the conclusion that what is known in some quarters as the "Pious and Immortal Memory" should read "Impious and Mortal Memory."

same purpose as in the old land and the olden time. It is an impious and mortal memory.

THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

What with the Toronto Globe calling upon the Medical Council of Ontario and this latter body passing the call on to the ministers we may expect the morals of the country to rise and continue elevated. None too soon. The Globe is to be thanked for the stand it has taken in the medical scandals which came to light, and it is to be congratulated upon the success attained by its mission.

Walk simply in the way of the Lord and do not torment your mind. We must hate our defects, but with a tranquil and quiet hatred—not with a spiteful and troubled hatred.

DUTY ON EARTH.

Methodists are nothing if not sensational. Having no dogma they theorize rather than teach and appeal to sentiment since they cannot appeal to the intellect. One of these gentlemen preaching lately in Toronto is reported to have said: "Our duty is not in heaven nor to get ready for heaven, but to plunge into our work on this earth and do what we know is God's will; if we fall by the way we shall fall into our rightful place in heaven."

THE ROMAN CONGREGATIONS.

If the despatches of the Associated Press are to be believed, which is by no means always the case, Canada, amongst other countries, is taken from the jurisdiction of the Roman Congregation known as the Propaganda. Henceforth the affairs of the Canadian Church will be referred to the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars.

withstanding the fact that this very year we are celebrating the tercentenary of the first Canadian mission. Since that time great advances have been made. Progress has marked the growth of the Church and the stability of its development.

All the offices established for the affairs of the Church pass under the general name of Congregations, although they are properly of three kinds: Congregations, Tribunals and Secretariats. Formerly matters of greater moment were examined at meetings called Consistories, composed of all the cardinals resident near the Pope.

A QUEER PEOPLE.

Our neighbors the members of the Loyal Orange Association are a strange community. In their methods of procedure consistency holds no place. Many a time it has been given such a shock that it has deserted their ranks, and all hope of finding a place therein has been abandoned.

not, like his subjects, be given civil and religious liberty. But it matters little what the Grand Sovereign says. The fact remains that he always has been, and we fear, will remain, a gruesome bigot, a worthy representative of the detestable spirit that promotes strife between neighbor and neighbor in the north of Ireland.

Latest advices "from the front" tell us that the Orangemen of Peterboro repudiate the statement made by Rev. Mr. Bruce, and one of the leading members of the order stated that the reverend gentleman's remarks were at variance with Orange principles.

A SILVER JUBILEE.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD sends congratulations to Rev. D. P. McMenamin, P. P., Biddulph, Diocese of London, on the attainment of his silver jubilee in the priesthood.

THOUGHTS ON THE JUBILEE.

This year of Jubilee will witness the representatives of many nations crossing the magnificent piazza of San Pietro to enter the greatest of all Basilicas and offer Te Deums at the Apostles' tombs.

adequate qualification of the coming jubilee pageant at St. Peter's, London echoes the joy of one nation. Rome will resound with the enthusiasm of many.

In such a time, when the celebrated Petrine text (Matt. xvi. 18) will be the watchword of a world's unanimity, it will be pleasant to recall for the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD its suggestions dogmatic and historical.

The Scriptures proclaim that the Church was founded as a society, which was to be as visible, as solid, as well ordered and as perfect as societies should be and generally are. Its sublime aim was, and has ever been, the carrying of the children of men across the tempestuous sea of life and over the storm-tossed ocean of the world.

Unprejudiced history acclaims the Popes as the beacon lights of truth and the anchors of justice and equity. Open the catalogue of Papal succession and there the names of heroes and of martyrs will greet you and the golden annals of mortals will find there its most sublime ideals.

History will show you Leo the Great redeeming Europe from the huns and the vandals. The sweet presence of the same Pontiff checked the designs of the fierce Attila and saved immortal Rome from pillage and desecration.

The Popes civilized Europe, kept learning alive when the western empire was fast declining and made the Kaisers respect humanity. Henry IV. was humbled to go to Canossa and Napoleon was eclipsed and his muskets fell. Look back on the black landscape of the past, and there, amidst the bones of fallen soldiers and the tottering records and monuments of perished greatness, you will observe one bright spot, one verdant place—an oasis in the desert ravaged by destroying time.

Let us serve God well today. He will take care of to-morrow. Every day should carry its own burden. Have no anxiety about to-morrow; for God Who reigns to-day will reign to-morrow.

PREPROG... SUBJECT... ELUC... In a r... preach... sponsibi... said: "I... be just... saying... the? r... receive... 43.) "No... Al... see... Al... light... of enlight... to the w... "Is n... engross... riches a... great pi... "Is n... the mir... sensual... and des... "Is n... his er... and fan... to satisf... "Is... Heaven... creator... of a Cr... moving... to which... "Is n... of his... not con... lies be... "Nov... He said... will? the? "Let... of that... is eter... the Whom... "How... will! you... from the... moral... which... angels... Himsel... are the... "Wh... attach... rightes... strume... it beco... tion. moral... riching... fruits... "It... distin... the ms... from tl... of Ner... debara... abuse... passio... on the... "An... tined? we... sh; to... the are... to the... it shal... er. O... I... O... I... weap... inflct... or it... ael... the infer... Heave... "He... freed... "I... vicion... free). ing... the se... are to... are th... whet... ever," the si... to fall... he. O... slave... ceas... Path... Prodi... less t... hono... pare... come... "On... know... would... The freed... "We... excli... to an... thou... in si... ever... "I... in... citi... But... bless... enjoy... God... igno... Who... in... t... inde... our... our... to a... into... slav... Field... "Her... wish... to be... c... law... and... his... unk... con... rog...

PREROGATIVES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF MORAL FREEDOM.

SUBJECT DESERVING SERIOUS ATTENTION ELUCIDATED BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

In a recent sermon Cardinal Gibbons preached on "The Prerogatives and Responsibilities of Moral Freedom." He said:

"Jesus commanded the blind man to be brought to Him, and He asked him, saying: 'What wilt thou that I do for thee?' And he said: 'Lord, that I may receive my sight.'" (Luke, xviii, 31-43).

"None is so blind as he that will not see. All are spiritually blind that are not enlightened by Him 'Who is the light of the world, who is the true light enlightening every man that cometh into the world.'"

"Is not the stone blind who is entirely engrossed by the desire for earthly riches and shuts his eyes to the pearl of great price?"

"Is not he blind who is wallowing in the mire of sin, who is leading a life of sensuality which leads to melancholy and despair?"

"Is not he blind who is bending all his energies to the acquisition of honor and fame, and when he acquires it fails to satisfy the cravings of his heart?"

"Is not he blind who looks up to Heaven and contemplates the works of creation, but discerns not the existence of a Creator?"

"Is not he blind who sees the hands moving in the clockwork of time, but fails to recognize the invisible hand which keeps these works in motion?"

"Is not he blind who counts the days of his years as they flow by, but does not consider the ocean of eternity that lies before him?"

"Now Christ says to each of you what He said to the blind man: 'What is thy will? What wilt thou that I do for thee?'"

"Let your answer be to-day like that of the blind man: 'Lord, it is my will that I may see and follow Thee. This is eternal life that we may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou has sent.'"

"How sublime is the faculty of free will! It is a gift which distinguishes you from the brute creation, for man is the only creature on earth that enjoys moral freedom. It is a prerogative which you possess in common with the angels and which makes you like to God Himself. God and the angels and man are the only beings that have free will."

"What a tremendous responsibility is attached to this perilous gift! If rightly employed, it becomes an instrument of unending bliss. If abused, it becomes an engine of endless destruction. If kept within the bounds of the moral law, it is a heavenly stream, enriching the kingdom of the soul with fruits of grace and benediction. If it leaps its legitimate barriers, it covers the soul with gloom and desolation."

"It is the exercise of the will that distinguishes the saint from the sinner, the martyr from the apostate, the hero from the coward, the benevolent ruler from the capricious tyrant. The names of Nero and Diocletian, of Ahab and Jezabel and of Judas and Herod are execrated by mankind because they abused their free will in gratifying their passions and inflicting sorrow and misery on their fellow-beings."

"And it is so with us. If we are destined to be of the number of the elect, we shall owe our salvation under God to the right use of our freedom. If we are to incur the vengeance of Heaven, it shall be due to the abuse of our liberty; Thy destruction is thine own, Israel. In a word, our liberty is a weapon with which like Saul, we will inflict a deadly wound upon ourselves, or it is a sword with which, like Michael the Archangel, we can conquer the infernal enemy and win our way to Heaven."

"How are we to exercise our moral freedom? We should employ it:

"1. In resisting temptations and our vicious inclinations. We should be 'as free,' says St. Peter, 'and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God.' Whom to serve is to reign. And St. Paul says that we are the servants of him whom we obey, whether it be God or satan. 'Whosoever,' says our Lord, 'cometh into sin, he is the slave of sin.' What a degradation to fall from the sublime estate of free-born children of God to become the slaves of satan! What a humiliation to cease to be heirs of our Heavenly Father's Home and to become, like the Prodigal Son, the hirelings of a heartless taskmaster! 'Man when he is in honor did not understand. He is compared to senseless beasts and is become like unto them.'"

"Our Saviour told the Jews that the knowledge and practice of His precepts would secure for them true freedom. The Jews were indignant that their freedom should be called in question: 'We are the seed of Abraham,' they exclaimed, 'and have never been slaves to any man. But our Lord replied that though children of Abraham, they were in sin. 'Amen, I say to you; whosoever cometh into sin is the slave of sin.'"

"Do not Americans sometimes talk in this way? We are free-born citizens and yield to no despotic power. But what will it profit us to enjoy the blessings of civil liberty if we do not enjoy the glorious liberty of children of God by which we are rescued from ignorance and can trample on sin? What will it avail us to be recognized in the public walks of life as free and independent citizens if in the circle of our own family and in the sanctuary of our own hearts we are lashed as slaves to intemperance, pride and vain glory, slaves of public opinion, the most capricious of tyrants?"

"Who possessed the greater liberty, Herod on his throne or John in his prison? Herod could move according to his good pleasure from place to place; he enjoyed civil freedom. His will was law to others; he had the power of life and death over his subjects. And yet his soul was bound in the claims of an unlawful attachment. John's body was confined to a dungeon, but his soul roamed in unrestrained freedom through

the kingdom of God that was within him.

"2. We should exercise our moral freedom not only in repressing temptations, but also in pursuing virtue, and particularly by an entire conformity to the will of God. We should study and prove what is the good and acceptable and the perfect will of God."

"The perfection of sanctity consists in the love of God, for 'love,' says the Apostle, 'is the fulfilling of the law.' And the perfection of the love of God consists in absolute conformity to His holy will. Union of heart, of sentiment and of will—this is the closest bond that can subsist between the Creator and the creature."

"Jesus Christ is the highest ideal of Christian perfection. He is 'the way and the truth and the life.' He came to teach us by word and by example. Now, if there is any one virtue our Saviour inculcates more forcibly than another it is this: 'That our heart and will should be in harmony with God's will. 'I came down from Heaven,' He says, 'not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me. My food is to do the will of Him that sent me that I may finish His work.' He became subject to Mary and Joseph, the creatures of His own hands, because He regarded them as the representatives of His Father. In His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, He thus prayed to His Father: 'My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou.' Every fiber of His sensitive heart recoiled with horror from the appalling and humiliating sufferings which awaited Him. But though His feelings revolted, His will remained steadfast, and again, after praying to be relieved, He added, 'Not My will but Thine be done.'"

"What our Lord practices He preaches to us. He tells us that, though we professed and wrought miracles in His name, though we converted nations, He will know us not if our heart and affections are estranged from God. 'Not everyone,' He declares, 'that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father who is in heaven.' He tells us that the harmony of our will with the will of God is the key that will unlock the golden gate of the heavenly Jerusalem and admit us to the fellowship of the children of God: 'Whosoever shall do the will of My Father who is in heaven, he is my brother and sister and mother.' And in that beautiful prayer which He dictated to His disciples and with which we are so familiar He bids them to ask that they may accomplish the will of God on earth as the blessed do in heaven: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.'"

"And in exhorting us to make the will of God the supreme rule of our actions our Lord is echoing the voice of His eternal Father: 'My Son, says Almighty God, 'give me thy heart.' He does not say give me thy riches, thy lands and thy possessions, for these belong to him already; 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and all that dwell therein. He does not say, My Son, give the service of thy body, for that also belongs to Him. 'Thy Hands,' says the prophet, 'have made and fashioned me.' And, besides, we readily bestow the service of our brain and hands on one who has already gained our affections. But He says: 'Give Me thy heart and the affections of thy will, for this is all that you can call your own.' This is the only free, unencumbered property you can offer Him."

"If you lay on the altar of God a gift of gold or silver or precious vestments, you make to Him an agreeable offering. But if you lay on the altar a heart subdued and attuned to the will of God you make the most acceptable offering that a creature can offer to his Creator: 'A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit. A humble and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.' And should you withdraw from the altar or from the hand of the poor a gift once made you would be conscious of doing a great wrong. But is it not a sacrifice to withdraw from the Lord a heart or will you had once consecrated to Him?"

"But perhaps you will say: 'How am I to know the will of God that I may comply with His good pleasure?' It is true, indeed, that God does not make a special revelation to any of us as He did to the prophets of old. Nevertheless, He gives to each of us a clear and positive manifestation of His will."

"1. God reveals His will to us in the Holy Scriptures. In the parable of Dives and Lazarus, Dives entreats Abraham to send someone from the dead to his five brothers on earth. 'Let him admonish my brothers,' says Dives, 'to avoid my sinful life, so that they may escape the torments I suffer here.' Abraham replied to Dives: 'They have Moses and the prophets. If they will not hear them, neither will they believe if one speaks to them from the dead.' You will then discover the will of God in the Holy Scriptures, and particularly in the Gospel of His Son, of Whom He says: 'This is My beloved Son, hear ye Him.'"

"2. God reveals His will to you by the voice of His Church and her ministers, of whom our Lord says: 'He who heareth you, heareth Me.' Take, then, to heart the words that are spoken to you in the Temple of God."

"3. God reveals to you every hour of the day His will by the voice of conscience speaking without noise of wood within your heart. Scrupulously follow the admonition of this secret monitor."

"4. You should discern the hand of God in the daily occurrences of life. You should regard all the events happening to you, such as poverty and wealth, sickness and health, life and death, and even the afflictions and persecutions arising from the malice of men; you should regard all these, I say, not as accidents and real evils, but as visitations controlled and directed by an overruling Providence. They are links in the chain of your immortal destiny; they are so many gems in the diadem of your glory. This is the teaching of the Apostle, who says that 'to them that love God all things work together unto good.' I consider the recognition of this truth the highest Christian philosophy and the practice of it the only substantial basis of genuine peace. You

will never enjoy solid tranquility until you accept with composure and tranquillity all the visitations which come from His loving hand."

"Our Saviour insinuates the same comforting doctrine. When he is arrested in the garden before His crucifixion, Peter draws a sword in His defense. Our Lord thus rebukes him: 'Put thy sword into its scabbard. The chalice which My Father hath given Me shall I not drink it?' He does not say the chalice which Judas and Caiaphas and Herod and the Jews have given me. No, He regards them all as the unconscious instruments of God in the work of man's redemption. God used these vile instruments for the sacrifice and glorification of His Son, just as a father uses a scourge to chastise his child and then throws it into the fire. 'Do you not know,' says Pilate to Christ, 'that I have the power of life and death over you?' 'You would have no power over me,' replies our Lord, 'if it were not given thee from above.'"

"Blessed is the man who in every occurrence of life preserves in his heart an unalterable adhesion to God's will, through honor and dishonor, through evil report and good report, in sickness and in health, prosperity and adversity. Blessed is he who hears the paternal voice of God in the thunder of tribulations that resounds over his head. Happy is he who has this short but comprehensive prayer often in his heart and on his lips: 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' Thrice happy are they who can say with the confidence of the Apostle: 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ, and a local attachment to His will. Shall tribulation or distress or danger or persecution or the sword? I am sure that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come shall be able to separate us from the charity of God.'"

"Whoever of you are animated by these sentiments are free indeed. Then, in all your movements you will be guided by the Spirit of God. And where the Spirit of God is there is liberty. Then, indeed, you may be truly called the children of God. 'For whosoever are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' Then you will experience a foretaste of that happy condition and unalterable peace promised in the life to come when you shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of children of God.'—Church Progress.

"A TEMPERANCE CRUSADE NEEDED."

To the CATHOLIC RECORD:

It was with a great deal of delight that I read the article under the above caption in your issue of July 11th. A thoughtful reading of it should arouse in every Catholic heart throughout the Dominion a feeling that a national temperance crusade is needed, that really there is a crying need for an awakening on the part of those who have at heart the welfare of the community."

The evil of intemperance is a national evil, an evil that attacks every class of society, and every home, from the cottage of the humblest laborer to the palace of the millionaire, and the influence of those engaged in the liquor traffic is most powerful, and aims at controlling every form of legislation in the country, federal, local and municipal. The traffic is getting organized from the Atlantic to the Pacific; it is wealthy and perniciously active in gathering strength for evil. For these reasons a national movement is necessary to combat the evil influence, and the time is at hand when the Catholics of Canada should become organized from Louisbourg to Vancouver, and in one solid phalanx, under the banner of the Cross, march to fight the one great evil that threatens the destruction of home and country."

There are Catholic temperance societies in many dioceses, doing excellent work in their respective communities, but there is no bond of union between them, and hence, therefore, a lack of national influence. The Catholics of Canada have a most admirable lesson to learn in this respect from their co-religionists in the republic to the south of us. From the time the great Father Mathew, of sacred memory, aroused the people of the United States on the temperance question, and moved them to look upon the drinking habit as a curse, until 1872, when the Catholics of that country were organized into the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, a glance at the history of that organization for the past thirty six years cannot fail to convince anyone of the great good it has accomplished, and that its influence for doing good arises from its national character, because its principles of action are not confined to any one section, but spreads all over the country, and its resources are not dependent upon man or one society, but upon the whole Catholic temperance population of the United States, organized in every diocese and in every parish for the same noble purpose, the application of every available means against the drink evil."

The diocese of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, has an organization, which has been during the thirty years of its existence, doing splendid work for the cause of Catholic total abstinence. It is the society given to the Catholics of England by the great Cardinal Manning, the League of the Cross. The League was first organized in this diocese, probably in Canada, in the year 1878 in the town of Glace Bay, then a small mining village, and now the "biggest town in Canada." Then organization followed in several of the surrounding parishes until 1900, when it was thought that better and more effective work could be accomplished by establishing some form of unity between the several branches, and the Grand Council

of the League of the Cross for the County of Cape Breton was organized. Four years later it was found expedient to extend the usefulness of the Grand Council as a central authority, and its jurisdiction was made co-extensive with the diocese of Antigonish. Today thirty two branches are organized under that Grand Council, holding the same form of charter and working under the same constitution and by-laws. A paper, the Total Abstinence, is issued every month as the official organ of the League, a general Convention is held every year, and the Catholic temperance people of the whole diocese are working unitedly for total abstinence as the only safe remedy for intemperance."

Now, why can not this organization be given a national character and influence? Instead of it being the League of the Cross of the diocese of Antigonish, let it be the League of the Cross of Canada. A total abstinence movement must necessarily work under a more appropriate emblem than the Cross, the representation of the highest sacrifice ever offered, and if the Catholics of Canada were to unite under the League of the Cross to promote the cause of temperance, a condition of things would be brought about that would mean a great deal for the future of our country and people."

If the project is feasible, I know of no better agency to bring it about than the CATHOLIC RECORD, which controls a very large circulation in every diocese in Canada. If your excellent journal can bring about the organization of a national Catholic temperance movement, it will place the people under a deep debt of gratitude."

Yours for temperance,
A TOTAL ABSTAINER,
Cape Breton, July 13th, 1908.

THE STORY OF A MASTERPIECE.

Mouldering away on the wall of the old Monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and as a result of that labor, it is perfect in its story of love. In addition to those qualities it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little towards making it the greater teacher that it is."

It is said that the artist in painting the faces of the Apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture he could find none that would satisfy his conception; the face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity, majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search the painter happened to meet one Pietro Bardinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the Cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the painting of the face of Jesus. All was done most carefully and recently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said, "You have painted me before."

Horried and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bardinelli."

During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling, had fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Judas had once been the model for the face of Christ.—The Casket.

A WORD ABOUT CONVERTS.

The Ave Maria quotes a striking passage from the "Memoires" of Mr. C. Paul Kegan, the well-known English convert, which throws considerable light on the state of mind of those received into the Church in maturity:

"Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret it has been done, and would return but for very shame. It has been said of marriage that every one finds the ceremony is over that he or she married another, and not the bride or groom who seemed to have been won; and Clough takes the story of Jacob as a parable representing this fact. We wed Rachel, as we think, and in the morning, behold, it is Leah! So the Church bears one aspect when seen from a distance, an extra another when we have given ourselves into her keeping. But the Church is no Leah, rather a fairer Rachel than we dared to dream; her blessings are greater than we had hoped. I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of penance, the fervor of my First Communion were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the mystery of the altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, our Lady more tender, the great company of saints more friendly (if I dare to use the word) my guardian angel more close to my side. All human relationships become holier, all human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church, but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessings He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lead those I love into the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell. It will be, said, and said with truth, that I am very confident. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel, who also was cured. It was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how. Jesus opened his eyes, but this he could say with unflinching certainty, 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see.'"

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRIEST.

Canon Richardson preaching recently in Manchester (England) made some very interesting remarks on the power and influence of the priesthood. Catholics, he said, realized that the priest had a certain amount of power over them which they could not understand. Such has always been the case in the Church from the earliest time. Everywhere and at all times, in every country, the priest had been a power which the world could neither understand nor comprehend. It had been so even though the priest was one whose life was not exactly a model of holiness, and had not depended in many ways upon his worldly possessions. The influence was there whether the priest was the son of a nobleman or of an ordinary working man. Canon Richardson further observed that upon countries that had rejected the power of the priests had come a curse. France was a case in point. The one thing the Revolutionists made up their minds to do was to muzzle the priests, and they tried by every means in their power to lessen that supernatural influence which God had put into the priest's hands. Consequently, France, as far as its large cities were concerned, was filled with terrible immorality and internal dissent."

England had thrown over the priesthood and taken to itself a hierarchy of its own, had taken to itself parsons instead of priests, with the result that at the present moment a great part of the country was swamped by infidelity and immorality. They might examine any country they would, and in the same way they would find that wherever men had attempted to take away from the priest that influence which God had meant him to have over the souls of men and over the direction of their conduct and over those things which concerned the betterment of their supernatural life, those countries had invariably been cursed by God."

France and England are examples on the one side. There are examples, of course, on the other, and among them we have no doubt Canon Richardson would give a prominent place to Ireland. Where else in the world is the priest so respected and revered and therefore so powerful and influential with the people?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC MISSION DESTROYED.

TWO PRIESTS DROWNED. Word has been received from the large Catholic Mission house at Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, was totally destroyed by fire, on July 13th, together with all the supplies for the year, which had just been received a short time before the fire. Some twenty or more train dogs belonging to the mission were also burned, together with all their large stock of fishing nets and other necessities. The priest's house had a narrow escape as it caught fire, but by hard work the men of the place succeeded in getting the fire out before much damage was done. It is also learned by the same messenger that two priests were drowned at Smith's Landing, about five hundred and fifty miles down the Athabasca river from here, while out in a small boat in the bay. The bodies had not been recovered when the messenger left. The two priests were the Fathers in charge of the mission and a young priest who went down there this summer."

PROTESTANTS REBUKE JR. O. U. A. M. BIGOTS.

TENDER THEIR CHAPEL IN SECAUCUS TO FATHER MCGINLEY FOR MASS SUNDAY MORNINGS.

The only Protestant congregation in Secaucus, N. J., has through its pastor, Rev. H. W. Noble, offered Father Roger McGinley the use of its chapel for the celebration of Mass on Sunday mornings. This is by way of rebuke to the intolerance of the Junior Order of American Mechanics, who are attempting to oust Father McGinley and his congregation from the public school building, which they now use."

The members of the Board of Education of Secaucus are all Protestants, and by an unanimous resolution they granted to Catholics the use of the public school on Sunday mornings for three months. The Junior O. U. A. M. have tried, in their usual stealthy manner, to compel the Board of Education to rescind that resolution, their last threat being to have taken away the \$13,000 annual State appropriation, if the Catholic priest is allowed to continue to say Mass in the school. The newspaper publicity given their exhibition of bigotry has been particularly distasteful, for Secaucus being such an out-of-the-way place they never expected their dark lantern doings would reach daylight. At the regular meeting of the Board of Education in July representatives of the secret society will be invited to come out in the open and declare themselves before the board."

Father McGinley has received many suggestions. One who signs "F. M. S., a Protestant in the Cause of Christian-

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AS WELL AS IN REGULAR 50c. BOXES.

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"Fruit-a-tives" or "Fruit Liver Tablets," the wonderful medicine made from the juices of ripe fruits, have secured a remarkable success. The demand for them has grown in four years till it now extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Druggists at first bought them in lots of one dozen boxes—to retail for \$6.00. Now it is no uncommon thing to receive orders from wholesalers for 100 gross lots (14,400 boxes)—to retail for \$7,200. There is only one reason for this great success—they cure sick people."

But still there are homes where "Fruit-a-tives" have not been tried—homes where they still suffer from Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Trouble, Skin Diseases, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and kindred painful and weakening ailments—often because they have not cared to risk 50c. to try "Fruit-a-tives" when other medicines—supposed to cure—could be had for 25c."

This last objection to trying "Fruit-a-tives" has now been overcome. We have put out a new trial size to retail at 25c. The price no longer stands in the way. Get a trial box and see for yourself that "Fruit-a-tives" will help you."

If your dealer has not the 25c. trial size, let us know. Give us your name and address and we will send you a booklet—free—containing valuable recipes and stories of what "Fruit-a-tives" have done. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

If I have not a cross I will make no progress toward heaven. A cross—that is to say, all that disturbs us—is the sting which stimulates us, and without which we would remain stationary, receiving all the dust of the road, and perhaps sinking by degrees into evil. A cross is the spring which pushes us forward in spite of our apathy and our resistance.—Golden Sands.

You have already passed through many dangers, and it was by the grace of God you did so; the same grace will be near you in all succeeding occasions, and will deliver you from on difficulty after another, even though an angel from heaven should be required to guide your wavering steps."

Since at every season of life, early or late, in youth or in old age, I can expect my salvation from the pure goodness and mercy of God alone, it is much better to cast myself from this moment into the arms of His clemency than to wait till another time. Let the Lord do with me according to His will."

When we happen to fall, let us ease down our heart before God, to say to Him in a spirit of humility, "Mercy, Lord! for I am weak." Let us arise in peace, unite again the thread of our affections, and continue our work."

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

FRUIT THE TEST OF THE TREE.
"By their fruits ye shall know them." (St. Matt. vii. 16)

From the general tenor of our Lord's words given in the Gospel to-day, His intention was, as we see, to give us a standard, a rule to judge others and also a rule to judge ourselves. He foresaw that the state of things which existed in His day would with some modifications occur over and over again; namely, that certain men clothed with some share of authority, men gifted with learning—as were the Scribes and Pharisees—men able in some way to attract attention and give themselves prominence, would step forward as moral guides, as dogmatic teachers, as expounders of law and principles; but he warns us that they are not to be heeded, much less to be followed. Their root is pride or disobedience, it is denial or profane novelty; and their fruits, that is, their works and words, are evil. How often, alas! in the past history of the Church, with what marked clearness even in our times, have these words been fulfilled, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

But as our most necessary, most frequent, and safest judgment ought to be upon ourselves, let us so apply it. The very nature and activity of our minds, the work of our lives, the range of our duties, the dealings of God with us, make the comparison to nature, to the earth, happy and suitable one. The farmer or husbandman who goes forth day by day on his land to plant, to cultivate, to prepare for, etc., expects results. Now he has the spade and plough, again the axe and the pruning-knife. Having chosen the fitting place and prepared the ground and planted, he turns and grafts, he cuts away and uproots. So in our lives, day by day, year by year, fruit of some kind, good or evil, is growing; and the Master expects, nay, demands good fruit, and plenty of it.

Are our lives, our words and deeds such a solid in root, tenacious and orderly in the branches, goodly and wholesome, fair and abundant in the fruit?

Are our lives rooted in faith and love? Does the sunlight of God's approval shine on them? Do we ask by frequent prayer for the needful showers to descend?

Do we ever use the axe of God's divine commandments, the pruning-knife of denial and restraint in the garden, amid the products of our souls? Remember, brethren, our Lord does not want merely ornamental trees, nor those which simply bear leaves, nor yet trees with poor fruit, but trees that bear good fruit for every tree that beareth not forth good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire. What is, then, our present crop, malice, weakness, unfaithfulness? Or is it pure and upright actions, kindly thoughts and words, lasting and pleasant fruit worthy to be gathered in?

For blessed is the man whose will is in the law of the Lord. He shall be like a tree that is planted near running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season. And his leaf shall not fall off, and everything he shall do shall prosper."

THE CHURCH OF ROME THE CHURCH OF HISTORY.

An English Protestant, Mr. George Sampson, recently reviewing Raithe's History of the Popes in the London Daily Chronicle wrote as follows on the Catholic Church in European history: "It is simple fact that in the history of Europe the Church of Rome is the Church of the centre, the other bodies being merely provincial institutions. The Church of history is not the Church of England, nor the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, nor the Society of Friends, nor the Union of Ethical Societies. The Church of history is the Church of Rome as Newman asserts in the passage where he sadly admits that the 'unbeliever Gibbon' is our only worthy ecclesiastical historian. But I will go further, and say that the Church of English history is the Church of Rome; for it gave us our Cathedrals, set the form of our prayers, marked out our parishes, taught us our duty to the poor, nursed our laws and our learning, won us much of our liberty, and laid the foundation of our last four centuries of progress. Without knowing something of this great Church, you can understand very little of English history, and to minimize the historic importance of the Papacy because you happen to be a Protestant is as stupid as to minimize the historic importance of the House of Austria because you happen to be an Englishman."

A LOBSTER STORY WITH A LESSON IN IT.

We are indebted to The Lamp (Anglican) for the following: Archbishop Agius illustrates the now happily declining prejudice of Englishmen toward everything Roman by the following story: There was a time when to name a Catholic was to name a boggy; they knew nothing about Roman Catholics; or they knew only as much about them as they knew about sea fish in the midland counties of England. Before the time when fish were sent by express and by railroads throughout the country, a fisherman going through a midland county with a basket of fish on his back, a lobster fell out. The villagers saw this awful thing creeping backward and forward. They turned and looked and wondered, and no one could make out what the monster was. Whereupon the village schoolmaster was called out to give his opinion. He looked and studied. "Yes," he said, "I can tell you what that thing is—that is a Roman Catholic!" The villagers were quite satisfied; they had heard before what a Roman Catholic was, and now they had seen one!

Comment would merely add: There are people to-day who pretend to have "lobster" ideas of Roman Catholics. Should the reader happen to meet with

any such, simply show them this story and, of themselves, they will pick out the lesson.

VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

The intention of this month, for associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, is Seminars. Consequently we are to pray very earnestly for our seminarians. We should pray that they may be trained to become priests after the Heart of Jesus Christ, "priests of fire." What does this expression mean? Surely that they shall become priests who are filled with the fire of the Holy Ghost, strong, wise, zealous, holy, humble, all keenly alive to the interests of the Church, the welfare of souls, the glory of God.

Pray for the seminaries implies also prayer for vocations to the priesthood, since our seminaries would mean but little, were there no vocations. And how are these vocations to be made? Is it by pointing out any motives or incentives for which he has little or no inclination? Is it by constantly talking before him of the dignity of the priesthood and of his parents' wish that he should enter upon the path leading to it? No; these efforts may do more harm than good. It is by pointing out any motives of temporal ambition? No, surely not.

But, deep in the hearts of parents, should there not be the wish that God may condescend to choose at least one child of theirs to minister at His altar in the highest and holiest of callings? Should not parents strive to be themselves models of prayer and goodness and of zeal, so that their sons may love and prize the beauty of holiness as exemplified daily in their homes? Should there not be ever among us the manifestation of reverence, towards our priests in work and word and will, seeing in them the ambassadors of Christ?

Let parents examine their consciences on this serious matter; God calls us to work for His honor, for His Church. In the Lord's Prayer we say always, "Thy Kingdom come." But the coming of that kingdom is connected intimately with the work and office of the priesthood. Priests are the officers and leaders in God's army where the bishops are the generals, and the Supreme Pontiff is the commander-in-chief. Are the laity, the rank and file of the army, to have no concern or loyal care for those who guide them towards the coming of God's kingdom? Shall fathers and mothers desire only the worldly prosperity of their sons? Or shall they ask for their higher gifts, grace to hear Christ's voice, say, "Follow Me—come up higher—serve at my altar—feed My sheep;" grace to hear that divine voice and heed it, and to obey?

Worldly riches and fame and joy will pass like the morning dew; but the souls won to Christ by his priests shall form a crown of glory for the priesthood, that never shall fade away. "The priest's life is Christ's life; the priest is another Christ," so says St. Ambrose. What shall a father or a mother ask more than this, that they have given a son-to such a calling, to be in a real and hallowed and extraordinary manner, Christ's helper, Christ's imitator, another Christ!—Sacred Heart Review.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary. "It was summer in the foothills of the Adirondacks. Visitors were coming and going, and among them, were a charming old lady and her two lovely daughters. This amiable and sweet old person was of unusual piety and goodness—loved God and her neighbor—was a devout Bible reader, and devoured with zeal for the salvation of those wandering souls that were not members, like herself, of the "enlightened" Protestant Church. More than anything else, she was full of pity for the poor "Papists" for those precious souls, whose misguided pastors led them through devious ways to perdition. In her sincere zeal, she pondered over their misfortune, and almost felt herself to be a prophetess, sent by God to warn them of their danger.

The more she dreamed, the more anxious she became for an opportunity. She was oblivious of the beauty of the mountains, the royal woods, the crisp piney odors of the hills, and the delights of their wooded pathways. Her only thought was—Religion! and how she could place some soul on the right path to heaven!

Her opportunity came! The Catholic pastor of the vicinity had a mixed congregation of French-Canadians, to which race he himself belonged; and although his church was fifteen miles away from the town where our venerable lady stayed, she determined to pay him a visit and state her "mission." He received her cordially, and from some commonplace topics they drifted to religion.

"Do you know," said the lady with all courtesy and gentleness, "I have been thinking much of you, since I saw you in your church? Forgive me if I say, that I grieve that one so intelligent should be led away with all his people, from the purity of the Gospel (as we read it in the Bible), to the errors of Rome!"

"And are you so sure of that, Madam?" said the priest.

"Indeed, I am, or I would not dare to introduce the subject! Feeling myself so entirely right, I do not think it presumptuous in me to acknowledge this strong, unquenchable desire to see you right, too; I feel it is an inspiration—a light, even a Mission from the Holy Ghost, to guide you to the Lord Jesus."

The priest respected her evident sincerity, and knew it would be useless to begin a controversy; so he said, mirthfully:

"My dear Madam, I believe you to be entirely sincere in your desire to convert me, and if you can convince me that I am wrong, I am most willing to listen, but only on a condition."

"Name it, my dear sister," said the delighted lady.

"Have you ever heard of a prayer called the 'Hail Mary'?"

The lady reflected.

"Yes," she said, "I had a little maid in my family, a French-Canadian

orphan, who was a pious Roman Catholic; when I asked her if she prayed, she told me she said the 'Our Father' and the 'Hail Mary.' I never interfered with her, for I consider all prayers have some good in them!"

"And so they have," said the priest.

"And now, since you have heard of the 'Hail Mary,' I promise that I will listen to your 'mission,' if you promise me that you will say or read that little prayer, every day till we meet again. Will you promise?"

The old lady was so eager to convert the affable pastor, that she gave her word. She actually gave her word, to say the "Hail Mary" every day.

And then she poured out her mission with all the fire of a prophetess. The substance of her speech was—that he was in darkness; He must come forth from that darkness by studying the Bible and preaching it alone; and he and his people would see the light, and leave the shadow of death for life everlasting.

The good priest listened attentively, never interrupting, and courteously promised he would certainly think of what she had said, and would assuredly pray for the light of the Holy Spirit in all his undertakings.

"And now," said he, "I have redeemed my promise. I have listened to you. It remains for you to fulfil yours. You will daily say that prayer, the 'Hail Mary.'"

"I certainly will," said the poor old lady, delighted that the priest seemed so favorably impressed. "I hope to call soon again!"

The good priest politely showed her to the door, and as she passed out of sight, he said smilingly to himself: "The good God will pity your sincere, well-meaning efforts, my dear lady and you will be saved anyway, because you are working according to your lights. But that 'Hail Mary' will take root some day, and bear its fruits to the Church!"

And he was right. The dear old lady never called again. She passed away to the presence of God, still dreaming of the Holy Spirit's message. She was in good faith, and so she was judged by a merciful God. But she did not forget her promise to say the "Hail Mary" every day. And now, behold the fruits.

After her death, strange to say, an unquenchable yearning seized her eldest daughter to know something of the Catholic Church. She found the opportunity to inquire and her inquiries led her to the baptismal font. She was now a fervent convert.

Her younger sister is inclining the same way, and there is little doubt, that she, too, will follow in her footsteps, and ere long fulfil the heartfelt wish of her departed mother—although in a manner far different—she will come out of darkness, to the true path, that ever leads to light.

WEAK FAITH.

There seems something strange in the gospel narrative where our Lord reproached the ruler for his want of faith, and yet he is not strange. He had, indeed, some faith in Christ, or he would not have come to Him and asked Him to come down and heal his son; but his faith was not a full and ready faith, since wonders must be performed before he would believe, and hence our Lord reproached him.

How different in the case of the centurion mentioned in another part of holy writ. He, too, had a child ill unto death at home; but God's words were enough. "Say but the word," he said, "and my son shall be healed." Our Lord praised him for his faith and held it up to the admiration of all, saying He had not seen such faith in all Israel.

These two men had the same opportunities for having faith, since the miracles of Christ confirming His divine character and the truth of His doctrine were seen and spoken of on every side. All were saying, "Who is this that the winds and seas obey?" Thousands had been healed, and the leaves and fishes; not only had the sick been healed, but even the dead had been raised to life, and yet how little and how weak the faith of this one who was still looking for signs and wonders and would have ocular demonstration of it, he asks Him to come down and heal his son.

But is this not the case with many of us? We have faith, it is true, but is it a full and abiding faith? Is it a faith like the centurion's, that trusts for its confirmation all to the word of God, or is it like the ruler's weak and wavering? Is our faith resting on its permanence, not on the signs and wonders done not only in the time of Christ and since, but even from the creation of the world? But is our faith dependent on some particular miracle, or sign or wonder that must be done in the present—a continuation, indeed, of all that has gone before, but brought down to our time and day and to our own insignificant selves? The crime of the age is, indeed, the weakness of faith. I do not say the want of faith, for that term belongs only to the pagan and infidel, but I say the weakness of faith among those who profess to have the faith. How many will, at the first ill-will that blows against the Church, have their faith shaken, though Christ has promised always to be with His Church even to the end of the world? How many will cavil at its teachings or its action when something is said or done that goes contrary to their ideas, though Christ has promised that His Holy Ghost would enlighten His Church and teach her all things, so that who would hear her would be hearing Christ Himself? And what deserts from faith and religion and virtue and all that is good through faith being questioned, the rules and regulations following it?

Again, how faith is weakened in individuals because some trial overtakes them, or some adversity is met with, and they rush off and declare there is no God, or if there is that He is not just, because they experience some little sorrow or suffering. How different those that suffer, that severer are worthy examples of the heroic men that claimed, "God gave, God took away," blessed be the name of God forever!"

And how different their words from St. Paul's who exclaimed, "What shall separate me from the love of Christ? Shall sorrow, shall tribulation, shall imprisonment, shall stripes, shall the sword? No, not one, or all of them shall separate me or cause me to give up that love. I live for Christ Jesus our Lord?" Most God tell us again and again that He loves us with a mother's love and that He has loved us from all eternity, and that it is because He loves us so much that He will sometimes afflict us and try us in order that He may love us the more, because of our loving Him more in suffering for His sake? Let us away, then, with self-love and have a generous love of God, prompted by a faith in Him that nothing can shake and with the apostle exclaim, "Here cut! Here burn! Here try in every way you will, but spare, spare in eternity!"

But though there is so much to blame in the ruler's conduct, yet there is something to praise, and that is his readiness to profit by the presence and the power of God. The opportunity came and he took advantage of it. At was the favorable moment, the time of God's visitation, the acceptable time and he embraced it and his son's soul was saved. A day's delay, a putting off the time would have passed and death would have him for its victim.

Here, then, is a lesson for ourselves to take advantage of the grace of God. "There is a tide in the affairs of man," says the poet, "which, taken at the ebb, leads us to fortune," and so it is with ourselves, there is a grace, a day and occasion, a circumstance which contains in its folds our eternal salvation. It is a mission, a retreat, a good book, a holy word comes to us among the daily things of life and this is God's grace for us, a grace the like of which may never come again. Let us ask God the grace to be ever faithful to grace.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE ANCIENT GLORIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

William Winter, the noted dramatic critic, pays this tribute to the Catholic Church in the New York Tribune in connection with the centennial celebrations: "To think of the Roman Catholic Church is to think of the oldest, the most venerable and the most powerful religious institution existing among men. I am not a churchman of any kind; that, possibly, is my misfortune; but I am conscious of a profound obligation of gratitude to that wise, austere, yet tenderly human ecclesiastical power which, self-centred amid the vicissitudes of human affairs and provident for men of learning, imagination and sensibility throughout the world, has preserved the literature and art of all the centuries, has made architecture the living symbol of celestial aspiration and in poetry and music has heard and has transmitted the authentic voice of God."

"I say that I am not a churchman, but I would also say that the best hours of my life have been hours of meditation passed in the glorious cathedrals and among the sublime ecclesiastical ruins of England. I have worshipped in Canterbury and York, in Winchester and Salisbury, and I have, Durium, in Ely and in Wells. I have, in the Tintern, when the green grass and the white daisies were waving in the summer wind, and have looked upon those lovely arched casements—among the most graceful ever devised by human art—amid the shaded ivy, the drooping and through which the winds of heaven sing a perpetual requiem."

I have seen the shadows of evening slowly gather and softly fall over the gaunt tower, the roofless nave, the giant pillars and the shattered arcades of Fountains Abbey, in its sequestered and romantic setting, where ancient Ripon dreams in the spacious and verdant valley of the Skell. I have mused upon Netley, and Kirtstall, and Newstead, and Bolton, and Melrose and Dryburgh; and, at a midnight hour, I have stood in the grim and gloomy channel of St. Columba's Cathedral, remote from the storm-swept Hebrides, and looked upward to the cold stars and heard the voices of the birds of night, mingled with the desolate moaning of the sea.

"With awe, with reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts, I have lingered and pondered in those haunted, holy places; but one remembrance was always present—the remembrance that it was the Roman Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty and breathed into them the breath of a divine life and hallowed them forever; and, thus thinking, I have felt the unspeakable pang of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor raised."

THE BISHOP'S ISOLATION.

The loneliest of men is the Catholic Bishop. From the day he was added to the successors of the apostles he ceased to have friends. His new office forbade intimacy, and like a statue upon a pedestal he was destined to be marked for criticism by friend and enemy. This was a sentiment uttered by the eloquent Bishop Spalding, himself a sufferer of an overworked life. He suffers alone like his Divine Master in the Garden of Olives, while those upon whom he would depend are asleep. The awful responsibility of the care of thousands of souls appalls him, and like a faithful captain on a storm-tossed ship, wearied and anxious he dares not desert the helm. How little do our people think of this! The pomp and tinsel with which conventionality naturally surrounds the office of the Bishop are the only things which appeal to the inconsiderate bachelor. Few look deep down into the heart-oppressed interior. It has been well said that the episcopal office is a continued martyrdom. No other order in the Church has given so many martyrs for the faith in the ages past. The lives of those that suffered that severer are worthy examples of the heroic men that have laid down their lives for their sheep.—Catholic Advance.

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the bride-to-be should see to it that he who has promised to share his fortunes with her takes the necessary steps towards carrying out the promise.

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A GOOD SUGGESTION.

An earnest writer in a Catholic exchange makes a suggestion well worthy of consideration. Deploring the neglect of the amenities of social life by many Catholic families, he says: "If Catholic entertainments were given less frequently in halls, and often in homes, it would be better from every point of view. The atmosphere of a refined home acts insensibly upon those who breathe it. The loud voice is softened, the coarse nature purified, the inert roused to ambition, and the cultured poor breathe again the native air of which circumstances have deprived them. If more effort were made by Catholics who have it in their power, much real good might be accomplished by thus elevating the social life of the Church. Why do not the few with fine houses, filled with rare books and beautiful pictures, invite those less fortunate but equally appreciative, to enjoy their treasures? Not bidding them welcome as if they were superior creatures, condescending from some lofty height, but as equals, seeking a reciprocal pleasure."

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Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason.

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The Catholic Record
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amounted to \$7,081,102—a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855 bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,818—a gain over 1906 of \$4,170,440, and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.

The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—In Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$906,221; in Income \$171,147 and in surplus \$300,341.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Pygmy or a Giant.

A soldier once took a message to Napoleon in such great haste that the horse he rode dropped dead before he delivered the paper. Napoleon dictated his answer and, handing it to the messenger, ordered him to mount his own horse and deliver it with all possible speed.

The messenger looked at the magnificent animal, with its superb trappings, and said, "Nay, General, but this is too gorgeous, too magnificent for a common soldier."

Napoleon said, "Nothing is too good or too magnificent for a French soldier."

The world is full of people like this poor French soldier, who think that what others have is too good for them; that it does not fit their humble condition; that they are not expected to have as good things as those who are "more favored." They do not realize how they weaken themselves by this mental attitude of self-depreciation or self-encouragement.

You will never become a giant if you only expect a pygmy's part. There is no law which will cause a pygmy's thinking to produce a giant. The statue follows the model.

Most people have been educated to think that they were not intended to have the best there is in the world; that the good and beautiful things of life were not intended for them; that these were reserved for those especially favored by fortune. They have grown up under this conviction of their inferiority, and of course, they will be comparatively inferior until they claim superiority as their birthright.

One reason why the human race as a whole has not measured up to its possibilities, to its promise; one reason why we see everywhere splendid ability doing the work of mediocrity, is because people do not think half enough of themselves. They do not realize their divinity, and that they are a part of the great causation principle of the universe.

The Stimulus of the Affirmative.

We do not think highly enough of our superb birthright. We do not realize to what heights and grandeur we were intended and expected to rise, or to what extent we can really be masters of ourselves; that we can control our destiny, make ourselves do what is possible to us, make ourselves what we long to be.

If we could only realize that the very attitude of assuming that we are the real embodiment of the thing we long to be or to attain, that we possess the good things we long for, not that we possess all the qualities of good, but that we are these qualities—with the constant affirming, "I myself, an good luck, good fortune; I am myself a part of the great creative, sustaining principle of the universe, because my real, divine self and my Father are one, what a revolution would come to earth's toilers!"

"Nerve us with incessant affirmatives," well said the Sage of Concord. Few people understand the tremendous force there is in a vigorous, perpetual affirmation of the things we long to be or that we are determined to accomplish. Great things are done under the stress of overpowering conviction of one's ability to do the thing he undertakes, under the stimulus of a vigorous affirmative expressed with unflinching determination. One might as well have tried to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to have attempted to turn Napoleon from his course or to change his decision. What did he care for the Alps, for "impassable" rivers, or for desert sands!

The very intensity, the force of your affirmative, of your confidence in your ability to do the thing you attempt, is definitely related to the degree of your achievement.

You Create Your Conditions.

We often wonder how such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, and Andrew Carnegie manage to make so much money; and we are apt to think that there is some magic in the matter; that they must be great geniuses, or that luck has had a great deal to do with their success.

But, if we analyzed the causes, we should find that when these men first started out in active life they held the confident, vigorous, persistent thought of the robust belief in their ability to accomplish what they had undertaken. Their mental attitude was set so stubbornly toward their goal that the doubts and fears which dog and hinder and frighten the man who holds a low estimate of himself, who asks but little, demands but little, expects but little, or for himself, got out of their path, and the world made way for them.

We are very apt to think of men who had been unusually successful in any line as greatly favored by fortune; and we try to account for it in all sorts of ways but the right one. The fact is that their position and their condition represent their expectations of themselves, the sum of their positive, creative, habitual thinking. Their successes in their mental attitude outpictured, made tangible in their environment. They have wrought, created what they have and what they are out of their constructive thought.

Think of a man trying to create wealth when his whole mental attitude, when his very face and manner seem to say, "Keep away from me. Prosperity; do not come near me. I would like to have you, but you were evidently not intended for me. My mission in life is a humble one, and, while I wish I could have the good things which the more fortunate enjoy, I really do not expect them. It is true, I keep working for them, but I do not really expect to attain them."

Abundance can not get near a person holding such a mental attitude. Prosperity is a product of the creative mind. The mind that fears, doubts, depreciates its powers, is a negative mind, one that repels prosperity, repels supply. It has nothing in common with abundance, hence can not attract it.

Of course, men do not mean to drive opportunity, prosperity, or abundance away from them; but they hold a mental attitude filled with doubts and fears and lack of faith and self-confidence, which virtually does this very thing without their knowing it.

What, what paupers our doubts and fears make of us!—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BEN'S INVESTMENT.

"Pa, will you give me the key to my savings box? I want to see how much there's in it," said Ben Heriot on New Year's day.

"You want to take stock of your wealth, eh?" said Mr. Heriot, fumbling in his pocket for the key which he had in charge.

"Yes, just like all first class business men do at the beginning of the year," laughed Ben.

He dumped the contents of the small metal safe upon the table.

"Well, how much is it?" inquired Mr. Heriot pleasantly.

"Just three dollars and fifty cents."

"And what do you intend to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing just now. There are a good many things that I should like to get for it, but what I should like to get most is too expensive. I would take a dollar and a half more to buy it."

"What is that?"

"That's Tom Dolan's camera. He got one last summer from his father and now he got another from his uncle for Christmas. The one from his father he wants to sell, but three fifty won't do. He wants five dollars for it, and not a cent less. It is a pretty good one you know."

Presently Mrs. Heriot entered the sitting room and interrupted the conversation. At seeing Ben she exclaimed angrily: "Why Ben, it is simply awful that you will never mind what I tell you. I warned you not to leave the door of the chicken coop open after you feed the chickens and to-day you have done it again. All the chickens got out and we had to chase after them in the snow. When will you ever learn to think?"

"Did I leave it open again?" asked Ben with scared countenance.

"Of course you did. It is the same with you every day. You forget all you are told. Nearly all my preserves are spoiled, because last week you opened the cellar window and forgot to close it. The day before yesterday you lost your nice new umbrella, leaving it standing in the grocery store, and when I send you down town, you come back without half the things that I told you to get."

"I can't help it, Ma," said Ben penitently. "I don't mean to be careless. I just forget."

"A big boy like you, thirteen years old, should not always forget," said Mr. Heriot sternly. "That is just a bad habit and you should train yourself to remember. What will become of you when you are grown up, and go into business, if you always forget things you are entrusted with. You cannot be depended upon by anybody."

Ben hung his head. The next moment his face brightened.

"I just think of something, papa, that might help me to remember. I don't want to tell you just now, but you will find out afterwards."

When Mr. and Mrs. Heriot saw Ben's earnest desire to reform, their vexation waned, although they had little confidence in his secret scheme. To their silent surprise, however, during the following days, Ben gave no more reason for complaint. All his little duties were promptly attended to.

When two weeks had passed without any recurrence of Ben's habitual thoughtlessness, his parents were so pleased at this, that they resolved to give him a pleasant surprise. They intended adding one dollar and fifty cents to his money in the safe, and get him the camera he coveted. Mrs. Heriot went to get the box from the shelf where it had been placed together with the key, but lifting it, she discovered that it was entirely empty. This was almost a shock to her. It was evident that Ben had disposed of his money without saying anything about it to his parents. She held the just opinion that boys ought not to have secrets from their mothers, and to his mother's knowledge Ben had never had one before.

That same afternoon Mrs. Heriot went to the store and on the way met little Richard Plom, one of Ben's younger schoolmates. Richard's father had suffered an accident some time ago, in consequence of which one of his legs had to be amputated. Ben's mother stopped to ask the boy how his father was getting along.

"Oh, he is very much better now," said Richard with a smile. "Since he has got the crutches, he can walk around, and perhaps he will get a job now. We are very grateful to Ben that he gave us the money for them."

"Did Ben give you money for crutches?" queried Mrs. Heriot.

"He gave me three dollars and a half on New Year's day, to buy crutches for Papa, because I told him that we had no money. Didn't you want him to give us the money? You will not punish him for it, Mrs. Heriot, will you?"

"Oh, no, indeed, not. Don't worry, Richard," said Mrs. Heriot.

"Why didn't you tell me, Bennie, that you gave your three dollars and a half to Richard Plom?" she asked Ben when she came home.

Ben's face colored. "Oh, mama, did you find that out?" he cried. "You don't disapprove of it, do you? You see that part of the secret plan I made to train myself to remember. I only carried it out a little different from what I had at first intended. I had read a story of a young man who was in the habit of swearing. He was anxious to break himself of it, but it seemed that he could not succeed. Then he vowed that he would give a dollar to the poor, every time that he would swear. He was not very wealthy himself and earned only small wages. It was very hard for

him to part with the dollar, but he gave it every time he had a relapse into his bad habit, and after three or four times, he always remembered and never swore any more. That made me think. I would make a vow to give fifty cents of my money to the poor, every time I forgot something I was told to do."

"That was a good idea," interrupted Mrs. Heriot. "How did it happen that you did not carry it out?"

"Well, a little later in the afternoon I met Richard, who was crying as though his heart would break. I asked him what was the matter, and he told me how poor they were, since Mr. Plom was sick. He said his papa felt so downhearted that he cried, because he could not walk, and had no money to buy himself a pair of crutches. Then I thought that I might just as well pay my fines beforehand, as it seemed sure to me that I would fall to remember once in a while, and I gave Richard all my money. But what do you think, mamma, since that time, I did not forget once what I was told, and I find it quiet easy to keep things in my mind."

"That is because of your earnest resolution, which God gives you the grace to keep in order to reward you for your act of charity. You made an investment with our Lord, and are drawing high interest," said Mrs. Heriot.

"Perhaps it helped, too, that Richard and his people prayed for me. He said they would, when I gave him the money. He was so awfully glad, mamma, it did me good to see it."

Because of Richard's manly sacrifice of his savings, Mr. and Mrs. Heriot felt even more pleased with him than before. The next day when he came home from school, his mother presented him with the camera, which had brought from Tom Dolan. The unexpected gift put Ben in such a state of exultation, that he could not abstain from executing a sort of waltz dance around the room.

"By Jimmy!" he cried. "If other boys, who are under the lane of a bad habit, knew how happy a fellow feels when he is conquering it, and how well it got rewarded for my efforts, they would all surely try their best to reform."

M. R. Thiele in Christian Family.

MASS DURING VACATION.

Catholics go to Mass on Sunday because they are commanded to do so by the Church, and because they know that to break that command would be a mortal sin, since the Church speaks to them in the name and by the authority of Almighty God. All the year round this command of the Church still remains in the ear of every Catholic, but some Catholics seem to think that as the vacation season approaches they are, somehow or other, dispensed from the law. And so when they plan the usual summer vacation for a few weeks, they take no pains to discover whether or not there is any church or any possibility for hearing Sunday Mass at the place they intend to spend their days of recreation. They think of everything else very carefully, and consider very closely the terms, the food, the location, the possibilities of all kinds in their chosen summer resort, but they never think of Sunday or of the obligation which rests upon them as Catholics of attending Mass on that day. They do not bother to inquire whether the house at which they intend to stay is one mile or fifty miles from a Catholic church.

This is a great mistake. Catholics are Catholics in summer as in winter, in the country as in the city, in strange places as in their own parish; and the obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday still rests upon them in vacation as when they are at home. Of course, when they are sick, people who through no fault of their own find themselves too far from a church, people who have duties to attend to upon which their living depends—to none of these do our remarks apply; but the Catholics who, of their own accord, and in pursuit of pleasure, place themselves outside the possibility of attending Mass on Sunday are certainly blameworthy.

There is no longer any need for Catholics who go away for a few weeks vacation in summer to hide themselves away from sight or sound of everything Catholic. There are many excellent summer resorts nowadays which are supplied with a church and a priest. Catholics should remember the when they are planning their summer vacation. Apart from complying with the obligation to hear Mass, there is a comforting sensation in knowing that in case of sudden and serious illness, it is possible to have the priest. This means a great deal to Catholics in their home parishes. It should be just as important to them when they are on vacation.—Sacred Heart Review.

A beautiful story is told in the Catholic Argosy, in describing the life of an aged couple, whose first purchase on the eve of their marriage was a crucifix. The modest little crucifix in plaster was given in their home the place of honor over the mantelpiece, where it seemed to reign as true ruler, the undisputed master over the whole lives of these humble and courageous workers who had asked God to protect and bless the union of their hearts.

Weeks and years passed and the crucifix was never taken down. Now the man and his wife are old. Their whole family is exemplary and edifying; they are esteemed and loved by all who know them. Nobody has ever heard any quarrel amongst them; they love each other tenderly, because they have learned to practice the domestic virtues. It happened that a friend coming asked the old grandmother, now bent with age, how her children were kept so good and walked so uprightly. And the old woman pointed her hand above the mantelpiece for half a century. "You must ask Him," she said, her face lighting up with a serene smile, as of one who knew the secret of true Christian happiness.

THE FUNERAL OF AN ELK.

The Monitor of Newark, N. J., had, the other day, the following well-balanced consideration of a recent occurrence in New York City:

The other day Peter Dailey, a well-known and popular actor, died. Peter Dailey was a genial soul. He jollied his way through life and his friends jollied his body to the grave. Peter's name tells his nationality; and his origin, full of all that makes the Celt the most lovable of men. He had a big, warm heart and a magnetic personality that won him friends by the thousand. And these friends he retained, and they mourned for him when he died. Many were the stories of his kindness and his generosity that tumbled from lip to lip; many the quip and joke of his that made eyes twinkle through the tears his death had bidden.

"And on every side," wrote a Sun reporter, "his little groups discussed the dead jester who learned that his friends never had heard him swear, never had heard him tell an 'off color' story among all the countless arms he used to spin and never was known to be angry. Peter would be the last, they said, to accuse himself of sanctity, but these things were true, and so Broadway knew him only as the happy-go-lucky jester who was fine and white and Pete Daileysish, and who, at a time when on every side the muck raker and what not scream that everything that it is wrong, could make you laugh and show you that things weren't so deplorable after all."

Few men, we may well argue, possessed better natural qualities or a more lovable personality than Pete Dailey. But if Peter's name told his nationality, we might also claim that it disclosed his religion. Peter Dailey was a Catholic. Were you to ask him his religion, he would undoubtedly assure you with a

convincing smile and a merry shake of the head that he belonged to the "Old Church." He could not, if he wished, belong to any other. And yet how sad his funeral! There was little Catholic about it. There were Elks and Lambs and Friars and White Rats galore present at it; there were orchids and roses and lilies and violets and jonquils a riot deep; the orchestra played "Dinah" and "When Chloe Sings." It was a stage funeral. There was no Mass; there was no chanting of the Church's solemn "Requiem"; there was no blessing of the body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, as it was laid away in the grave. No; instead of this, the service of the Elks was held. In the background was a delegation of Masons, wondering whether the dead actor had renounced membership in their order before his death, as he was bound as a Catholic to do. It was not the kind of funeral that Pete Dailey's good old Irish father and mother would have wished for him. There was pomp and there were flowers. There were celebrities from stage and court and political arena. There was music and there was a gush. The Lambs bleated and the White Rats gnawed and the Elks, good souls, swung their antlers over the opened grave, while "white-souled, joyous Pete" was buried.

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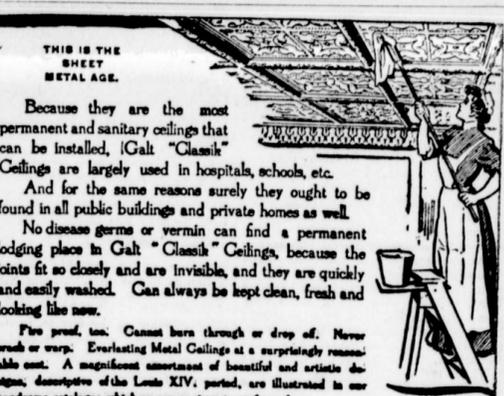
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BRUCE'S HEART.

The legend has it that when dying, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, ordered that his heart be taken to the Holy Land, since it had been made possible to join the Crusaders. Lord James Douglas, with one hundred knights, set out on the mission with the heart encased in gold. Passing by Spain and finding the Moore's making inroads, they lent their aid to the Spaniards and led the attack. In the midst of battle, when sore pressed, Douglas hurled the heart of Bruce far into the ranks of the Indians, and then fought his way after it, followed by the other Scots. This turned the tide of battle, but when the field was cleared, Douglas was found among the slain, prostrate above his master's heart.

Our Master's Heart is the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and when the battle of life is over, though many and dark may



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