

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVII.

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May.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.
The gates of morn are opened wide,
Pale stars in dawn-flushed skies are dying;
Blushing and veiled, May, like a bride,
Comes from the East, rich perfumes sigh-
ing.
Great charms in her mild features meet,
"His power unto her Love delivers";
Her maid and youth, her, all things greet,
"Fr." lawns, the tawful groves and rivers.
She sends her messengers, the Hours,
From shore to shore her sway extending;
Along their paths the new-blown flowers
Their various essences are blending.
The vocal birds their tributes bring,
And when day's choir is hushed and slum-
bers,
The insect hum and waft of wing
Replace the more harmonious numbers.
Oh, leafing woods and emerald swards!
Oh, sunny robes of vale and mountain!
May's priceless worth you speak in words
That laugh in leaf and flash in fountain.
Oh, nectar morning! golden day!
Calm, rosy eyes that ease and gladden!
Birds, light and verdure leaping in May
To oust and kill the cares that sadden.
Now, like May's music, never rest
Joy's chiming that earthly burdens lighten,
And lilac buds, in each blithe breast
Break hopes that constant spread and
brighten.
—MAURICE W. CASEY.
Ottawa, Ont.

IMMORAL SALE OF INTOXI- CANTS.

It is a lamentable fact that a great number of Catholics, by external profession, are engaged in the liquor-trade. This is a great evil, and a great scandal. But, such being the case, it is especially incumbent on the Bishops and clergy to bring to bear all the moral power of the Church against the baleful and immoral power of the party which is devoted to the interests of the liquor-trade. It is impossible to draw a line of sharp demarcation separating the class of retail liquor-dealers whose manner of carrying on their business deserves condemnation as immoral, from the more respectable members of the trade who can be exempted from this censure. The trade thrives chiefly on intemperance. Its customers are chiefly those who are given to immoderate drinking. Besides, there is a great traffic in spurious, adulterated, and deleterious drinks. If the general use of intoxicants, were confined to the consumption of pure and genuine distilled, fermented, and malt liquors by moderate drinkers, the retail traffic would be reduced to a relatively small compass, and the wholesale trade and manufactory would be diminished in proportion. The business can be carried on without sin, but its dangers and temptations are great. The trade is in ill odor on account of the great scandals and moral evils in which it is implicated, especially in this country. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has counselled all Catholics to keep out of it, or to abandon it; if they would obey this advice, a great incubus would be removed from the shoulders of the Catholic pastors, a great obstacle in the way of the Temperance Reformation would be shoved aside; and the moral welfare of the whole community would be essentially promoted.

The leaders and advocates of the liquor-trade can take an attitude of defiance toward ecclesiastical authority if they choose, but they will only bring disgrace upon themselves and stir up the valiant warriors against the venomous dragon of intemperance to more zealous and persistent combats. It is of no use for these gentlemen to try to assume a haughty port, and assert their consequence as a numerous and wealthy body of Catholics; having in the circle of their upper ten social and political influence, and the power to aid or to damage the Catholic cause. They will not exert any greater degree of toleration than they deserve. Such a plea is utterly vulgar and base. It puts the Catholic Church and religion on the level of a political party, or a merely secular society, like one of the kingdoms or republics of this world. All history shows to what an extent the members of the Catholic Church, both ecclesiastics and laymen, have degraded her sacred character, and left to future ages a legacy of scandal, by trafficking in holy things, and defiling the sanctuary with their worldly merchandise.

The external splendor and prosperity of the Catholic Church, the human and worldly aspect, in its best and most honorable side, is only an inferior environment, a shell, within which her vital force, her soul, sanctified by the Divine Spirit, has been active and working for the spiritual and moral good of mankind. Her true mission is to make men virtuous and holy, and thus to fit them for heaven. If she tolerates a multitude of sinners mixed up with the just in her communion, it is only in the hope of converting and reclaiming them. It is not in splendid ceremonies, celebrations and processions, in noble institutions, grand churches, crowds of the great and rich thronging her temples, that her true glory consists. It is in the number of her children who are living virtuous and holy lives, and the crowds of penitent sinners who surround her confessionals. All outside means and measures are valuable only as contributing to the fulfilment of the one purpose which alone has true worth, the interior work of the salvation of souls.

In carrying on this work, since one most essential part of it is to wage war upon all sin and vice, one chief duty of the priesthood, in which all good Christians are bound to aid them, is to labor zealously for the suppression of intemperance and of that kind of traffic in liquor which is its principal proximate occasion.

For the men who make their living chiefly from the custom of the intemperate, there is very little hope that any kind of religious and moral influence will have any great effect upon the majority of them. They have a seared conscience, and whatever outside show of religion they may keep up from their traditional habits and from human respect, is practically worth as little as the devotions of Italian brigands. They may still have a vital spark of faith under the ashes in which their souls are buried, and fear may drive them to seek reconciliation with God at the end of life; but during life they are not and cannot be good Christians. I am speaking now of those who carry on the liquor trade in such a way that it is a proximate occasion of mortal sin to themselves and others. Even if they receive the last sacraments and Christian burial, that gives no assurance of their salvation.

As for those who profess to carry on the business of selling liquor in strict accordance with the principles and rules of morality and religion, I waive the question of the justice of their plea, and take them on the ground of their own professions.

They claim to be respectable and value highly their social standing, and that of their families. They demand consideration as good citizens and good Catholics, liberal and generous towards the church and towards religious and philanthropic undertakings.

I wish to propose a few questions to this upper class of liquor sellers, including all saloon keepers who claim the right to belong to it. These questions are for them to answer frankly to their own consciences, and to the Lord who will judge them at death and on the last day:

Is it not true that there are many such "whiskey shops" as I have described, deserving the denunciation I have pronounced against them, with the support of the best public opinion of the country?

Would these respectable gentlemen wish that their sons, and the young men who are to marry their daughters, should frequent or avoid saloons and the company which is to be found in them?

Do they, or do they not, lend their influence, singly or in association, to sustain an obnoxious liquor-trade, and resist the crusade of the clergy and of the best citizens of the republic against intemperance?

Can they, without any qualm of conscience, ask of God, when they assist at Mass and offer their morning prayers, to bless and prosper their daily business and traffic? Can they hope that they are serving God, gaining merit, and preparing their souls for heaven, as well as making money, by the transaction of their worldly affairs?

Those who resent exclusion from office or membership in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and other religious confraternities, are they free from all complicity in the causes which produce the poverty, degradation and misery which the above-mentioned society is laboring to relieve?

Can they make the intention, every morning, to offer up all the actions of the day in union with the intentions of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and the Apostleship of Prayer?

I repeat here what I have said already, that the primary and only essential object of the Church is to make men virtuous and religious, and that the real strength and glory of the Church is in her virtuous members, who are good and practical Christians. The sanctifying work which the Church is capable of accomplishing has always been hindered and is now hindered by the negligence and the misdeeds of the unworthy and bad Christians. At the present time, in this country, one great obstacle to the religious and moral influence of the Church on the American people is the immoral use and sale of liquor by those who belong externally to her communion. It is of vital importance that we should contend with all our might against this evil.

I will close this article with the grave admonition addressed by the Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore to all who are engaged in the sale of liquor: "We admonish, finally, all those of our laity engaged in the traffic in intoxicating liquors to reflect seriously with how many and great dangers and occasions of sin their business, although not in itself unlawful, is surrounded. Let them choose some more honorable way of gaining a living if they can. But, at least, let them endeavor with all their might to remove the occasions of sin from themselves and others. . . . If, however, through their guilty cause or co-operation religion is disgraced and men are led on to ruin, let them know that there is an Avenger in heaven who will certainly inflict on them most grievous punishment."—Very Rev. A. F. Hewitt, D. D., in Catholic World.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

What is the missionary spirit? Is it something superfluous, supererogatory and outside the ordinary sphere of Christian duty and obligation? Certainly no. It is simply nothing more or less than the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the love of Christianity in action. It is the love of souls and desire for their salvation which constitutes the peculiar characteristic of the true Christian. It is the unselfish desire to extend to others the inestimable blessings which we enjoy. It is a love of Holy Church and desire to extend its advantages to all mankind. The man who has not this missionary spirit has reason to suspect the genuineness of his religion.

Every Christian should be a missionary. Every Christian can be a missionary. But how? It matters not what one's position in life may be, he or she has their influence at least in the immediate circle of their acquaintances and friends, and they are responsible for the proper use of that influence. A truly devout and exemplary person may be the means of the salvation of many souls. He may never know it in this world but there is a secret, unconscious, far-reaching power in good example which is as irresistible as it is beneficent.

"How far the little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

But the humblest individual can do something more than set a good example. If his heart is in it he will be on the watch for opportunities of giving outsiders the means of information in regard to the doctrines of Holy Church. And we can all contribute according to our means for the promotion of the work of missions among the heathen at home and abroad.

Here is a work in which all Christians ought to be deeply interested. It is a serious question whether the Catholics of this country take the interest in this work that they ought. It is said that they take the least interest in the work of Catholic missions and do the least for it of any country. That is a very grave charge. It is as much as to say that Catholics do not take as much interest in their religion as they ought; that they are not as zealous and loyal to the Church as their brethren in other countries.

The excuse that we are ourselves in a missionary condition, that we are building the Church and the Church's institutions *de novo*, and that we really have not the means to contribute more liberally to the general work of missions, is a plausible one; but there is one fact which seems to render it entirely null and void—that is, the enormous sums of money that have been raised for the cause of Home Rule in Ireland. This was a cause in which our people were interested and they were willing to contribute to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars. We are not objecting, now, to the contributions for the Irish cause; we mention it simply to show how easy it is to raise money among our Catholic people in this country for a cause in which they are interested. Why should we not be equally interested in the work of missions? Surely the civilization and salvation of the souls of millions of pagans who are deprived of the blessings of the Gospel of Christ is not less important than that of the political liberation of a nation. Why do we not take an equal interest in the work of missions? In the first place it is because we do not inform ourselves on the subject. It is to be feared that our people do not read the deeply interesting and often pathetic accounts which are published from time to time in our missionary papers and Catholic periodicals. If they did, surely their hearts would be stirred to take a deep interest in the work and to do all in their power and even make sacrifices for the promotion of the good work. Our own heathen in particular—the poor Indians and Negroes—ought to appeal powerfully to all our hearts. Think of the millions of money that are being spent by our Protestant friends on the Negroes of the South! Surely a holy emulation should prompt us to contribute more than the pitiful sum with which we seem to be content from year to year. And now that the policy of the Government seems to be dictated by the anti-Catholic policy of depriving the contract schools of their annual allowance it becomes a very serious question whether we will allow those millions, which have heretofore been so successful and which promise so well for the future, to languish and perish for want of proper support. There will be no difficulty if our people take the interest in the matter that they ought. Our Protestant friends seem determined to cripple and destroy those missions, if possible. A proper *esprit de corps*, to say nothing of a love of souls and a desire for best interests of our poor aborigines, should prompt us to determine that those missions shall not be allowed to perish. A selfish policy is a bad policy for the Christian, individually or collectively. The cultivation of a missionary spirit tends to increase the zeal, the piety and the generosity of the people and the contributions for the cause of millions will return a hundredfold into the domestic treasury.—Catholic Review.

TO BE DEPLORED.

The rev. editor of the St. Louis *Western Watchman* wields a sharp pen and too often dips it in vitriol. For the past few weeks he has been lashing the Irish Democratic professional politicians of St. Louis in a manner which must have made his victims writhe; doubtless the castigation was well deserved, and as it was so heavily laid on it is to be hoped the effect will be correspondingly commensurate. In his last issue the vigorous worded gentleman outdoes himself and makes a fierce and, to our thinking, uncalled-for attack on the Protestant societies of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor. Father Phelan takes for his text the conventions of these societies, which are held in the larger cities and which are usually attended by many thousands of young people, and says:

"The corrupting tendency of such heterogeneous gatherings of young people can not be over-estimated, and for downright viciousness and depravity they have never been equaled since the horrid saturnalia of Greece and Rome. The history of these general conventions will never be told, and chapters without end could be written in hearts' blood of afflicted mothers."

Most people who read this awful indictment will consider it ill advised and be loath to believe that it is true. Catholics, ecclesiastic or lay, will not endorse the St. Louis editor's words. Such unjust assaults on Protestant bodies cause much of the anti-Catholic feeling now so rampant,—and, looking at the matter from the view-point of the Protestant, who can blame him for vehemently resenting such an onslaught? The unfortunate part of it is, that the unthinking and uninformed are apt to confound the utterances of individuals with the Church to which they belong; and in this instance, the impression is sure to be strengthened from the fact of the writer being a clergyman.

But reasonable non-Catholics will hold no one responsible for the *Watchman* editor's harsh shafts but himself. Those who know the rev. gentleman know the sincerity of his intentions, and will give him credit for well-meaning while they deplore the unfortunate effect of his words at a time when broader toleration and Christian charity are being so eagerly advocated by fair-minded men and women of all creeds. The following words (Associated Press despatch, April 21), of the eminent Bishop of Pittsburg, Right Rev. Richard Phelan, undoubtedly reflect the sentiments of the Catholic hierarchy and the vast majority of the priesthood regarding Father Phelan's pronouncement:

In regard to the editorial of Father Phelan, in the St. Louis *Western Watchman*, casting aspersions on the convention of the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Societies, the Rev. Regis Canevan, speaking for Bishop Phelan of St. Paul's Catholic Cathedral, said to-night: "You may say that we regret the charges made by Father Phelan. We do not believe there is any foundation for them. There is no good to be accomplished for Christianity by the propagation of such charges or by bigotry, and such methods are to be deplored. Father Phelan is responsible to no one but himself for what he says. He does not represent the Church in this particular. nor does he speak for any diocese of the Church. The men and women who are at the head of these leagues have only good motives, and I think ought to be encouraged."

Archbishop Kain of St. Louis, Father Phelan's immediate ecclesiastical superior, says:

"Father Phelan may have heard of the things he states; I have not. I have always considered that the two societies were bodies of young people banded together for good. I have never impugned their intentions. If any one of them is able to do good alone, as a body they are able to accomplish much more. I am a firm believer in organization. That is all I know of the bodies, and I know no reason for criticizing them. I think the public knows Father Phelan's characteristics too well to believe that his criticism meets with any sanction or to feel any great annoyance from it."

Protestants who feel inclined to bitterness because of Father Phelan's words, will be doing an act of simple justice if they ponder on what the prelates above quoted have said and give their statements the greater weight to which they are entitled.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

Archbishop Ireland to Young Men.

Avoid as you advance in years the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention all of them, only one—intemperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellow-men, you find the majority of failures in life to be due to intemperance. This vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the strong, the educated and the ignorant. It is the generous, open-hearted men that are the most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine, then, to avoid that temptation. I would advise every young man to go forth armed with the pledge of total abstinence. A man is absolutely secure with it; without it there is danger. It is all very well for a

young man to say: "I will take only one glass;" but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline and discipline makes character. The underlying principle of character is self-control. If we practice this self-control on one point, we surely shall practice it in everything.

HIGH CHURCH CAUSES TROUBLE.

Bishop Cox of Buffalo Thought a Rochester Congregation Too Close to Catholicity.

Rochester, April 20.—Although the intense excitement caused among local churchmen by the recent spirited and acrimonious controversy between Bishop A. Cleveland Cox, of Buffalo, and the congregation of the Church of the Good Shepherd has in a measure died away, there still exists considerable feeling on the part of the members of the congregation as a whole, which bids fair to outlast the actual results of the trouble. To-day as one result of the difficulty, the Church of the Good Shepherd is no longer in existence. Its four hundred members are scattered among the several Episcopal churches in town—that is, the majority of them are.

WORSHIPED AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

Some of the more extreme ritualists of the congregation, included among whom are most of the wardens and vestrymen, have been worshipping during Lent at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The furniture of the church is stored away in one of the upper rooms of Warden George Buck's hotel, and in fact but little remains to remind one that the church was ever in being except the echoes of the fiercest interdenominational fight that ever disturbed the placidness of the diocese of Western New York.

The trouble between Bishop and Church was primarily caused by the position taken by the latter in defence of the Catholic faith. When the parish was first organized four or five years ago, the Church services were conducted according to the ordinary Episcopalian ritual. Gradually the High Church element of the congregation gained control of the parish, and for the last two years of the Church's life Catholic forms of worship were adopted. A confessional was instituted, acolytes were installed and the crucifix was carried aloft during the processional and recessional.

Bishop Cox was quick to note the turn affairs were taking in the parish, and equally prompt to signify his displeasure. The remonstrances and warnings of the Bishop were unheeded, however, and the church continued to be, to all intents and purposes, of the Catholic faith. Finally Bishop Cox's expressions of displeasure became so pronounced, and his attitude of hostility to Rev. Mr. Upjohn, at that time pastor, and his parishioners so decided that the minister permitted himself to be forced from the charge. He resigned, and his resignation was accepted. This incident only served to intensify the strained relations between the congregation and Bishop Cox.

In September last Rev. Mr. Turner was called to the parish from the diocese of Quincy, Ill. Within four days after coming to the parish, as in duty bound, he wrote to Bishop Cox, paying his respects and announcing that he intended to officiate at the Church of the Good Shepherd, providing such action was agreeable to him.

Bishop Cox's reply was couched in kindly terms. He assured Mr. Turner that he was welcome to continue his work in the parish during the month of September, providing he was prepared to comply with the conditions laid down to Rev. Mr. Upjohn. The month closed and Bishop Cox remained silent. Mr. Turner continued to exercise the office of minister in the parish, assuming, by the Bishop's silence, that he gave consent to his officiating.

Early in October Bishop Cox addressed a letter to George Buck, as senior warden of the church, stating that he was advised that a minister was conducting the services at the church of the Good Shepherd who had failed to keep within the rules laid down for the guidance of the former minister, and who had never communicated, in any form, with the Bishop.

Although the Bishop's letter was not addressed to him, Mr. Turner replied, calling the attention of the Bishop to their former correspondence. Bishop Cox answered this letter, addressing his correspondent as "Reverend and dear sir." In this letter the Bishop made the statement that he might have forgotten Mr. Turner's name, and that when certain extravagant practices were reported to him as in force at the church he assumed that the person responsible for them was one with whom he had had no communication.

After Mr. Turner had been chosen rector of the parish, and when he lacked only the confirmation of the Bishop to make him rector under the ecclesiastical as he was under the civil law, the Bishop again wrote to Mr. Buck, under the same policy of administering his admonitions to another than to the incumbent, stating that it would be necessary for Mr. Turner to pledge himself to respect the often referred to restrictions placed upon Mr.

Upjohn, and must make this pledge in writing.

CLAIMED IT WOULD BELITTLE HIM.
This Mr. Turner refused to do, claiming that inasmuch as he, upon being ordained, had taken an oath in writing to conform to the discipline and to sustain the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, it would belittle him to accede to Bishop Cox's request.

Mr. Turner wrote and had printed, without publishing it, a little book entitled, "Self Examination and the Confessional," which he used in the church. He neglected to send a copy of the book to the Bishop. Finally Mr. Turner wrote to the Bishop and appointed a day upon which he would call upon him. He called upon the day specified, but was told that the Bishop was out of town and would not return until late at night. At the hour stated he returned, only to be met with the information that the Bishop was at home, but was too tired to see him. He finally obtained an interview.

THE BISHOP ABUSED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"The Bishop began," said Mr. Turner, "by talking at length about the Catholic Church, using the most violent language concerning the Roman Catholics. He then spoke to me as his 'dear young brother,' and told me that I would 'soon grow out of my extreme ideas.'"

"Bishop Cox was, as you will see," said Mr. Turner, during an explanation made of the causes of the trouble in the presence of his congregation after he had been inhibited by the Bishop, "a good Episcopalian for some time after he withdrew from the Presbyterian Church, but he has gone sadly askew in some way."

Mr. Turner went away from his audience with the Bishop under the impression that there was an understanding between them and that the presentation of his letters of dismission was waived, or at least postponed.

Shortly after Christmas Mr. Turner was taken ill, and for a time was not expected to recover. As soon as he was able to travel he went to New York to recuperate. He returned to Rochester on Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 26, to prepare for the commencement of Lent, only to be met by an order from Bishop Cox inhibiting him from officiating in a priestly capacity anywhere in this diocese until further notice.

The receipt of the order was followed by the hoisting of the black flag upon the steeple of the church as a sign of persecution.

When the congregation recovered sufficiently from the surprise caused by the sudden action of Bishop Cox, a meeting was called for Sunday afternoon, March 3, in the parish house. The meeting was largely attended. Mr. Turner gave his version of the relations between Bishop Cox and himself, and concluded his remarks with the following:

ATTACKED THE BISHOP'S COURSE.

"The Bishop has taken this action in order to avoid bringing this matter to trial. If I had presented my letters he would have been compelled to accept them or to prove that he was justified in not doing so. He does not dare to bring the matter to trial, for he knows that he would be defeated, and it has seemed easier for him to dispose of the matter by disposing of me. He assailed me like a thief in the night, from behind, when my hands were tied and I was helpless. The course adopted by him toward me was underhanded, double-faced, deceitful. The result was accomplished by deceit, fraud and malice. It was an un-Christian act."

A set of resolutions was passed. Copies of them, signed by every Good Shepherd parishioner, were sent to Bishop Cox. The resolutions reviewed the facts in the case and expressed the indignation of the parish against "this grievous act of injustice."

Mr. Turner left the city soon after. The congregation disregarded his advice to remain intact and disbanded. The church was turned over to a parochial fund, an institution organized for the purpose of holding church properties in trust.

It is not generally known here that Mr. Turner comes from one of the wealthiest families in Brooklyn. He is worth from one to two millions in his own right. His whole life has been one of self-sacrifice. When he came to Rochester he persistently refused to be introduced into society, but instead asked for the parish list and at once began to go about doing good. He visited poor families constantly, and during his short residence here was the means of relieving many people from financial troubles.

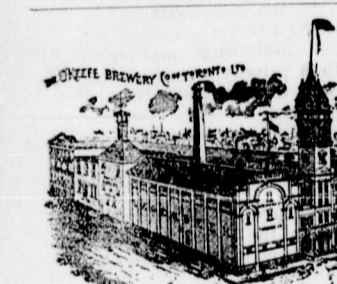
People are wont to look upon a priest's first Mass as having some peculiar spiritual advantage or efficacy. They do not always know precisely what, but they associate with it some particular boon. It will doubtless be of interest to many to know exactly what this is. The priest himself gains a Plenary Indulgence. His relatives, to the third degree inclusive, gain the same privilege. The rest of the faithful who assist, gain an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, as they are called.—The Flight

"Disfigured For Life"

Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases. Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls? It means isolation, seclusion, a number of the victims are unable to work, and are dependent upon their friends for support. Do you wonder that their eyes are upon those who can cure them? Doctors fail, standard remedies fail, and nostrums prove worse than the disease. Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure. CUTICURA REMEDIES. Have earned the title 'Skin Specialist'. Because for years they have met with most remarkable success. There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed. It is a long-drawn-out expensive experiment. 25 cents invested in CUTICURA SOAP will prove more than we dare claim. In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS. And its cures are simply marvelous.

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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID CHAPTER XXXVIII.

When they entered the room where D'Antignac lay they found his couch surrounded by a group of his friends. M. de Marigny, Godwin, the Abbe Neyron, and one or two others were there, and conversation as it is understood in France—which does not mean the talk of one or the aimless gossip of three or four, but the contact of trained minds in an intercourse which sharpens them, as steel is sharpened by steel, and from which results the highest form of mental enjoyment and the ability to give and take keen intellectual thrusts—was evidently in animated progress. The appearance of the new-comers caused a temporary lull, but the air of the salon was unmistakable. Photographed, one would have seen in the very attitude of the figures a reflection of the discussions in which they were engaged. The sight of so many people—though all of them were known to her—made Arminie shrink a little; but Miss Bertram's eyes brightened. Nothing pleased her better than to sniff the air of such combats, even from afar, and to mingle in them was her delight. It was natural that every one should look at her as she came forward; for beauty always commands this tribute, and hers was a very striking type of beauty, rendered more striking by the absence of self-consciousness. "Who is she?" the Abbe Neyron asked aside of M. de Marigny, and when he heard he said, "It is a noble face."

Meanwhile Sibyl, putting her hand in that which D'Antignac held out to her, said with a smile: "You see I have come to be a listener." "More than that, I hope," he replied, smiling in turn. "We cannot afford to lose the element which you will bring into our conversation." "I am afraid to ask what that is," she said. "I fear that if you are candid, I may not be complimented." "Am I ever other than candid?" he asked. "But I will leave the answer to M. de Vigny, whom you will permit me to present to you. He is an author, and consequently an adept in phrases." "I am aware," said Sibyl, turning her brilliant glance on the gentleman thus presented. "That M. de Vigny is an adept in phrases, but I do not think that excuses you for transferring a difficulty to his shoulders."

"There can be no difficulty in perceiving that it is the element of the charming which mademoiselle must bring into any conversation," said M. de Vigny, with a bow. "I knew that I could trust his power of intuition to divine that," said D'Antignac quietly. "Now sit down, mademoiselle, and tell us where you have been." "I have been to Notre Dame," answered Sibyl, after she had acknowledged M. de Vigny's gallantry with an altogether charming smile, "and I have heard a sermon which gives me many ideas that may not be new in themselves, but are very new to me. I beg to congratulate you, then," said M. de Vigny. "Nothing can be a greater pleasure than to receive new ideas, but nothing, alas! is more rare. Everything that has been said on any and every subject has been said on an exhaustive degree."

"Even if that were true there are fresh auditors all the time for whom things need to be said over again," remarked D'Antignac. "But it is not true. New ideas are possible, because human life is all the time changing its aspects—of course within certain fixed limitations—and though I do not admit that in all respects. The thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns." "There can be no doubt that in some respects they are. And you, De Vigny, should be slow to declare that everything which can be said has been said, especially where there is the excuse for your new book?" "Perhaps it has none," said M. de Vigny, lifting his shoulders with an airy gesture. "Your readers, monsieur, would be slow to admit that," said Sibyl, seeing her way to repay the compliment of a moment back. "You are very kind, mademoiselle," replied the author; "but my readers are only pleased by seeing their own reflections in what I produce. It is like the fascination of gazing in a mirror, and they cry: 'Ah! that excellent De Vigny—how artistic, how life-like his pictures are!' They value them merely as the representatives of a reality with which they are familiar, and not for any element of originality which they possess."

"That is your own fault, or rather the fault of the school to which you belong," said D'Antignac. "You aim only to present representations of a reality with which every one is familiar—not types of an ideal to which human nature may aspire, and does now and then attain." "This is the day of reality in art," said De Vigny. "We leave the pursuit of the ideal to politics." "And consequently art, instead of being an elevating, has become a degrading, influence," said D'Antignac. "Genius is occupied in painting the diseases of humanity, not its infinite

pathos, its deep tragedy, or its possibilities of nobleness."

"You are a moralist, and moralists make the mistake of regarding everything from an ethical point of view," said M. de Vigny. "It has been long settled that it is within the province of a book—we are speaking, I presume, of what is known as fiction—lies in the truthfulness of its delineation of the subject and types portrayed."

"Then a painter might represent a hospital ward with perfect fidelity, and the picture would be worth as much as the 'Transfiguration' of Raphael," said the quiet voice of the abbe. "In my opinion it would be worth more, inasmuch as it would increase our knowledge of humanity as it lives and suffers around us," said M. de Vigny. "A very good end," said the abbe, "if it also increased our charity and pity for this poor humanity; but experience teaches that the result of the brutal realism—I can use no other term—which distinguishes much of our art is not only repulsive but debasing. I walked through the Salon the other day," pursued the speaker, "and the effect of those acres of canvas devoted to vicious or ignoble or merely trivial subjects—for the exceptions were few and not remarkable—was so depressing that I was forced to go to the Louvre and refresh myself for half an hour with the old masters. And in literature it is the same story. Forgive me, my dear De Vigny, if I say that after I have read one of our modern dramas or romances I am fain to take the taste out of my mouth by going to the oldest masters of classic antiquity who, pagans though they were, recognized the truth that a noble literature must possess an ethical purpose and be bound by ethical laws."

"But when we read Sophocles or Euripides," said M. de Vigny, "it is for their perfection of form, not for their ethical purpose." "Form is but the body which clothes the soul of the writer's purpose," said D'Antignac. "Without that soul—a soul high enough and strong enough to touch the noblest aspirations of mankind—form alone cannot hope to secure immortality for any human production. See, as an example, the paintings of which M. l'Abbe speaks. Every one can perceive that the artists have perfect command of what may be called the mechanism of art. Their knowledge of perspective, of anatomy, of the use of color, is far in advance of the great old masters; but, for lack of noble subjects, modern art is trivial where it is not vicious, and no one can believe that it will live."

"But if the age does not furnish noble subjects are its poor painters with pen and pencil to blame?" "Men are too apt to forget that each one helps to make the age," said the abbe gravely. While talk went on in this fashion tea had been brought in, and Mlle. d'Antignac, who detected in Arminie an intention of slipping away, frustrated it by placing her at the table on which Cesco arranged the urn and cups, and asking her to pour out the tea. "For I must go and talk to Signor Anloti," she said, indicating a gentleman who was speaking with M. de Marigny. "He is an old Roman friend of Raoul's!" Perceiving Arminie thus occupied, Egerton came up and asked if he could render any assistance. Informed that he could not, he sat down by the side of the table to drink his own cup of tea and wait until every one else was served. Then, when Cesco had been despatched with the last cup, he said: "I have been watching Miss Bertram's face. It is pleasant to see her keen enjoyment of the atmosphere which she finds here."

"She seems specially fitted to enjoy it," said Arminie, glancing also across the room at the mobile face, which was indeed full of animation. "She appears to be one of those for whom society is made, and who are specially fitted to adorn it." "She adorns society, certainly, and society admires her very much," said Egerton. "But I think she puzzles a little also, for her attitude is generally somewhat scornful and suggestive of the fact that it is not equal to her requirements. But here she is evidently in an element which suits and delights her." "I cannot fancy her scornful," said Arminie. "I have never seen her other than full of graciousness—and not without something of humility also," she added, recalling their late conversation. Egerton could not forbear a smile. "Humility is the last characteristic with which I should credit Miss Bertram," he said.

"Perhaps you do not know a great deal of her," said Arminie. "I do not mean that I know a great deal," she continued. "But sometimes it will chance that a single conversation reveals more of a person than one might learn by the surface-intercourse of years." "I am glad if Miss Bertram has revealed herself to you," said Egerton. "If I may judge by my own experience, you have a singular power of saying the right word at the right time and in the right manner." "You are too kind," she said in a low tone. "You think too much of any words which I may have uttered to you. It was God who enlightened your mind and touched your heart and made—some things impossible to you." "Perhaps so," Egerton answered; "but God works, does He not, by human instruments?" "Sometimes—yes. But do not think of me as such an instrument." "I must think of you as I have

found you," answered the young man, with a tone of feeling in his voice. "But I will not talk of it, if you do not wish me to do so. We were speaking of Miss Bertram. She is clever, as you have no doubt perceived, and she has been very much attracted by certain modern theories about life and conduct. Therefore it is well for her to meet you. She knows what your experience has been, and your opinions derive greater weight with her from that experience."

"Any weight which they possess must be derived wholly from it," said Arminie, "else they would have none. With regard to Miss Bertram, I think I understand what you mean. I should say that she has great natural nobleness of character, and like many noble souls, she has been fascinated by a dream of ardor and self-sacrifice and labor for the common good of humanity. That sermon this afternoon seemed preached for her."

"And not for her alone," said Egerton. "I did not mean that," said Arminie. "There was much in it for all of us. I have often observed that great truths seem to contain what is necessary for many individual needs." "And all our needs are different," said Egerton. "For example, I need faith—not intellectual conviction, but something spiritual which I have not got and cannot give myself; Miss Bertram needs to be convinced of the unsubstantial nature of the dreams with which she has been fascinated; and you—well, I do not know what you need, but I am sure it is something very different from either." Arminie smiled a little, but did not reply, for at that moment M. de Marigny approached them. "I have come to beg for another cup of tea, mademoiselle," he said, "and to hope that you are well."

"Thanks, M. le Vicomte; I am very well," she answered as she filled the cup which he held toward her. Then she looked up at him with the familiar wistful light in her eyes. "And you?" she said. "I am very well—the better for having been out of Paris for a day or two. Business called me away, and I was glad to forget the turmoil of life here for a short time." "It is strange," said Egerton, "to hear a Frenchman speak of being glad to be out of Paris and away from the turmoil of its life." "Paris means different things to different people," said the vicomte. "To me it is simply a battle field, and not even the charm of its boulevards and its salons can counterbalance the weariness which I suffer in the Chamber. And not only weariness—that would be easily borne—but pain and shame and despair for the immediate future of France."

"It is hard to maintain spirit when one is fighting a hopeless battle," said Egerton; "and the battle which you are fighting against the Radical element seems at present very hopeless." "The battle against Conservative apathy is still more hopeless," said the vicomte. "Indeed, it is in that chiefly that the hopelessness of the contest lies. Radicalism must run its course and reach its end after a time—for destructive forces do not halt—but it is Conservative apathy which gives it such great power for evil, and which will make the end so terrible. I do not wish to be a prophet of dark things, however," he broke off with a smile. "And no soldier should lose courage because the fight is hard." Egerton saw that Arminie's eyes were full of sympathy as she looked at the speaker. "I am sure that you do not lose courage because the fight is hard," she said, "but only because it seems hopeless—if, indeed, you lose courage at all."

"I am at least often tempted to discouragement," he said. "But the cause in which we fight is not wholly earthly; it is to save the faith as well as the honor of France; so we may leave the issue to God. Apropos, I am told by my cousin that you heard a very good conference at Notre Dame this afternoon, mademoiselle. I am glad that you were more fortunate than on the afternoon when I was your guide—into the roof." "Yes, I was much more fortunate," said Arminie, smiling; "but I have not forgotten that you resigned the certainty of hearing on that occasion, in order to give me the probability of doing so. I wish, therefore, that you had been rewarded by being there this afternoon." "I thought of going, but, on consideration preferred coming here. I knew I should find d'Antignac alone and there is no one whose society I enjoy more, or from whom I derive more benefit."

"Ah! I can well imagine that," said Arminie, with the tone of feeling which always came into her voice when she spoke of D'Antignac. "But you did not find him alone, after all!" "Yes, I was fortunate enough to anticipate the other visitors by an hour." He paused. It seemed to Egerton that he was about to speak of what passed in that hour, so he rose and moved away, mindful of the peculiar position in which these two people stood to each other. But the vicomte said nothing farther of his conversation with D'Antignac. He seemed chiefly anxious to put Arminie at ease with himself, and the topics which he chose were as far as possible removed from any that could disturb her. When Mlle. d'Antignac joined them presently she found him talking of the wild legends of the Breton coast, while Arminie's eyes were full of interest and pleasure as she listened.

THE LEGEND OF SERAPHIA

A Chapter from the Life of Christ.

Seraphia, the wife of Sirach, a man of influence in the councils of the Jews, and as well known for his charitable deeds as for the wealth which had descended to him from his ancestors, sat on the housetop, as was, and still, the custom in the East, awaiting the return of her husband who had been bidden to dine at the house of Simon the Pharisee. There he was to meet Jesus the Nazarene, the Prophet and Teacher, the fame of whose wonderful doctrines and still more wonderful deeds had set all Galilee in a flame. Sirach had often heard of Jesus, but until now he had never spoken to Him, or even seen Him save once, under extraordinary circumstances, which had awakened in his mind a strong desire to meet the new Teacher under conditions more favorable for holding speech with Him and studying His character. On returning to his home the same evening, Sirach had related the occurrence to his wife in the following words:

"On my way to the house of Marcus the centurion, with whom I had a money transaction, my attention was attracted by a motley crowd of persons, all eager to press closer to what seemed to be some prominent figure in their midst. 'What is the cause of this commotion?' I inquired; 'and whither are ye bound?' One of the number made answer and said: 'We follow Jesus of Nazareth, who has been sent for by Marcus the centurion, to heal his servant now lying at the point of death.'—'Which is Jesus, I asked, 'and is He also a physician?'—'That is He with the grave face and gentle eyes,' was the reply. 'He is not a physician, but a worker of miracles.' Wishing to see Him closer, I endeavored to force my way through the crowd, when a man, running at full speed and making wild gestures with his hands, called on the multitude to fall apart and give him speech with Jesus, which they did as soon as they understood from whence he came. Then he called out aloud, saying: 'Lord, my master pines! Trouble not Thyself; for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. Say but the word, and my servant shall be healed.' Jesus turned His head, and I saw His face for the first time. His eyes pierced my very soul, and he thought they looked full upon me as He cried aloud: 'I say unto you, I have not found so great faith in Israel.' But again the crowd pressed about Him and I saw Him no more; for He retraced His steps, followed by the multitude; while I pursued my way, filled with curiosity as to the result. Nearing the house of Marcus, I heard sounds of thanksgiving; and what was my surprise to hear, and in a moment see, the man who had been ill perfectly restored, and dancing with joy!"

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Seraphia. "Jesus must surely be a prophet. It is even said, Sirach," she continued, "that some believe Him to be the Messiah." "Both had felt great interest in Jesus since that time, and it was with feelings of keen anticipation that Seraphia sat waiting in the cool of the evening for her husband's coming. The stars were in the sky when she heard his footsteps; and leaning over the parapet, called on him to ascend. In a moment he was beside her. "Well," she asked, eagerly, "what of Jesus? Was He there?" "Yes," replied Sirach, throwing himself at full-length upon a heap of cushions at her feet. "He was there, and never have I been so impressed. He was already present when I arrived; and sat surrounded by His disciples, in whom He presented a striking contrast in the semicircle formed by a curve of the table." "How was He clad?" "He wore a single woollen garment, which would have appeared plain on another, but to which His wonderful personality lent a certain charm of color and fitness. It was of soft but coarse material, confined at the waist by thick cord and falling in graceful folds to His feet. He sat with hands folded on His knees; and I observed the peculiar whiteness and transparency of the fingers, which were long and thin. Those hands do not look as though they belonged to the son of a carpenter."

"But it is said," interrupted Seraphia, "that He comes of the royal house of David; and thou knowest, Sirach, that in these unfortunate days it is not the well-born who are leaders." "Thou sayest truly," answered her husband, with a sigh. "Sprung from the root of Jesse He will may be. He has a noble face."

"Describe Him to me, Sirach," said his wife. "I will as best I can," was the reply; "but, lacking the charm of His personal presence, which is indescribable, you can scarcely appreciate or understand the wondrous fascination of the Man. His forehead is high and broad; and the hair, bronze-tinted, falls in graceful, unstudied waves about half way to the shoulders. The face is oval, each feature perfect; the eyebrows delicately pencilled; the nose of a Grecian rather than our native Hebrew type; the lips not very full, but firm and red. Beard, the color of His hair, slightly cleft, showing the well-formed chin, barely sweeps His breast. But those eyes—those deep, that changeable, crystal wells—are of the most beautiful and wondrous of the first to seek the house of the high priest, whether Our Lord had been taken after His seizure in the Garden of Gethsemane. But he had not attempted to obtain speech with Him,—not that he might have been suspected thereby, for his position was too well assured for such suspicion;

and tenderness, sadness and something higher than joy. Indeed it is said, I know not how truly, that Jesus has never been known to laugh. His voice is low and soft, but very clear; and yet it can grow strong and vigorous in reproach, as you shall presently hear."

"I hope nothing untoward occurred to mar the festivity," remarked Seraphia, in an anxious tone. "Nothing untoward, but something remarkable," said her husband. "You shall hear. The feast was well over, when a noise was heard in the ante-chamber, as though the porter were remonstrating with some one who desired to enter. Suddenly a woman appeared in the doorway, clothed in a soft, white woollen tunic, girdled with blue, and bearing an alabaster box in her hand. A murmur went round the assembly. Surely our eyes did not deceive us—it was the notorious courtesan, Mary Magdalen, thus divested of the costly robes and ornaments with which she had long lured men to their ruin; with her rich golden hair coiled loosely at the back of her head, and simply held there by a silver comb. I bethought me of a rumor I had heard, that Jesus had once delivered her from the hands of those who were about to stone her; and also that since that time she had renounced her abandoned life."

"Pale, with eyes downcast, she stood one hesitating instant on the threshold; uncertain in the ominous silence which had followed the first murmur of astonishment from the assembly, whether to advance or draw back. Then, stepping forward, she fell on her knees before Jesus, weeping aloud and literally bathing His feet with her tears. Gazing compassionately upon her He uttered no word of reproach, but suffered her to unwind her beautiful hair, which fell, a rippling mass of gold, to the floor. Still weeping, she wiped with that beautiful hair the tears that fell upon His tired feet. Then, kissing them repeatedly, she drew from the alabaster box a most precious ointment, and anointed them profusely."

"All were silent, but many shook their heads with doubt and suspicion. Simon, our host, folded his arms, but spoke not till Jesus, as though divining the thoughts of his heart, and of many hearts there doubtful, spoke thus: 'Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.' And he answered Him:—'Master say on.' Then He said: 'There was a certain creditor who had two debtors. The one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell Me, therefore, which of them will love him most?' Simon answered and said: 'I suppose he to whom he forgave most.' And He said unto him: 'Thou hast judged rightly.' And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon: 'Seest thou this woman? I entered into thy house; thou gavest Me no water for My feet, but she hath washed My feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss; but this woman, from the time I came in, hath ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee that her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she hath loved much.' And He said unto her: 'Thy sins are forgiven.'"

Seraphia's gentle eyes were full of tears as she asked, in a whisper: "And what then?" "No one made answer as the woman silently departed," continued her husband. "But the incident had strangely disturbed the spirit of the feast; the guests soon dispersed." "And didst thou obtain speech with Jesus?" "Yes," was the reply. "As He passed out, I followed Him, and He answered several remarks of mine with great kindness. But He soon turned toward me with grave dignity and immediate followers, and I came slowly homeward. I am powerfully drawn toward Him, and must know Him better."

The interest of Seraphia was as much aroused as that of her husband. They sat talking far into the night on the subject that was now occupying all Jerusalem; resolved to know more of the wonderful personage, who, while He stood not abashed before either priest or Pharisee, seemed equally at home with the sinners and publicans, from whom the haughty Judean leaders held aloof. And soon it came about that Sirach, from his position and wealth a shining mark, openly avowed his adhesion to the doctrines of the new Teacher; believing, with his wife Seraphia, that Jesus was the promised Messiah, but One whose kingdom was not of this world. In their house He ever received a welcome—a welcome. He can safely assert which was shared by Mary His Mother, and the steadfast band of holy women who were His most devoted friends. Faithful to the interior workings of grace from the beginning, Seraphia remained faithful to the end. She bore for her Lord and Master a holy and singular love, which met with a holy and singular reward.

From early morning Seraphia had waited in the inner court of her dwelling—now seating herself on one of the stone benches near the tinkling fountain, now pacing restlessly to and fro, sensitive to every sound. Sirach, her husband, the night before had been one of the first to seek the house of the high priest, whether Our Lord had been taken after His seizure in the Garden of Gethsemane. But he had not attempted to obtain speech with Him,—not that he might have been suspected thereby, for his position was too well assured for such suspicion;

TO BE CONTINUED.

but he well knew that no effort of his could now avail in behalf of the Prisoner. However, this conviction seemed but to increase his sympathy; and early dawn saw him again afoot, one of the first to arrive at the hall of judgment. He was a witness to the cruel flagellation, the mockery of the crowning with thorns, and the subsequent sentence of Pilate; after which he returned to his anxious wife, who had not joined the band of faithful women, friends of Jesus, in their sorrowful quest; but who, as her husband knew, would be all the more solicitous therefor, knowing nothing of the events which had followed in quick succession since the beginning of the unjust trial.

Seraphia met him at the portal. "What news, Sirach, my husband?"

"They have condemned Him to death," he answered, taking her hand and pressing it hard between both of his.

"To death! What death?" she asked, with a stifled sob.

"Crucifixion, the malefactor's death."

"And is He, then, entirely at their mercy? Where are the guards?"

"The guards! They are the most brutal of all the motley crew. Even now they are on the way to Calvary, where He, with two thieves, is to be crucified. They must pass this way. Thou art cold and trembling, Seraphia; thy lips are white. Retire to thy apartments, that thou mayst not hear the noise of the rabble in their march of death."

"I thank thee, Sirach, for thy tender thoughtfulness; but I can not do thy bidding. I do not fear the rabble; they know me for thy wife, and dare not touch me. Let me prepare a cooling drink; there may be a chance to moisten His lips as He passes by."

"But Seraphia—"

"Nay, forbid me not, my husband! she pleaded, her sweet eyes wet with tears."

"As thou wilt, then, Seraphia. But it will wring thy heart to see Him now."

"O my Lord, my Lord!" she cried, "that Thine enemies should do this thing! For a brief space she gave way completely to emotion. Then, composing herself once more, she said: "Go thou, my Sirach, and hover on the skirts of the crowd. Thou mayst meet Mary, and be of assistance to her; or Jesus may catch a glimpse of thee, and be consoled that some, at least, among His friends have not deserted Him."

"Seraphia believest thou He is the Christ?"

"Assuredly. And thou? Thy faith has not wavered, my husband?"

"Never, Seraphia. But, being so, does He need our human sympathy?"

"If He be the Christ, then is He the most sensitive of men. Ah! rest assured thy sympathy will be sweet to Him."

"And thou—wilt thou remain here?"

"I shall not go far from my own threshold. Fear not for me."

"So be it, then." And he left her. Seraphia clasped her hands, whereupon a young girl appeared. "Go, Miriam," she said, "bid Rachel prepare some spiced wine, and bring it hither quickly."

The girl obeyed, soon returning with a silver vase, or drinking cup, which she placed on the ledge of the fountain.

"Hark!" cried Seraphia, pausing in her restless walk. "Hearest thou not shouts in the distance?" Go to the outer portal and tell me what thou seest."

The girl hastened to do as she was bid, looking out eagerly.

"I can scarce see for the dust, most noble mistress," she replied, shading her eyes with her hand. "Ah, yes! there are soldiers mounted and a multitude on foot. I see spears glittering in the sunlight. They seem to be prodding or pushing some animal along. Now they are beneath the archway—soul of my father, it is a Man! He has a burden on His shoulders. He stumbles—He falls—now they are at a standstill. He can not rise. Now come three men from behind the ruined wall—three bearing green branches in their arms. It is Simon the gardener and his two sons. Simon lifts a weighty cross. The Man looks up—my God! It is Jesus whom they call the Christ."

Tall stately, pale as the water lily of sculptured stone on which rested her shapely hand, Seraphia stood erect.

"I will go forth. Fetch me my veil, it lies there on the bench."

"Nay, my dear mistress," pleaded the girl, "this is no sight for thee."

"No more! I must go forth."

Wrapping the soft handsome veil about her head and shoulders, and taking the vase in one hand, she lifted her clinging robe with the other, and passed without the gateway. For a moment she stood irresolute, as though undecided whether to meet the advancing procession or await its coming. Finally she walked slowly toward it.

Great clouds of dust flew in her face, almost blinding her. The clatter of spears mingled with the shouts and curses of the crowd. Nearer and nearer it came—it reached her: it parted, surrounding her, drawing her to its very centre; pushing her this way and that, as she passed, head erect, eyes downcast, holding the silver vase high above the heads of that furious crowd of demonic men. A sudden halt—a human form stumbling forward on its knees. Oh, what a sight that was: half naked His one ragged garment, stained with the foul mire of the streets, soiled with

filthy spittle, torn in many places, all but dragged from His trembling limbs; blood on the erstwhile bronze brown hair, so like unto Mary's own; blood dripping from the thorn wounds on His forehead, down the hollow, pallid cheeks; blood streaming from gaping wounds in His soft, white shoulders; from His beautiful hands, bruised by the heavy, unwieldy cross; blood upon His perfect feet, unsaddled, torn and mangled by the sharp stones of the highway—blood everywhere—a holocaust of blood!

As Seraphia sank upon her knees that He may be known and ardently before Him, some one dashed the vase from her trembling hand but she lifted the veil that hung over her shoulders, saying, in a tearful and almost inaudible voice: "Permit me to wipe the face of my Lord!"

Jesus pushed back the dripping hair which partially hid her from His sight. Their eyes met,—in her's supremest pity, reverence, adoration; in His, love, gratitude, everlasting remembrance. Taking the veil from her hand, He pressed it to His bleeding face, and gave it back to her without a word. She received it reverently, and arose to her feet. They thrast her aside, still erect and stately in the midst of that evil throng. Suddenly she perceived the impress of the Saviour's features on her veil, and her strength failed her: her head grew dizzy; and had it not been for her husband, who caught sight of her at that moment, she would have fallen to the ground. The strain had been too great for human nature, much less the most tender and faithful of womanly natures, to endure.

Miracle of miracles! Thou art as new to-day as on that Good Friday night two thousand years ago! O Holy Face, swollen, livid, stained with blood and spittle, and the vilest of all vile things that can be named! O silken hair, tangled, matted, torn by the roots, dropping blood on bruised shoulders! O gentle eyes, bedimmed and sightless from the cruel thorns piercing through and through the swollen forehead! O patient mouth, which opened not in remembrance or reproach before Thy executioners! O Sacred Face, still beautiful in Thy disfigurement, divine even in Thy desolation, Thou art our heritage and consolation to the end of time! O brave Seraphia, faithful friend and fearless woman, thy name has rung aloud through the centuries, and still shall ring even to the consummation of ages! Thou art Veronica (true image) for evermore.—Ave Maria.

Contrasts.

BY FATHER RYAN.

There never was a valley without a faded flower.

There never was a heaven without some little cloud.

The face of day may flash with light in any morning hour.

But evening soon shall come with her shadow-woven shroud.

There never was a river without its mist of gray.

There never was a forest without its fallen leaf.

And Joy may walk beside us down the windings of our ways.

When lo! sounds of a footstep, and we meet the face of Grief.

There never was a seashore without its drifting wreck.

There never was an ocean without its madding wave.

And the golden beams of glory the Summer sky that fleck.

Shine where dead stars are sleeping in these azure mantled grave.

There never was a streamlet, however crystal clear.

Without a shadow resting in the ripples of its files.

Hope's brightest rays are brodered with the sable fringe of fear—

As she lures—but abysses girt her path on either side.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain.

And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain head—

And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain.

And the smile is scarcely fitted ere the anguish-tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear.

And those lips cannot be human which have never heaved a sigh.

For without the dreary winter there has never been a year.

And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest Summer sky.

The cradle means the coffin—and the coffin means the grave:

The mother's song scarce hides the *De Profundis* of the priest—

You may cull the fairest roses any May day ever gave.

But they wither while you wear them ere the ending of your feast.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move amid its maze.

And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;

And our hearts are often laden by the mysteries of our ways.

Which are never all in shadow and never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide.

And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key;

And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the Crucified.

And He answers all our yearning by the whisper: "Follow Me."

Cathedral Churches in Great Britain.

There are no fewer than 103 cathedrals in the United Kingdom. Of these 48 are Catholic cathedrals, 36 Church of England, 12 belong to the Church of Ireland, and seven to the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

"It is a Great Public Benefit."—These significant words were used in relation to DR. THOMAS' ELYSIAC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

WHO WAS THE STRANGER?

Ave Maria.

Forty years ago, when the city of Chicago was in its swaddling clothes, the good men of Holy Name parish, with its zealous pastor at their head, had formed themselves into a society for the relief of the needy, placing the organization under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul. There are representative men in every society, and this was no exception. To these men were assigned certain streets, or precincts; and their duty was to see that no one within their districts suffered for the necessities of life during the winter then upon them. In order to secure a relief fund, each member contributed of his stores, or in hard cash; so that in a short time a considerable quantity of family supplies was accumulated in the basement of the church, subject to levy when occasion required. With one of these officers of charity, Mr. Smith, a worthy hardware merchant, our story has to do.

It was dusk of an evening in the middle of December. A blizzard, such as visits lake cities only, was at its height; and the unlucky pedestrians hastening homeward in the teeth of the storm—there were no convenient cable cars then—were buffeted and blinded by the whirling sleet. Among these was Mr. Smith. With overcoat tightly buttoned, throat and lower part of the face well swathed in a scarf, and fur cap pulled low over the eyes, he was striding along, with bent head, when he was suddenly accosted by a stranger, who said:

"Good evening, Mr. Smith!"

Startled at the address, coming as it did in the gathering darkness, and when, as he was even then thinking, his own mother would not recognize him, he looked up, saying:

"Good evening, sir! But you have the advantage of me: I don't know you."

"No," replied the stranger, somewhat tall, gentlemanly looking person; "but I know you; and I want to tell you that there is a family in your district that are in want, and need immediate relief."

Mr. Smith thanked the stranger for the information; and, having made the necessary inquiries as to the whereabouts of the family, promised to see that the wants of its members would be promptly attended to. The two then said good-night, and went their respective ways.

Arriving home, Mr. Smith told his wife that he would defer supper until he had looked up a certain poor family a few streets away, of whose destitute condition he had been informed that evening.

It was with some difficulty that he found the house, and all was dark and silent within. By dint of knocking and calling, the inmates were at length aroused, and a masculine voice asked:

"Who is there, and what do you want?"

Mr. Smith replied: "A friend; I came to see what you want. Open the door, and I will explain."

It was a sorry picture on which the gentleman looked—a fireless stove, a few chairs, and a table on which stood some dishes innocent of food, and a general woe-begone air, emphasized by the keen cold within as well as without.

"I understand," said Mr. Smith, "that you are suffering, and I came to ask what I can do for you. What do you need?" "Well," said the man, "we need everything. I have been in town two weeks, but could find no employment; and the trifling amount of money we had went for fuel and food. There was nothing but a crust for the children this morning, and my wife and myself have eaten nothing for many hours."

"That's too bad; but where is your wife?"

"Well, the fact is, we had all gone to bed in order to keep from freezing."

Mr. Smith, deeply moved at the tale, promised to return as soon as possible; and, hurrying home, he partook of a hasty supper, sketching the scene for his wife and sister as he dispatched his meal. Calling a neighbor who owned an express wagon, he accompanied him to the church basement, where the conveyance was loaded with supplies. Soon generous hearts and willing hands had transferred the contents to the room in the cheerless house. A bright fire drove away the biting cold, and the poor man's wife was enabled to prepare a meal for her hungry family. The appetizing ham, the mealy potatoes, the bread and butter, and the coffee, enticed the children from their bed; and it was a happy family that sat around the table, the pangs of hunger being now appeased.

"One thing I should like to know," said the head of the family, as he rose from the table. "How did you learn of our condition?"

The visitor then related the story of his encounter with the unknown gentleman.

"That is strange," said the other. "No one knew of our destitute circumstances."

Thereupon Mr. Smith, in describing the man, recalled that, while he was dressed courtly, he wore no extra protection against the storm; that he seemed courteous, calm, and dignified, as one sure of himself in every way.

After theorizing for some time as to who their unknown benefactor could be, the poor father remarked that the affair was an evident answer to prayer; for about an hour before Mr. Smith's arrival, at his wife's suggestion, he and family had said the Rosary, praying earnestly for divine aid; and then, resigning themselves to God's will, retired. Shortly after came the wished-for relief.

Entering the employ of his friend in need, Mr. B. himself was soon in a

position to contribute to the St. Vincent's relief supplies, which had afforded him aid so opportune in his hour of darkest need.

For many a day thereafter Mr. Smith scanned the faces of the passers-by on the street, in the market-place, and in public assemblies, in the vain endeavor to see again the mysterious stranger of that winter evening. His pious wife and sister insist on believing that it was St. Vincent himself, who assumed the guise of the unknown gentleman in order to succor the poor, to whose service while in the flesh he had devoted his life. BERYL.

ATTENDANCE AT MASS.

Health of the body and mind, the spiritual health of the soul, and a due regard for God's rights demand, says the *Sacred Heart Review*, that we should not work on Sunday, but that the day be given to prayer, meditation, family worship—but especially public worship—attending Mass. The primary duty of the Christian on Sunday is to worship God by sacrifice. Sacrifice? What is that? Few, very few, know. Yet we can offer God nothing to take its place. Neither prayer, nor fasting, nor alms, nor care of the poor—all very good and even necessary—can take the place of sacrifice. By sacrifice has God been always worshipped. Thus did Abel, Noah, Abraham worship. The very essence of the worship revealed, and arranged in all its details for the Jews by God Himself, was sacrifice. The essence of the New Dispensation revealed by Jesus Christ is sacrifice. "Christ hath loved us and hath delivered Himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God." This sacrifice, prefigured by all others—the shedding of the blood of Christ—is the real true sacrifice. The Mass is the same sacrifice, different in manner, in method, in appearance; the same in substance, in purpose in effect. Christ—God—first offered it. Christ, being God, gave the power to His priests to offer it. "Do this in commemoration of Me." Thus does Jesus Christ provide for that form of worship by which man from the beginning expressed his relation to God—his dependence, his gratitude; by which he obtained pardon and grace. "Do this in commemoration of Me." By these words did Christ institute the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." By these words we learn why the Mass is necessary for us—we are sinners, we need pardon, we need God's help, and we offer to God by the hands of His appointed ministers the blood of the Lamb. Thus do we appropriate to ourselves, do we make our own, the Blood shed on Calvary. That blood was shed once in a real manner; now it is shed in a mystical manner. On Calvary it was shed for all men, whether they avail themselves of it, make it their own, or not; in the Mass it is put within the reach of those who attend, applied to the individual soul. At the Mass the attendants may offer to God the body and blood of Christ—something worthy of God's acceptance—they offer it in recognition of God's supreme dominion over His creatures; they offer it in thanksgiving; through it they ask pardon and help. Thus does the Mass become a memorial—a real putting before our minds—of the sacrifice of Calvary. Thus is the sacrifice of Calvary renewed before our eyes. Holy Mass is therefore the highest form of worship. It is, as it were, the back-bone of religion. The Mass repeats and recalls all the wonders of His life. He comes in the Mass silently as on Christmas night; He renews His life of humility and poverty, of silence in Nazareth. He recalls His sufferings on the cross, His life of humility, patience and obedience. In the Mass, as during His earthly career, He is a servant to men and a sacrifice to God. The Mass recalls His self-sacrifice in many ways. The cross appears everywhere—on the altar, on the vestments of the priest. In the Mass our Divine Saviour is always mindful of our salvation, and adopts a thousand devices to bring to our minds His love, His sacrifice, His sufferings, His longing desire for our hearts. Here He is "always living to make intercession for us" and asking us to make some sacrifice for Him.

We know now what the Mass is. We know why we go to church on Sunday. We know what a sacred place the church is and how precious are the moments we spend therein. We know that we should attend Mass with sentiments of humble adoration, of generosity and love. We ought to prepare ourselves—our minds as well as our bodies—by leaving the world, its cares, anxieties and pleasures outside the church door. In the church our thoughts must be taken up altogether with our Divine Saviour. Besides offering Him the homage of our hearts, we have a thousand needs to place before Him—temporal and spiritual. From these brief moments spent once a week in the presence of our dear Lord and Saviour we will carry away the light and strength and courage that we shall need during the week.

One duty is obvious and certain. We should be mindful of His presence. Better stay away than insult Him by irreverence, by levity, by a manner more becoming the theater or public hall than the house of God. Let it not be said of us as it was of the Jews: "There had stood One in the midst of you whom ye know not."

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Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

FORGAVE THE CAPTIVE.

A Touching Incident Which Showed the Catholic Spirit of the King of Spain.

A very touching episode in connection with the beautiful custom of carrying the Blessed Sacrament in procession to the sick occurred during the lifetime of the late King Alfonso XII, which is worth relating, says the *Rosary*. One evening, when that most kind-hearted and noblest of monarchs was returning from a ride with his aide-de-camps, he chanced to meet the Viatium, which was being carried to a condemned prisoner, who was lying between life and death in the Carcel Madero. The King at once dismounted, and giving his horse to one of the grooms (as he had no carriage to offer), followed the procession on foot, with a burning candle in his hand, his aide-de-camps, of course, doing the same. Arrived at the prison gates, the procession was met by all the prison officials and prisoners, who, with candles, accompanied it into the sick man's cell.

One of the aide-de-camps who was present said afterwards that he had never seen so touching and beautiful a scene in his life. The bare, dark prison cell, lighted by the flickering tapers, held by the prisoners, in their rough prison dress and the crowd of outsiders, all with bent heads and reverent mien, the young King in his uniform, humbly kneeling on the flags beside the miserable bed where lay the poor prisoner, who recognized him, and gazed speechlessly at him as if trying to divine how he had come there, the impressive words of the priest, the evident contrition and fervor of the penitent, made a picture never to be forgotten.

The King himself, deeply moved, stood up as soon as the last sacraments were administered, and, taking the prisoner's hand, gave him a free unconditional pardon, saying:

"God has forgiven you: I cannot do less, and from this moment you are free. If it please the Almighty to spare you life you can leave this moment the doctor says you are fit to be removed." On hearing this, all the other prisoners cried out with one voice: "Viva el Rey!" The ready sympathy and generosity of these poor prisoners, who, whatever their crimes may have been, were, at least at that moment, free from envy or discontent, and were full of enthusiasm at the King's act of clemency in favor of their comrade, touched the King's generous heart to the quick. He took the hand of every one of them to show his appreciation of their conduct, and he said, afterwards, when speaking about it in the intimacy of his family, that it had cost him a great deal of effort not to pardon them all then and there, but, of course, that would have been impossible.

On his return to the palace, though it was very late in the evening, he sent for the Ministers and desired the necessary papers and formularies for the release of the prisoner to be drawn and read at once to the prisoner.

Curious to say, the man recovered, though the doctor declared he had not a day to live at the time of his receiving his pardon. The shock of joy and surprise had evidently had the effect of curing him, through the goodness of God, who did not wish that the young monarch's act of mercy should be for naught.

The Pope and Sunday Rest.

The Pope in a letter to M. Keller, president of the Paris Sunday Rest Society, says: "The association tends to restore to God an honor due to Him by a cessation of labor which He Himself has strictly prescribed from the beginning of the old law. . . . Contempt for the Lord's holy day causes the greatest evils to men and nations." Sunday closing has for years been steadily on the increase in the best quarters of Paris.

You've no Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of the people who feel all tired out or run down from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight. If you are weak, tired and nervous, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

Hood's PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

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My Blood

Became overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and dreadful Boonings



Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller, Londonderry, Vt.

"More, the worst on my ankle. I could not step. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health. Mrs. C. H. FULLER, Londonderry, Vermont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's PILLS cure all Liver ills, Biliousness.

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Arrears must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, May 4, 1895.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The recent action of Lord Halifax in England and the letters of men such as Canon Knox-Little are very significant. It is not such a long time ago that the Catholic Church was alluded to as an organization having for members but the poor and unlettered, and was looked upon as something too antique—a relic, forsooth, of past ages, that might be admired but that could certainly expect but scanty recognition from any one imbued with the spirit of the century.

Men are anxiously striving to obtain a satisfactory solution of the problems that confront them. They are not contented with the egotistical rhapsodies of self-constituted teachers. We, in whose veins flow the stream of Catholic purity and faith, do not estimate rightly the torture suffered by earnest, questioning souls.

There must be a path to man's destiny, or otherwise free will is but a burden and curse. But where is the path? This is the question that is agitating human minds. Some have given up the quest in despair and have joined the ranks of those who have taken for companion the cheerless form of negation.

This is indeed consoling: it is a proof that the study of religion is becoming something more than a mere occupation that may be discarded and forgotten at every whimsical fancy.

We may not see the fruit of our labors, but the generations of the future shall gather and garner it.

Above all, let us avoid all that may irritate our brethren. Scathing criticism and harsh denunciation effect no permanent good, and give, oftentimes, color to the statement that we are bigoted and narrow-minded.

Let us state the truth simply and charitably, and from troubled souls shall we no longer hear the words "But what am I?"

An infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry.

A FAIR idea of the progress of the Catholic Church in the East may be gained from the fact which has been made known by the Catholic Bishop of Tarsus, who states that since 1850 two hundred thousand Armenian schismatics have returned to the Catholic Church. Within the same period sixteen dioceses have been erected in Armenia.

SYNDICAL AND OTHER PRO-NOUNCEMENTS ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Many people manage to give expression to most extraordinary views, and, judging from an interview which the Globe's special correspondent in Montreal had with Mr. Molyneux St. John, editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, it would appear that the editor of the Free Press is one of these people.

Mr. St. John, being asked concerning the cause of the trouble which has arisen regarding the Manitoba schools, has given utterance to the opinion that the British Privy Council is the direct cause of all that has occurred! That is to say, having the law before them, the Privy Council by deciding in accordance with that law, have done a wrong act! When asked, whether in his opinion "the decision of the Privy Council was the direct cause of all this trouble," Mr. St. John answered:

"So it seems to me, though, of course, the fact that the Privy Council were appealed to, also shows that some parties in the Catholic Church were not satisfied with the national Public Schools."

As the Free Press is one of the organs, and, in fact, the chief organ of the Greenway Government, it may be presumed that Mr. St. John echoes the sentiments of that Government in thus expressing his views, and, according to them, not only the Privy Council, in interpreting the law as reason and common sense dictate, but the Catholics, or at least all Catholics who insist upon having justice, are blamable for having raised this question at all. Of course, according to these sage exponents of what is wise and what unwise, it is the evident duty of Catholics to submit to any tyranny rather than disturb the equilibrium of Mr. Greenway and his Government, who—sublimely innocent people as they are!—are not responsible at all for the trouble which has arisen out of their act, which was, at the same time, illegal and oppressive.

This opinion which the Manitoba Government entertain of their own conduct is shared in by numbers of clergymen of the various Protestant denominations throughout Ontario, many of whom have spoken from their pulpits to the same effect, for the purpose of creating a public opinion which does not yet exist in Ontario, and which they wish to turn against the Catholic demand for justice. Thus the Congregational Union of Toronto, at its recent regular quarterly meeting, passed a resolution, on motion of Rev. Messrs. C. Duff and M. S. Gray, to the effect that:

"We, the Congregationalists, who, in common with our brethren of this Dominion, Great Britain, the United States and elsewhere, have always claimed for the Roman Catholics equal rights with ourselves and all others before the law, hereby utter our most solemn protest against the enforcement of the remedial order of the Dominion Government by either the Government itself or the Parliament of Canada, because of the manifest injustice which it involves (1) to the children whose destinies are so prejudicially affected by it; (2) to their parents in their right to have their children educated by the State for future citizenship, and (3) to the State itself in the interference of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the exercise of the State's true and proper functions as educators of the people."

This was unanimously adopted. The Presbyterian Synod of Hamilton and London, which met a few days ago in Woods' Hall, passed resolutions to the same effect, though there were one or two clergymen present who had the courage to express views that Catholics have rights, and that the synod would do an ungracious act in interfering in a matter which does not concern them as a religious body. This common-sense view of the matter, however, did not prevail. The Synod passed the resolutions upholding the injustice of the Manitoba Government, though we commend it for discretion in not putting forward the hypocritical plea which the Congregationalists inserted in their manifesto, that they are in favor of "equal rights with ourselves" for Roman Catholics. It is time that this hypocrisy should be eliminated from the official declarations of Protestant religious bodies when they propose to trample on Catholic rights—which are, indeed, not merely Catholic rights, but the rights of Protestants as well, as is actually the case in Quebec, and as is intended to be the case in Manitoba when the Separate School Act of 1890 was passed at the first session of the newly-constituted Legislature of that Province, while it still had populations, Catholic and Protestant, almost equal, though Catholics had a slight preponderance.

This Separate School Act is the one

which sealed the compact with Manitoba that the rights of minorities should be respected in that Province; and we all know very well that if Catholics had preserved their preponderance, the very same Congregational Union would have been foremost in passing resolutions of very different tenor from that we have quoted above. If the Congregational and Presbyterian ministers are so anxious for "Equal Rights," why do they not show as much anxiety for the abolition of Separate schools in Quebec as for that of the Catholic schools of Manitoba and Ontario? We add Ontario, because, as occasion offers, most of the members of these bodies are always ready to issue their manifestoes against Catholics, except when, as at the elections of last June, some of them deemed it expedient to suppress their hostility to Catholics because they wished to secure a Legislature favorable to the staunchly Presbyterian Premier of Ontario.

In making this reference we mean no disrespect to Sir Oliver Mowat and his cabinet. We have no objection to their free exercise of the faith to which they adhere; but we cannot but record our dissent from the decisions of a body of Presbyterian and other clergy who persist from time to time in manifesting their desire to do injustice to Catholics. It is well, however, that these gentlemen do not rule the Dominion, nor can they control the voice and vote even of Protestant Ontario. Catholics are as determined to see justice done to their Manitoba brethren as are the Congregationalist and Presbyterian clergy to inflict an injustice upon them, or, rather, to make permanent an injustice which has already been inflicted.

The recent action of the Anglican Synod of the diocese of Niagara fully corroborates our view of the case, that the question of Separate schools is not necessarily a Catholic question. The educational committee of this synod at its last session passed a strongly-worded resolution to the effect that parochial schools are necessary for the spiritual welfare of children, and that efforts should be made to secure them for Anglicans.

The Rev. C. S. Whitcombe, of Hamilton, who moved this resolution, explained it as follows:

"That what he, and those who think with him, are working for is the establishment of Anglican parochial schools similar to the Roman Catholic Separate schools. In Newfoundland, he said, each of the chief denominations has its own Separate schools, and the smaller denominations are lumped under the head of Protestant schools. He is willing, as a temporary measure, to have a system of religious instruction introduced into the Public schools, as suggested in his communication yesterday to the Presbyterian Synod, and the committee in its report will recommend the introduction of the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer, and simple Bible history. The report will be presented at the June session of the synod."

We repeat what we have often said before, that what we Catholics wish for ourselves we are quite willing to grant to Protestants if they desire it, though we have no wish to force Separate schools on them if they think it proper to reject them. This is the true Equal Rights position, and the one which the Congregational Union would have adopted if it were not shamming in its profession of Equal Rights. But from the Anglican body we have the right to expect really fair treatment, if the profession of educational faith issued by the Hamilton synod represents their views honestly. They, at least, should be found contending side by side with Catholics in favor of justice to the Catholics of Manitoba, and the more especially so if they wish the Catholic body to aid in securing for them the rights they demand. We cannot say, however, that we have had their cordial co-operation as a body in the past when Catholic rights were to be maintained in Ontario, though we do cheerfully admit that many Protestants of all denominations aided in fighting the battle of religious liberty when the issue was raised. To those Protestants of good will we tender our hearty thanks, as we did on previous occasions.

We are glad to see that now, even among Protestants, the truth is forcing itself upon their minds, that religious education is needed for the rising generation in order to preserve it to Christianity. As to the means to be adopted to effect this object, we must insist, however, that the Catholic body must be consulted before any special general system be adopted. This is necessary, as Catholics are contributors toward the maintenance of Public Schools throughout the Province, except in the comparatively few localities where Separate schools are estab-

lished. We say this, though we are aware that during recent Provincial election campaigns those politicians who raised the religious issue, and rode the Protestant horse to death, found fault because Archbishop Lynch was even spoken to in regard to proposed religious exercises in the Public schools; but the Catholics of Ontario are not to be terrorized into yielding their rights of citizenship at the beck of a party of fanatics whose only object is to oppress them.

MORE ANARCHIST PLOTS.

It might be expected that after the deserved punishment which so quickly followed the commission of Anarchist Santo Cesario's crime of assassinating President Carnot, the Anarchists of France might understand that they cannot perpetrate such outrages with impunity. The promptness of the punishment in that instance was an evidence that the country will not allow the advocates of assassination to ply their trade without bringing upon themselves the due reward for their intolerable conduct. We might suppose that the consciousness that this is the case should be a terror to these evil-doers, and a preventive of future crimes; but we cannot draw such an inference, as there is proof which sets it beyond the possibility of doubt that the plottings of these enemies of the human race still continue actively.

The execution of Ravachol for his use of dynamite in committing murder, professedly for the dissemination of Anarchist principles, was followed by new murders in which dynamite again figured as the means whereby these monsters in human form avenged their companion and leader in iniquity, by killing those who aided the civil authorities in punishing the murderers.

These deeds were followed by new atrocities of Anarchists, and new executions, so that it would seem to be a question whether the maintainers of law and order or the Anarchists can best survive this process of alternate decimation. If it is to be continued in this fashion, there can be no doubt that Anarchy must succumb first, for the number of Anarchists is but small, as compared with the gross population, and ultimately the present Anarchical propagandists must disappear by the mere process of gradual extermination. But this mode of getting rid of an undesirable class of the population is not altogether satisfactory, for the reason that as a rule those who are killed by the Anarchists are persons whose lives are valuable, and whose loss is, therefore, a serious misfortune to the country, whereas the Anarchists who are put to death as a punishment for crimes committed are a worthless class who exist for no good to the public.

The life of one Anarchist taken by course of law on the scaffold, is by no means an adequate compensation for the life of a public character who has been slain through Anarchical plotting. Thus it was no compensation for the loss inflicted upon France by the assassination of President Carnot, that his assassin was afterwards executed for the crime. On the one side, a man eminent for his ability and high character, a man who devoted his energies toward the purpose of doing good for his country, was the victim; on the other, the culprit who was guillotined for the crime was an escaped convict, by whose death the world was rid of a criminal; but even the Anarchists themselves would scarcely feel the loss to their cause by half a dozen, or a dozen such deaths. The only way to even the matter approximately at least, would be to make the laws against Anarchy more stringent than they have yet been, and to punish not alone those who are guilty of the culminating crime, but also those who were accomplices to the act by advising it or aiding in the concoction of the plot by means of which it was perpetrated. By this means there would be gained this double advantage, that the deterrent from crimes of this character would be more powerful, and at the same time Anarchy would be more effectually and rapidly rooted out.

When President Carnot was assassinated, public indignation was aroused to the highest pitch. His popularity with the masses of the people was undeniable, and it was evinced by the enthusiasm with which he was received by the people during the festivities in which he was at the time taking part. But even in the face of the indignation which was excited by this murder, Anarchists declared publicly that his successor would meet the same fate soon after his election.

It now appears that the threat was

not an idle one, for the police obtained information that there was a plot to assassinate the new President at the fetes which recently took place at Havre, and only for the information thus received, possibly the President would have actually met the fate of his eminent predecessor.

The Anarchists are the most dangerous fanatics that have ever made their appearance in civilized lands, and it becomes necessary to deal with them effectually, and by more decisive measures than are used for the suppression of ordinary crimes.

They proclaim their purpose to be the destruction of all government, without any regard to what human life they may destroy in endeavoring to effect their purpose. It is, therefore, the duty of all governments to take means for their suppression. President Faure has this time escaped the plot which was concocted against his life, but it is impossible to say that he will escape the next plot which may be made by the same lawless crew who have been foiled for the present. To secure as much probability as possible that no such attempt may be made again, all the haunts of Anarchists in France should be raided by the police, and all who have been discovered to have aided in the propagation of Anarchist doctrines should either be banished from the country, or imprisoned in some stronghold whence they cannot be rescued by their desperate comrades in crime.

A COMMENDABLE CHANGE OF TUNE.

Mr. Sifton, the Attorney-General of Manitoba, was in Montreal on the 19th of April, three days after the date of the Haldimand election, and while staying at Windsor Hotel, entered into a conversation regarding the contest and its lesson. The talk was really intended for publication, and may be regarded as a newspaper interview, and it was published as such in the daily papers.

His remarks were very amusing, and we cannot but be struck with their mild tone—gentle as the cooing of a dove—in comparison with what himself and his colleagues have been wont to say in the far West, where they and their newspaper organs threw off the mask, defying the Canadian Government, and initiating a no Popery crusade, not a whit less bitter than those which have from time to time occurred in our own Province of Ontario.

The contrast between the Mr. Sifton who addressed his co-provincials at home, and the gentleman who spoke at the Windsor Hotel, is remarkable, though we have his word for it that he was the identical man in both cases, and that he has undergone no change in his opinions and intentions.

He commenced by relating the well-known anecdote about an old uncle in New York who advised his rural nephew to keep himself safe from harm when he came in contact with any political crowd, by shouting with the crowd. When the nephew asked: "but suppose there are two crowds?" the old man's sage advice was "Why, then, shout with the biggest crowd."

This was, of course for the purpose of making it appear that he was in quite a good humor notwithstanding his utter defeat in Haldimand after stumping the county in favor of Mr. Jefferson McCarthy. He then assures us that he "did not think McCarthy would win—nor had he great interest in his winning."

This is not quite in accordance with what he told the people of Caledonia on the 12th that:

"If the people of Manitoba did not consider that they require your assistance at this juncture in their affairs, I would not be present. It is a somewhat unusual thing for an officer of the Government of one Province to find himself under the necessity of coming to take part in an electoral contest in another Province for the purpose of protecting the rights of the people of the Province which he represents; and the only answer is that the election in which you are called upon to exercise your suffrages upon this occasion is no ordinary election, and that no ordinary principles are involved in it."

After such a statement, it is scarcely fair for Mr. Sifton now to repudiate Mr. McCarthy, whom he thus described as being the champion of the rights of his constituents; and he even spoke more explicitly still in the same Caledonia speech, when he declared: "This election means that the electors of Haldimand are asked whether they approve of the conduct of the (Dominion) Government in this matter or not."

Another of Mr. Sifton's present statements is that his past attitude in regard to the school question has been

misrepresented, whereas he has been made to say that:

"The Manitoba Government would listen to neither argument nor reason, but took its stand upon the new law, heedless of all that could be said or urged. Now my position, and the position of the Government which I clearly defined in all my speeches, was this:

This (remedial) order means the restoration of the old school system in its entirety as it formerly existed. It means the unqualified teachers and an inefficient system. The Manitoba Government will never go back to that. This was what I stated. That is what I now repeat. To bring back that state of things would be a disgrace to Manitoba, a disgrace to the men at Ottawa who would thrust the old system upon any portion of the people. . . . We have a right to assume that the men who make the laws at Ottawa are sensible men. As such, they could never, knowing the facts, impose the old school system upon the Province. I go no further than that."

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Sifton's language before the verdict of the by-elections was very different from this. As lately as in his Caledonia speech the gentleman declared: "I have no hesitation in saying that I refuse to carry out the order."

This was what Mr. Sifton and other members of the Government all along declared. They absolutely would not obey the law. Now the position is changed, and these gentlemen pretend they are very consistent. Well, we are happy to know that they are now somewhat in the humor of yielding to what is just—but we may remark that it is not highly honorable to pretend that the remedial order insists upon inefficiency of the schools, or that Catholics want the schools to be inefficient. What we want to see changed is their abolition, the imposition of taxes upon Catholics for the support of a second set of schools, and the robbery of Catholic school property. This is what the remedial order requires.

The Manitoba Government took the best possible method to make the schools inefficient when they imposed such conditions upon the Catholics. But we shall not look too closely into the past, if they now repair the injury done, and Mr. Sifton now seems to promise they will do this. We shall only remark that the Orangemen, of whom the Attorney-General spoke with the greatest scorn, might very well retort upon himself the charge of unreliability and empty braggadocio which he brings against them in the following piece of bitter irony and sarcasm:

When asked about the Orange resolutions which have been passed all over the country offering their moral and material support to the Manitoba Government in resisting the restoration of Separate schools, he "snapped his fingers contemptuously, saying: 'Not worth that.'"

When asked further: "Are the Orangemen unreliable as a political factor?"

He answered: "On the contrary . . . they are very reliable—to shout for you—and go out and vote for your opponent. I know where they are. They are quite reliable. The Orangemen came to our meetings and applauded. Apparently, they were enthusiastically in favor of Mr. McCarthy, and I must say that some of them really worked and voted for him—but most of the men who shouted the loudest at our meetings went out and voted for Montague."

We leave Mr. Sifton and the Orangemen to settle their own quarrel between them. But we will say, if they really voted against the breach of faith of which the Manitoba Government was guilty, they showed better sense and a more tolerant spirit than did those of the brethren who by their blood-curdling resolutions have been egging on the Manitoba Government to resist the authority of the Dominion Government and the British Privy Council.

In the meantime we commend Mr. Sifton's Government for their present change of tune. We have no objection to let them down easy if they are in earnest now in mending their manners.

It is but fair to add that since the above was written, Attorney General Sifton visited Toronto, and took occasion to say in another interview there that he was not accurately reported in regard to his Montreal conversation. His correction is to the effect that his remarks were not general, but had reference to Haldimand Orangemen only. It was, of course, fairly well understood already that he did not mean all Orangemen—nevertheless he spoke in Montreal of their general character, so that the correction leaves the matter just about where it was before.

GREAT RALLY OF TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

The annual convention of the Catholic Temperance Union of America will be held this year in New York city. The Rev. A. P. Doyle, the indefatigable secretary, is working might and main to make the meeting a memorable one in the annals of temperance.

But temperance lies nearest his heart. "It is well for man who in splendidly-appointed studies lay down the limits of temperance. I admit their theories. The Church has always condemned the doctrine that drink is per se an evil."

Monsignor Satolli will attend the convention, which will open on Wednesday morning, August 9, in the Church of the Paulist Fathers.

THE ISSUE IN PARLIAMENT.

The Manitoba school question was discussed in Parliament on the 22nd and 23rd April. The matter was introduced into the Senate by the Hon. R. W. Scott, the father of the Ontario Separate School Act which is the guarantee of Catholic school rights in this Province, being the basis of the clause in the Confederation Act which secures the permanency of the Separate school system.

In reference to the contention that is so persistently made now by the Toronto Globe, in union with the followers of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, that the Provincial rights of Manitoba should be respected, and that the Dominion Government should not interfere by legislating to restore Catholic rights, Mr. Scott correctly maintained that there are no Provincial rights when a Province endeavors to over-ride a provision of the Constitution the object of which is to protect a minority against arbitrary treatment by the majority.

It was precisely to meet such cases as the tyranny of the Manitoba Government that the right of appeal to the Dominion Government and Parliament was granted to minorities on the matter of education, and it is ridiculous to assert that Parliament should not take action when the Provincial Government refuses redress, as has been the case with Manitoba to the present moment.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell followed the Honorable R. W. Scott, and after feelingly eulogizing the late Sir John Thompson, stated his attitude on the school question.

He declared that he is strongly in favor of Provincial rights, and so he voted against interfering with the Province of Quebec on the settlement of the Jesuit Estates claims, and his course on that question was almost the cause of his losing his election when he next presented himself before his constituents.

On the present occasion he is also in favor of Provincial rights, and he hopes that Manitoba will deal patriotically with the question, and thus relieve Parliament from dealing with it. If the Manitobans are truly patriots they will do this, but if they desire to continue to be firebrands, they will reject all overtures, and oblige Parliament to act.

Mr. Bowell added, emphatically: "All I can say is that when that time comes they will find the Government of this country quite prepared to assume the responsibility, no matter what the result may be."

We do not consider that we have any right to assume that these words mean anything else than what they plainly imply, namely, that the Dominion Government will introduce legislation to restore Catholic rights, if the Manitoba Legislature refuse to do its plain duty. We give credit to the Hon. Mr. Bowell for this manly declaration. We have no desire to humiliate the Manitoba majority and Government; and if they show a readiness to repair the injury which they have themselves inflicted, we, as Catholics, are quite willing they should do so.

In the House of Commons the question was also debated, and Mr. McCarthy made a long speech, on the same lines which he usually follows in dealing with this question. He admits that the logical sequence of the action of the Dominion Government, so far taken, is to introduce remedial legislation, should the Manitoba Government fail to do so.

The Honorable John Costigan replied eloquently and effectively to Mr. McCarthy. He blamed the latter for endeavoring to inflame the public mind by creating the impression that Catholics wish to force Separate schools upon the people of Manitoba, or to interfere with Provincial rights. There is no such question at issue. The question is, shall rights be restored, of which the Catholics have been unjustly deprived, according to the decision of the highest tribunal in the British Empire?

He expressed the hope that the question will be satisfactorily settled by Manitoba itself, without forcing the Parliament to interfere. With this hope we fully concur.

REV. ROBERT JOHNSON.

We regret very much to say that the Rev. Robert Johnson, the new pastor of St. Andrew's church in this city, gives evidence of a narrow mindedness and a want of intelligence which is really deplorable. Surely there is already in this city quite enough of religious bigotry! And Mr. Johnson would, we think, make for himself a better record were he not to engage in the work of refurbishing and adding to it. People coming from small places into cities are sometimes prone to air their vast attainments. It is a falling of our nature." So long as Mr. Johnson confines himself to the truth we will not find fault with him. In his address recently before the Western Bible Society he insinuated what is not the truth. Many and many a time have Catholic authorities proclaimed the position of the Church in regard to the reading of the holy scripture; and in the Douay bible we find, on the front page, a letter from Pope Pius IV. in which he exhorts that

"The faithful be incited to the reading of the holy scriptures, for these are the most abundant sources which should be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrines, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times."

What, then, should we think of the Rev. Mr. Johnson when we find him stating that "even in Italy, notwithstanding the thunders of the Vatican, thirty colporteurs traveled up and down the country, until now an Italian newspaper printed portions of the scripture?" Adding—"So it is in Spain, the country of the Inquisition." As to Spain we will allow a Protestant gentleman to give Mr. Johnson some facts. The following article has

lately been going the rounds of the press:

Mr. Hiram Maxim, inventor of the Maxim automatic machine gun, who has achieved further fame by his success in building a flying machine, is eminently a practical man and judges facts at their true value. He has a factory at Placencia in Spain and one at Crayford, England. In a recent interview published in the New York Sun he pointedly comments on the morality of the inhabitants of the two places, much to the disadvantage of the English town: "I have never seen," he says "so high a grade of morality among any people as the Basques at Placencia. There is absolutely no dishonesty or immorality in the town. If any one should purloin a loaf of bread and not pay for it, it would be the talk of the town. The factory which we purchased was open, so that any one who liked might enter, for years before we bought it, and not a scrap of steel or brass was stolen. Had this factory been at Crayford or Erith, it would have been completely gutted the first night that it was left unlocked."

Continuing Mr. Maxim said: "On my return to England, I was waited upon by a lady who said she came to collect money for the Spanish mission. I told her I never had given a cent to missionaries, because I had always understood that, as a rule, they were the greatest humbugs under the sun. In fact, I believe that missionaries get us into a lot of trouble everywhere, and it would be a good thing if there were no such thing as a missionary in the world. However, I had just returned from Spain, and I must say I felt some interest in a Spanish mission. I felt that at last the time had come when I could conscientiously do something for a quick to whip out her book and pencil, and said: "How much shall I put you down for?"

"That depends," I said. "How many Spanish missionaries do you propose to bring over, and will any of them be located at Crayford?" "She hesitated for a moment, seemed to be very much amazed, and said: "Oh, we do not propose to bring Spanish missionaries here! We are going to send English missionaries to Spain."

MR. O'BRIEN.

Some days ago Colonel O'Brien introduced into the Dominion House a bill to amend the North-West Territories Act. Its object was to give power to deal with education and to abolish the official use of the English language. The hon. gentleman's opening remarks were greeted with immense cheering, as the introduction of this same bill is looked upon as the standing joke of the session. The Colonel is an enlarged edition of Mr. Whalley, a member of the Imperial Parliament who, some years ago, at each session of that body, introduced a bill for the inspection of convents. Mr. O'Brien, who is the party of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, is quite a character in the House, and indeed our legislators would perhaps often-times starve for a laugh were the colonel and his bills not a feature of Ottawa life. The colonel—dear good man!—has become possessed of the conviction that the English language should be the language of the world, and the Protestant faith—or at least that portion of it which demonstrates each year on the 12th of July—the only faith which should be tolerated in the universe. In the colonel's character, we regret to say, although we find much humor, there is a latent streak of malignity which casually crops out. The bitterness of his Protestantism flows onward with the rapidity of the waters of the Cedar Rapids of the St. Lawrence, when he makes reference to a Catholic member of the House. This was the case recently in his speech on the introduction of the motion alluded to above. For the Minister of Marine and Fisheries he seems to have a deadly animosity, and insinuated that that gentleman has no ability whatever, but is merely placed in the Cabinet as a representative of the Irish Catholic element. We wish we could whisper in the hon. gentleman's ear that the Irish Catholics in the Dominion are as worthy of representation as are the followers of William of Orange; and

as to the quality of the legislative timber we would also like to say to him that it would be paying but a small compliment to Hon. Mr. Costigan to say that he is quite the equal of those who have been placed in high positions because of their wearing a button with "No Surrender" inscribed upon it. Mr. Dalton McCarthy and his party, Colonel O'Brien, are a peculiar combination. How long the party will hold together we cannot say, but, judging by the Haldimand election, there seems to be not the least prospect of their attaining any prominence in the House.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Canada Farmer's Sun, the official organ of the Patrons, finds fault with the Canadian Freeman for styling a certain person "a P. P. A. Patron candidate." Before criticising the statements in a contemporary the Farmer's Sun should be a little more careful in the statements advanced by itself. What authority has it, for instance, for styling the Canadian Freeman "Archbishop Cleary's paper?" But let this pass. As to the complaint made by the Freeman, our Toronto contemporary stands on very slippery ground, for surely the Sun must know that quite a number of prominent Patrons became members of the P. P. A. conspiracy within the last few years, taking particular pains to make it known that they were members of both associations—for the purpose, no doubt, of reaping a harvest of votes in each. We cannot, consequently, see anything out of place in characterizing one of these men as a P. P. A. Patron. Far be it from us to say that the Sun is a P. P. A. organ, but our contemporary must admit that the open alliance of prominent members of the Patron order with the Know-nothing movement has done the Patron society an injury from which it will perhaps never recover.

In our last issue we made reference to the great success of the Catholic students of Georgetown University in a recent debate in competition with the Columbians, of Washington, D. C., as showing that the McCarthy party of Ontario assume false premises in giving out as the first principle on which their opposition to Catholic education is based, that such education is necessarily inferior to that imparted in so-called secular or "non-sectarian" schools. We learn from English exchanges that the same lesson is to be learned from the scholarship examination which was held in Liverpool in December, at which, notwithstanding that the Catholic candidates were comparatively few in number, a Catholic young lady pupil teacher, Miss M. Haskew, of our Lady's Catholic school of that city, gained the highest number of marks of all the Liverpool candidates, being the second place on the County list, the total number of female candidates being 5,042. A single fact like this is of more value than all the frothy and unfounded assertions of Mr. Dalton McCarthy and his co-laborers in the crusade against Catholic education.

It is stated authoritatively that the civic authorities of Berne, Switzerland, have abandoned their intention which was announced somewhat more than a year ago, to publish the authentic records of the Reformation effected in Switzerland under Zwingle and Calvin, and which are preserved in the archives of that city. The reason for discontinuing the work is that the disclosures would be so scandalous as to throw great discredit on the character of the Reformers, and on the whole work of the so-called Reformation.

MICHAEL DAVITT made a good answer recently to a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette, who, over the signature of ex-landlord, maintained the exclusive right of the Irish landlords to the soil of Ireland, and justified the charge of a high rental because the land is "good old pasture land." Mr. Davitt in his reply showed that there are millions of acres which had been reclaimed from barrenness by the labor of the tenants, the fruit of whose toil had all gone to the profit of the landlords. Tenants who have reclaimed such holdings, or who have inherited them from their ancestors who did the reclaiming, have to pay for their own labor that of their ancestors, at the rate of from ten to thirty shillings an acre per annum, to landlords who, to say nothing of the title of confiscation by which they hold the ownership, have done absolutely nothing for the reclamation of the land, and have spent nothing for its improvement.

Mr. Davitt says that even if we admit the landlords' right to ownership, the rights of the tenants to their own labor would in equity reduce the rental due to the landlords to one-twentieth of the present rental. The true value of the landlords' title would be only its "prairie rent," which, if estimated at the value of unreclaimed land, would be very small. "Better virginal land than this in Ireland, on prairies in the West of America, would not bring a shilling [an acre for pasturage purposes."

CLIENTS OF MARY

Will Render Her Special Homage During this Month.

Catholic piety has linked to the month of May, which was ushered in on Wednesday, the sweet name of Mary, and the Church has especially consecrated this time to Mary's honor and praise.

Now it is that our blessed Mother bids her children come to her with joy and fullest confidence. "It is I who call you, I who am your queen, your sovereign, your advocate—the Mother of your God, your own Mother. For every child my heart is full of love, my hands are filled with blessings."

Who is there that can coldly listen to this invitation? Who is there that will not respond to this appeal? Since we are the children of God, brethren of Jesus Christ, we are also the children of Mary. Now she invites us to her sanctuary, now she calls us to her altars. She wishes to speak to us, to instruct us, to teach us by her own example the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of all wisdom and all perfection.

WE WILL RESPOND JOYFULLY.

The very name of Mary has for Catholic souls a charm sufficiently attractive. It recalls to us a perfection greater far than human creature ever attained. It is the symbol of love, of tenderness and of mercy. It inspires respect, confidence, gratitude, and devotion; and when these sentiments fill our hearts we cannot but gather near the altars of Mary and give fullest expression to our devotion. If the Queen of Sheba so earnestly desired to contemplate Solomon's glory and magnificence, if she wished to give expression to her admiration for his incomparable wisdom, how much more ardently should we desire to render our homage to the Mother of Him of Whom Solomon was only a weak and imperfect figure! Moreover, Mary is called by the Church the very seat of wisdom, and is, therefore, more worthy of admiration than the great King Solomon arrayed in all the splendor of his Eastern magnificence.

Mary is the all-powerful queen of heaven and earth. Is it not, then, most just and suitable that her faithful subjects should assemble and testify their respect and veneration for her— to thank her for the countless blessings which they owe to her inexhaustible munificence, and to give her again and again renewed proofs of their entire devotion? She is also the advocate and the refuge of sinners. What is more natural than to see unfortunate children hasten to cast themselves at her feet, to confide in the care of their eternal salvation to her hands, to shield themselves under the mantle of her protection, that they may escape the chastisement which justice demands?

WE WILL HEAR HER WITH DOILITY.

If Mary calls her children to her sanctuary, she wishes that they should be instructed. We cannot forget that our blessed Saviour when on earth told us that He had no other doctrine to preach to men than the doctrine of His Heavenly Father. Now He has Mary as His Mother, and she has heard from the mouth of her own divine Son. To-day she gives the same command she gave at the wedding feast of Cana: "Do whatsoever He will tell you." Throughout her life on earth her only aim had been to do God's will, to observe what He commanded. Hence, our blessed Saviour publicly eulogized His Mother for her faithful observance of God's law. "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee," cried a woman among the multitudes that followed Christ. Immediately He answered and said: "Yea, rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it."

By these words our Saviour wished the people to understand that the especial merit of Mary, His Mother, was that she heard the word of God with docility and made this word the guide of her daily life. This will be our duty, and we believe, that if we follow the example of Mary, we, too, will hear the instructions given us with docility, and strive to make them the conduct of our lives each succeeding day, till God shall call us from this vale of tears.

WE WILL FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE.

Mary invites us to hear her teachings and strengthens us in the fear of the Lord. Here there is no question of servile fear, but of love, which forbids everything which can be displeasing to God, obedience to His law, and entire submission in all things to His adorable will. It is by the example of her own life that Mary will teach us the fear of the Lord. In the course of our meditations during this month we will find in Mary's life the perfect model of all the Christian virtues.

In the temple she will teach young people the practice of recollection and flight from the world.

In her marriage with St. Joseph you will learn to follow God's will in the choice of vocation.

From her life at Nazareth mothers of families will learn the manner of fulfilling their duties, submission, solicitude, and domestic obligations.

Following the footsteps of Jesus, and on the hill of Calvary, she will teach all Christians fidelity, generosity, a spirit of devotion and sacrifice—in a word, all those virtues which must characterize the true disciples of a crucified God. If we come to Mary now with confidence, we may reasonably expect that she will one day conduct us to the presence of Jesus, her Son, to share His glory in life eternal.—The Month of May.

St. Paul's Seminary.

St. Paul has many striking characteristics that distinguish it from other seminaries in the land, writes Father Dauchy in the current issue of the Catholic University Bulletin. First of all it was built by one man, Mr. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad, and did not cost the archdiocese one dollar. This gentleman, though all the other members of his family are of the household of the faith, is not a Catholic. A Canadian, indeed, by birth, he is, however an old-time resident of St. Paul, where he has amassed his large fortune. Desirous of making the community at large a sharer in the benefits of his wealth, and having been struck long since with the importance of the role, both religious and social, of the Catholic clergy, he reached the conclusion that he could do no greater work for the North-West than that of affording Catholic priests means of acquiring a thorough higher education at home. In pursuance of this purpose he called upon the Archbishop of the diocese and offered him \$500,000 wherewith to erect and endow a seminary. The offer was gratefully accepted. Plans of the buildings were soon drawn up, and the benefactor to whose munificence the diocese is indebted for its seminary, not content with making this princely donation and examining the plans, has seen to it that they were faithfully carried out. Indeed, if his interest in the work may be estimated by the untrifling attention which he has paid to even the slightest details of it, we should say that of the many great enterprises in which he is actively interested, none is dearer to him than this one.

Important Irish Election.

London, April 27.—The Parliamentary election in East Wicklow, rendered necessary by the sitting member, John Sweetman, in withdrawing from the McCarthyite section of the Irish party and allying himself with the Parnellite faction, was very exciting. Mr. Sweetman upon deserting the anti-Parnellites applied for the stewardship of Childer Hundreds, and sought re-election as an Irish Nationalist, independent of all English parties. There were three candidates in the field, and the full vote of the constituency was cast. The election, which was fought bitterly throughout the day, resulted in the defeat of Mr. Sweetman. Result: O'Kelly (McCarthyite), 1,273; Sweetman (Parnellite), 1,189; Tottenham (Liberal Unionist), 1,159.

Sweet Remembrance.

Send her a few flowers to day, even though they are worth about their weight in gold just at this time. Who do you mean by her? Well, the one special one in the first place, the one who is so different from every girl alive; and send some to mother, and a few to your sister if you can. Most women had rather have posies than candy, if they state their preferences. A rose lasts as long as a box of chocolate with the average girl, and the effects are more satisfactory. Or, happy thought, send both.

TAKE STEPS

In time, if you are a sufferer from that scourge of humanity known as consumption, and you believe you can be cured. There is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its early stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write to those who have been cured, and profit by their experience.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday after Easter.

PLEASURE IN SERVING GOD.

Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say rejoice. (Phil. iv. 4.)
It has often been noticed, my dear brethren, and we every day come across examples of it, that when things are going well men think very little about God and about the practice of their religious duties. We may almost say that, as things are at present, most men will not perform their duty to God unless they are driven to do so by something unpleasant and hard to bear. It is when a man is taken ill that he sends for a priest and makes his confession and receives the Sacraments; as soon, however, as he gets well it is only too probable that he will return to his old ways.

Now, this shows that the service of God is felt by a great many to be a heavy burden and yoke. And I am sorry to say that this feeling is not confined to those whose passions and low propensities are so strong as to hold them down for a great part of their lives in slavery and subjection to sin and vice. Many even of those who have freed themselves for the most part from this degrading bondage seem far from the possession of that spirit of holy joy with which every one trying to serve God should be filled. Many even of these seem to find the yoke of the Lord a heavy one; and if they do not cast it off, it is chiefly because they are afraid to do so.

Now, I am not going to say a word against the service of God which springs from "the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom." The fear of God is not merely good—it is necessary for salvation. But it is only the beginning, not the perfection of wisdom. Moreover, it should not be the habitual dominant and constant motive of our religious life: it should serve as a motive to fall back upon when higher motives are not felt. As St. Ignatius says: "We should ask of God the grace to fear Him, so that if and when through our faults we grow forgetful of God's love, the fear of punishment may hold us back from offending Him." In other words, we ought, as a rule, to be serving God from love and holy joy rather than from fear and dread.

This is the teaching of the Holy Scripture, and especially of the great Apostle our patron, St. Paul. The text is but a sample of similar injunctions which might be found in every one of his Epistles—"Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say, rejoice." Do not be always looking upon the service of God as a heavy burden and yoke to which you must be driven as a fear of punishment, but let that service fill your souls at all times with delight and satisfaction. This is what St. Paul enjoins. Why is it not so with us? Why should it be so?

Well, there are ten thousand reasons why the service of God should be delightful and satisfactory; but I can refer to only one this morning—one, however, of which I think that we can all feel the force. As a rule, the man who is carrying on a profitable and successful business is, so long as everything goes well, tolerably happy. You don't see him going about with a long face, and although he may grumble a little, and although he may see that he does not mean it. Now, if this is the case in the midst of the uncertainties which are inseparable from all human transactions, what ought to be the satisfaction and contentment of a man who has seriously taken in hand the one necessary business? For how does the case stand with such a man? The man who has seriously taken in hand the business of saving his own soul must succeed—for him there is no such thing as failure. So long as he is willing he must be prosperous. And why? Because he has Almighty God as a partner. And God is ready to give him what I hope it is not irreverent to call unlimited credit. In this life He pours into his soul His heavenly grace, and this grace gives to all his actions a value which gives him a right to an eternal recompense. No action from morning to night, from week's end to week's end, but may be made profitable and fruitful, if done with a right intention, and, of course, if there is nothing sinful in it. This is the position in which any and every man may be placed, and he may remain if he so wills, and of the sense and judgment of a man who is not satisfied by such terms I have but a poor opinion.

The Church in the United States.

The latest issue of Hoffman's Catholic Directory shows a slow but steady advance for the Church in this country. According to these statistics, which cannot be more than approximately correct, and which certainly do not sin by exaggeration in any particular, there are in the United States 17 Archbishops; 73 Bishops; 10,053 priests; 9,309 churches; 191 colleges; 669 academies; 3,731 parish schools, in which 775,070 children are educated; 239 orphan asylums, sheltering 30,867 orphans; and 821 other charitable institutions. The total number of children attending Catholic schools or colleges is 918,207, and the Catholic population of the United States is moderately set at 9,071,865. Thus, notwithstanding the serious disadvantages under which the Church has labored during the past year, a continuous and notable growth is evident. What a mighty power we Catholics might be for the solution of the problems that now menace society! What a power for the purification of politics! And, if each lived worthy of the Christian name, what an army to spread Christ's kingdom and to make known His truth!—Ave Maria.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

An Adventure.

Travelers are frequently surprised and interested while passing through Ontario at the glimpses of grand and varied scenery along the route. But of the many to be admired few are more striking than those surrounding this short sketch. Leaving the city of Hamilton and going west, one passes close beside Burlington Bay. The eye wanders over this, and far across Lake Ontario till in blue distance sky and water seem to meet: next we pass over the drawbridge at Desjardins canal, and while nearing Dundas a long stretch of high dark rock attracts the observer, and he vainly tries from the car window to gauge its greatest height, which terminates in a flat, projecting rock called picnic point, while on the opposite side of the track lie acres of hilly land sloping towards the valley town.

In years gone by, before the shrill steam whistle had disturbed the quiet of this romantic spot, or the hand of the hardy laborer had cleared the way and laid the ties for the present Great Western railway, the land all along the face of these rocks was much more thickly wooded, and here bramble and briar flourished. The dreary quiet of this place was greatly increased by the presence in its darkest shade, of an old neglected grave; so dismal indeed were the general surroundings that few persons ever trod these pathless slopes. But at the season when the briars bloom, the school girls (lovers of flowers then as now), dared the gloom, and, cautiously stealing round these crazy nooks, gathered the pink blossoms from their thorny stalks, and brave were the few who approached the thicket to take a hasty look over the rough enclosure which hid that nameless grave, "and why any one had been laid in that lonely spot has often recurred to me." Well do I remember the feeling of fear which crept over me, when, persuaded by my companions to reach and look over that moss-grown walk, when to the surprise of those who had visited the spot before a new feature presented itself, for close to the side of the sunken wild rose-covered grave, a narrow entrance had been made, and whilst hastening away the wildest conjectures were present.

As months passed by, the mystery of the old hill seemed to deepen; for among the villagers at its base a rumor was spreading that strange sounds had been heard by persons who chanced to be out late at night and which seemed to proceed from the direction of the rocks. Just when the excitement was gaining ground two men who had been absent from the neighborhood for some years were returning, and, coming in by the mountain road at darkest midnight, had lost their way and were forced to grope among sticks, rocks and fallen trees. "Where in the wide world are we, any way, Tom?" "For any sake, Joe, search your pockets for a match. I fear I have few left—but listen, Tom! what strange sound is that?" "Hush! Joe, for, judging from the roughness of the surroundings and what I remember of the place, we are rather too near the old hill for this hour of night." "What can we do, Tom?" "For your life and mine, keep quiet and tell me do you see anything, Joe?" "Yes, I do! I think it is a light, and not far away. No sir, I see two eyes glaring straight at us!"—and flash went Tom's revolver. Something fell to the ground, and with a pitiful cry, and dragged itself slowly away. These strong men crouched down, close to each other, in silence till day-break; then, gaining courage, they followed the marks of the wounded object which led straight to the old grave, and there close to the burrowed entrance was the dead body of a huge wild cat. O. N. C.

Story of Father Marquette in Mosaic.

A frieze representing scenes in the travels of Pere Marquette and Joliet, the French voyagers who descended the Mississippi about 1673, has just been completed by the Tiffany Co. There are 200,000 pieces of glass and 10,000 pieces of pearl used in the work. The work is intended to form panels in the rotunda of the new Marquette building in Chicago. It covers a space 4 feet high and 112 feet long. In three of the larger panels there is portrayed the departure of Pere Marquette and Joliet from St. Ignace. Another scene is the meeting between Joliet and the chief of the Illinois Indians, the latter holding out the pipe of peace.

Another panel represents the death of Marquette. There are portrayed implements of war and of the chase of the seventeenth century and full-sized figures of Indians, Canadian voyagers, and gentlemen of France. Running along the top of the panels there are inscriptions consisting of sentences spoken by the characters represented. A Canadian priest posed as the model of Marquette. J. A. Holzer designed the frieze. The work took a year to complete. It now looks as if Chicago would not on distant day possess a worthy memorial of Father Marquette, for Senator Mahoney's bill appropriating \$12,000 for a statue of the great explorer and man of God seems certain to pass at this session, the bill having already passed its third reading. The appropriation will not be available until 1896.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Butt of the School.

By Francis J. Finn, S. J.

It was morning recess on the following day, and Louis, who avoided the playground as much as possible, was hastening over to the reading-room, there to bury himself in his books. As he came within a few paces of the reading-room door it chanced that a heavy-set lad engaged in the delectable game of "tag" bumped against him full force, and our thin little friend literally went "spinning." But, instead of falling, he in turn collided with Tom Norton, who just then was in the act of catching a thrown baseball. In the collision Louis came down rather sharply upon the right foot of Tom, and so disturbed that young lover of the national game that, instead of catching the ball in his hand he caught it in the pit of the stomach.

Tom's face flushed from intense pain to intense anger, and, with this latter passion distorting his features, he turned upon Louis. When he recognized the involuntary aggressor his passion seemed to know no bounds. "You little fool!" he exclaimed. And with open hand he struck Louis a stinging blow on the cheek.

Louis staggered and fell, but rose at once and hastened into the reading-room—the ugly stroke he had just received branded in purple on his delicate features. "Poor Louis! To be called a fool! To be struck! He who in the happy past had felt no touch that was not a caress; heard no word harsher than the kind words of love and sweetness from sister, father and mother. If Louis had had the appointment of his own death he would have chosen that hour.

As he passed through the yard to his class-room, at the end of recess, he fancied that every eye was fastened pitilessly on his glowing mark of shame. It was indeed a bitter, bitter hour. As for Tom Norton, he was wretched too. Louis had trod upon Tom's foot when it happened to be particularly tender. The ball, too, had hit him where one does not enjoy being hit. So it was no wonder he had been vexed. And yet he felt that he had gone too far. The idea that he, a big, strong boy of thirteen, should strike a thin, puny lad who didn't seem to be fairly ten! Was it not cowardly? The question haunted him.

He was still pondering when a boy called across the yard to him: "Norton! Norton, I say! Mr. Frank wants to see you." Tom hurried over to Mr. Frank's class-room. "Well, Tommy," said Mr. Frank, "you seem to look rather ashamed of yourself."

Tom glanced inquiringly at Mr. Frank, and at once perceived that his teacher knew all. "He stepped on my foot, sir—on my sore foot." "He did? How mean of him! And I suppose he knew it was sore, too." "No, sir; he didn't." Tom wondered whether his teacher were quizzing him. "No?" re-echoed Mr. Frank. "Still it was very mean of him to stamp on your foot, even if he didn't know. I don't wonder you were very angry."

"But he didn't intend to do it, sir; he couldn't help himself," explained Tom, who could not but perceive that Mr. Frank had been leading him on from an attempted defence of his conduct to a naked confession of its culpability. "Well, 'at any rate,'" pursued Mr. Frank, "I don't wonder you became angry."

"I couldn't help it, sir." "Just so; you weren't prepared for it. If you had been told beforehand what was to happen you might have been prepared." "That's so, sir." "Suppose, now, a brick had fallen from the wall on your foot, would it have hurt as much?" "More, I reckon." "Then you'd have become angrier still, and you'd have slapped that brick even worse than you did the boy?" Mr. Frank smiled, and their eyes met. Suddenly Tom's face became serious.

"Mr. Frank," he broke forth, "it is no use talking; I'm a big coward and a bully, and I'm heartily ashamed of myself." "There was sincerity in his honest young face and his flashing eyes. "Gently, Tom," said Mr. Frank, taking his hand. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, I allow. But I do not think that you are either a coward or a bully." "But I am, sir. Since I've been talking with you everything's got clearer and clearer. Do you know, sir, I don't think there's hardly another boy in the yard I'd have struck but Skinny. You see, it's this way: none of the fellows think much of him; he's always getting into trouble and being laughed at, and so I've got to look upon him as nobody at all. Now, if it had been somebody else stepped on my foot I mightn't have struck, because I'd have felt it wouldn't be reasonable; but with Skinny it was different."

Mr. Frank listened to this honest confession with close attention; and twice during the narration did his countenance evince surprise. "Well, Tom, your act was a cowardly act; but one cowardly act doesn't make a coward any more than one swallow makes a summer. As for being a bully, the very fact that you proclaim yourself a bully proves that you are not. I don't believe there has yet lived a bully who could stand up and confess himself as such. But

there's something you said just now which interests me very much. You say that Louis Harold—you called him Skinny, I believe—is out of favor with the boys. Tell me all about it."

What Tom told the reader already knows. "Thank you, thank you very much," said Mr. Frank, when Tom had come to a pause. "You have thrown light on something that's been puzzling me these last two weeks. And now, helped by what you've told me, I can tell you something in return. Do you know what's the trouble with Louis?" "No, sir." "Simply this: He is an extremely sensitively boy, whose spirit is breaking under ill-treatment. Your blow will have a terrible effect on him unless it be atoned for."

Tom fidgeted; he was proud. "Do you know," continued Mr. Frank, "I was puzzled that Louis could do so well at his themes and so poorly in lessons. Of course I saw that he was bashful; but now I see more. He knew that his classmates were pitiless, and were waiting for him to slip. Well, thank you. You are sorry for your conduct, and I'm sure you'll do what your conscience suggests to make up for it. Good bye."

Now what Tom's conscience suggested was that he should begin by apologizing. But this to a boy cost a strong effort. Still Tom nerved himself for the attempt, and with sinking heart sought out Louis. He perceived him sitting alone near the class-room building. Louis, on noticing that Tom was approaching, arose and hurried away. "He's angry, of course; and I'll get into more trouble if I talk to him."

So he dismissed his resolution with an inward feeling that all was not right. This feeling grew stronger as the school hours moved on; and when class let out Tom Norton was fully as miserable as Louis. Tom had good qualities; he sought peace where it was to be found. Instead of remaining in the yard to participate, as was his wont, in a game of football, he quietly slipped into the college chapel to pour out his troubles to his Mother Mary and to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Like the Publican in the gospel, he took his position near the door, and, kneeling, he begged with bowed head and clasped hands that Mary his Mother might obtain for him grace and light from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But, for all his prayers, the struggle within him between pride and duty still raged. Duty called on him to apologize; shame endeavored to put the question by. And so he prayed the longer.

Suddenly a sob startled his ears. He raised his head in surprise; for he had thought himself alone. No; he was not. There in front of him, low before the image of the Sacred Heart, was Louis Harold. His eyes, dimmed with tears, were gazing upward in supplication to the Refuge of the persecuted. And as Tom Norton took in the scene grace flashed into his soul.

Apologize! He would apologize, cost what it might. With the resolution of a spirit of peace and sweet devotion came upon him such as he had never before experienced. And with this spirit upon him he fell into an earnest prayer for pardon. When he again raised his head Louis had disappeared. On leaving the chapel Tom repaired to the room of the prefect of studies. Here he obtained Louis' address, and was not a little surprised to find that the boy lived quite close to his own home. "Thank God," he murmured, I shall be able to atone all the better."

The World Knows a Good Man and Will Appreciate Him.

By a singular Providence the names of those great statesmen in different lands—Sir John Thompson, premier of Canada, Dr. Zemp, president of the Swiss Republic, and Lord Russell, Lord of Justice of England—are known to the whole world. Each a fervent Catholic and regular communicant, won his high position in a Protestant country by his pure, unselfish patriotism, by his unselfish devotion, by his unselfish piety, and by his unselfish resources of grace that enabled these noble men to gain their eminent position. Our countrymen may be assured, that staunch Catholics holding office will neither betray their trust nor participate in corruption. A staunch Catholic is one who not only firmly believes in the truths of the Church, but also steadfastly and regularly makes use of all the means offered by the Church for growth in grace.—California Catholic.

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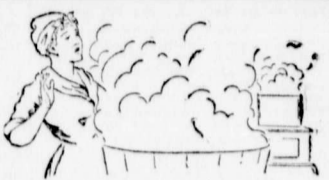
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Crimeless Ireland.

One of the prominent characteristics of the recent Spring Assizes and Quarter Sessions Court meetings in Ireland has been the official announcement, again and again repeated from the Bench, in the most popular districts—whether of city or country—that there was not a single criminal case for trial, followed, in evidence by the customary presentation of a pair of white gloves to the presiding Judge. This form has been repeated so frequently in late years, in so many of the Irish districts, that the inference must be inevitable, even to the most prejudiced, that the country is practically almost crimeless—or, at least, as near to that condition as the nature of ordinary humanity will admit. Yet, under the existing system of English (Castle) government, the people of Ireland have to bear the expense of an army of military police, numbering some fourteen thousand extra-paid men, maintained at the public cost, and constituting a caste distinct from and antagonistic to the majority of the population, and governed exclusively by an irresponsible bureau in Dublin Castle, not one of the members of which governing body is an Irishman, or in any way in association with Irish feelings or interests. In very many of the districts, which has been proclaimed "white," has been proclaimed the absence of crime, "extra-police" forces have been stationed and maintained, for long periods, at the expense of the taxpayers, solely in obedience to the "Castle" magnate's requisitions on the "Castle" that if the Irish had the control of their own affairs, instead of being ruled from London, they are at present, even in the minutest economy—one of the first cardinal principles of the abolition and organization of this alien military police force, and the relegation of its successors to their sole and proper function as peace officers. But that would mean the disbandment of an army of English office-holders, who are now, and have been, for generations, living on the Irish tax-payers; and that is the secret of the bitter hostility with which the idea of Irish Home Rule has been met by every successive English Government, no matter under what party flag might affect to stand.—Irish American.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That the "Alliance Nationale," a body politic and corporate, incorporated by virtue of the Provincial Statute of Quebec, 36 Victoria, chapter 84, will ask the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at its next session, for a charter incorporating the same as a benevolent society, with power to give assistance to its sick members during their sickness, and also to pay to their legal heirs, after death, a certain amount in money, and also for other purposes pertaining to the same.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for the society "L'Alliance Nationale." Montreal, 19th Dec., 1894. 8589

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P.P.A.

An authentic copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. By post paid, 15 cents. By mail, 20 cents. Address: THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

C. M. B. A.

Presentation to Mr. James O'Connor. Stratford Beacon, April 25. At last night's meeting of Stratford Branch...

E. B. A.

At the regular meeting of St. Helen's Circle, No. 2, E. B. A., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted...

OBITUARY.

MRS. D. J. MURAHAN, GUELPH. It is with feelings of unfeigned sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. D. J. Murahan...

JAS. J. HARRIGAN, BIDDULPH. A good man gone to his eternal reward. The congregation of St. Patrick's, Biddulph, has lost one of its best members...

FROM BERLIN. The appreciation of the dramatic talents of the students of St. Jerome's college was ably delineated in their having secured a row of packed houses...

A. O. H. RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. At the last regular meeting of Division No. 2, A. O. H., held in their hall, Red Lion Block...

charitable works, whether denominational or public. The audience was kept in a highly interested state until midnight...

LENTE PREACHING.

The Devil's Advocate Banted by an Eloquent Statement of the Church's Vitality. The Lenten sermons in the capital of France were of an unusual brilliancy...

To repudiate any steps towards reunion on behalf of this class of Protestants is surely an act of supererogation on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury...

Let us Honor Our Queen. May, the month of Mary, is dear to all Catholic hearts. It will be observed, as always, with special devotion...

MARRIAGE.

Niagara Falls, April 24, 1895. A fashionable wedding occurred at St. Patrick's church at an early hour this morning...

THE EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE. A sufferer for several years from Acute Dyspepsia—Food Distressed Him and it began to have a weakening effect on his heart...

CANTERBURY AND THE RE-UNION MOVEMENT.

CANTERBURY spoke, yet the cause, we need scarcely add, is far from being ended. Dr. Benson may put forward any amount of pronouncements on religious subjects...

What impression will the Papal Letter make upon Anglicans of this type? It will certainly be received by them with respect...

helping on the movement, which aims at doing away with the prejudices that cause so many Anglicans to look upon the Holy See with hostility...

Archbishop Langevin. The Catholics of Manitoba are truly fortunate in having secured as a successor to the late Mgr. Tache such a zealous and fearless prelate...

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MARKET REPORTS.

London, May 3.—Wheat, 60s to 75c per bushel; oats, 31 to 35 per bushel; barley, 45 to 48c per bushel...

Latest Live Stock Markets. Toronto, May 2.—Shippers' Cattle—It is scarcely advisable to quote prices, but good to superior quality...

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TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Works," will be received at this department until noon on Friday, May 10th, for the following works...