

The Catholic Record.

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

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SOME GROTESQUE DESCRIPTIONS.

Commenting upon the grotesque descriptions of Catholic ceremonies the Casket says that the prize for fine writing must be awarded to the Highland Journalist who, describing a High Mass sung by Prior Vaughan at Fort Augustus, wrote as follows: "At this point in the proceedings the very reverend gentleman turned around and observed in stentorian tones: 'Dominus Vobiscum.' We think, however, that the Chicago reporter's description of Cardinal Satolfi officiating "wearing a tourse on his shoulder and carrying a thurifer on his head" is still in the lead. The New York Sun announcing that Archbishop Redwood of New Zealand "occupied a place on the altar" is also in the running.

THE PRESS.

A few years ago some Canadian quill-drivers worked themselves into a white heat of indignation over "yellow journalism." They did it very nicely, though it reminded us of that oft-quoted passage from Scott: "O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence." At that time we called upon them for a definition of "yellow journal," but got no reply. The news papers, however, that fling mud at political opponents, and use personalities in lieu of argument ought to first cleanse their own journalistic raiment before looking abroad for objects to criticize. If our youth, as they would have us believe, are lacking in reverence for authority they have done not a little towards it. And to our mind the newspapers that employ gibe and taunt and clownish witticism against those who hold responsible positions are not only "yellow" but are calculated to bring the press into contempt.

AN INCIDENT.

Some years ago a medical friend of ours who has a sheaf of stories gleaned here and there during years of work was assigned to a dispensary staff in a Canadian city. He tells us: "Needless to say my ministrations were confined to the poor. Consultations at the dispensary and visits to the sick in the tenements gave me few spare moments. My first visit to a tenement was somewhat of a revelation to me. I had of course seen pictures of such buildings, but had always suspected that the colors were laid on too gaudily by some over-zealous social reformer. But the reality surpassed me of that idea. A shambling building of some five stories cut up into little rooms, bounded by factories and advertisement boards; odoriferous with a stale smell of smoke and departed dinners; dirty and decaying, a breeding ground of disease, it flaunted its foul head unashamed before civilization eyes."

And little objection was made to it as an abode for human beings! Social workers protested; but some of those people, though good enough for a spurt, are easily tired. A valorous reporter "wrote it up" in vigorous fashion. The landlord, however, collected his rents and could always get, on the strength of a "pull," a certificate as to the sanitary condition of his property.

"The tenement people taught me many a useful lesson. Their patience and resignation and content despite the grind of poverty puzzled me at first. But I understood it in time. To come to my story: One day I was summoned to an old chap who had a bad attack of typhoid fever. Later on I got a sketch of his career from some of his intimates. To be brief, and not without distinction, he came home to live with one of his sons. Unfortunately, however, the son's wife was of the nagging kind: the son himself made no move to protect his father from insult, and the old soldier wandered into this tenement to live by the charity of the poor. This is rather a rough draft of an incident that affected me deeply at the time. Perhaps I was over young and inexperienced, but for weeks I seemed to see that old veteran, lonely and neglected, just this side of starvation, eating out his heart with longing for a word from his own."

And there are other fathers and mothers, too, going down into the valley unheeded by their children!

A cure for improper and undue anxiety about earthly things is to cultivate faith in God. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. If God clothes the fields and is solicitous for the good of birds, will He not care for and provide for His children?

REV. FATHER DOYLE

THE NOTED MISSIONARY TO NON-CATHOLICS, ARDENT ADVOCATE OF TEMPERANCE AND ABLE EDITOR ABOUT TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.

N. Y. Daily News, Sept. 13.

Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, the eminent Paulist, is to leave New York, where he has been stationed for many years, to become Rector of the Apostolic Mission House at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Father Doyle is one of the best known priests in the country. He has conducted missions in all parts of the country and has done a great amount of literary work as well. He is the editor of The Catholic World, a literary magazine issued by the Paulists, and also conducts the monthly journal The Missionary, which gives information of the work of missions to non-Catholics, which is given under the direction of the Catholic Missionary Union, of which Father Doyle is secretary-treasurer. Only on Friday night last Father Doyle was made the second honorary member of the California Society of New York, an honor conferred only on those whose deeds and life have reflected glory in the Garden State.

The great ideal of the Paulists is to bring Catholic truths and Catholic doctrine before the non-Catholics of this country. The other religious orders of the Catholic Church, which devote the best energies of their talented members to the mission service, such as the Passionists, Assumptionists, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Dominicans and others, almost fully cover the field of missions to Catholics—missions for the arousal of renewed interest in the faith and for the performance of some measure of special prayer and sacrifice to express the ardor of the Catholic people's belief. The Paulists also give many such missions to Catholics.

But it is especially to non-Catholics that the need of trained missionaries is felt. When a missionary addresses himself to audiences composed of persons many of whom have been reared in violent opposition to Catholicism, some of whom feel that the Supreme Pontiff is anti-Christ, it is essential that the missionary be well trained, a calm courtier, a tactful man, when controversy is required, a deeply learned theologian, a master of Catholic history and well versed in all the beliefs of Protestantism in order that he may make satisfactory replies to the multitude of questions that eager inquirers after truth may ask, or that evil disposed antagonists may hurl as weapons.

The great need of such missionary work to non-Catholics has been felt by the American hierarchy and Father Doyle, who had urged again and again the need of special training for priests who wished to devote themselves to the missions to non-Catholics, was instructed to carry out his favorite project, the favorite project of the Paulists, to build and equip a suitable school for the training of such missionaries. It was a gigantic task, but the energy of Father Doyle, who seems to grow more potent the more he is asked to do, was equal to the task. By his efforts the sum of \$75,000 was raised and the building called the Apostolic Mission House was dedicated last April on the grounds of the Catholic University at Washington, the day before the Knights of Columbus endowed fund for the Chair of American History in the University was publicly presented. The Mission House opened under the superintendency of Rev. Father Elliot, of the Paulists, began its work of training missionaries.

The Mission House begins its Fall and Winter season in a few days. Fathers Elliot and Doyle will both be there. The work will go on without cessation. Zealous and intellectual priests, deemed by their Bishops well fitted for missionary work, will be received and specially trained in everything that the missionary work demands. Their living expenses will be paid during their training, and at the end of that they will be sent forth to various parts of their dioceses and will enter upon their apostolic work of preaching the word of God to non-Catholics. Their expenses will be paid for five years after their entrance upon this great missionary work, the total personal expenses of each being limited to \$500 a year. Thus the missionary work will soon be continuous, and in the South especially, where the Catholics are few and poor, the apostolic work of reaching the non-Catholics will be unceasing and vigorous.

It will be Father Doyle's work to assist in this training of the missionary priests and also to raise the necessary funds for the maintenance of the students and those who have completed their studies and are engaged in the active field work. It is a tremendous task, but he enters upon it with all the vigor that his robust personality can bring to it. He will have the good wishes of the numerous friends he has made during his years of service in New York, where he has been an interesting public figure.

He has been prominent in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, serving as secretary for five years. In the Paulists parish he has had charge of the Temperance Guilds. He has been a prominent worker in the Knights of Columbus, greatly aiding in bringing about the public demonstration on the occasion of the presentation of the Chair of American History fund at Washington last April. He is Chaplain of New York Chapter and a member of the Advisory Board of the Columbian Assembly, Knights of Columbus bodies in this city. He carries to Washington not only the affection of thousands upon thousands of New Yorkers of Catholic faith and a beautiful emblem

from the Knights of Columbus given to him at a meeting on Sunday but also the sincere friendship and respect of men of all creeds who have known of his loyal devotion to the missionary service, his intense belief in American ideals and his vigorous personality.

Has it ever occurred to us when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?

WONDERFUL CURE REPORTED BY WATERS OF A FAMOUS WELL.

A wonderful cure has just been reported from the little Welsh town of Holywell.

The patient is James Plankett, a builder's laborer, of Manchester, who became almost a helpless cripple after falling from some scaffolding twelve months ago last December. He was treated at the Ancoats Hospital with pilgrimages to St. Winifred's Well, Holywell, with his crutches and his right leg five inches shorter than the left.

He was dipped in the well and given a course of baths, and was soon able to discard his crutches, which are now to be seen in the crypt of the well. His injured leg began to resume its proper shape and he was enabled to place it to the ground.

At present Plankett is still an inmate of the hospice on the hill above the well. He now walks with the aid of a stick, having only just the suspicion of a limp.

He has been created and the change in his condition created excitement in the district of Oldham road, where he lives. —Associated Press Report.

THE CHURCH THE WAY.

A St. Louis writer says a prominent man of the city by the Mississippi has undertaken "to clean the Augean stables of that hoodlum municipality." Truly a stupendous task and seemingly altogether beyond the possibilities of an individual! But the effort is worthy of commendation. The one-man struggle towards reformation, however, seldom is of lasting effect. Still he who is honest and sincere in his purpose may accomplish much.

One of the very worst features of present-day society is the apparent lack of backbone. In every walk of public life corruption stalks unabashed. The bootler, the grafter, the giver and acceptor of political bribes viciously ply his rascular trade with comparative few to say him nay. In national state and municipal affairs the man with the "pull" is in the ascendancy. The all-important question is: "What is there in it?" The golden calves of Jobson are again set up and the people worship as of old. The ancient species of idolatry is becoming deplorably prevalent. Men do not say, as did the prophet: "Though thou shouldst give me the half of thy house I would not go with thee, nor will I taste anything in this place, for the Lord has expressly forbidden me to do so."

The Church of Christ sees with sorrow the downward tendency of mankind and raises her prophetic and inspired voice in warning. She would do away with the selfishness and corruption that are driving men to sin and death, and tenderly bring them back to right living. In one of his great encyclicals Pope Leo said: "The whole essence of a Christian life is not to take part in the corruption of the world, but to oppose constantly any indulgence in that corruption." She would do away with the widest charity, men of devoted patriotism without demagoguery.

We need a return to simpler methods, less extravagance, less dollar worship, and more than all else the acceptance of Christ as our model. All these the Church urges. Pope, bishop and priest continually put them before the people. To heed the voice means redemption. There is no other way.—Catholic Union and Times.

Go to Mary.

Our confidence in the Mother of God must be ever on the increase; like our love, it must know no measure. It must fill us with an assurance that despite our unworthiness and past ingratitude, this tender Mother cannot and will not refuse us anything, especially in what appertains to salvation and sanctification. Oh, that we only knew the depth and tenderness of her love for us, her solicitude for our every interest, her intense desire to aid us! Never, never doubt her willingness to listen to and hear the prayers addressed to her. Go to her, feeling that a favorable answer is awaiting, and do not grieve her heart by your want of child-like confidence.

There is nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by despising the example of Nature, and making arbitrary rules of life for oneself. Our liberty, wisely understood, is but a voluntary obedience to the universal laws of life.—Henri Fredericq Amiel.

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CONVERTS THAT COUNTED.

Of the London banker, Bertram Wodehouse Currie, Gladstone said, "He was so entirely first among the men of the city that it is hard to measure the distance between him and the second place." It was he who saved the Catholics in the crisis of 1890. On his report, the Bank of England advanced over fifteen millions to Lord Revelstoke and his partners. He was a friend of Grote, of Mill, and of Gladstone, who held one of his Cabinet Councils in one of the Currie country houses. The year before his death, in 1896, he became a Catholic.

In 1860 came an event in Bertram Currie's life of which he himself wrote: "In Bavaria, walking in a pine forest I spoke the fatal words, and performed what I can truly say, at the distance of thirty-six years was the most sensible act of my life. I will say no more, except that for sweetness of disposition and for soundness of judgment I could not name her equal."

The person thus referred to was Caroline, daughter of Sir W. L. Young. How largely and early something of the character her future husband was to prize so highly was forming in her was shown from such a fact as this: When at the age of twelve, she first entered a Catholic church, at Woodchester, there was a sense of longing satisfied, something that I had been craving for, and had at last found. She wrote in 1895, in her "Side Lights of the Oxford Movement." Her mother pinned her faith to Archdeacon Manning, but did not follow him into the Church. Of Manning's distinguished convert, Aubrey De Vere, they saw a good deal during his visit where they were also guests, "and he was always ready to speak of the peace and joy which were found to be in the Church." Meeting him again on a visit to the De Vere's in Ireland, they were delighted by his copious readings from the works of Newman, some of whose passages got transferred to the scrap-book of Caroline, the sixteen years of age. In 1853 the Youngs were visited by Father Manning. "You may go on for long as you are," he said, "clinging to a person, to a theory, to a book; but come at last you will, in spite of yourselves, drawn by that Unseen Power."

Among the persons so clung to by Miss Young was Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce, whose book "On the Holy Eucharist" had been to her a message of love, but he, too, left the Archdeaconry and joined the Catholic Church. So, soon did another friend, the Rev. Mr. Dean, giving up his living at Lewknor, and his Fellowship at All Souls.

In a visit to Italy in 1855, they met Wilberforce, now preparing for the priesthood. Northcote, already a priest, William Palmer, just back from Russia, and recently received into the Church, Aubrey De Vere, and, in a second stay in Rome, Dr. Manning, who paid them many little visits. The future Cardinal even then strongly liked dancing, almost the one thing on which Miss Young wholly disagreed with him. He was then grieving over the death of Wilberforce, and Miss Young had lost two brothers in the Crimea. "He talked about sorrow so very beautifully I quite longed to be alone with him and to tell him a great deal about myself. If he were but still in our Church, what a blessing and comfort it would be to have him under the same roof," she writes; and, a little later, "he quite comes up to all the ideas I had formed of him. He is so very saint-like and above the world."

It was in London that she made her final act of faith. She went to the Oratory and asked for Father Faber. "I could not feel that he was a stranger," she said; "two of his books, 'All for Jesus' and 'Growth in Holiness,' had made me wish to know more about the Saints, and about that science of the Saints which is so little understood outside the Roman Church." She wished to be received at once, and Father Faber saw no objection, and gave her conditional baptism. "When I found myself again in Brompton Road, I asked myself what had happened. The shops and the cabs, and the omnibuses were the same, but how changed was I!"—Martin Mahoney in Boston Pilot.

CATHOLIC REVERENCE COM-MENDED.

"If there is one thing that we Protestants can learn from the Catholics it is reverence for the Church," the Baptist Commonwealth, Philadelphia, says.

To the Catholic the Church is a sacred place, the house of God—the place where the believer meets his God. How different our Protestant feeling! Theoretically, the church is the house of God, and we admit that it is the place where one should meet God. Practically, it is the meeting place of a religious organization—the place where the varied activities centre—the place not so much of worship as of the various rooms of the building, is the place where one goes twice a week to hear a man. Whether we admit it or not, this is the way the church is very largely regarded. It must be so. If we felt the sacredness of the place as do the Catholics, if the church has for each one of us the place where one meets God, surely we would permit social and entertainment, and all sorts of meetings to be held in the room set apart for worship! Surely we would not see the whispering and running about that it so often sees there! And may it not be added—If we feel thus about the church as a place of worship would we feel differ-

ently about our attendance there on the Sabbath?"

As a matter of fact the great difference between the Catholic and Protestant church edifice is that Jesus Christ, Our God and our Saviour, is really and truly present on our altars. Without this Divine Presence a Catholic church would be as bare and empty as a Protestant church, and there would be little of that deep reverence which the Baptist paper now notes and commends.—Ed. Sacred Heart Review.]

BOOK READING.

Quite frequently the Catholic press finds it necessary to issue a note of warning on the reading of books. Nor are the admonitions ever untimely, for it is often through this channel that the mind is poisoned and faith departs.

It is quite essential, therefore, that only good books should be read. It is equally striking how few of a religious character ever occupy the time of our Catholic people.

There is one, however, which all Catholics, regardless of age, will find quite profitable—one with whose contents they profess perfect familiarity, but concerning which they have forgotten much of what they once knew. This is the catechism.

This is a much-neglected book among adult Catholics; yet what book have we which can be read with greater profit, containing as it does in concise form the doctrines which our Lord came upon earth to teach to mankind? As we learn from its title page, it is an abridgment of the Christian doctrine. It is the primer of Catholic faith.

Hence it is a book which should be treasured by every Catholic—a book with which none should be ignorant. It is the one book of all others whose lessons should never be forgotten. It contains the most essential knowledge, and therefore demands that all should acquaint themselves thoroughly with its contents. That many have only dim recollections of this essential knowledge is the most potent argument for again finding time for its careful perusal.—Church Progress.

A HEROINE IN EXILE.

Day after day we read of the terrible struggle in which the Church is engaged, over yonder in France. Two years ago the socialistic, liberalistic government of that unfortunate country began turning the French religious orders out of their homes. About a fortnight ago it was stated that at least 12,000 French nuns were applying for employment in domestic service. When the edict of expulsion went forth it was declared that there were too many of them and frequently it was added that they were useless as builders of advanced social order.

But were they? A number are today at the front in Manchuria taking care of the Russian and Japanese sick and wounded. Others are caring for lepers in China, others are teaching negro savages in Africa, others are teaching heathen Indians in South America. Some came to this country; many went to Canada. Here is an Associated Press dispatch which tells how "useless" was one who found refuge in this country:

"Springfield, Mass., August 30.—Sister Gohn of the Little Franciscan Sisters of the Sacred Heart was burned to death to-day while trying to rescue her patient, Mrs. Fred Passino. An oil stove exploded in the Passino home where the sister had been acting as nurse. Instead of saving herself she went to the aid of the sick woman. The fire department rescued Mrs. Passino and her baby, but Sister Gohn was dead when her body was found. She came to Springfield eleven months ago from France."

In ungrateful France this little Sister was a useless nun; in her exile among strangers God put work into her hands, and she stood before Him a heroine and a martyr. In an hour of terror she did not prove a coward. She showed the "greater love" and laid down her life to save others. Blessed little Sister, she was not useless in the moment of supreme sacrifice! If such are the women the socialistic liberals have turned out of their native land, then cursed and deadly and damnable is the New Day they are laboring to usher in.—New World.

PEN PICTURES OF POPE.

It seems as if Pope Pius X. must be one of the men for which restless latter-day humanity, tired of sham and unreality, is calling. A man courageous enough to practice what he preaches, of goodness strong enough to lean upon; to ease their burden of growing doubt and hopelessness which their philanthropers and teachers create, but cannot satisfy.

"His feet are beautiful indeed upon the mountain tops;" but his heart is of the people and with the people; and his gospel is the simple "gospel of goodness" to which the world's people must needs turn wearily, as slowly but surely they find that powers, governments, diplomacy and science are alike impotent to discover the antidote for the world's unrest. Speaking recently to some young priests and seminarians who were presented to him, the Pope of goodness said: "Above all things be good! Goodness is the one thing all-important; for it includes the rest." Goodness and humility! These are his favorite themes. But to the good Pope (who has already been designated as "Pius in name and heart") goodness

comes first of all! Again, speaking to the world in his first most beautiful and Biblical encyclical, our Holy Father, in stating the earnest wish that learning, science and research may ever accompany and support religion, yet bids his young priests cleave above all to the spiritual duties of their grand ministry; the pastoral charge he himself loved best and exercised the most willingly—the care of souls which followed his glorious life-work of preparation for the world-embracing charge now fallen to his lot.—Marie D. Walsh, in August number Men and Women.

FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT.

BY CARDINAL GIBBONS.

No man was created for himself. The most powerful man cannot say to the poorest man, "We need thee not." If a man be as powerful as Alexander and as rich as Croesus he cannot say to his poorest husbandman, "I need thee not." If you journey to New York you will see one of those ocean leviathans at its dock, idle, quiet, without strength—a bulk. The crew, officers, stokers and scores of other humble workmen, came aboard. The captain touches a button and the great thing glides into the water and rushes to the ocean like a monster of the sea, bearing its burden of treasure and men.

This is the union of labor and capital, and without this union the world must be like the hulk of that quiet, silent leviathan. All I have said goes to show that the strongest man is weak without the help of his neighbor.

Whatever be your power you are but a link in the chain of human society. Take the influence of the moon on the tides and its pale white light that we receive as a blessing. Are not these but portions of the sun's rays? Everyone should co-operate with another and no one should stand aloof. "I am not my brother's keeper." If Christ had put forth that doctrine we would to day be groping in darkness and the shadow of death. You are your brother's keeper, and he has a claim upon you. You cannot imitate Christ by performing miracles as He did, but you can perform miracles of grace and blessing which rejoice the heart of God, give pleasure to others and thereby bring pleasures to yourself.

When you cause the flowers of joy and gladness to grow in the hearts of others you have performed the crowning miracles of a good life.

The Sign of the Cross at the Gospel.

From the Pittsburgh Catholic.

Question.—What do Catholics say at Gospel when they make the sign of the cross, and why is it done?

Answer.—Catholics at the reading of the Gospel in the Mass make the sign of the cross, upon the forehead, lips and breast to indicate that they believe in words of the Gospel, profess them in speech and treasure them in their hearts, thus evidencing that their mind and outward action are influenced by the reading. No set form of prayer accompanies the act, unless voluntary, or as prescribed.

A PLENARY INDULGENCE.

WHAT IS IT?—A QUESTION OFTEN ANSWERED, YET SOME DO NOT UNDER- STAND.

From Truth.

I know that you have often been asked this question, but I do not understand, and I trust that you will forgive my ignorance. I often read of a "Plenary Indulgence." Would you be kind enough to tell me what it means?

Answer.—A plenary indulgence is the remission of all the temporal punishment due to our sins, by the Church of Christ using the power and authority given her in these words of Christ: "Whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matthew xvi., 19; xliii., 18.) That the Church of Christ has exercised this power from the very beginning is evident from II. Cor. ii., 10. Now there are three things to be considered in regard to mortal sin: its guilt, the eternal punishment due to it and the temporal punishment due to it. The Catholic Church teaches that after the guilt and the eternal punishment of the sin have been remitted there still remains that temporal punishment for which we ourselves must satisfy either here on earth or in Purgatory. And then there are slight sins which do not rob us entirely of the friendship of God, but yet they require some satisfaction. This, then, must all be done by our own personal satisfaction in time. We can make this satisfaction by good works, prayers, etc. And in order to induce us the more to make use of these means of satisfaction and to give more merit to them, the Church uses her authority in attaching indulgences to particular prayers or good works. That is, she grants a remission of so many days or years, or sometimes of all the temporal punishment due to sins that have been repented for and forgiven, if all the conditions laid down are fulfilled and the person is in the right disposition. A plenary indulgence, then means the remission of all the temporal punishment due to one's sins on condition he has repented of the sins and has obtained forgiveness and does all that the Church requires for obtaining the indulgence. So that if one were to die immediately after really obtaining a plenary indulgence he would go straight to heaven.

No matter how many years we may have been practicing the spiritual life, the day on which we begin to hate our pride, the day we realize its loathsomeness, that day we begin a new life.

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLER. CHAPTER VII.

THE SISTERS' SCHOOL—A GLANCE INTO TIM FLANAGAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

As we have taken a passing glance at the female school, governed by that most pious young lady, Miss Davison, to overlook that of the Sisters of Charity. It is almost needless to say that these good ladies are invariably characterized by their feminine gentleness and Christian modesty—the spirit of the Order, actuating and regulating all their actions, leaves little room for individual peculiarities. All have before them a common model for demeanor as well as for conduct, so that in every one is manifested more or less of the divine sweetness and modesty of the Virgin Mother. Of the Sisters who taught St. Peter's female school at the time of which I write, I will only particularize two: one was perhaps forty-five or fifty, and the other a fair young creature, in the second year of her monastic life. Sister Magdalen, well known to all, was a woman of excellent understanding with a strong and vigorous mind, well fitted to grapple with the most abstruse subjects, if such had been her taste; her natural abilities had been seconded by all the advantages of education, her family being one of the first in her native county. Had she been a Protestant, she would have been "a strong-minded woman," beyond all doubt; she might have taken the lead at public meetings, edited a daily newspaper, in some of our great cities, delivered public lectures, and written large volumes on metaphysics and philosophy. But being Catholic, as I have said, and born in Ireland, she was brought up by the Sisters of Loretto, and her mind was early imbued with the old-fashioned Catholic notions regarding feminine modesty and Christian humility. She was taught to consider human learning as a mere accessory to the grand science of salvation; very good and very useful in its own place, but never to be made the primary or fundamental object of education. So instead of blazing forth, "a burning and a shining light," on reaching the age of maturity, Sister Magdalen thought proper to take the very unworthy step of retiring from the world with all her natural and acquired graces, and all the rare endowments of her mind to live a life of seclusion and mortification among the humble Sisters of Charity. There, her talents and her virtues were hidden in "the bosom of her God," and devoted to Him in the service of His creatures. In the community, Sister Magdalen was only distinguished from her Sisters in religion by her still greater diligence and humility; in the school-room she was characterized by

her open and generous intellect, as well as by the sick-bed of the poor and destitute, Sister Magdalen was indeed a ministering angel. Such was "the triple crown" which that singularly gifted woman had chosen for herself. Her young assistant in St. Peter's school was very beautiful in person, and as pure in mind and heart as are the celestial spirits; but her intellect was of no high order, which deficiency gave Sister Mary-Teresa but little trouble, so long as she knew enough to teach the little ones. "Dear Sister Magdalen, she knows enough for all of us, and the higher branches are in her hands." But even this was more inferred from the young Sister's manner than from her words, for Sisters of Charity speak but little of themselves, and that little as rarely as possible.

The two little Flanagans were as yet under the care of Sister Mary-Teresa, and though she, of course, made it a rule to show no partiality, yet she could not help feeling a peculiar interest in the children, but especially in little Susan, who was the youngest child in the class. Ellen Flanagan, or—as she was generally called, Ellie—was at times a little refractory, and liked to have her own way, if she could at all manage it so, but Susan was as gentle as the breath of summer, and was beside so fond and so endearing that Sister Mary-Teresa could not help loving her more than all the rest. But that was nothing strange, the other children said, for dear little Susan was the pet of the whole school. One morning, about a week after the social meeting at Tim Flanagan's, the two little girls went very early to school, hoping to get in before any of the others, in order to have a look at the pictures in a certain big black book, which lay on Sister Magdalen's desk. This book, or rather these pictures, had been running in their heads ever since one memorable day, some two or three weeks before, when Ellie had been called up before that grand tribunal where Sister Magdalen presided, to answer for some grave misdemeanor—grave it was in that school where all was innocence and childlike simplicity, though in other more worldly schools it would have amounted to nothing. However, while Ellie stood listening to the mild admonition of the good Sister, her sharp eye caught sight of some of the pictures aforesaid; the grand tidings were speedily communicated to Susan, and ever since, "Sister Magdalen's big black book all full of pictures," had been the chief subject of their conversation when alone together. Ellie would "give anything" in the world to see those pictures, and Susan had a great mind to ask Sister Mary-Teresa to show them. "No, no," said Ellie, "don't ask her; let us try and get in very, very early some morning, and then we can look at them so nicely before any of the girls come."

But alas! for Ellie's fine scheme; the nuns were already in the school-room, engaged in preparations for the duties of the day. There were also two or three of the girls, sisters of whom was about the age of Ellie Flanagan. "Now, you see, Ellie," said Susan, "we're too late after all. Isn't it too bad, and we coming so very early?" "What is the matter with my little Susan this morning?" said the soft voice of Sister Mary-Teresa. "She looks as though there were something wrong."

"Don't tell her," whispered Ellie. "Yes, but I will, Ellie—I know Sister Mary-Teresa will get leave for me to look at them. It's all about that big black book, Sister, that's over there on Sister Magdalen's desk."

"Oh indeed? and what about the big black book, my child; does it make you afraid, or what?"

"Oh! no, Sister," cried Susan, encouraged by the Sister's affectionate smile; "Ellie says it's full, full of pictures, and we do want to see them, but we can't get a chance for you see we came this morning ever so early and here's you and Sister Magdalen and all the rest in before us. If we could only look at them pictures, Sister, Ellie and I would be ever so good."

"Well, Susan, suppose I show you the picture, will you and Ellie, promise not to look round the room any more when you're at your prayers?"

It is needless to say that the promise was cheerfully given, whereupon the smiling Sister took the two children with little Mary Smith, and showed them "every one of the pictures" in the mysterious black book, to their infinite satisfaction. The book was no other than a volume of Butler's Lives of the Saints, an old Dublin edition, embellished with numerous engravings, and Sister Mary-Teresa, in connection with a little story or an illustration, drew a picture of the two old girls drawing near when they heard of the stories. Susan was quite taken with the infant St. John in the desert, with the lamb, and the Sister had to tell her more than once how he retired to the wilderness in his early childhood to serve God in solitude and in mortification. Numerous were the questions asked, and patiently did the gentle teacher answer them all, until the bell rang for prayers. By this time most of the girls were in and listening to their knees facing towards the large crucifix at the head of the room over Sister Magdalen's seat. The morning prayers were said aloud by Sister Mary-Teresa—they consisted of the Lord's Prayer, Angelical Salutation, the Creed, and the Angelus, ending with a short offering of the actions of the day to God and a little prayer for the faithful departed. The whole took up about five minutes. Then came the catechism, divided into two classes, heard respectively by the two nuns, already mentioned. With all due respect to the more advanced pupils and their accomplished teacher, we will remain with Sister Mary-Teresa and about twenty children.

"Well, children!" said the good Sister, seeing them all properly settled in their places, "whereabouts are we today?"

"There, Sister," said the first girl, Sally Doyle, stepping forward and pointing out the place in the book held by the nun.

"Very well! repeat the seventh commandment, Sally!"

"Thou shalt not steal!"

"Her open and generous intellect, as well as by the sick-bed of the poor and destitute, Sister Magdalen was indeed a ministering angel."

Ellie herself replied, "Yes, I can. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"Very good. Can you tell me now, Ellie, what is forbidden by the eighth commandment?"

"I don't know, Sister."

"No, no, Susan, dear, a year is only twelve months, and two years will not be long in passing. Don't be thinking about it, Susan, and it will pass all the sooner. Your turn will soon come—never fear but it will. Try and learn your catechism as fast as you can."

"Can't anybody make their first Communion, or be confirmed, unless they know their catechism, well, well?"

"No, my child, because you couldn't understand what you were about unless you knew your catechism, well, well, as you say yourself."

"Well, mother, I'll try hard to do it again, a couple of years."

THE STOLEN MISSAL.

There was excitement in the Scriptorium of the Monastery of St. Willibert where there was usually no sound save the rasp of a quill or the scraping of a pen. And now it was the great Abbot, at which Brother Angelus had been working for ten years was finished.

The scabari, who copied the sacred texts, and the correctors, who compared them, the monks who cut the parchment, and those who made the lines, and those who bound together the finished pages, to say nothing of the abbot and the prior, the sub-prior and the librarian, the only ones of the community besides the workers admitted into the Scriptorium, were all in gentle delight over the fruit of Brother Angelus' patient toil. For Brother Angelus, he it was known, was the only one in St. Willibert who could do all things pertaining to a Missal himself. His hands had printed the ornate Gothic letters, illuminated the initials, and adorned the margins with miniatures, and made the designs for the cover, and now it was all done at that.

The transcendent beauty of the finished work, so moved the good Abbot Gelasius that he bade Brother Angelus add a line at the end, saying, "Whoever steals this Missal is shut out from the communion of the Church."

On the morrow the splendid book was placed on a desk at the right of the altar. It was fastened to the desk by a little chain and left for the edification of the brothers and of the faithful who might see it.

All the brothers were present at this solemn act and then they left the church one by one to congratulate Brother Angelus.

They were hardly gone when a pale, sickly-looking young man stepped up to the desk and began turning the pages of the Missal. Every few moments he exclaimed at the marvel of the work in the way of a man who understands that at which he is looking. Suddenly he took out parchment and began to copy arabesques, flowers, figures and so on. For two hours he worked breathlessly, then his hand dropped wearily. "I would have to take it before me and then it would have more than a year to imitate it," he said disconsolately.

Otto, that was the young man's name, was the chief object of his savings was to secure comfort and independence for his mother, no one had a right to blame him. He was scrupulously regular in attending Mass, and made it a point to go to confession and Communion once a quarter, including the Christmas and Easter duty. Dr. Power had been heard to say (as Mrs. Reilly often boasted) that Tom was an honest, upright young fellow, and could not fail to do well. Poor Tom had to take the world on his shoulders very young; but his mind was so constructed that he scarcely felt the load a heavy one after he had got fairly underway, and entered fully into the spirit of the thing, he used to say that he could hardly live without it. A regular, old man was Tom in his peculiar turn of mind, having little of the buoyancy or elasticity of youth, and much of the sober caution of age. His heart alone had the freshness of youth, and no stranger could imagine what he had, feeling was hidden beneath that dry, cold surface.

me and I knew your father. So I will give you sixteen pieces."

"You showed the book to some one?" asked Otto, quickly.

"Do not have any fear. It was to a sensible and kindly man, the Abbot of St. Willibert's."

"What, to him? What did he say?" Otto gasped.

"That it was worth sixteen gold pieces."

"And nothing else; nothing about the illuminator?"

Jonas looked at him queerly. "Not a word," he said then.

Otto gave a long sigh. "That is noble," he said, and picking up the Missal, turned to go out without another word.

"Don't you want your money?"

"No," said Otto.

"I'll make it eighteen—twenty."

Jonas said after him, but Otto did not even turn his head.

Straight to St. Willibert's he went and asked for the Abbot. Gelasius listened to Otto in silence until he had told the whole story of his misery and his temptation, and begged that the Abbot deal with him as he deserved.

Then the Abbot said kindly: "I saw you take it and felt that God would find his own way to send you back."

Now your first duty is to your mother; and your task and your punishment, too, shall be to make a copy of the new missal for me. In this way it will always be before your eyes. Its words will teach you and its presence remind you of your act. While you work at it you will receive a gold piece from the monastery every month.

"Oh, my father!" cried Otto. "What happiness and what mercy!" and he fell on his knees before the old Abbot.

Three years later he came back again. "I have no mother any more," he said, sadly.

Then the Abbot took his hand and led him into the Church. "Put the Missal back in its place with your own hands now, my son."

The next morning the Abbot Gelasius entered the Scriptorium holding a young man by the hand. "Behold Anselmus," he said, "a man of place for Otto beside you, for he has become one of us. Hereafter he will help you."

SAVING THE CHILDREN.

SEEKING THE SPIRITUALLY LOST AND MAIMED IN FORGOTTEN BY-WAYS.

Any work which makes for the spiritual progress of the Church and the well-being of her children, receives the commendation of all right-thinking people; and when the work is in the nature of an innovation, destined, as it would seem, to prove of incalculable benefit in saving to the Church thousands of souls, it deserves a record in the annals of the world's best missionary efforts.

Such a one is the plan which has just been given its initial trial by the originator, a Jesuit missionary of great zeal and religious acumen, whose years of experience in the mission field have given him rare insight into the causes which yield so many fallen-away Catholics.

His plan, stated briefly, is to give a series of summer retreats to children in a locality where there is no parochial school, or where, for various reasons, the parochial school has been a failure.

It is his desire to pursue the work in adjoining parishes, or counties, so as not to scatter his forces, and to thus inject a Catholic spirit into the infidel atmosphere.

The retreats do not last above three days, closing on the fourth with holy Communion. During these days the exercises of St. Ignatius can be given to the little ones, so that at the end of the Ten Commandments, the precepts of the Church, Benediction, Mass, devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the Guardian Angel shall have been insisted upon.

The retreat being an unusual event in the lives of such children, far removed from Catholic schools and a Catholic atmosphere, is sure to make a deep impression on their youthful minds, where the lessons so inculcated sink deeply.

Catholic writers have said, and they are no doubt right, that the Catholic population in this country to-day should be upward of 40,000,000. As to the leakage which has cut that figure down to 12,000,000, opinions differ, but it can safely be said that the settlement of Catholics in remote districts and the rearing of their children in distinctly anti-Catholic atmospheres is a strong contributing factor.

The plan under discussion is designed to offset the Protestant and irreligious influence of such communities, by planting a little Catholicity into the children of those who have no Catholic schools and poor Catholic parents, so that the influence of education which they must take, or get nothing, will sap out their religious life.

Unlike corruption which begins at the top and works downward, upright-ness must begin below and work up. There are those who fancy they can invert the laws of nature and the laws of God, and after having spent seven or eight years in training the children as though they were infidels, expect that when they reach the teller's desk that when they reach the teller's desk they will be honest, God-fearing American citizens. It is a fallacy the inherent weakness of which the great American public is but now beginning to see.

Catholics have, in many instances, lifted up their ignorant voices in favor of this system because they never knew their religion, and no one desires what he knows nothing of. But the exigencies of the times, and perhaps the bitter experience in their own families, are rapidly educating even these "liberal" Catholics, who are beginning to appreciate the advantages of a religious training in moulding the character of the young.

The idea which has taken such a hold of the fancy of this Jesuit missionary that he gave up his vacation this summer to the inauguration of his pet scheme, had its inception in his mind some years ago, when he spent his Christmas vacation ministering to the spiritual wants of an Irish colony in the Northwest, who had not had Mass on Christmas day for nearly

twenty years, and where the hundred and fifty children had never even seen a Catholic Sister. He said then that no argument or accumulation of arguments had ever influenced his judgment in favor of a parochial school as did the feeling which took hold of him when he tried to give them a proper conception of even the rudiments of their religion.

Of course good Catholic parents can do much to supply the place of a Catholic school, but unfortunately in hopelessly numerous instances the parents themselves have been so long removed from Catholic influences that their ideas of religious instruction for their children seldom extend beyond the teaching of their prayers. To encounter such children as these is what makes the heart of the missionary yearn for years to spend in training them up in the way they should go.

Bright lads and lasses they are, too, in these remote districts, destined, some of them to take high places in the world of endeavor, and but for the grace of God, to drift away, far away from the Catholic faith of their fathers and mothers.

This is a field for splendid effort—a field of wonderful possibilities where the missionary with the proper qualifications can work untold good. Following the example of the zealous Jesuit, it would be a fine thing for all the religious orders to take up. After even a few years' trial the results would begin to justify the effort expended. For the right man, one who is fitted to handle children, it would be a labor of love, the like of which the Master Himself did not disdain when He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Notwithstanding all this, however, we have been not a little surprised to notice the calm familiarity with which some of the unpleasant French authors are named, and commented on by youthful writers in some of our youthful contemporaries—our college magazines. What praise of men whose works, we should like to suppose, they had never seen! What vaunted knowledge of their clever short stories, their incisive style, their magic power.

Yet report has it that during the Berlin Congress, the present German Emperor, addressed to Jules Simon, and in "instinctive language," his familiarity with Zola's methods and their popularity. Simon says that he tried to defend his countryman by saying that Zola was "an incomparable storyteller and an excellent observer."

To this the Emperor replied: "I know very well that he has many strong points; but, unfortunately, it is not these that he owes his success, but rather to the immoral and filthy things with which he poisons his writings. Now it is just Zola that France at this moment prefers to all other writers."

He is who arouses such an enthusiastic admiration, and this gives to us foreigners the right of forming a very strong opinion on the subject of the state of morals in France."

Morover, report also has it that the largest number of such books is not really sold in France, but to buyers in other lands!

A distinguished author, just before he passed into that world where things are viewed in a clearer and sterner, a truer light than many a literary student views them here, left an article, published after his death in a leading New York periodical, wherein he said a few words that bear with tremendous force on this sort of reading only too prevalent to-day. In them a writer of deep warning speaks of the shadow of war, of the death that will heed. He is death, to ears that will heed. He is the writing of a certain French poet over whose verses he had been lingering until late one night; and, with extraordinary frankness, he lays bare his soul to the public, concerning the influence of those fascinating lines of word-music on his own heart and mind.

"Here in the United States," said the speaker, "is the field for accomplishment of our greatest results, and one of these accomplishments will, I believe, be the conversion of the United States to Catholicism within the coming century. By this conversion, I do not mean a change in government, but the preservation of it. Our government is founded on the basis of the Christian revolution."

Every thing in the Constitution of our government is the product of the Catholic Faith, founded not by any ancient halls of fame, but on the shores of Galilee, when our Lord and Saviour declared that all men were created equal, which is the basis of our government, combined with the declaration that all men are free, which was last gift of God upon a favored people, who, through His agencies, formed our government!

"The reason this country is not Catholic to-day is because people are not absolute in their faith. Persuasion is necessary, and as Catholicism is the bulwark of democracy, the application must be vigorous to accomplish results."

The speaker took up the question how to accomplish the results and said that absolute fidelity to purpose, for which the society was organized, was essential. By faithful daily living the Holy Name Society members could set an example which would inspire and attract those who had a keen eye for practical results and recognized the value of a religion by the fruits it produced in the daily lives of those who professed it.

Drunkenness and profanity were touched upon as two serious evils which Catholicism in this country suffered from. Mr. Cockran said these were serious evils, and the Holy Name Societies were organized to combat against them. He was glad to see men coming to realize that the practices were degrading and wicked. He said that not even the Mohammedans, who had not the enlightenment of our race, took name of their god in vain, but always revered it.

Charity and piety were dwelt upon, and the society members urged to do more in this regard, which would be for the betterment of the Church and country.

The speaker said he would never believe that where there was a fallen member of society whose rescue was attempted by Christianity he could not be saved. "Seek and ye shall find," said he; "knock and it shall be opened unto you; ask and ye shall receive."

In concluding his oration Mr. Cockran dwelt upon the necessity for piety, humanity and patriotism in the Church and said he believed if the Church

made the same progress in the future as in the past he looked to see poverty of the extreme type disappear, a higher moral plane established, more equal distribution of possessions, longer lives, greater and more fervent faith in God, which would all redound to the glory of Him, the Church the country and its citizens.

THE POISON OF EVIL LITERATURE

Two Catholic papers, since the present century dawned upon us, not four years ago, and was dedicated by the then reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., "all to Jesus Christ," have contained some remarks in which we find room for considerable reflection. Says one:

"Catholics should be dissatisfied with venturing their criticisms on Protestant newspapers, and they should love to study the history, and side with her. Finally, they should not read lax books or papers, but should safeguard their faith as they would their chastity, and aim at being humble, obedient, and docile."

Says the other:

"Probably there is no people in the world more culpable than the French, and more misunderstood. . . . And unhappily, in the modern world, most brilliant in the modern world, seems to be leagued with the devil in presenting false views of the French and the French people. . . . M. Zola, whose books are on the Index, presents a society in which there is no restraint."

Notwithstanding all this, however, we have been not a little surprised to notice the calm familiarity with which some of the unpleasant French authors are named, and commented on by youthful writers in some of our youthful contemporaries—our college magazines. What praise of men whose works, we should like to suppose, they had never seen! What vaunted knowledge of their clever short stories, their incisive style, their magic power.

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ENGLISH VERSION OF THE BIBLE

(CONTINUED)

S. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Jones: "Certainly we have original manuscripts of the Bible."

"Certainly we have not. We have remote copies of the original manuscripts but they are not original manuscripts for the simple reason that they are copies."

Mr. Jones: "The duly authenticated copies made from duly authenticated copies of the autographs are properly called originals."

They are not originals, and therefore cannot be properly called so. They are but copies of transcripts. You speak of authenticated copies of authenticated copies. Where are these copies, and who authenticated them? And who authenticated the no longer existing copies from which your "authenticated" copies were copied? All this talk of authenticated copies comes with bad logic from a Protestant who has had just tradition and the authority of the Church. Aside from the Church's authority and tradition where is there any proof that the now non-existent copies were correct copies of the originals; or where is your evidence that the existing copies are correct copies of the non-existent ones?

Mr. Jones: "Extant legal documents and medical papers are commonly called original documents, though it be known that they are but copies of authenticated (?) copies of the first originals which have been long since worn out and disappeared."

How can they be correctly called original documents when it is known that they are but copies of the originals?

Mr. Jones: "The former, that is the copies, are recognized as original, and so honored by the highest courts of the land."

When a copy of an original document—in the absence of that original—is duly proved to the satisfaction of the court to be a correct copy, the court accepts it as a copy, not as an original document, which the court knows to be lost.

Mr. Jones: "You certainly know this, and knowing it you are too broad a man and ripe scholar not to consider it."

We are broad enough to know that no court ever knowingly received a copy of a document as the original document, if it receives the copy only when it is duly verified, not as the original, but as a true copy of it. The court always distinguishes between similarity and identity.

Mr. Jones: "The old axiom still lives: 'Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other.' Our oldest manuscripts are therefore equal to the first originals, and are themselves original."

Even if we were to grant you—which we do not—that the copies were complete and correct, they will still be copies, and not the originals. You confound similarity with identity. The old axiom is true, but your application of it is incorrect. Let us make a perfect copy of your neighbor's draft for a thousand dollars, signature and all, and present it to the bank. When your neighbor discovers it he will soon teach you that things that are similar are not identical, and that things that are like the same thing are not the same thing.

There is a weight, an authority attached to the phrase "original document" that is not attached to a copy or transcript. You seem to desire to give the latter the full weight of the former by misapplying the former. It is to prevent this abuse of terms that we insist on the distinction between an original document and a copy of it.

Mr. Jones: "I dispute the correctness of your translation of Acts 1, 18 as given by Jerome: 'Et hic quidem postmodum agrum de mercede iniquitatis et suspensus,' etc. If you had used the word praecipitatus, instead of 'suspensus' I would not so much object. But pray, from what original source did Jerome draw 'suspensus'? There is nothing in any of the accepted original Greek texts that I have examined to warrant it. From what Greek manuscript did Jerome receive it?"

St. Jerome answers your question by stating in his De Vitis Illustribus, "I brought the New Testament of the Vetus Italica into accord with the original Italica." And in his dedication to Pope Damasus, prefixed to the four gospels, "The four gospels have been revised by collating old Greek manuscripts."

Here it must be noted that in the year 392 St. Jerome in his letter to Pope Damasus, calls the Greek manuscripts which he issued "old." Those manuscripts therefore dated not only beyond the fourth century, but beyond any manuscript of the Greek Testament now existing. St. Jerome therefore had an advantage over you in having more ancient Greek manuscripts to consult than are within your reach. The Vetus Italica which he was revising was older than any Greek manuscript known to us of to-day. Dr. Westcott, an eminent Protestant authority, says of it: "This translation (the Vetus Italica) was fixed and current more than a century before the transcription of the oldest Greek manuscript. Thus it is a witness to a text more ancient and ceteris paribus more valuable than is represented by any other authority, unless the Peshito in its present form be excepted."

Hence we conclude that, as St. Jerome's honesty and Greek scholarship have not been questioned, he found in the old Greek manuscripts valid reasons for the word "suspensus,"—hanged—in reference to Judas, found in Acts 1—18. It is a word that clears Matthew and Luke of contradiction. You say "there is nothing in the text to justify your insertion of 'suspensus.'"

Nothing in what text? The Greek

gatorius" if the consciences of men and women can not avail to sting them into avoidance of evil in literature? Ought books of this nature to be placed in the hands of our young people, to be by them, commented upon, praised and quoted?—Sacred Heart Review.

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gatorius" if the consciences of men and women can not avail to sting them into avoidance of evil in literature? Ought books of this nature to be placed in the hands of our young people, to be by them, commented upon, praised and quoted?—Sacred Heart Review.

ENGLISH VERSION OF THE BIBLE

(CONTINUED)

S. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Jones: "Certainly we have original manuscripts of the Bible."

"Certainly we have not. We have remote copies of the original manuscripts but they are not original manuscripts for the simple reason that they are copies."

Mr. Jones: "The duly authenticated copies made from duly authenticated copies of the autographs are properly called originals."

They are not originals, and therefore cannot be properly called so. They are but copies of transcripts. You speak of authenticated copies of authenticated copies. Where are these copies, and who authenticated them? And who authenticated the no longer existing copies from which your "authenticated" copies were copied? All this talk of authenticated copies comes with bad logic from a Protestant who has had just tradition and the authority of the Church. Aside from the Church's authority and tradition where is there any proof that the now non-existent copies were correct copies of the originals; or where is your evidence that the existing copies are correct copies of the non-existent ones?

Mr. Jones: "Extant legal documents and medical papers are commonly called original documents, though it be known that they are but copies of authenticated (?) copies of the first originals which have been long since worn out and disappeared."

How can they be correctly called original documents when it is known that they are but copies of the originals?

Mr. Jones: "The former, that is the copies, are recognized as original, and so honored by the highest courts of the land."

When a copy of an original document—in the absence of that original—is duly proved to the satisfaction of the court to be a correct copy, the court accepts it as a copy, not as an original document, which the court knows to be lost.

Mr. Jones: "You certainly know this, and knowing it you are too broad a man and ripe scholar not to consider it."

We are broad enough to know that no court ever knowingly received a copy of a document as the original document, if it receives the copy only when it is duly verified, not as the original, but as a true copy of it. The court always distinguishes between similarity and identity.

Mr. Jones: "The old axiom still lives: 'Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other.' Our oldest manuscripts are therefore equal to the first originals, and are themselves original."

Even if we were to grant you—which we do not—that the copies were complete and correct, they will still be copies, and not the originals. You confound similarity with identity. The old axiom is true, but your application of it is incorrect. Let us make a perfect copy of your neighbor's draft for a thousand dollars, signature and all, and present it to the bank. When your neighbor discovers it he will soon teach you that things that are similar are not identical, and that things that are like the same thing are not the same thing.

There is a weight, an authority attached to the phrase "original document" that is not attached to a copy or transcript. You seem to desire to give the latter the full weight of the former by misapplying the former. It is to prevent this abuse of terms that we insist on the distinction between an original document and a copy of it.

Mr. Jones: "I dispute the correctness of your translation of Acts 1, 18 as given by Jerome: 'Et hic quidem postmodum agrum de mercede iniquitatis et suspensus,' etc. If you had used the word praecipitatus, instead of 'suspensus' I would not so much object. But pray, from what original source did Jerome draw 'suspensus'? There is nothing in any of the accepted original Greek texts that I have examined to warrant it. From what Greek manuscript did Jerome receive it?"

St. Jerome answers your question by stating in his De Vitis Illustribus, "I brought the New Testament of the Vetus Italica into accord with the original Italica." And in his dedication to Pope Damasus, prefixed to the four gospels, "The four gospels have been revised by collating old Greek manuscripts."

Here it must be noted that in the year 392 St. Jerome in his letter to Pope Damasus, calls the Greek manuscripts which he issued "old." Those manuscripts therefore dated not only beyond the fourth century, but beyond any manuscript of the Greek Testament now existing. St. Jerome therefore had an advantage over you in having more ancient Greek manuscripts to consult than are within your reach. The Vetus Italica which he was revising was older than any Greek manuscript known to us of to-day. Dr. Westcott, an eminent Protestant authority, says of it: "This translation (the Vetus Italica) was fixed and current more than a century before the transcription of the oldest Greek manuscript. Thus it is a witness to a text more ancient and ceteris paribus more valuable than is represented by any other authority, unless the Peshito in its present form be excepted."

Hence we conclude that, as St. Jerome's honesty and Greek scholarship have not been questioned, he found in the old Greek manuscripts valid reasons for the word "suspensus,"—hanged—in reference to Judas, found in Acts 1—18. It is a word that clears Matthew and Luke of contradiction. You say "there is nothing in the text to justify your insertion of 'suspensus.'"

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The Catholic Record.

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REV. GEORGE R. NOETHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, St. John.

Agents for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John's.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1899.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1904.

THAT PARKHILL INCIDENT AGAIN.

A correspondent censures us for what he terms a flippant paragraph on Parkhill which appeared in our columns a short time ago.

TRUSTEES AND TEACHERS.

The report of the Mosely Educational Commission on American schools has occasioned comment in various quarters.

A CAUSE OF MENTAL DYSPEPSIA.

Professor Armstrong, a member of the Mosely Commission, says:

"Over-teaching is the bane of American schools of every grade, and there is danger that the work of education may be over-organized."

That opinion has been held for years. Or as a business man told us recently: that the "coming man" from school or college works well enough, but he seems to lack the power of thinking for himself.

With funds of every hue—appliances to facilitate the progress of youth—literary chit-chat, eclectic English Literature, a multiplicity of text books which foster mental anaemia, the teacher and his charge—the examiner and the crammed—are to be pitied.

TO OUR YOUNG MEN.

Why are so many of our young men unmarried? They answer the query in different ways, but some of them will not dissent from the opinion as expressed by Lord Burleigh, as follows:

"Thou shalt find there is nothing in life so irksome as the female fool; pretty in face it may be, but silly, empty-headed, lazy, idle, and as incapable of serious thought and sustained exertion as mercury is of the temper of steel."

WORK-OUT ARGUMENTS STILL IN VOGUE.

An assault on religion is very easy to the man who knows where to go for his weapons. Voltaires are always available, though out of date, and one may seek assistance for the blatant blasphemers who have striven to rival him.

Religion, of course, is not harmed by rhetoric or sentimental twaddle. Its force is unimpaired by verbal artillery.

Rev. Father J. C. Sinnott, V. G., has been commissioned by His Lordship Bishop Paschal of Saskatchewan to collect funds in Canada to aid in missionary work in the North-West.

stances are very poor, but after that they are generally able to supply funds themselves in support of the Missions.

FREE vs. UNITED.

The case of the Free Church vs. the United Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland continues to be discussed throughout both Great Britain and Canada with undiminished vigor.

The Law Lords who sat in judgment on the case were five, of whom three were in favor of the decision given, and two against.

Lord McNaughten, one of the dissenting Lords reasoned thus: "Is the Free Church, as the very condition of her existence, forced to cling to her subordinate standards with so desperate a grip that she has lost hold and touch of the supreme standard of her faith?"

In the matter of election also the Free Church majority set aside its former adhesion to the Westminster Confession.

"Four or five years ago the majority of the greatest minds in the Free Church had come to the conclusion that the old doctrine of the sovereignty of the Lord had not been rightly represented in the Westminster Confession of Faith."

"This rev. doctor asserts also that there is nothing in the Scriptures to say that the Church should not adapt herself to present conditions and surroundings, and there is nothing in the light of history to say that the Church must be the same now as in the beginning."

"It is conceded, therefore, that the Free Church in forming a union with the other party to the agreement positively changed its doctrine; and the Rev. Dr. Lyle assures us that the Canadian Presbyterians have changed their creed to the same extent, and that they have all very properly 'shaken off the narrow bonds of Calvinism.'"

We fully admit with Rev. Dr. Lyle that the State has no right to impose

any doctrine or discipline on the Church; for the state has never received from God any such authority.

A doctrine of the Church is a truth revealed by God, and as no power on earth can change the truth of God, none can suppress a doctrine thus revealed; so, according to St. Paul, there are teachers of various degrees in the Church as instituted by Christ.

Here we must remark that in matters of discipline, which are subject to the laws enacted by the Church itself, the case is different. A legislator may change or modify his own decrees.

A Church is instituted for the purpose of leading men to God through the truths she teaches in the name and by the authority of God.

It must be noted that the Law Lords did not, on behalf of the State, claim to dictate what doctrines the majority should believe, nor did they arrogate to themselves any right to control their faith; but their decision amounts to this: that money subscribed for the teaching of a certain creed must not be used for the maintenance and propagation of a creed opposed thereto.

But what are we to think now of the proclamation of the Edinburgh Assembly of August 27th, 1847, which is regarded as inseparable from the Confession itself, and is always published therewith, that the Confession is "most agreeable to the Word of God," if it is now to be modified by the elimination of its most distinctive teaching?

While treating this subject, we should mention that the Small Free Church, which has come into possession of the temporalities, has made an offer to hand over to the seceders for a time a portion of the property which they cannot use, including churches and manse where there is not at present a Free Church congregation which refused to enter the union.

A UNITED HIERARCHY.

Premier Combes has now definitely announced that it is his intention to bring forward soon in the Chamber of Deputies a Bill providing for the disestablishment of the Church in France.

by him to be rebellious against the Holy Father, on whom he relied as the nucleus of an anti-papal French Church.

It was at first given out that three Archbishops and a considerable number of Bishops were ready to uphold the Government in opposition to the Pope.

M. Combes in announcing his intention to continue his warfare against religion, said: "The religious power has openly torn up the Concordat, and it is not my intention to try to mend it."

He then endeavors to belittle the benefits which the protectorate over Catholics throughout the world has brought to France while she was the oldest daughter of the Church.

That M. Combes did not believe what he was saying when he spoke thus is evident from the hurry he was in to demand reparation and compensation from China as soon as it was known that a Belgian Bishop and two of his priests had been murdered recently in a new Boxer rising.

From the apathy with which French Catholics have looked upon the brutalities of M. Combes' regime, we have almost lost confidence in their rousing themselves to action to maintain religion in spite of the machinations of the Atheistic party; yet we do believe that they will still take the action of brave men to undo what the Premier has done towards infidelizing the country.

Nevertheless we are satisfied that the abolition of the Concordat will not be nearly so disastrous to religion as M. Combes thinks. It will leave the Church untrammelled by the State's interference, and she will no longer need to seek the approbation of the Government for Episcopal appointments.

she may be subjected, and will come forth from them in the end, stronger and more vigorous than ever for being freed from the trammels which bind her at present to an irreligious government.

M. Combes in stating that "the religious power (the Pope) has torn up the Concordat states what he knows to be a falsehood. The provision that the commands of the Pope are to be subject to the approval of the Government before being enforced, is not a part of the Concordat at all."

Throughout this dispute the Holy Father has comforted himself with great forbearance, seeking always not to add fuel to the flame by rendering railing for railing, while M. Combes has attempted to browbeat him into submission to his will.

Here it is right to remark that we are not to conclude hastily that M. Combes' triumph is assured, dark as the prospect appears when viewed solely with our material eyes. It does appear as if the days of persecution are already bearing fruit in increasing earnest piety among the people of France.

KENSITTES AGAIN AT WORK.

Despatches from London indicate that the anti-Ritualistic agitation by the interrupting of public worship, initiated by John Kensitt, the vendor of obscene literature, who was killed while addressing a large crowd against Ritualistic practices, is being revived by the followers of the dead agitator.

A panic was prevented through the presence of mind of the Rev. Canon Duckworth, who assured the people that there was no danger. It is expected that the fanatic who thus disturbed public worship to the imminent danger of the lives of the congregation will be discovered and punished.

A PRIEST'S UNKNOWN INFLUENCE.

The pastor of a parish is often tempted to despond. "What is the use of my life?" he will ask himself. "Here I sacrifice myself, and my people go on in their way in spite of my example, my preaching and my exhortations in the confessional. There is no stability in them. There is no improvement. Surely, something's wrong. It may be in me. Truly I am an unprofitable servant."

himself useless, would take renewed courage to lead his life of loneliness, of self-denial, of piety.

He would do well to remember the story of St. Francis, who one day said to a young monk: "Let us go down to the town and preach." So they emerged from their monastery, walked demurely through the city and returned home. Arrived at the door, the young monk exclaimed:

"Father, I thought you said that we were to preach in the town?" "And did we not do so?" replied St. Francis. "Did not the sight of us and of our holy habit remind the people who saw us of God, of the shortness of life, of the vanity of riches, of the necessity of penance, and of the joy of Heaven for which we have given up all that the world holds dear?"

And isn't the example of a good priest a sermon day and night to all who know him? And does not the thought of him strengthen the strong in well doing and often subvert the weak to resist their evil inclinations?—Catholic Columbian.

FATHER DAMIEN, HERO.

A FITTING TRIBUTE TO ONE WHO HIS LIVING GAVE UP HIS LIFE FOR HIS FELLOW MEN.

Nicholas Senn, M. D. "Nothing is more delightful than the light of truth."—Cicero.

There are heroes and heroines, men and women, who in times of danger do not hesitate to sacrifice their lives in attempts to save others. Heroism consists in acts of usefulness and courage of the highest type, under conditions of impending danger, or calling for a degree of self-sacrifice from which the average mortal instinctively shrinks. Untimely death and self-imposed deprivations of the comforts of life for the benefit of others who are in danger of disease exact from heroes the highest and noblest qualities of an undaunted courage, unselfish charity and unconquerable love, and boundless humanity toward mankind. Such a combination of the highest virtues is, indeed, rare, and when found entitles the hero to profound respect, highest admiration and permanent gratitude of all nations, and more especially the one benefited by his sacrifices. The world looks to the battlefield as the arena for the exhibition of heroism in its truest, grandest and noblest sense. Military heroes have from time immemorial been immortalized in song and prose. Heroism in war signifies courage and patriotism, but lacks humanity and the greatest of all virtues, charity. The soldier knows that his bravery will be recognized, and that in the event of his survival he may confidently expect that a grateful nation will reward him for his valiant services.

Sudden, painless death in the heat and tumult of battle is, in itself, an honor, a sufficient inducement for many to seek it when imbued with the justness of the cause for which they fight; and stimulated by the fire of a burning patriotism. Heroism in the cause of humanity, stripped of the excitement and glories of war, brings out the best attributes of man. Heroism rendered at the altar of humanity, with no expectation of reward or reward, among the sick and dying, under conditions attended by vastly more danger to life and health than the risks of war gives testimony of the highest type of a hero or heroine.

Such a hero was Father Damien, the subject of this sketch. During his life devoted to the welfare of exiled lepers, his motives were often misunderstood; his noble soul experienced many a pang and when he was maligned, as was not infrequently the case. We can say of him:

"Glory comes to late when paid only on our ashes."—Martialis.

Father Damien is no stranger to the medical profession. His heroic labors among the banished, maimed and disfigured lepers of Molokai, and his glorious death from the disease he fought so courageously, have made him a hero in the estimation of the medical profession and in the eyes of the entire world—a hero whose name will live long after the dust of his mortal remains has been scattered. As a humanitarian his memory will go down to the future side by side with that of Henri Dunant: as the leper hero, it will never die. The whole life of Father Damien from the cradle to the grave was an exemplary one, and his work was characterized by unselfishness and an ardent devotion to his manifold and trying duties. How it was possible that statements to the contrary could have been made during his lifetime is a mystery that admits of only one explanation—he, like other men, had enemies whose envy was aroused by the marvelous success in everything he attempted. His entire career as a priest and friend of the lepers breathes a spirit of true, earnest Christianity which those who knew him best never questioned. The malicious attack of his character were made by men who were too cowardly to visit the leper settlements and observe his work among the thousands of unfortunate whose pains he soothed and to whose spiritual needs he ministered with an unparalleled zeal and untiring devotion, whose dying he consoled, and whose dead he buried in coffins and graves often made by his own hands. As a true minister of the gospel, he served his God and leprous congregation with a devotion and faithfulness that knew no limits, by day and night, in sunshine and storm.

Father Damien's home in the world was Joseph de Vanter. He was born at Tremelo, near Louvain, Belgium, Jan. 3, 1840. His parents were honest hard working, devout peasants, who raised a family of seven children, four of whom entered the service of the Church—his older brother, Pamphile, and two sisters. The earliest desire of his boyhood was to become a priest, in which vocation his older brother preceded him. The parents being poor, he struggled with the greatest difficulties to realize his desire. He finally entered the college of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and entered holy orders at the age of nineteen. The splendid health which

he enjoyed throughout his long student life was gained during his boyhood days, spent in hard work on the farm. The cloister life made him abstemious, and exhibited an irresistible attraction for the rigors of austere penance. Early piety and a tender affection for his parents, as shown in all his letters, laid the foundation for a successful priestly career. When he entered the cloister he was the very embodiment of health, strength and activity. Endowed with great mental power and applying himself closely to his studies, his progress was rapid, and when he left the institution he was well prepared for his chosen life work. Although serious, he was not ascetic. In a letter to his parents during his theological studies, in commenting on the uncertainty of life, he says:

"The thought of the uncertainty of tomorrow must, no doubt, cause bitter grief to a sinful soul; but for us, Christians or religious, who look on ourselves as exiles here below, and who long only for dissolution of our body that we may enter our true country, there is, it appears to me, only joy and blessedness in the thought that, each moment we get nearer to the last hours of our life." His splendid health, his love for an abstemious life, and especially his burning desire to serve his Lord and his Church where he could accomplish the most, awakened in him during his early novitiate days an ardent desire to consecrate himself to missionary work in the Islands of the Pacific. I have no doubt but that this desire was often included in his daily prayers. The prayer was answered sooner than he possibly could expect. Mgr. Maigret, vicar apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands, made a request for his services and to assist him in his missionary work. His brother, Pamphile, was selected, but took typhoid fever, and Damien begged to take his place. He was then only in minor orders, but the request was granted. What a source of pleasure it must have been for young Damien to learn that he was permitted to enter on work in one of the roughest of the Lord's vineyards so early in life! He made the long journey in a sailing vessel from Bremen to Honolulu around Cape Horn, and was ordained priest on his arrival, at the age of twenty-four. On foot and horseback, across mountains and valleys, from place to place, he brought to the natives the glad tidings of the gospel, and by his great modesty, genial manners and a willingness to assist them in their worldly affairs, soon won their confidence, respect and love. The name Kamalo, the Hawaiian for Damien, soon became a household word throughout the islands. His first station as priest was in Hawaii Island, but it was destined that his life should be sacrificed in the spiritual and worldly betterment of the unfortunate inhabitants of the leper settlement. Before Father Damien came to the settlement the government, after establishing segregation, only concerned itself in the temporal well-being of the unfortunate outcasts. The many Protestant ministers in the islands never dreamed of extending their work to where it was most needed. The Catholic Church, ever alert to enlarge its field of usefulness, and to reach the poor, miserable, unfortunates, and bring them within its fold, came to the rescue of the outcasts. Occasional visits to the settlement to render the much needed spiritual assistance were made by Father Raymond, Albert and Boniface from 1871 to 1873. A lay brother completed a little church in 1874. At a meeting of priests held at this time in Maui, presided over by the Bishop, it was decided to supply the settlement with a resident priest. The Bishop called for a volunteer. Every one of the three priests assembled was ready to serve.

Father Damien emphasized his claim for preference in the following brief, forcible speech: "My Lord, remembering that I was placed under the palm on the day of my religious profession, and thereby to learn that 'voluntary death is the beginning of a new life, here I am ready to bury myself alive among these unfortunate people, several of whom are personally known to me.' Such language could not fail in securing for him the cherished position. He sailed directly for the settlement, where he landed May 10, 1873, penniless, and even without a change of linen. The only available shelter he found to protect him from rain and the burning rays of the sun was a hospitable pandanus tree, in the shadow of which he lived for some time. The very presence of this saintly priest had of itself a marvelous effect on the morals of the exiled. In a letter to his provincial two days after reaching the settlement, he writes: "You know my disposition. I want to sacrifice myself for the poor lepers. The harvest is ripe. The heroism of this humble priest made a deep impression not only on the lepers, but the entire population of the islands, but the entire population of the islands, but the time left to work with a will. The time left to work with his priestly offices was occupied in improving the wretched condition of his charges. Beside his clerical duties, he did the work of a carpenter, mason, gardener, etc. It is said that he made more than 1,500 collars for his dead out of the rough boards furnished by the government. On an average he officiated at two hundred funerals a year, where he often was priest and sexton at the same time.

He built little frame houses among them—one for himself, with only two small rooms. I found here a wooden bathtub made by himself which gave testimony to his skill as a carpenter. No leper ever entered this, the plainest of all houses in the village. A chair, table, bed and a few plain pictures representing Bible scenes and the life of saints, his saddles and bridles well worn, and a few religious books were about everything he left behind him at the time of his death. He built another church, doing most of the work himself, and took great pleasure in rendering its interior attractive by the simplest but tasty decorations. He erected schoolhouses and orphan asylums, established a choir and organized a music band, and placed them under the direction of his faithful helper, Brother Dutton. I listened to the music of

band playing national and sacred songs. Every member of the band was a leper. Let those Protestant ministers who complain of small salaries listen to how Father Damien managed his financial affairs: "I have not a penny of income—yet, nihil mihi deest, I want for nothing. I have even alms to give away. How is this to be explained? That is His secret, who promised to give a hundredfold to those who gave up all to Him." What better proof could be furnished of his childlike, Christian faith? When Father Damien took charge of the leper settlement he took a census, and found that it contained 600 lepers, 80 of whom were very ill in the hospital. Vice ran high. The poor exiles sought solace in the hold dances, card playing and sensualities of all kinds. This is the way in which Father Damien proceeded to improve the morals of the people: "Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathizing hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to my listeners, have been my constant means to introduce moral habits among the lepers." It is no wonder that under this kind of precept and teaching the influence of Father Damien increased from day to day in improving the bodily and moral condition of his people. Protestants, entirely neglected by their preachers, and non-believers, soon felt the effect of the religious teaching and example of the only spiritual adviser in the settlement and were not slow in embracing the Catholic faith. This is what one leper had to say of Father Damien, and he was only the spokesman for all: "We are especially satisfied with our pastor. He overwhelms us with his solicitous care, and he himself builds our houses. When any of us is ill, he gave him tea biscuits and sugar; and to the poor he gives clothes. He makes no distinction between Catholics and Protestants." On the occasion of a visit of the princess regent to the settlement, one of the Honolulu papers, in referring to Father Damien's work, commended it in the following beautiful language: "This young priest, Damien by name, who has consecrated his life to the lepers, is the glory and boast of Hawaii. He resuscitates the saintly heroism of the bloody arena of the ages of old—may, he does even more. Would it not be a great favor to be thrown a prey to the wild beasts rather than to be condemned to live in the poisonous atmosphere of a leper settlement? And Damien—Damien, the soldier of Christ—has lived now several years in the midst of the banished lepers of Molokai! Are there any more witnesses to be heard to prove that the charges made against Father Damien by a jealous Protestant minister who never saw the leper settlement were utterly without foundation? I believe not, for 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' The spiritual and worldly care of the poor lepers remains to day in the hands of devoted priests, brothers and sisters of the Catholic Church. I could not finish this brief sketch of the leper hero without referring briefly to one of his faithful collaborators who shared with his master the heavy burdens of his early missionary work, and who remains at his post today.

A HEROIC BROTHER. During my visit to the leper settlement I became very much interested in a man of medium size, spare build, dressed in a blue cotton suit decidedly worse for long wear, a pair of cheap spectacles hanging loosely over nearly the end of a sharp pointed nose. He was the master of the school for boys and leader of the band. His facial expression, bearing and attitude were enough to indicate that he was a tireless worker. It was Brother Dutton, so long associated with Father Damien in the care of the lepers. He showed us the different institutions, and spoke most enthusiastically, but in great modesty, of his work. In speaking of Father Damien tears filled his eyes and his lips trembled. He had not visited the little house in which Father Damien lived since his death, although separated from his school only by a narrow street. The man's whole soul seemed to be in his work, and I presume the grief caused by the loss of his beloved leper friend prevented him from entering the little house where they had spent so many hours together in consultations and prayer for fear of increase of mental anguish. Nobody knows the early history of his life. He never speaks of the past. It was rumored that he was disappointed in love during early life, but no proof to this effect has ever been furnished. It is known that he served during the civil war, and that for gallant service he was promoted from the ranks to major. He was a Protestant, and joined the Catholic Church twenty-one years ago, and has been a most devoted member of that Church since. A friend has this to say of him: His superb sacrifice in going to Molokai was made from no weak or unworthy motive. He was supremely grateful to Almighty God for the gift of the true faith, and simply wished to make the best return in his power, and so, like the brave soldier he had long proved himself to be, he quietly made the decision to devote his life to the most laborious and, humanly speaking, the most distasteful charity in the whole range of the Catholic religion." Soon after Father Damien's death Brother Dutton discovered some sores on his legs. He finally believed that he was suffering from leprosy, and was happy in the thought that in a short time he would have the great privilege to die of the same disease as his master and join him in heaven. The doctor's examination took away this hope, and he remains at his post, free from the loathsome disease after an uninterrupted service of twenty-three years.

How many faithful, devoted and unselfish servants the Catholic Church has!

THE LEPER PRIEST DIED OF LEPROSY.

When Father Damien left his native country he had his relatives and friends good-bye with the firm conviction that he would never meet them

again on earth. When he consecrated himself to the cause of the lepers he did so with the expectation that he would sooner or later share the fate of his flock. It was his desire and hope that he might be spared for a long time for the benefit of the cause he had made his life work. He took every precaution to escape contagion by excluding the lepers from his house and by observing the utmost cleanliness of his person, and by inculcating the same as far as he could on the inhabitants of his leper villages. With all care, however, he could not escape the unusually prolific sources of contagion in performing his priestly functions, more especially in administering the sacraments and extreme unction. The manual labor of the roughest kind which he did for the lepers, to make them more comfortable, could not fail to produce frequently cuts, punctures and abrasions, by which the danger of inoculation was greatly increased. What he had feared occurred before he had expected it. After twelve years of ceaseless self-sacrificing toil among the lepers he discovered accidentally that he had himself become a victim of the terrible disease. In his sermons he always addressed his congregation: "We lepers." Now he could say so in truth. In taking a foot bath one evening in hot water he noticed that he had blistered one of his feet without having felt any pain. He knew only too well what this meant—the first symptom of the anesthetic form of leprosy. The physician who examined him later confirmed what had become his heart's secret. In writing to the Bishop, he said: "From henceforth I am forbidden to come to Honolulu again, because I am attacked by leprosy. My marks are seen on my left cheek and ear, and my eyebrows begin to fall. I shall soon be completely disfigured. I have no doubt whatever of the nature of my illness, but I am calm and resigned and very happy in the midst of my people. The good God knows what is best for my sanctification. I daily repeat from my heart: 'Thy will be done.' My very fortunate, indeed, that Father Damien contracted the malarial instead of the tubercular form of the disease, and that the palmer side of fingers and hands remained clean, permitting him to perform his spiritual functions until a few days before his death, which occurred April 15, 1889.

So ended the precious life of one of the greatest benefactors of the human race—the hero of charity! The great heroism of Father Damien was exhibited during his illness, as he persisted in working with hands and heart until a few days before his death. More than could touch the human heart more than to see a leper priest render manual work and spiritual consolation to a congregation of lepers, the blind, leading the blind, the lame supporting the lame! His heroic death has silenced the vile tongues. The surviving lepers can be comforted; they will carry their grief over the loss of their faithful shepherd to their graves. The entire population of the Hawaiian Islands—in fact, the whole world—mourns his death. He has gone to his well earned reward. His mingled remains sleep under the shadows of the pandanus tree which first sheltered the robust, devoted young priest awaiting a glorious resurrection.

Volumes have been written in praise of Father Damien. Memorials have been erected to his memory, charitable institutions have sprung up to immortalize his heroic charity! but if that humble priest could speak to his admirers he would say, "I have only done my duty, praise God. Send greetings and extend a helping hand to my leper friends."

A New Phase of An Old Contest.

The battle now beginning between the Church and the French Republic is merely a new phase of a very old contest. When Gregory when Pius IX Henry of Germany when Pius IX State claimed a control over the Bishops which the Church could not allow. Whatever attempts may be made to cloud the question, this is the real point at issue. Are bishops, as bishops, responsible to the State or are they responsible to the Church? The Iron Chancellor boasted that he would never go to Canossa; but the day came when he was glad to do so. Combes is not a stronger man than Bismark.—Antigonish Casket.

Browning on Father Mathew.

An interesting batch of hitherto unpublished letters addressed by Browning to his friend Mr. Dutton in New Zealand was sold at auction recently. Among the letters is one in which mention is made of Father Mathew. The appearance of the Irish Apostle of Temperance upon a London platform is spoken of by the poet as the most interesting event to him of a London season. This, said Browning, was a return to elementary Christian teaching, for the goodness of the Capejuchin was so apparent and so communicable that you wished to be good by merely seeing and hearing him. Browning himself sat on the platform, and among the audience, within the sphere of this infectious sanctity, sat—Cicely.

Night-thoughts are deepest. The sense of immensity, the darkness, shutting out all those trivial sensible objects that rest and distract the mind, the silence, always unbroken except by soothing sounds of winds or waterfalls—all these help to cast back the mind upon itself, and by concentrating its faculties, to intensify thought and subdue emotion. Could this be the reason, apart from the leisure it afforded, why the Son of God found strength and prayer by spending the night in prayer in the solitude and mountains?—Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

The new hell which passion or unbelief has evolved is simply no hell at all. The same old wily Father of Lies who grinningly blinds people now will yet laugh at their destruction if they heed not the Christ-taught truth in time.—Catholic Union and Times.

AUGUSTINE AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

A Cleveland (O.) paper, in noticing the visit to this country of the (Protestant) Archbishop of Canterbury says:

"Dr. Davidson is the ninety-fifth Archbishop of Canterbury. There is no dignity so antique as that of his office. St. Augustine was the first holder and his successors have been among the greatest men in England. In addition to an official residence within the Cathedral at Canterbury, and a stately palace in London on the bank of the Thames, the Archbishop possesses a stipend of \$75,000 a year, derived from a fund of \$40,000,000, well invested. The Church is not supported, as many suppose, by the taxpayers of England."

As to this last assertion, it may be corrected—for it needs correction—by quoting the following, which we find in a recent issue of a London paper, in answer to a question from a correspondent:

"We have stated many hundreds of times that the so-called Church of England is supported by a tax levied on property known as tithe. She has also received from the State the Church fabrics and glebe lands which belonged to the Catholic Church, and which were transferred to the religion created by statute as the time of the great dissent in the reign of Henry VIII. The tithe tax varies, but it yields on an average about \$5,000,000 a year. The Church received grants from the State of several millions a year for its schools. The tithe is levied on the land, and enforced in the courts of law."

Strange that the Cleveland editor should be ignorant of this, which is so well known to all persons possessing even but a moderate knowledge of English history. The Church to which Archbishop Davidson belongs is the Established Church of England. How "established"? Established by law of the State, and, as such, supported by funds derived from the State—authorized and State-enforced taxation. The branch of that Church which exists in Ireland was the law established Church there and was financially supported by the tithe—a tax levied upon landed property—until it was disestablished and disendowed by the Act of Parliament passed in 1869 during the administration of Mr. Gladstone. There is a Society in England, the object of which is to have similar legislation passed in respect to the Church of England, that is, to have it deprived of its status as the State established Church and of its financial maintenance by a State tax.

With regard to the assertion or suggestion that Archbishop Davidson is the successor of St. Augustine in the Cleveland paper is in need of further correction, if, as is obvious, it means to imply that the religion of the present Archbishop is the same as that of Augustine. Of course, it is nothing of the sort. The religion of Augustine was the religion of the Pope who sent him to England and made him Archbishop of Canterbury. All history tells us—even history written by Protestants—that Augustine was sent to England by Pope Gregory, and, of course, Pope Gregory would not have sent a Protestant, even though there were such in existence at the time, which there weren't. Nor would he have sent any person of a religion different from his own, and his own—that is, Pope Gregory's religion, was the same as that of the present Pope, Pius X. Pope Gregory believed in the same sacraments and the same form of worship that Pope Pius believes in. Pope Gregory and Augustine said Mass just as Pops Pius and all Catholic Bishops and priests do to-day, and they (Gregory and Augustine) believed in the seven sacraments, and in the invocation of Saints, and praying for the faithful departed, and honoring and praying to the Blessed Virgin, and, in short, in all the practices of the Catholic Church as we have them in every Catholic church or chapel in the world at this present time. And of course, Augustine and all his successors in the See of Canterbury for many centuries believed in and obeyed the Pope as head of the Church.

How unlike all this to the belief and practice of Archbishop Davidson! If Augustine could to-day revisit Canterbury in the flesh he would find the religious associations and belongings of his ancient See vastly different from what he and his forty Benedictine monks left them thirteen centuries ago.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LETTER FROM THOS. O'HAGAN.

To T. J. Murphy, Esq., Barrister, London. Grenoble, France, Aug. 31, 1904.

Dear Mr. Murphy:—Just now a good deal of history is being made in Europe, and unhappy France is a large contributor. You, of course, are aware of the rapture of France with the Vatican, but in my opinion this will result in food for the Catholic faith in France. So many factors have contributed to the present condition that a brief letter would be all too short to give you even an idea of the evolution of events.

The causes are political, social and religious. The greatest mistake that the Church has made in France—I mean the Church Monarchical—was in not paying heed—practical heed—to the advice of the late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, when he counseled the Episcopate and people of France to accept the Republic and do everything in their power to make it veritably Christian. Unhappily for France, she is divided, and this division is working her destruction for the adage, "A house divided against itself must fall" is not yet too old to be a truth plainly realizable.

The very worst element have now hold of the Government in France—an element not only devoid of faith and religion but surcharged with hostility to the Catholic faith. When Gambetta coined the expression "anti-clericalism" he little dreamt that a day would come when his successors, casting from them all semblance of justice and honor, would so better his sentiment and instruction as to make France a laughing stock in the eyes of Europe.

I must confess that I have found moral life and practical faith low in France as these twin go together, for it goes without saying that when the altar is robbed of its celebrant and the cloister of its monk and nun—when men defy the law of God—it is the truest truism to say that with the breaking away the plain of moral life must lower.

In the face of these evils the Catholic Party in France seem to be dazed and powerless. They do not meet the situation as did the Catholics of Germany when Bismark entered upon his career of persecution. Just now the trains are crowded with pilgrims in France whose objective point is Lourdes. This is all very well, but to my mind it is not pilgrimages to Lourdes that the French Catholics are in need of to-day—it is practical organization such as the fiery and astute little Windhorst effected when by dint of courage and judgment and tenacity he led the Centre Party of Germany to victory.

However, this condition—unhappy condition—in France will pass away. French character is full of painful contrasts. The history of France witnesses to this. It also witnesses to the fact that French genius and French life and French progress must at times find evolution in violence—in a word, that the French people, who are endowed with supreme gifts and qualities beyond all others, must at times lose their head in order that they may again find it.

The Parisian mob may erect a statue to the goddess of Reason, but despite all successes the French mind is too logical to cut loose forever from Eternal Truth.

Either the downfall of the Combes Government or a Revolution is among the impending events in France. Let us hope it will be the former.

With kind regards to your family, I am dear Mr. Murphy, Sincerely yours, THOMAS O'HAGAN.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

When the editors of the Presbyterian Witness remark that, so far as they know, the Pope has never yet expressed himself in favor of the religious freedom of Christians as such...

As we have seen, if this is a reproach, it is one which almost certainly falls upon the Witness itself. We can not believe that the editors allow that an evil religion is entitled to freedom...

This hideous tenet can never be overcome by argument. It issued from the corrupt heart of an evil man; it is maintained by corrupt and evil impostors...

I notice that a Mormon has just written a book in which he declares that his utmost charity can hardly persuade him to own us for brethren. The vile and impudent wretch!

The doctrines of the Oneida Perfectionists are far fouler than even Mormonism itself, for they allow the indulgence of appetite under conditions that shall guard against the multiplication of life, and distinctly identify love with lust...

What peculiarly emphasized this precipitate embrace offered to the Perfectionists was, that, not far from the same time, the same paper had been using most scornful language towards a religious community...

To be sure, they believe that the coming of the Lord is at hand, and the paper in question is scandalized that we should be thought to need Christ particularly in these happy days...

In fact, this paper seems to think that we hardly need even the Saviour's teachings. It says, for instance, that it was all very well for Him to oppose divorce in His day...

However, I understand that this paper has pretty much ceased to call itself a religious paper, and we are not now concerned with the teachings of irreligious papers.

Even Luther taught that concubinage, while not to be commended, was only a venial sin, worse than permitted polygamy, but something that need not interfere with a man's justification.

Now was it wrong for the civil authority to put down such an opinion? And as Luther maintains that his doctrine of justification had ruined public morality, would it have been wrong for the Emperor Charles to put down Lutheranism if he could?

This has nothing to do with Charles' severities in the Netherlands, for these were mainly directed against Calvinism, which is a system of a widely different tenor, as Mohler points out.

However, both the systems began by denouncing Catholicism as evil, and false, and idolatrous, and unscriptural and pernicious, and worthy of being persecuted to the death.

Then, not to say that the spirit of those ages ill-endured religious dissent in any form, how could Catholic Europe be forbidden to strain every nerve to defend itself against this disintegrating and forcible assault?

Therefore we cannot say that opinions, either religious or political, are always to be allowed. They may be so harmless as to deserve no attention, or so strong as to make attempts at suppression futile.

Lord Macaulay was a decided Protestant, but he is fair-minded enough to give simply a vivid picture of the mighty struggle, without dealing out praise or blame on either side.

Now how could the Pope proclaim the right to exist of a religion which denied his right to exist, which called for his blood? Even now how can we expect any such formal declaration from him?

It seems to me therefore that the Pope has come just as near affirming the religious freedom of Christians as such as can be reasonably asked of him...

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

SACRAMENT OF BAPTISM.

In closing our review of the Sacrament of Baptism there are several matters to which we desire to direct attention. These relate to the kinds of baptism, who are authorized to administer it, the ways of administering it, the names he gives those baptized...

Those who have not forgotten their catechism will recall three kinds of baptism; namely, baptism by water, by blood and by fire. Only the first, however, is a sacrament. The other two simply supply the place of the sacrament when it cannot be administered.

Next as to the valid ways of administering the Sacrament of Baptism. These are three: namely, by pouring, by sprinkling and by immersion. According to the rites of the Church in this part of the world, however, the former manner only is observed.

The next matter deserving consideration is the name to be given to the one baptized. In this day of foolish fashions and admonitions in this particular are quite opportune. Among a certain class of parents there is a growing desire to name their children after distinguished persons or to give to them names found in the popular novels of the day.

Baptism, as we have seen, makes us children of God and thus distinguishes us from those who are not Christians. Many of the names chosen after the above fashion, however, are anything but indications of a Christian. On the contrary, some are of heathen origin.

Finally as to the selection of godparents. This office is one of very grave responsibility. Upon those who assume it is imposed the solemn duty of instructing the child in the Catholic religion should parents neglect, or death prevent them from doing so.

Such being the case two conclusions follow. First, that godparents should always be Catholics; secondly they should be such Catholics as are able to comply with the requirements of the obligations they assume. On this point we do not wish to say more than that the opportuneness of these catechetical reviews will no doubt manifest itself to a great many readers.

Who find themselves wanting should hasten and eagerly supply the deficiency.—Church Progress.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eighteenth Sunday After Pentecost. PRESUMPTION OF GOD'S MERCY.

Unless you have believed in vain.—(1 Cor. xv. 2.) Dear Brethren: The Apostle appears to be of a different mind from some of us, who seem to think that there is no such thing as believing in vain.

To be guilty of an unused faith is the high road to eternal loss among Catholics. Some poor souls will be lost because, though born in error, they have refused to follow the light of reason.

Have you never seen a blind man whose eyes seemed perfectly good, clear, and bright, and yet utterly blind? There is such a kind of blind man; some men really have eyes and see not, because the nerve is dead, and the nerve is like the soul of the eye.

Yet how rich a treasure is the true faith! What a comfort to know the truths of religion! What a privilege to know our Lord and our Jesus Christ, and to be in communion with Him, His Blessed Mother, His glorious saints, His holy Church!

WHEN A CATHOLIC VOTES.

That was a notable address which the Honorable Charles J. Bonaparte delivered at the commencement exercises of Notre Dame university some time ago. The high place which he occupies in the regard of churchmen and laymen entitles his remarks to serious consideration.

In so much has religion something to do with the use they make of their franchise. Their elector's oath obliges them to cast their ballot according to the light of conscience. As representatives are responsible for the laws they make, so are electors responsible for the men they choose to make and execute the laws.

More than this the Church does not ask. She can hardly be satisfied with less.

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THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

FATHER FAHER IN "THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

Everything about Jesus, the merest accessory of His Church, the faintest vestige of His benediction, the very shadow of His likeness, is of such surpassing importance that for the least of these things the whole world would be but a paltry price to pay.

Yet not without some sweetness, as it makes us feel more keenly how indispensable He is to us, and what a merciful good fortune He has given us to enjoy.

How unspcakably dreadful when to be a heathen or a heretic is a misery so terrible!

AMONG THE INDIANS OF MANITOBA.

Father Cahill, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, writes from Portage-du-Rat to Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface: "You will be happy to learn that I have had the consolation of baptizing a group of little savages in the chapel of our school of St. Anthony of Padua.

"If Catholics knew the good that is being done in our schools for savages they would manifest more zeal in helping the missionaries in charge. Whilst Protestants receive an immense amount of clothing, we get very little.

IN MODERN DAYS.

THE WAYS OF DOING THINGS HAVE GREATLY CHANGED.—NO BRANCH OF SCIENCE HAS MADE GREATER ADVANCEMENT THAN THAT OF MEDICINE.—THOUSANDS OF LIVES PROLONGED BY MODERN DISCOVERIES.

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the blood, restore the worn-out nerves and you remove the cause. When the cause is gone the disease will vanish. An instance of the truth of this is given by Miss A. M. Tuckey, Oshawa, Ont., who says: "I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with dizziness, headaches and general prostration.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The man who spares no pains to make himself a closely knit bundle of good habits will usually be found ten times as hard to down in the battle of life as he who has drifted along relying for success upon the dubious nervous organism provided him by nature and accident.

Genius. Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

Nothing is ever gained by postponing duty. Disagreeable situations, and even trouble itself, accumulate a sort of interest, the longer it is shirked. Don't borrow bother, but don't dodge it. Face it, and have the difficulty out early in the game. Meet duty also promptly, and it will never be irksome.

To be a Recognized Force. The honest ambition of every man should be to do something, to do so some one thing if possible better than anyone else can do it, to be a representative man in a community, to be an active force in the intellectual force that surrounds, supports and give life to material progress and prosperity.

Moulder of Character. The inspiration of a single book has made teachers, preachers, philosophers, authors and statesmen. The first good book read by one, has often appeared before him through life as a beacon, which has saved him from many a danger. On the other hand, the demoralizing effects of one book has made thieves and criminals. Many youths, adults, now in prison, trace the beginning of their downfall to the reading of a bad book.

Our Estimate of Ourselves. We are our own best advertisements, and if we appear to disadvantage in any particular, our standard in the estimate of others is cut down. The great majority of people who come in contact with us do not see in our homes; they may never see on stocks and bonds, or lands and houses; they know nothing of us, unless it be by reputation, but what they see of our personality, and they judge us accordingly. They take it for granted that our general appearance is a sample of what we are and what we can do, and if we are slovenly in dress and in personal habits they naturally think that our work and our lives will correspond. They are right.

The Whole Secret. What is the secret of riches? Saving. Why do men wish to be rich? Chiefly because of the feeling of independence it gives. When does one's financial independence begin? When he commences to have—that is, when he earns more than he spends.

The late Collis P. Huntington says that in his first year of work, he earned \$84 besides his clothes and board, and he saved every cent of it. He was always very proud to refer to this fact. "At the end of the year," he once said, "I have been saved. Start two young men upon the road of life. If one earns \$75 the first year and saves \$50, and the other, earning the same amount, saves nothing, it seems an easy problem to figure out the probable difference at the end of twenty years. Nothing is more surprising than the result, for while in the second instance the twenty years will have produced no growth, in the other the habit of economy of saving the pennies becomes the most finely tempered and useful tool in his possession, and the growing capital is a servant which from a child grows into a giant for his master's advantage."

It is remarkable with what unanimity rich men recommend saving as the pathway to riches. As a matter of fact, the means is better than the end; for the habit of saving (if it is not carried to excess—when it becomes a sometimes danger), promotes every domestic and social virtue—prudence, comfort, peace of mind and good citizenship. These, after all, help to make life more worth living than the mere accumulation of wealth. All may not become rich, but all may save. And this higher blessing, like all the best blessings of life, is not beyond the reach of the poorest man.—Catholic Citizen.

Helpful Thoughts. It is the things we do under adverse circumstances that show the metal of which we are made. He that respects himself is safe from others; he wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.—Longfellow.

Odd moments well applied will turn failure into success and open the way for happiness and life. The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things in life.

No one knows what he can do until he tries. The germs of success are in every nature, but hard work is required in order to mature them. It has been said that genius is infinite patience. He who fixes his eyes on a certain goal, be it ever so high, and makes for it with all his strength, is pretty sure to rise above the difficulties that beset his path. This is true in the moral, as well as in the intellectual world.

To-day is going. Do in it all the good possible, for if it goes away blank of merit, it will have that record for eternity. Cheerfulness is a small virtue, it is true, but it sheds such a brightness around us in this life, that neither dark clouds nor rain can dispel its

happy influence.—E. V. B. Alexander.

Hard Work The Secret of Success. The young man who receives from kind and loving parents the opportunity of a high school or college education is more favored than perhaps he knows or appreciates. Education is a splendid weapon wherewith to fight the battle of life, and he who possesses it has an immense advantage over his less favored fellows who have to face the world, as it were, unarmed. Yet the boy who has had few or no opportunities for schooling need not be discouraged. Every community can show men who have wrested success from life under the most discouraging circumstances. The college-bred youth has not the whole field to himself, by any means. In every walk of life, and in every profession, men have succeeded whose early education was obtained not in school or academy save the school of hard work and the academy of the world.

The late Wilson Barrett, the eminent English actor, playwright, and manager is an example of one who rose to a foremost place in his chosen profession despite the handicap of a youth which knew little or no schooling. His death the other day makes his example apposite. At the age of thirteen we find him hard at work in the office of a wholesale corn merchant, who paid the lad six shillings a week. Out of this sum his parents allowed him two shillings and sixpence with which he was expected to clothe and feed himself. He had only a bed and a cupboard at home. His hours of labor were from seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night, with a half hour's rest for breakfast and another half-hour for lunch—the larger portion of which time he employed in reading whatever he could lay hands upon, especially anything about plays or the stage. Every cent that he could spare from his tiny weekly stipend, or could gain in any extra way, he spent on books. His duties at the corn merchant's were numerous and varied. He would carry money to the bank on foot and convey grain to a purchaser with a horse and cart, and more than once, when about fourteen, he actually lugged sacks of corn or flour for certain distances, the sacks often weighing two and a half hundred weight. About this time, when he used to have to go to the wharves for flour, the men, seeing him do men's work, put linchpins in his way, drove their teams into him, and jered at him. But he did not mind them. He kept on at his job in all weathers, although sometimes so thinly clad that he had his hands frozen.

When young Barrett was fourteen he begged his master to let him leave work at 8 o'clock for one evening in each week in order that he might attend evening school at a charge of twopenny. This request the merchant granted to him for about six weeks, but at the end of that time, finding that the boy was too much missed, he withdrew the permission. And this was the extent of the schooling of Wilson Barrett. Despite all this, however, he made a name and a place for himself in the world. And it is pleasing to recall that in a profession beset with unusual dangers and temptations his name was never associated with any scandal such as darkens the fame of so many actors.

Wilson Barrett's case is only one of many. We cite it here not to inspire all our young men to be actors, but simply to show how persistent and patient effort will succeed no matter how unfavorable and unfriendly the conditions of a boy's early years may be.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE.

The Crowning of Our Lady in Heaven.

THE PROVING OF JOSIE.

Mr. Wilcox made no favourites with his children and Josie knew that, whereas her sister was her mother's pet, her father's affections for them both was quite equal. If it were not so even she could not have found it out.

But that was all over now, and Josie, though she shed so few tears at his sudden death that her mother thought her heartless, grieved for her father with deep sorrow, missing him in every way so much. Mrs. Wilcox did not understand Josie, and it must be confessed, did not make much effort to do so, Veronica was to her so much more attractive and sympathetic.

Before Josie left the church that night she drew out a chain she always wore round her neck and kissed a medal of Our Lady which was on it. It had been blessed by the Holy Father, and Mr. Wilcox had brought it back from Rome, whither he had gone on a pilgrimage. She remembered his giving it to her, and her asking him—she was a child of ten then—if it would really help her to wear it, and his explanation reminded her of some words she had come across a few days before and which I will quote here: "We always try we are ever the too ready dupes of any one who pretends to have found some trouble-saving method of salvation; something we can get through with once for all and have done with it; some substitute for vigilance and tiresome perseverance and bitter mortification. We clutch eagerly at a miraculous medal and a scapular, an infallible prayer, a scapular, a novena, a pledge, a vow—all helps if rightly used as stimulants to greater exertion, greater vigilance and greater prayerfulness; but, if adopted as substitutes for labour, for the eternally necessary and indispensable means, no longer steps, but the most hurtful superstitions."

The act of kissing her medal that night was an outward sign of sorrow for much that was wrong, of neglected prayer, unwatchfulness and general laxity, as well as a heartfelt resolution for the present and for the future. If the grown was to be striven for she must work hard, endure being "proved" and in these labours and toils ever seek the help of her whose "continual prayer availeth much."

When Josie came home that evening

she found a stranger sitting with Mrs. Wilcox and Veronica.

"This is Miss Linton, Josie, who wrote to say she was coming this evening—in that letter you forgot to give me."

"I am so sorry, mother," said Josie in a gentler voice than that in which she had expressed her regret the first time.

Miss Linton was an American lady whose youthful face contrasted very much with her white hair. Josie shook hands with Miss Linton, who thought how different the sisters were. She had known Mrs. Wilcox many years ago and had lost sight of her since.

"If I had not gone to luncheon at my friend Mrs. Bray's at Richmond the other day, I should never have heard of you and all your happenings," said Miss Linton. "I wanted to come right away and see you, but I had to go to Brighton for two days, so wrote that I'd come to-night, and when I got no answer I thought I'd just come all this same."

"I am so delighted to see you," said Mrs. Wilcox, who had told Miss Linton all about her widowhood, loss of fortune, and search for work while Josie was in church. "You can understand now how anxious I am to get work. I must earn something, we cannot go on as we are doing, and the girls must have some more schooling."

"Yes, I see clearly how you are placed," said Miss Linton, "and if you asked my advice I should say come right away with me to Siena. I am going there next week, for I have an apartment there, and I'm going to work hard all winter, I can assure you, and it has just struck me that it would be ever so much better for you than being here in London, which is just overcrowded with people wanting work."

"I should love to go back to Italy," said Mrs. Wilcox, "for part of my youth was spent there, and I have always longed to return. Why do you say Siena? What chance should I have of work there?"

"Two questions, my dear lady, that are easy to answer; I wish everything was as easily explained," said Miss Linton, with a half sigh. "I suggest Siena to you because it's a very cheap place and one of the few in Italy where you can live all the year round. August is rather hot, but there's generally a lovely air all the time. I don't propose you going there on the chance of work, but that, strangely enough, I have a friend there who has written to ask me to get a governess for her little girl, just to teach her English."

"But would she want me to live in the house?"

"No; that's just the question that you could settle easily; she had rather have some one who could live out and give only half the day, and the pay she offers is not at all bad. You see for that you don't want any certificates and diplomas, only just your own language, and I dearest you know a little Italian, as you say you have lived in Italy."

"I used to know it a little when we lived in Milan, but a few it's very rusty. It sounds most delightful, Miss Linton; I hardly dare think that such good fortune should come so unexpectedly. I had almost given up hope."

"Well, you see, it's the unexpected that happens," said Miss Linton, "and she wants a Catholic, so that you will suit in that respect. Her name—my friend's name, I mean—is the Marchesa Amidei. She is a widow, with one little girl, and it will be just the thing for you, for as you have just the English lessons and the girls can go to a convent. I know a nice little apartment next door to me. Now, you think it over and let me know; you are coming to luncheon to-morrow."

"I need not do so, I can decide at once," said Mrs. Wilcox. "I think money would go further abroad, and I should be able to get lessons, as you say. I am too thankful for words, Miss Linton. Won't it lovely, girls?"

"Oh, mother, so lovely," said Veronica. "I should so like to see a new country."

"And this girl, what does she say?" asked Miss Linton, turning to Josie, whose eyes were shining with unexpressed joy. To her Italy was a dream she hardly had dared hope would ever be realized, and visions of pictures and sculptures, churches and lovely scenery and shrines passed quickly through her mind.

"I should like it so much," she said shyly. "I was reading about Siena lately, and the cathedral must be very beautiful."

"Certainly it will be delightful to live with beauty round us after this dreadful suburb," said Mrs. Wilcox. "I have always heard that Siena is very quaint and picturesque."

"The country round is charming," said Miss Linton. "Well, if you decide to come you'd best tag on to me, as I am starting in ten days. The Marchesa left the decision to me."

"So it was all settled, and the next days were very busy ones."

It was, indeed, a change from A—, with its sooty trees and smoke-darkened houses, and the bustling high-road, with its cheap shops, its noise and depressing ugliness, to be in the lovely medieval town, with its many palaces, its exquisite coloring, quaint streets, picturesque bits at every turn, and its all-changing lights. Above all, on the summit of a hill, was the tiger striped cathedral, its pillars of black and white marble, emblematical of purity and humility of her to whom the church is dedicated: its wonderful pavement, and gorgeous library, where the Pin-toriceo's frescoes are as fresh as when they were first painted. Josie, who loved all things beautiful, enjoyed it extremely in her silent, somewhat reserved way, and she felt a little thrill of pleasure when she looked up at the facade of the Duomo, all white and gold and black, under the bluest of skies and saw the brilliant mosaic of the coronation of our Lady, and she said to herself that it must remind her of that which she hoped never to forget.

In a very short time the girls and their mother had settled into a tiny

apartment which was next door to that of Miss Linton. Mrs. Wilcox spent her mornings with her pupil, and after a while she got some more teaching to do at the same convent to which the girls went. For a time at least their difficulties seemed to be smoothed away, and Mrs. Wilcox, though not an provident woman, did not cross bridges till she came to them, and felt now she need not be anxious, at least for the present.

One Sunday afternoon, a month after their arrival in Siena, the girls and their mother sat in their little drawing-room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ADVANCED CLASSES IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

The love of Christian Doctrine, proposed as the special intention for our prayers by the Apostleship this month, is an object to be referred to more than once in these columns. For what is much needed in our days is not alone a knowledge of Christian Doctrine but a real love for it. We need them both.

What more ennobling, what more beautiful, what more truly instructive, what indeed more necessary, than to know of God and of the things of God? All else is transitory; these are eternal. Of these facts, too, we are certain that they are really true.

Herein may be found the value of "advanced classes" in Christian Doctrine, as kept up in some parishes among the young people who, as children, have finished the small Catechism and have been confirmed. Such classes are of the greatest possible practical value in strengthening, broadening and developing that knowledge of the Church's teachings which the study of the small catechism in Sunday-school has given them. The instruction is in the form of lectures delivered by the priest, and it is so systematized and arranged that a four years' course corresponds to the course given at Catholic colleges and academies. In an advanced class such as this Sisters might be present to keep account of attendance and the like; and the students could have special seats reserved for them among the parishioners at Mass, thus giving much edification by their regular and reverent attendance. In our day when there is so much danger of young people being led astray by false notions, it is easy to see how important becomes special endeavor on the part of their elders to see that they have a clear knowledge and real love of Christian Doctrine, and may be able to impart it to others.

What a blessing for parents, priests and Sisters, to know and feel that they have done their part in keeping our noble youth in the path of truth and in the old eternal truths, and instilling into their minds a love for all the things that God commands and loves.—Sacred Heart Review.

A BEACH INCIDENT.

The recent sad accident at Atlantic City in which Life Guard Davis met his death in a heroic effort to save others was marked not only by the noble work of the beach physician and the life guards to resuscitate Davis, over whom they worked unceasingly for over an hour and a half, but here, as is usual, the Catholic priest was in evidence, alert to the duties of his holy calling. Shortly after the crowd had gathered around the dead or dying man, a tall and commanding figure in clerical attire approached. In the lines, spoke a few words to a policeman and passed down the beach to where the physicians and life guards were laboring to save a life. While some of the more thoughtless of the crowd were actuated by idle curiosity, and still others sought their pleasure and pastime, even shouting and throwing balls in the presence of the shadow of death, the priest, who had spoken to several of the guards and to the physician, and no doubt learned that the dying guard was a non-Catholic (as he was), stood with his hand in a naturally reverent attitude, which was not unnoticed even by the non-Catholics, who viewed the scene from the beach, the boardwalk and the steel pier, beside which the accident occurred.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF THE DAY OF ETERNITY, AND OF THE MISERIES OF THIS LIFE.

When shall I enjoy a solid peace, a peace never to be disturbed but always secure, a peace both within and without, and a peace every way firm. O good Jesus when shall I stand to behold Thee?

When shall I contemplate the glory of Thy kingdom? When will Thee be in all in all to me? Oh, when shall I be with Thee in Thy Kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for Thy beloved from all eternity?

I am left a poor and banished man in an enemy's country, where there are wars every day and very great misfortunes.

Comfort me in my banishment, assuage my sorrow, for all my desire is after Thee; and all that this world offers for my comfort is burdensome to me.

I long to enjoy Thee intimately, but cannot attain to it.

For a sex (says the Tablet) that has only six sacraments at its service (being excluded from Holy Orders) a Swiss girl who died the other day at Zurich may be said to have achieved an experience perhaps unique. On her deathbed, which was attended by a prelate, she was baptised, was confirmed, made her First Communion, was married to her attendant lover and received Extreme Unction.

Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt.

The Perfect Table Salt.

Windsor Salt

The Perfect Table Salt.

Only a Tea Kettle of Hot Water



is needed with Surprise Soap. Don't boil or scald the clothes. It isn't necessary. The clothes come out of the wash clear white, perfectly washed. The dirt drops out, is not rubbed in. Child's Play of Wash Day. Use Surprise the ordinary way, if you wish but we recommend a trial the Surprise way. Read the directions on the wrapper. Surprise is a pure hard Soap.

Clean Home Dyeing. You can dye perfectly and quickly at home now, in the modern way, with Maypole Soap, without disorder or uncertainty about the results you'll get. Maypole Soap is sold in all colors—they are absolutely fast and they are brilliant. It dyes to any shade. Leading Druggists sell it. Book all about it—free by applying to the Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal. Made in England but sold everywhere.

Maypole Soap

GOLD DOLLARS

AT FORTY CENTS EACH

DOES IT PAY TO BUY A CHATHAM INCUBATOR? Yes, better than it would to purchase Gold Dollars at forty cents each. You can get one of the CHATHAM 100 EGG INCUBATORS with BROODER to match for \$10.00 in 1905; \$10.00 in 1906 and \$11.00 in 1907, without interest. These machines will hatch and take care of as many chickens as ten hens. Ten hens will lay sufficient eggs to hatch and brood their chickens to pay during the time that it takes to hatch and brood their chickens to pay each yearly payment on Incubator and Brooder. Making a moderate estimate of the number of times that the above machine may be used, in each year, as four, you have forty dollars as the earnings, over and above what you would get from the old way, take off ten dollars which is the yearly payment for machine, and you will have left thirty dollars earned on the expenditure of ten—which is gold dollars at twenty-five cents instead of forty cents each. This is only one of the many cases of profit attainable from the use of the CHATHAM INCUBATOR. Head quarters for this district No. 9 Market Lane, LONDON, ONT.

Noble Thoughts.

As a contrast to the light and flippant tone in which too many young men are wont to speak of the other sex is the noble tribute from an eminent clergyman, who says: "I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me through my mother and sisters of the substantial integrity, purity and nobility of womanhood than for almost anything else in the world."

It is the glory of Christianity that it sanctifies all suffering and makes it sublime. The Church, as it has been remarked, attaches a value even to unconscious suffering, in the celebration of the feast of the Holy Innocents. In the scheme of God's provident goodness nothing is lost, but every sentient thing which is sacrificed to the machinery of the universe benefits the world and is never lost sight of.—Rev. D. J. Stafford.

Why go limping and whining about your corn when a 25 cent bottle of Holway's Corn Care will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

Cumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Do you have indigestion and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parke's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

Thorold Cement and Portland Cement. For building purposes of all kinds including Churches, Schools, Houses, Barn Walls and Floors, Silos, Root Houses, Cisterns, Pig Pens, Hon Houses and Sewers, Tile, Abutments and Piers for Bridges, Granolithic Sidewalks, in fact, for all work that it is possible to do with cement.

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FATHER KOENIG'S FREE

WINDSOR SALT. The Perfect Table Salt.

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SOUPERISM IN ROME.

The London Spectator charged as intolerant the Pope's complaint of the Protestant proselytizing that has been carried on in Rome and when shown how good a right the Pope had to complain, inasmuch as the method of turning the Romans into Protestants was not by appeals to reason and conscience, but by taking advantage of people's poverty and distress, and bringing them to doles and jobs.

On the titular "feast" of the Protestant "Chiesa Venti Settembre," from its windows and roof are rained down on the streets stripes of paper with mottoes abusing outrageously priests, monks, nuns, and even the Pope.

Roberto Palazzi, a native of Nemi, with his wife and four children, having come to Rome to look for work, failed so long to find any that he found himself and his family facing starvation, which some neighbors noticing, said to him: "Go to the Methodist; they will give you money and work."

Free night schools used to be another graft of the Methodists to make the pupils proselytes. But a more successful one, having fatter bribes, is the institute Crandon, a school and boarding school for middle-class girls. The fees are very low, or nil, and the Methodist promise to try to find a position for every pupil.

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A METHOD OF RESTORING LIFE IN THOSE APPARENTLY DEAD.

In several articles on "Real and Apparent Death in Relation to the Holy Sacraments" we said: 1. That in newly-born babes there is no sure sign of death except incipient putrefaction. 2. That in adults, besides putrefaction, possibly cadaveric stiffness may be assumed as such a sign.

As there is a possibility of bringing all such patients back to life, a physician in the first place ought to make efforts for that purpose; but as physicians are not always on hand, and as the tongue traction method by which those apparently dead may be brought back to life is exceedingly simple, we give it here for the information of our readers.

Open the mouth of the apparently dead person by means of a knife-handle or a small stick. Then grasp the tongue with thumb and forefinger of the right hand. Pull out the tongue and release

it some twenty times a minute and keep at it for an hour to three hours or even longer. In order not to injure the tongue, a piece of soft cloth ought to be wrapped around it, or better still, a pair of pliers made expressly for this purpose ought to be used.

From experience it seems that this new method of working the tongue has a better effect than the old way of working the arms up and down, though the old way is not to be despised. A line-man in the writer's neighborhood, who had come in contact with a live wire, was brought back to life after twelve hours' work in the old style.

As the technique of these rhythmic tractions of the tongue is so simple, it should be known by everybody and practiced upon every one who has died suddenly. In any of the above mentioned cases no interment should take place before this method has been applied for three or more hours. The work is of course tedious; but why should there not be in each community the recently invented instruments that perform the rhythmic tractions of the tongue automatically. The instrument is not costly, as Dr. Laborde showed before the Academy of Medicine at Paris on Jan. 30, 1903, and it requires but one man to set it in motion and watch results. Thus a corpse might be treated for a whole night or even for a whole day to make sure of real death.

Should sudden death overtake one of our beloved ones, we ought to refuse to let burial take place before the application of at least one of the above methods has shown that death has surely set in. And it should be noted that a treatment of at least three hours should be employed. "The corpse to be treated as a sick patient to be restored to health."

The line-man mentioned above was operated on by deputy sheriff. A friend of the unfortunate man rushed in and attacked the sheriff and wanted him to discontinue. But he kept on and saved the patient's life.

Let therefore no one think it unbecoming to try to revive an apparently dead person, or that it is useless to call a priest. Every priest in such circumstances is bound either by charity, or if a pastor by justice, to administer the last sacraments so long as there is even a bare possibility that the patient may derive benefit therefrom. "Sacramenta propter homines."

Father Ferreres, S. J., in Razon y Fe, to whom we are mainly indebted for the subject matter of this paper, winds up his long but interesting article on real and apparent death by expressing the wish that some one more competent than he would publish a book on the subject and that its contents be made known everywhere. Such a book would be a godsend; but besides a learned treatise on the subject, we should also welcome a short plain instruction for the people at a sufficiently low price to find a ready sale among the masses.—The Review, St. Louis.

INFALLIBILITY NOT IMPECCABILITY.

A respected subscriber (Lancaster) is troubled by a controversialist who rakes up the early troubles of the Church, in its long struggle with secular princes, in order to find flaws in the glorious record. To us he appeals on the subject. If he have any means of getting hold of Ranko's History of the Papacy, he will find some very useful character of several Popes was not above reproach, but taking the long line of Pontiffs—more than 250—the surprising thing is that there were so very few to whom blame is justly attributable. They were all men, and therefore liable to the weaknesses of the race; but rare, indeed, are the examples of those who did not realize their exalted office and the sanctity that attaches to it by reason of its divine institution. As regards those Popes he names, much calumny has been written. Luitprand, a virulent writer of the Middle Ages, accused Sergius III. of many sins of which other contemporary historians declared him innocent. Floodard and Deacon John represent him as a kind and active Pontiff, and a restorer of ecclesiastical discipline. Innocent III. had been a loose liver in his youth and had married, but on the death of his wife he reformed, entered the ecclesiastical state and won the general esteem so that he was elected Pope. The same objection might be urged against St. Augustine as against Pope Innocent. It was his success in effecting a reconciliation between the ancient enemies, the powerful lords of the Colonna and Orsini, that caused him to be styled by the "Father of his country." Alexander VI. was a man of bad character before his election, and it is said bribery was the means used to procure that election. But his enemies have painted him in colors so as to spoil the effect of their own work. Roscoe, an eminent Protestant historian, has cleared his name of many things falsely laid to charge and shown him to have been at least a great statesman.

There is no better argument to be found relative to this much misunderstood question than that contained in Archbishop Kenrick's monumental work, "The Primacy of Peter." The kernel of his contention is contained in the following passage: "We need not be surprised that daring and licentious men, under such circumstances (namely, the attempts to rule the Apostolic See) were sometimes seen to occupy the highest places in the Church; but we must admire the overruling providence of God, which preserved the succession of Chief Pastors and gave from time to time bright examples of Christian virtues. The annals of those ages menaced, indeed, with destruction the Church which drifted like a shattered vessel whose pilot had no power or care to direct her course, whilst waves on waves dashed over her and no light beamed on her but the lightning flash, as bolt after bolt struck her masts; but He Who controls the tempest slept within her, and in His own good time He bade her

KEEPER OF THE TRUTH.

Christ wished all men to be saved and to be brought to a knowledge of the truth. His Church exclaims: I live from century to century. I have the gift of infallibility; and by the power of the Holy Spirit abiding in me, I have the ability to say what is of the divine deposit of truth and what is not. The spirit of the Catholic Church is possessed with jealous care of God's truth, and defends it like a lion. When questions arise, and there is a necessity for divine teaching, God sends up extraordinary men to do the work.

Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. B., for many years Prefect of English studies at St. Joseph's University, has accepted the position of associate editor of the Ave Maria. The New Freeman rightly says that as a writer of prose Father O'Neill has few equals in this country and as a poet he has received his mead of praise.

CATHOLIC DOCTOR.—We have been advised that there is a good opening for a Catholic doctor in the village of Quyon, Que. One who looks upon a location would do well to take a trip there.

AN OTTAWA IRISH CATHOLIC.

Amongst the most prominent Irish Catholics of the Capital city is Mr. Charles Murphy, barrister, who has been appointed solicitor of the Improvement Commission. The Ottawa Evening Journal of 19th last contains the following sketch of his career:

One of the first acts of the Ottawa Improvement Commission was the appointment of Mr. Charles Murphy as its solicitor. Mr. Murphy is a native of this city. He received his preliminary education in the St. Patrick schools and Colleges in this city. He afterwards graduated with the degree of B. A. from Ottawa University where in his final year he was the holder of the first prize in the best thesis in Philosophy. While at this University Mr. Murphy's activities were many and varied. His efforts were mainly in the establishment of the Debating Society, an indoor ice rink, the Ottawa Hockey Club, the winning of the championships held by the Varsity football team, and the organization of the University Athletic Association of which he was chosen the first president.

Having chosen law as his profession, Mr. Murphy became articled to Mr. A. F. McInnes, K. C., and upon the completion of his article he was called to the bar at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. He immediately entered upon his legal career and within a few years he has succeeded in building up a fine general practice. In the past he has been solicitor for a number of leading companies and mercantile firms and he has for several years acted as solicitor for the Children's Aid Society.

From boyhood Mr. Murphy has been an active Liberal. He has held the party's vacant service in a variety of offices extending from that of ward chairman to president of the Ottawa Liberal Education League. The Ottawa Liberal Convention in 1900 he was proposed for nomination as one of the party candidates, and although not seeking the honor he was elected upon the first ballot with the gentleman who is the representative from Eastern Ontario on the executive of the Ontario Reform Association. Mr. Murphy's activities as a member of the government Mr. Murphy's name was frequently published as the secretary of the commission, and he received the Dominion States and his numerous friends as well as a loss to understand why the appointment was not given to him.

The practical work in which the Commission is engaged is a subject to which Mr. Murphy has devoted considerable attention. The Commission has undertaken the beautifying of the city. Mr. Murphy, in his capacity as a landscape architect, and outlined at the same time the probable scope of the Commission's labors, in order to realize Sir William Laurier's wish that the beautifying of Ottawa should be a subject to which Mr. Murphy has devoted considerable attention. The Commission has undertaken the beautifying of the city. Mr. Murphy, in his capacity as a landscape architect, and outlined at the same time the probable scope of the Commission's labors, in order to realize Sir William Laurier's wish that the beautifying of Ottawa should be a subject to which Mr. Murphy has devoted considerable attention.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

Mr. Matthew J. Butler, C. E., LL. B., of Montreal, who has received the appointment of assistant chief engineer of construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and is chief engineer of the company's construction of their present line. Mr. Butler is a son of the late Mr. M. E. J. Butler of this city. He is forty-eight years of age. Mr. Butler graduated as an engineer from the University, and also passed his examination in law at Chicago. He is a member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, the American Society of Civil Engineers, and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He has been some years with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and is now chief engineer of the company's construction of their present line. Mr. Butler is a son of the late Mr. M. E. J. Butler of this city. He is forty-eight years of age. Mr. Butler graduated as an engineer from the University, and also passed his examination in law at Chicago.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 124, Biddulph, a resolution of commendation was unanimously adopted and presented to Bro. P. H. Bennett on the death of his brother, William. May their souls rest in peace!

A. O. H.

The A. O. H. Division No. 1, Hamilton, Ont., at its last regular meeting passed a resolution of condolence—moved by Bro. P. Carroll, seconded by Bro. Nicholas McKinnon—for the family of their late brother, Wm. Dudley, R. I. P.

Death of a Religieuse.

The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the House of Providence, Dundas, earnestly recommended to the prayers of our readers the soul of Sister M. Angeline Drake, who departed this life on Sept. 10, after having had the happiness of receiving the Sacraments of our Holy Mother the Church. The deceased Sister was in the thirty-eighth year of her age and the twenty-third of her religious life. May she rest in peace!

THE QUESTION-BOX ANSWERS.

BY REV. BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C. S. P. NEW YORK. Catholic Book Exchange. Father Bertrand Conway has collected from many sources the questions proposed by non-Catholics at the missions given by the enterprising Paulist Fathers to those earnest seekers after truth who are outside the true Fold of Christ. These questions cover the entire field of religious truth, and deal not merely with dogmas as such, but with many points of history and of church discipline. The answers are, in the very large majority of cases complete and conclusive. It is no exaggeration to say that every Catholic and every non-Catholic in the English-speaking world will find in the book both interesting and instructive, and we trust that the leading members, both among clergy and laity, will spread the book generously and unsparingly.—Donohoe's Magazine. For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD Office. Price 20 cts.

MARRIED.

McDEVITT DOHERTY.—At St. John the Evangelist Church, Centreville, by the Rev. Father Richard M. Egan, Father O'Sullivan, Mr. Michael Finn to Miss Lizzie Burke, both of Carden.

DIED.

LYNCH.—At Belleville, on Sept. 18, Mr. John J. Lynch, son of the late Philip P. Lynch, of Belleville, aged thirty-four years. May he rest in peace!

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THE DECLINE

A few weeks ago the decline of New England, despite the allegiance of and was the home of the nation, it had that it is a factor among also against of progress But the other Tufts College twelfth and

"But I am doing more than anything else something more of these our own age, even all of us a some of the reckon as a world. Education in its humanity was

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