The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 16, 1907.

MISS CORELLI'S STANDING. In the latest number of the Ladies'

Home Journal, the distinguished critic. Mr. H. W. Mabie, says:

"Miss Marie Corelli's works, although widely read, are not regarded as belonging to the literature of fiction by the great majority of well-informed readers: they lack both the substance and the form of literature in the strict sense of the word. They are full of unreality, of exaggeration, of senti-mentality."

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The attitude of many people who know and love the work of the great writers of fiction is best expressed by Thackeray's answer to an American who asked what they thought in England of the works of a certain popular American novelist: "They do not think of her at all."

We commend the quotation to readers who question us anent M. Corelli's standing as an author.

THE CARTOON NUISANCE.

The vulgar and pointless cartoon may well be left to the gutter press. of a reputable newspaper, and has ments as false as they are absurd were as much effect as abuse of political examined. opponents. If we are sincere in our pleadings for reverence for authority Canadians of Quebec as "the most rewe should respect those who are in authority. We may be at variance He offers nothing to substantiate this with them on certain questions, but personality be attacked by any weapon that may be fashioned by prejudice. We should give no quarter to cartoonists who pencil vulgarities and incide tally manifest their lack of taste and their contempt for the public. And, perchance, we may hear editors dis cussing current issues on their merits, and marvelling, as they survey the past, that newspapers redolent of the odor of vilification should ever have found a market.

THE CRITIC PAROCHIAL.

The " critic," a parochial nuisance, is, as a rule, a worldly Catholic. Lavish, to the verge of extravagance, with words, he is notoriously careful of his money. His mouth is open always: his pocket seldom. He rails at Catholic papers because they are "slow," and reads the Police Gazette and Puck in the barber shops. He does not see self has hazy notions on the matter. eye to eye with his superiors on the But this we know, that in everything question of education. He sees no that redounds to the good of Canada harm in the Y. M. C. A. or any other the French Canadian plays no insigni the French Canadian plays no insigni ficant role. And this assertion is based organization not under the auspices of the Church. The chief trouble with him is that he does not say his prayers. He has no conception of the reverence due to authority, and does not mind his own business, because, as a humorist has put it, "he has no business to mind. He has no business to mind. He has no business to mind if mind. He has no business to mind if he had a mind to mind it, and no mind to mind his business if he had any business to mind."

THE HUMAN SCORPION.

A correspondent asks us to devote some attention to those of whom it is written: "The whisperer and double. tongued is accursed for he hath troubled many that were at peace."

We may accede to the request in our own poor way, but to eliminate the gabblers is beyond our powers. Would that we could deport them to some faraway island and leave them for aye, to spit their venom into the ocean.

Our readers know that the talkers are, in their own estimation, careful dispensers of words. So the difficulty is to get under their self-conceit, to strip them of the clothes of hypocrisy and to show them how far they are from Christian living. An attempt to do this calls for more than ordinary courage, and we dare say that the average citizen would rather prefer to storm a battery than to tell a gabbler that the death of a wicked tongue is a most evil death: and hell is preferable to it." For they are "pious," that is, they have piety's trappings, such as beads, big prayer-books, membership in sodalities. They have the shadow, but not the substance of piety. They are Christians, but they do not seem to know the meaning of Christianity. But they have a title not coveted by the true Christian - the title of scandal monger-of defiler of their own souls, and disquieter of many. They spend their lives in cess pools, chuckling whenever they fish out offal that can

For instance, he refers to the French actionary element in the Dominion." acquaintance with Canadian history for the crown of justice." would have preserved him from this slop over.'

He says the French Canadians are under the domination of clerical rule." Another assertion, and one that is used the world over by bigots in speaking of a Catholic people. Again he tells us that French Cana-

We, who are not blessed with the easy credulity of the writer, look for a with a back bone. justification of this charge. But again we have but an unsupported assertion. We wonder who gave him all this mis information? Certain it is, however, that he has not the most elementary ideas of fair play and that some practi cal jokers must have had great fun with him. What "modern ideas" may mean to him we are unable to conjecture. We venture to say that he himsection of the Dominion. But because it is Catholic to the core it is a target for the narrow-minded who are not content to exercise their own religion unless they can also trouble the religion of others. We are also of the opinion that Canadians can take care of the good name of Canada. We are not so destitute of energy as to need the aid of a scribbler who is a stranger to the scholarship whose badge is accuracy, and to the spirit of tolerance which springs from Christian charity.

HOPE FOR MR. FYFE.

Says Mr. H. Fyfe: "When an American, in London, assured me that in the matter of 'graft' the United States were a fool to Canada I smiled. But if anyone made that same remark to me now, and if again I smiled, it would not be a smile of indulgent credulity; it would be a mask to hide shame."

Melodramatic indeed. Is he not taking himself too seriously? But when we see the blush of shame mantling his brow for being an echo of the bigot, we may be able to bear his preachments with more equanimity. There are things as foul as political corruption. And one of them, if we may point out to Mr. Fyfe, is calumny.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

We believe that were he to visit the French Canadians he would have many a memory of graceful courtesy, of firesides sanctified by religion, of many things which indicate that the heart of our fellow citizens is sound. He would find that the French-Canadian does his own political thinking. And

Scotia Methodist Conference, and a "yellow" weekly, ever made his way into the columns of the Nineteenth Century. Mayhap the editor was ab and indulgences for all who use it in a conference that the reduced to zero. Granting that whilst the Christian world is agreed on central verities of faith, its many fractions are severed in relations to matters of grave import. Mr. Gladstone still urges that It is out of place in the pages sent when this article containing state proper manner. St. John Chrysostom says: " Never leave your house without making the sign of the cross. It will be to you a staff, a weapon, an impregnable fortress. Neither man nor demon will dare to attack you, seeing you covered with such powerful assertion, thinking, we presume, that armour. Let this sign teach you that the authority vested in them should his readers are either as ignorant or you are a soldier, ready to combat neither be aspersed nor should their prejudiced as he is. A bowing against the demons, and ready to fight

We do not speak of those who are ashamed to make the sign of the cross, because cowards and traitors cannot be dealt with satisfactorily in these columns. Their shame of the symbol of their redemption shows far better than we can what poverty-stricken manhood is theirs. And so far from gaining anything by their cowardice dians are "opposed to all modern ideas." they forfeit the respect of every man

GLADSTONE AND ROME.

THE GREAT STATESMAN'S ATTITUDE

TOWARDS CATHOLICITY.

The correspondence which lately appeared in the English press on Mr. Gladstone's attitude toward the Roman See whetted my curiosity, says a writer in the Liverpool Times, to know what was the view of the Catholic position and of the unity of the Christian system as a whole taken by this great and earnestly religious man. A rapid review, guided by memory and past reading of his career and his pro-nouncements on religious subjects left Mr. Gladstone was a voluminious writer, he was diffuse, so that it is far from being an easy matter to judge and lay down with accuracy the lines of thought he followed in forming his inmost convictions of the claims and the dictates of Christianity. But it is difficult to distinguish between them seems to me that the two articles which he contributes to the Nineteenth Century in the year of 1877 enable the reader of his writings better enable the reader of his writing better perhaps than anything else he has written to see what was his exact stand-point. In noticing a work by Sir George Cornwall Lewis on "The Influ-ence of Authority in Matters of Opin-ion" he cuts, it would appear, at the root of the Protestant doctrine of pri-vate interpretation. Man, he points out, is bound to accept authority. Few are able to investigate antiects for out, is bound to accept authority. Few are able to investigate subjects for themselves. The largest part even of civilized nations in the greater proposition the subjects that pass through the mind or touch the ceurse of common action have only a vague, unverified it passion that the multitudy or the beautiful so and so that they had better at and think accordingly. The paramount law of allegiance to objective truth, commonly dealing with probable evidence, binds us to take not the evidence with which we ourselves have most to do, but that we ourselves have most to do, but that which, whether our own or not, offers the smallest among the several likelihoods of error. The common cases of opposition lie not between authority and reasonable conviction, but between authority and fancy; authority and lame, or weak, or hasty, or shallow, processes of the mind; authority and sheer self conceit, or headstrong or indolent self-love.

AUTHORITY IN RELIGION. Having recognized that it prevails in ecular matters, Mr. Gladstone holds that the principle of authority is applicable to the subject of religion. The verdict of mankind in its most enlight ened portions has been in favor of Christianity because of the elevation of its morality. The Coristian morality gathering together the fragments of the be hawked around the neighborhood.
And yet they are sorupulous, with a nice taste for sermons and confessors.

They murmur soulfully about their con
They murmur sou

science, and yet use their neighbors reputation for mud-pies. We give them up. They are either monomaniacs or hypocrites. We can do no more for our correspondent save to remind him that the Bible declares: "The tale-bearer shall be hated by ait."

THE JUGGLERS.

An observer would be warranted in the new world. At all events any statement anent the French, emanating from some districts of "progressive of the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was found in that high and severe doctrine of marriage, against which, it may be predicted, the anti Christian spirit will direct its great attack, encouraged by preliminary operations in the legislative recognition of divorce.

An observer would be warranted in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and prechability was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and pre up. They are either monomaniacs or hypocrites. We can do no more for our correspondent save to remind him that the Bible declares: "The tale-bearer shall be hated by ait."

THE "PURE POLITICS" MAN.

An observer would be warranted in thinking that, for many of us, the makther of the areas is a lost ity must in reason be understood to in-In the Nineteenth Century, for October, there is an article "The Pare Politics' campaign in Canada," by H. Hamilton Fyfe. It is merely an echo of cries that have been heard in Canada these many mons past. "Graft," "rake off," the doings of disreputable politicians — the homelies of the man with the "muck-rake" are declaimed vehemently, if not gracefully. But we fail to see why we should pay for satiquated yarns. We are also unable to discern any merit in the common place admonitions of the writer. And ware at a loss to undestand how and why an individual, with stories told him here and there, quotations from the pastoral address of the Nova Sootia Methodist Conference, and a "the latter of the pastoral address of the Nova Sootia Methodist Conference, and a "track of the man thinking that, for many of us, the mak ing of the cross is a lost to doctrine, contending that Christian lot of doctrine, contending that Christian lity must in reason be understood to include a doctrinal as well as a moral system, that is, a body of truths has its foremost expression in the Creeds. He had personal grudge against it, and with perhaps a "the baby slept well last night, thank you," go through a few motions and then frow frow their way into church.

It is well to remember that, as a will as a moral system, that is, a body of truths has its foremost expression in the Creeds. He had personal grudge against it, and with perhaps a "the baby slept well last night, thank you," go through a few motions and then frow frow their way into church.

It is well to remember that, as a religious symbol, the sign of the cross is a lost to doctrine, contending that Christian ity must in reason be understood to include a doctrinal as well as a moral system, that is, a body of truths has its foremost expression in the Creeds. He had personal grudge against it, and with perhaps a "the baby slept well last night, thank you," go through a few motions of the vast body of continued and work of Christian. This body of truths has its foremost expression the authority of each of those fractions, without being final, is real and weighty for those who belong to it, and that they ought not to depart, except upon serious and humble examination, as well as clear conviction from the religion they have been brought up to profess.

GLADSTONE AND CATHOLICITY.

From this presentation of Mr. Glad-

From this presentation of Mr. Glad-stone's view of Christianity, one gath-ers that certain central Christian doctrines once received, he thought the authority of numbers should have a strong but not an absolutely determined influence on the mind in deciding what forms of creed should be accepted. As in politics a man is to argue and examine and guide himself by the compass of reason, so in religion he is to take account of every consideration that offers itself, but he is to attach special weight to opinions of large bodies of fellow believers. But what of the largest body of all—the Catholics? Does Mr. Gladstone con-sider that their agreement in doctrine should have a special value? Apparently not. He felt, no doubt, that the existence of a Church embracing so many people and finding world-wide recognition is in itself a powerful argument for Christianity, but he maintains that incompany at the Pope's ex Cathedra. that inasmuch as the Pope's ex Cathedra declarations on faith and morals are regarded by Catholics as the final rule of belief, the truth seeker is not helped in that case by cumultive and there-fore authoritative wisdow. It is clear that Mr Gladstone thought our Lord's words and meaning are plain, did not believe in the appointment by Christ of a living head for his Church and of the establishment thereby of an undevithe establishment thereby of an indextanger at ing standard of doctrinal purity. It is singular that a man of such intellectual ability, who was accustomed to close inspection and analysis of everyday facts, could succeed in convincing himof the God-head, which had not been denied by one Christian sect or another and since his death we have seen how outside the Catholic Church d gma has been so completely watered dow away by many of the sectarians that it

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

The Holy Catholic Church is declared in the 9th article of the Apos-tles Creed to be the "Communion of Saints." The Church on the lat of tles Creed to be the "Communion of Saints." The Church on the 1st of November, each year, in every part of but five Gaelic pieces to seven in November, each year, in every part the world commemorates the feast of Saxon; whereas in the current summer All Saints. It is a wonderful day of Catholic devotion. Look into ordinary Gaelic to four English, and one of the handbooks of devotion and on each day English pieces is a critical note ap-you will find two or three or perhaps a pended to a long Gaelic ballad. larger number of saints whose com memoration in this or that place, is mentioned. But go to the Roman martyrology and see how great an array of saints there are for each day of the year. And how many are there who, on each day of the year, have finished their course on earth, and been already received into the Beatific. Vision, who are not recorded in the Roman Martyrology? All this day morning. Mighty and wonderful are they, for those who have the faith to invoke them, because they are dear to our Lord Who has ransomed each one of them. Wonderfully great are the benefits wo may obtain by earnestly commending ourselves to each and all of this white reals. troduced in a modified form in the last commending ourselves to each and all of this white-robed army, who through exceedingly great trials have passed and won their crowns. Bought by the Blood of the Redeemer, true and heroic in fidelity to him in the perverse generations in which they lived, their intercession on behalf of those who invoke their aid cannot fall to be efficiency. The degree those who invoke their aid cannot fail to be efficacious. The dogma of the communion of Saints is a sweet and most consoling doctrine of our holy religion. By it we who are now pursu ing our pilgrimage on earth, contend-ing with the passions of corrupt nature, the evil influences of manifold vicious

witnesses over us," watch with eagorness our successes and failures amid the trials of life, interceding for us all before the throne of grace.—Intermountain Catholic.

GUTH NA BLAIDHNA.

and one of the ab est literary organs of the Gaelic movement. At first sight it might seem that this vigorous sight it might seem that this vigorous journal was engaged in the bazardous task of working at once for two very distinct and different objects, combining the religious zeal and loyalty of a magazine like the Month with the literary patriotism of such an organ as The Celtic Review. But a closer acquaintance with its pages would suffice to show that for the editor and the other writers in Guth na Bliadhna the two causes are so that the link that unites them is an elequent profession of Gae ic patriotism and Catholic piety. The most attractive English article in the number is the Rev. George Calder's account of Duncan Ban Machintyre, the Bard of Glenorchy, though there are some striking observations in the historical paper on "Former Gaelic Movements." But, as is only natural, the best part of the journal must be sought in its Gaelic pages. added and the other writers in Guth a Bliadhna the two causes are so closely linked together as to be almost identical. For these men, at any rate, the Catholicism of the Gaidhea! rate, the Catholicism of the Gaidhealteachd is at once a first principle of
their faith and the main object of
their policy. In the golden days of
Highland history the whole nation
was intensely Catholic. Protestant
ism was an alien element brought in
by the Sassenach; and the life, the
independence, the national customs of ism was an alien element brought in by the Sassenach; and the life, the independence, the national customs of the Gael faded with the downfall of his ancient faith. And to this day, when Celtic scholars wish to find the purest and most faithful forms of the old Gaelic customs and literary tradi-tions, they naturally betake them-selves to the intensely Catholic popu-lation of the Western Islos. Facts like these may well make us rememlike these may well make us remember that in Irish Gaelic the word Gaedheal means a Catholic. From this point of view it is obvious that to spread the Catholic faith is to bring back the olden glory of the Highlands, while on the other hand the study of Gaelic history and the cultivation of Gaelic customs and traditions should

help in a movement of Catholic revival. Even apart from those who, like the present writer, are in sympathy with the whole policy of this Highland organ, religious, political and literary, "Do not, therefore, be deceived nor there must be many, we imagine, who will find some source of satisfaction in the pages of Guth na Bliadh a. The Catholic who is not a Gael may care little for its linguistic and nationalist policy, but he must be gratified to find this vigorous journal fighting the battle of the faith in the Scottish Highlands. On the other hand, the Gael who is not a Catholic will naturally oppose its re-ligious policy, but he can hardly fail to find some satisfaction in the good work the little magazine is doing for the na-tional language and literature. And the Celtic student who may possibly have little sympathy with either the religious or the national aims of the editor and his colleagues may yet de-light in the literary merits of their work and in the fresh light thrown on the neglected pages of Highland his-

In the present year some improvements have been made in the appearance of the magazine. And it may be noted that the price of a single number has been raised from one shilling to two. But the annual subscription for the foregraph and the subscription for the subscription f the four quarterly numbers is still no more than five shillings. The journal is still bilingual. But one of the most noteworthy signs of improvement may be seen in the growing predominance of the Gaelic element. This is seen at once in the title which is now given in Gaelic alone, and not as in other years in both languages. And it may be re-marked that the majority of the articles

The ballad in question, "Dan Liuir" by sand girls, who or the Lay of Liur, should have a special interest for students of Ossianic literature, and it has with all other literary associations. For the hero of the story is to be identified with the Lir of Irish legend, known to most readers by one of Moore's Melodies, and with the King Lear of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy. The Gaelic text of this genuine Ossianic ballad is

from oral recitation."

An interest of a different kind attaches to another and more modern poem printed in the current Guth na Bliadhna, to wit the "Oran a' Chreidimh," or "Song of the Faith." For the

I met a lady, a Mrs. MacLeod, who claimed that she knew the whole of it. I sent it to you as I got it from her."

A Catholic editorial note adds that the

As our readers may remember, we have already had occasion to speak of the excellent work done in the past few years by our Highland contemporary—Guth na Bliadhna, which is at once a militant Catholic magszine and one of the ab'est literary organs of the Gaelic movement. At first sight it might seem that this vigorous that the link that unites them is an that the link that unites them is ap

> must be sought in its Gaelic pages, the opening paper, 'An Gaidheal an Canada,'' deals with Father Archibald Campbell's important mission to his countrymen in Canada. The Hon. R. tributes an interesting and instructive study on the origin of some of the old Gaelic proverbs, "Mar a dh' Ei eirich cuid de pa Sean Fhocail." It is to be hoped that the writer may be able to fulfil his conditional promise of dealing with other old sayings in a future number.—Rev. W. H. Kent, in The Tablet.

FOR THE MISGUIDED FEW.

While it is difficult to believe that any considerable number of Catholics in this country are ignorant that Free masonry is a prohibited society, and that to become a member thereof is simply an act of apostasy, the following passages from a recent pastoral by the Archbishop of Caracas may be of

allow yourselves to be deceived. It is impossible to be a Mason and a Cath-olic at one and the same time. The Mason is formally cut off from the Caurch; such is the import of the ex-communication which he bears with communication which he bears with him. It is of no account that many among them declare that they are Catholics though Masons, because the Church is ignorant of the true principles of Freemasonry; this pastoral points out clearly to you that the Church has never been mistaken concerning the character and nature of cerning the character and nature of that association, as it is never mistaken in whatever appertains to the exercise of its divine mission. Private judg-ment cannot determine who is of the Church and who is not; this is a judgment that alone belongs to the divine authority of that very Church, and this

when compelled to make the abjuration exacted by their confessor at the hour of death, usually replied: "I have not found any evil in Masonry," is no longer now possible.

A Defiant Atheist Stricken.

Amos Clarke, aged forty, a farmer living on the Lewiston reservoir, near Ada, Ohio, was struck dead in his front

yard Saturday last.

Clarke has been known as an atheist for years, and in the presence of his family and several neighbors had said Supreme Being to punish him. No sooner had the words left his lips than he was stricken and died a few minutes

His family is composed of Christian boys and girls, who have been trained

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The three weeks mission by Passionst Fathers at St. Edward's Church, Philadelphia, closed on Sunday evening, when Father Alexis delivered the closing lecture to non Catholics. As a result of these discourses thirty one large inquiry class is still engaged in

studying the doctrines of the Church. It will surprise many people to know of the great detective agency) was a graduate of Notre Dame University. A writer in the Notre Drme Scholastic says of him: "Robert Pinkerton was a just, benevolent man. He probably released and gave a new start in life to more offenders than he sent to prison.

Miss Florence Lyman, who died the other day in her native Boston, and who was a convert to the true faith, left \$235,000 to Catholic works of piety

There is no burden we may not lift. no cross we may not carry, no we may not climb, no gloom of sorrow or tribulation we may not traverse, holding fast to the out-stretched hand

NOVEMBER 16,

self up erect, and put

"Ah, you know it, God bless you! Put the Luke placed his habroad palm. The old

" Put down the se

LUKE DELMEGE.

BY THE REV P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR *MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: BTUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DAGON DISMEMBERED. The last words of Father Cussen in the library at Seaview Cottage may be said to have commenced Luke Delmege's Illumination. The world's catchwords seemed to have lost all meaning in the appeal to God. He be gan to understand how divine was the vocation of the Church in its mission to the individual, and how sublime was gan to understand how divine was the vocation of the Church in its mission to the individual, and how sublime was her carelessness under that form of government she worked, so long as she was not interfered with in her quest after human souls. Side by side with this conviction there grew up the perception that his own race were following out this divine apostolate in secret and hidden ways. Sometimes, when entering a city convent, he would meet a batch of nuns just returned from Benin, or a young Irish Sister just about to start for Java. And they thought no more of the journey and its hardships than if it were a picnic to some picturesque spot on the Shannou. And he found the entire burden of their conversation was the souls of black, nude niggers, whom modern imperialism would gladly blow into space with lyddite and dynamite, or corrupt and corrode into disease and death by the agencies of modern civilization. And when these young martyr apostles left, they left behind them the divine contagion; and little Irish children, who, perhaps, themselves were in want tagion; and little Irish children, who, perhaps, themselves were in want of bread, brought their half-pennies to of bread, brought their nail-pennies to the treasury of the convent, "to buy a black baby for God." And Luke's heart often wailed aloud, because he had turned his back once and forever on the same divine vocation; and his conscience murmured more than once,
Idiota! Idiota! But he gained two facts
by experience: (1) That the individual soul was everything to the Church
and God; and (2) that the feined and
fictitious watchwords of the new gospel
of humanity were the unspoken but
well-fulfilled vows of his own race.
"The horse-leech hath two daughters
which say, Give! give!" But "renunciation" is the motto of the
appetites of his race. the same divine vocation; and his con apostles of his race.

So, too, there began to dawn upon tim, steatthily and insensibly, the narvellous beauties even of the most him. marvellous beauties even of the most commonplace landscapes of Ireland. The very solitude, which had oppressed him with such lonely and mel ncholy feelings, began to assume a strange and singular charm. There was a and singular charm. There was a mysterious light over everything that gave an a pect of dreamland and enchantment, or of old, far off times, even to the long, lonely fields, or the dark, sullen bogland. He could not well define it—There was some associations of the could be supported by the could be sup tion haunting everything, inexpressibly sweet, but so vague, so elusive, he could not define what it was. The fields could not define what it was. The neture in the twilight had a curious colour or cloudland hanging over them, that reminded him of something sweet and beautiful and far away; but this, beautiful and far away; but this, memory or imagination could never seize and hold. And when, on one of these gray days, which are so lovely in Ireland, as the light falls sombre and neutral on all things, a plover would shrick across the moorland, or a curlew would rise up and beat his lonely way, complaining and afraid, across the ashen sky, Luke would feel that he had seen it all before in some waking dream asnen sky, Luke would leel that he had seen it all before in some waking dream of childhood; but all associations had vanished. The magic of Nature alone remained. But the mountains, the mountains haunted him perpetually. mountains haunted him perpetually. He never rose in the morning without asking, How will my mountains look to day? And whither the great Artist had drawn them far away in a beautiful mist of pencilled shadow, and they leaned, like a cloud, on the horizon; or brought them no close and defiant. brought them blue black faces seamed their blue black faces seamed and jagged, where the yellow torrents had rn off the soft peat covering and left the yellow loam and red pebbles dis-tinctly visible, the same dim, haunting memories hung around them, and he asked himself a hundred times, Where have I seen all this before? And how does Nature, as she pushes forward her mountains or withdraws them, and paints them every day with a different brush—how does she draw on the back ground of memory some shadowy elusive picture, and associate it so strongly with that marvellous colour ing on mountain, and cloud, and sky

The October of this year, too, was marvel of beauty. The weather was a marvel of beauty. The weather was so dry and frostless that Nature took a long time to disrobe herself, and she changed her garments in such beautiful, varied ways, that the landscape became a shifting mass of color. There was no sun, either, to make the gradual decay too palpable—only a hushed, gray color over all the land. And Luke watched the beautiful death from the moment the chestnut put out her pale, yellow leaf, and became a golden blot on the thick mass of foliage, which filled the entire hill behind the vilfilled the entire in the lage, until all was over, and only the evergreens vaunted their immortality. Every day was a new pleasure; and h think, with some contempt, of long, dusty streets, and the stupid uniformity of houses, and the asphalt pavements, and the miserable patch of blue sky, which one is privileged to see in cities. And to think, also, that there is such a thing as the populous deserts of civilization, where man is but an exile and a waif; and the delight-ful, home like feeling in Ireland, where you feel you are always sitting by your mother's hearth; and, come weal, come woe, this is home, and all around are friends and lovers.

And, as in a happy home, the very worries and vexations of life have their worries and versations own charm, so Luke began to find, in everyday simple and very presaic experiences, a relief from thought that

was quite refreshing.
It is true, indeed, that the eternal squabbles of the kitchen hurt his despair.

nerves, until he began to find that they meant but little; and that the up last winter," said Luke, late in the

strong language sometimes used was only the hyperbole of a people who are used to express themselves pictures quely. When Mary described John as "the most outrageous fool that the Lord ever created. He don't knew his right hand from his let';" and when John averred that "idary had the worst tongue the Lord ever put the bret' of life in:" and that her "looks would peel potatoes, and turn sugar into vinegar, and even sour the crame in the middle of winter," it dis turbed Luke very much, until he beard a musical duet of laughter from the kitchen five minutes after, and an ex-

a musical duet of laughter from the kitchen five minutes after, and an experienced friend assured him that it was a sound maxim of domestic economo that when the man and the maid fell out, the master's intrests were safe. So, too, when approaching the stable in the morning, he heard unmistakable sounds of dancing to the everlasting tone of "Welt the flure, Biddy McClure," and knew, by every law of sense and reason, that John was practicing a heal and-toe for the dance at the cross-roads the following Sunday; and when he found the said John, sitting demurely on a soap box, and polting demurely on a soap box, and polishing the harness for all it was worth

isning the narness for all It was worth, he began to think he had a Valentine Vousden in disguise.

"I thought I heard the sounds of dancing," Luke would say in a puzzled

manner Dancin' ? yer reverence. Ye hard the little mare stampin' her feet."
"Stamping her feet? What for?"

"Tis a way she has whin she's hungry, "John would reply. "She's not alsy in her mind since ye cut her off her oats." And Luke would give up the riddle.

He found, too, that in the horticultral department, John's knowledge was strictly limited to the cultivation of potatoes, and his experience of flowers was equally circumscribed. In young ladies "books of confessions," a favorite flower always has a place, the texts varying from a data a place, the taste varying from a daisy up to an amaranth. John had his up to an amaranth. John had his favorice flower. It was the homely masturtium; and he was so loyal to this love that he declined to have

this love that he declined to have charge of the more aristocratic gardenbelles which Luke affected.

"It costs no throuble," said John.

"It is only a weed," said Luke.

"Tis just as purty as thim that must be watched and tinded like a baby." said John.

baby," sald John.
"The very etymology of the flower condemns it," said Luke.
"Well, indeed, it hasn't much of a

cint," said John.
"I didn't mean that. I meant it has

"There's many a wan has a bad name as doesn't deserve it," said John. It is not difficult to sympathise with John's tastes. It is impossible not to feel a kind of pitying love for nature's homely creations. They are so generous, so prodigal of their beauties, that one cannot help being grateful; and, like gypsy-or ildren, they thrive in all weathers without care; and Mother Nature loves them because they do credit to her handiwork without any help from the bungling and blundering hands of man. There is reason to fear that contempt is largely blended with our admiration of the Lady Rose. She is a petted and spoiled beauty. She must have attention and admiration. She must have those ugly green parasites by the design of the land of the contempt of the lady Rose. She is a petted and spoiled beauty. She must have attention and admiration. She must have those ugly green parasites nasty name—''
'' There's many a wan has a bad ing; and chue infandum! have those ugly green parasites brushed away from her lovely petals and more dreadful still, the dainty lady has to be funigated and disinfected and, with all, as she hangs her lovely and languishing head with rain or du pearls in her bosom, no bird or bee will come nigh her. And here in the same bed, up springs a hardy tramp of a thistle, and careless of wind or rain, and untouched by parasites, he shoves his yellow, unkept head above the golden tresses of my rose, and the sparrows steal away his frow y petals, and the bees field something sweet deep down in his scraggy breast. Or that insolent, lawless beggar, Robin run-the hedge, draws his ill smelling coils insolent, lawless beggar, Robin ruc
the hedge, draws his ill smelling coils
around the dainty lady, and smothers
her in his embraces, and mounts up
higher and higher, until he flaunts his white, clear bell flowers, a summer anemone, high above the regal rose crests. Of course, the policeman, is the gardener, comes and carries off these tranps to jail or death—that's the way with the world—the hardy child of the people must give place to the perfuned a Nevertheless, there are a few that sympathize with Mother Nature's sympathize

children, and amongst them may numbered John and—another. It may be presumed, therefore, that Luke, with his passion for flowers, got little help, and a considerable amount of embarrassment from his gardener. His large ambition to reduce the pic turesque irregularities of Irish life to the dull rectangular monotony of geometrical perfection, was here, too, large measure, doomed to disappoint-ment. It was quite useless to try to persuade John that all this digging and manuring and clipping and water ing and cutting was recompensed by the fleeting beauties of what he called a few posies," which hung out their a lew posies, which hung out their fragile loveliness and scented the air for a few days, and then peevishly threw down their pretty petals the moment a high breeze disturbed them or a shower of rain bowed them to the earth. Neither could he see the use of cutting flower beds into dia-grams of Euclid; and his heart smote him as he ran the razored edges of the lawn mower across the grass, and all the pretty daisys lay decapitated be-

neath the ruthless guillotine. "Begor," he said, "the masther was watchin' all the winther to see the first daisy put up her purty little head; and you'd think he'd go mad whin the first primrose looked out of the black earth. And here he's now with his: 'John, cut down them daisies;' 'John 'John, cut down them datases; 'John that grass is dirty; 'John, get away thim weeds.' Did ye ever hear the likes of it?' And John was discontented, and the "masther" was in tented, and the

October of this year.

"What balls?" said John.

"The tulip and hyacinthe bulbs which I gave you to put by against the winter," said Luke.

John was bewildered. Mary heard the conversation and giggled.

"Yer reverence giv me no hicense," said John, fairly puzzled.

"I gave you last May four dozen of tulips from this bed, and two dozen hyacinthes from these beds," said Luke, angrily pointing to where the geraniums and begonias had just been lifted.

John was still puzzled. Then a great

John was still puzzled. Then a great light dawned, and he looked at his master with all the compassion of superior knowledge.

"Oh! them inguns, your reverence, Yerra, sure the chickens ate every wan of thim."

"What?" cried Luke, now thorough! "What?" cried Luke, now thoroughly angry. "Do you mean to say that you have thrown away those tulips that cost me four shillings, and those hyacinths that cost six a dozen?"

"Yerra, not at all," said John, smiling. "Sure ye can get any amount of thim up at Miss Smiddy's. They're hanging in ropes from the ceiling, and they're chape now. I'll get a dozen for ye for tuppen e."

Then Luke collapsed. He was genuinely angry; what florist would not be? And he half made up his mind that John should go. He was incorrigible and utterly incapable of being educated. After long and deep deducated.

rigible and utterly incapable of being educated. After long and deep deliberation, in which the saying of a friend, whom he had often consulted on John's retention and dismissal, "If you hunt him, you'll only be gettin' a biggar blagard!" came frequently uppermost he at last decided that he you hunt him, you'll only be gettin' a biggar blagard!" came frequently uppermost, he at last decided that he could not stand this worry. He told Mary that John should go. Mary had been laughing at John all the morning, and had told him several times that it was all up now. The master would never forgive "thim chewlips." He should go. Luke was surprised to find Mary bursting into an agony of tears, and rushing wildly from the room. But he was inexorable. The misery was going on too long and misery was going on too long and should be ended. He moved out to wards the stables with a certain amount of nervousness, for he hated to do an unkind thing. Instead of the usual patter of dancing, he heard the sound as of prayer. He listened. John was preparing his confession, and making his examination of conscience aloud. Luke walked away, but he was determined. When he thought the examen was over, he returned. John was making his act of contrition. There was no harm in listening there. The voice came, broken with sobs — yea, the voice of John! It said, amidst the weeping:

What was Thine of sorrow and pain, O Thou, who in heaven dost reign.
O King, both good and great;
It comes not into my mind, the amount to find.

O King, both good and great;
It comes not into my mind, the amount to find.
Nor, if found could my tongue relate
The bitter anguish and smart of Thy Sacred
Heart,
And the spear-cleft in Thy side.
That moved with a holy awe of Thy Sacred
Law
Even kings on their thrones of pride.

O Father ! O Jesus mine! Who by Thy Death

Divine
With life our souls dost warm,
Thou, in creation's hour, Whose plastic power
Made man to Thy own blessed form.
Is it not, O Christ! O King! a cruel, cruel

That naught has been loved by me Save sine that the soul defile, save all things base and vile. That are loathsome unto Thee?

It was the beautiful old lay of the Sacred Heart, translated from the ancsacred Heart, translated from the and ient Irish, (by D. F. McCarthy) and which John had picked up at the church door and retained—as it appealed strongly to his fancy—as an act of contrition. Everything in prayer and proverb that rhymes or sings touches the heart of Ireland. And Luke heard the sound of sobbing again as John went

Is it not, O Christ! O King! a ca-ru el, ca-ru el Then he turned away, muttering, Poor

Fellow! and John was saved.

A few days after, Luke was summoned to his mother's tunerat. She had lingered on through the summer; and though Death had taken up permanent lodgings in the house, he was afraid to ask his hostess to leave with him. But one night he stole through the door and was with him. The good old mother had passed away in her whilst the household slumbered. was spared the pain of weepers and watchers around her as she stole over the threshold and out into the night.

With all his intense dislike for noise or demonstration, or too much monial for the dead or for the living, Luke was hoping that his mother's ob-sequies would be celebrated as qu'etly as possible. The last wish of the de ceased, "to have a dacent funeral," did not quite agree with his instinctive hatred of fuss and noise. But the mat-ter was quietly taken out of his hands. To his intense amazement, nearly thirty priests had assembled on the of the funeral. They had come from al parts of the diocese. Some of them Luke had never seen before. The names of others were unfamiliar to him No matter! This was a priest's mother. She shared in the Levitical consecration of her son. She should be equally honoured. There was to be a full Office

and Mass for the Dead. The morning was wet. Some one said, "It rained ramrods." The little salor, the rained salors was full of priests, whose friezes and mackintoshes created little lakes of water everywhere. Some had come e twelve, some even nine teen, straight away from the stations, that last through October and into the first week of November. Luke, touched

to the heart, had great pity for them.
"We'll have but one Nocturn," he whispered to the master of ceremonies.
The latter went over to the Canon, who was to preside. He breught back word that the entire office should be sung. It was the wish of all the priests. And Father Daly, too, was one of the chanters; and very beautifully he intened the noble antiphons of the sublime Office of the Dead. The church was packed to its farthest extremity by a silent, devout congregation. From their wet, sodden clothes steamed up a cloud of vapour that mingled with the incense smoke and filled the entire church with a heavy haze. They too

had come from far distances to testify their reverence for the dead. And Luke remembered there, in the dawn of his great illumination, that all this was alightly different from the cold, me-chanical heartlessness of England, where the dead were unprayed for and unre-membered; and a few black mouraing coaches were the only testimony of res-pect to the lump of clay which had to be hustled from the sight of the living as speedily as possible. The long probe hustled from the sight of the livin as speedily as possible. The long pro-cession commenced. Larry, the old re-tainer, jealous for the honour of hi-family, counted carefully every car.— "There wor wan hundred and thirty, he told old Mike Delmege atterward

"and twinty horsemen. There should be wan hundred and thirty-six, if she had her rights, and if thim who ought to be there hadn't stopped away. But we'll remimber it for 'em."

we'll remimber it for 'em."

Down came the weary, weary rain as the long, slow procession filed along the slushy roads. A group of beggars were assembled down near the house, who gave vent to their feelings in language that was only measured by gratitude. True for them I It was never known that neighbour's child was ever "broke" on that farm; or that a beggar was ever turned from that door. And many a pleee of rusty bacon, banging was ever turned from that door. And many a piece of rusty bacon, hanging from the ceiling, and many a huge semi-circle of griddle cake disappeared in the wallets of the indigent, to the consternation of Nancy, who crossed her-self devoutly and prayed Heaven to guard the house against the depredations of the "good people."

Down still came the rain, when the onely propagates a resolution of the control of the contr

lonely procession reached the Abbey grounds. But no one heeded, except to repeat the distich :

Happy is the bride the sun shines on! When the coffin was lifted from the bier on to the shoulders of the men, among whom there was heated rivalry for the honour, the cortege, instead of moving directly to the Abbey across a smooth pathway, made a circular detour around the entire graveyard. This entailed much discomfort on priests and people, for the high grass was sodden with rain, and the nettles and hemlocks threw a spray of crystal drops on the passers-by. And down into hollows, and over the crests of graves, and stunbling against fallen tombstones, and falling into pits, the priests and bearers went on, whilst the mournful Miscrere was carried out in strong currents of wind and rain across the landscape, or echoed sadly over the graves of thirty generations of the dead. No matter. It was the custom of the land, and no power on earth could change the tradition of the most conservative people on earth. And for the hundred th time Luke Delmege concluded that there was but little use in attempting to transplant foreign civilizations here. When the coffin was lifted from the to transplant foreign civilizations

This race must create or develop civilization peculiarly its own. When the circle of priests was c pleted around the open grave, the Canon resumed the funeral service. Luke stood near him and held his umbrella over the old man's bare head.
Just before the Benedictus, as that glorious antiphon, Ego sum Resurrectio et Vita, was being chanted, Luke resigned his umbrella to a young priest resigned his unbreist to a young pressivanding near and went over and stood by his father, who, bowed and sorrow-stricken, was gazing mournfully into the open grave. And here a sight met his eyes which was a shock, and then—a his eyes which was a snock, and themrevelation. The gloom which overhung
the whole proceedings had deepened in
his soul into a strange overpowering
melancholy, which the leaden skies and
the weeping landscape intensified. All
through the Office in the church he had tried to close the eyes of his mind to its terrible significance. The mourn-ful music of the Psalms, with their alternate cadences of grief and hope—now sinking almost into despair, and then soaring aloft into an exaltation that seemed almost to presume too much on the Eternal—did not affect him quite the Eternal—did not anect him quite as deeply as the lessons from the Book of Job, which, read slowly and solemnly by dignified priests, seemed to sound as the death bell of poor humanity. And all that he had ever read in the poetry all that he had ever read in the poetry
of mankind blended and mingled with
the inspired threnodies of the man in
the land of Hus; and it was all, all
about the nothingness of man and his
momentary existence on this planet.
Remember, I beseech Thee, that

Thou hast made me as the clay; and hou wilt bring me into the dust again Has thou not milked me as milk, and curdled me as cheese? Against a leaf that is carried away by the wind, Thou showest Thy power; and Thou pursuest a dry straw. Who cometh forth like s a dry straw. Who cometh forth like a flower, and is destroyed, and fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in the same state. I should have been as if I had not been, carried from the womb to the grave.

And -A little soul for a little holds up the corpse which is man, And-

They wrought with weeping and laughter, And fashioned with loathing and lave; With life before and after, And death beneath and above; For a day and a night and a morrow, That his strength might endure for a span, With travall and heavy sorrow, The holy spirit of man.

Not a word about the " perfect man that is to be, or his immortality on this his little theatre! Not a word about the "deity in embryo," or the "slumbering god-head." He shall pass! he shall pass! That is all!

The grave was dug close beneath the great northern window of the Abbey which almost filled the entire gable its slender shafts holding aloft, like the stems of candelabra, the beautifu the stems of candersors, the seasons tracery that spread itself into fame shapes, terminating in one sharp jet at the apex. The floor of the abbey had been raised, in the course of centuries, six or seven feet, for only the curve arches of the sedilla were visible in the side walls; and Luke, staring into the open grave, saw that it was lined on all sides with human remains. Brown bare skulls filled every inch of its walls; and here, tossed also on the grass were fragments and shells that once held together the little pulp that makes man's body. Some one, pitying the people, had ordered the coffin to be lowered; and the rude labourer who

acted as sexton had eaught up a handful of earth-stained bones and finng them into the grave as carelessly as a woman flings a handful of twigs on her are. Then he lightly hicked a large round skull after them. It fell with a heavy thud on the coffin, turned up its ghastly visage and grinned, rolled over in another sumersault, and was finally jammed between the angle of the coffin and the brown walls of the grave. There it leered up hideously at the indifferent spectators. Luke felt sick. Here was the end of all his youthful dreams. There lay the little god of this planet. And his dreams of humanity was burled in that grave where Dagon lay dismembered before the face of the living God!

Luke had been quite unconscious of the singing of the Benedictus, so absorbed was he in his reverie. He now woke up to hear, in a kind of triumphant prean, the words: acted as sexton had caught up a hand-ful of earth-stained bones and flung

Visitavit nos, Oriens ex Alto !

The words seemed to unlock the secrets of the grave, and to open up the far vistas that lay before the fallen race. Oriens ex Alto! Oriens ex Alto! The far visions of the prophets Alto! The far visions of the prophets—the proximate revelation to the Father of the Precursor—the mighty apparition of the Sacred Humanity seemed to hover over that charnel house of bones; and Luke saw, what long ago he had maintained as a theological thesis in the halls of Maynooth, that there is but one, and can be but one, perfected Humanity; and this it is that shall lift the whole race into itself, drawing the certainties of eternity from the doubts of time, and out of the despair of earth, deriving the hope and the bliss of heaven. "Seek ye the man in God."

The aged father, stooped with years

The aged father, stooped with years and sorrow, hung over the grave to the end. Then Luke gently raised him, and offering the feeble limbs the him, and offering the feeble limbs the support of his strong arm, they moved towards the abbey entrance. All else had gone: but there lingered a small group of peasants at the gate that led into the inclosure. They, too, were sodden with wet and damp, and tiny rivulets of rain ran down from their felt hats. Luke, with his head stooped in sorrow, was about to pass them without noticing them, when one stepped forward shyly and held out his rough hand. "We kem to tell you, Father Luke,

he said, "that we are sorry for your throuble." Luke grasped his hand, but looked

bewildered at the speaker.
"I'm James McLoughlin," the latter said; "you remimber, yer reverence, where we had the little dissinsion, you know?

en Luke remembered his former parishioners, who had given him all the trouble, and had procured his dismissal from their parish. The poor fellows, anxious to make up for past delinquency, had come across the country from a great distance to testify try from a great distance to testify their respect. As Luke did not immediately respond, they thought he was resentful.

"We thought that bygones should be

"We thought that bygones should be bygones, yer reverence," said James McLoughlin. "and we kem—"
"Don't speak of it, my dear fellow," said Luke. "I have long since for gotten and forgiven everything. And I'm infinitely obliged to you for your kindness in coming so far on such a day. Father, these are my former parishioners, who have come miles from home to attend mother's funeral." And they had to go back to Lisnalee

And they had to go back to Lisnalee and were well entertained there. And there is some reason to fear that the statues of the diocese were ruthlessly broken, and Luke made no protest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CREMONA AND CALVARY. It was the wish of the good Canon that Luke should spend a few days at his rectory. But Luke preferred Seaview Cottage. The Canon was always court ous, kind, hospitable. Father court.ous, kind, hospitable. Father Martin was always outspoken, some times even brueque. Yet Luke preferred the easy comfort of Seaview Cottage, even though it sometimes blew heavy guns, to the calm, untroubled dignity of the rectory. The best of men like an arm chair and the best of men like an arm chair and the luxury of crossed legs. Yet the atmosphere even of the sunny library was sombre these dark days. It was only lighted by the eyes of Tiny and the laughter of Tony. Some time in the course of the evening, before they were dismissed to bed, the former, after a long and careful study of the grave, solemn stranger, drew a chair silently solemn stranger, drew a chair silently behind his, mounted on it, and flung her arms, and closed them, like a spring, around Luke's neck. He drev the child around and kissed her.

"There's somethin' hurtin' you all wint to confessioner," said the child, pointing to his to Father Walsh." breast pocket.

breast pocket.
"True, Mignon," he said, drawing
out a bundle of letters, which in all his
hurry he had brought from home unopened. He had now leisure. The

opened. He nau according to the first was from his Bishop.

"A letter of condolence!" conjection has read it, his fact tured Luke. As he read it, his face fell. He handed the document to Father Martin. It was a gentle repri Father Martin. It was a gentle reprimand; but it was a reprimand, and a Bishop's words cut like an acid. Luke had been reported to his Bishop for not only permitting, but even encouraging, proselytism in his parish. The matter had been referred to the parish priest, who tried to eftenuate it. Neverthence the facts remained: and the less, the facts remained; and the Bishop warned Luke to be more circum-

spect in future. "I am hopelessly doomed," said Luke, "to desire what is good, and to accomplish the reverse." "You look too much to principles— too little to men!" replied Father

Martin. " Could snything be better than to

seek to reconcile and made nutually tolerant and helpful the two great classes in this country? Surely, it is classes in this country? Surely, it is the only solution of this apparently in-

soluble problem."
" Quite so. But did you ever consider that in this attempt you are seeking to reconcile not only interests which are hopelessly conflicting, but

the very spirits of affirmation and nega

cannot see it," said the bewild. ered Luke.

"Don't you see the gist of this com-plaint?" said Father Martin. "The people object to the dethronement of their saints and heroes. These stand to them in the light of the embodiment to them in the light of the embodiment of a great idea or principle. It is an affirmation that there have been, and therefore there can be acain, herolsm, bravery, truth, in this weary world. Now, you fine ladies come, and with the best intentions introduce the spirit of denial. 'Who art thou? What is thy name?' said the student to the Spirit of Evil. 'I am the spirit that denies,' was the answer. And the little poodle of Reformation heresy that has been running around in circles for little poodle of Reformation heresy that has been running around in circles for the last three hundred years has now awollen into the big monster behind the stove. And out of the swollen monster, Materialism, and to the music of the spirits of Poetry and the Fine Arts, steps the urbane, cultured scholar, who makes his bow: 'I am the Spirit who device!''

denies!"

Luke shuddered.
"And yet," he said, "there are the sweetest, beautifullest souls I ever met over there across the border. Oh, what a riddle, what a puzzle!"
"Well, don't puzzle!" said the matter-of fact Father Martin. "Keep less to zone own people—the people.

close to your own people—the people of eternity! Let alone the sons and laughters of men !"

daughters of men !"

"The people of eternity!" Yes, indeed! so they are, as Luke was every day more fully ascertaining. Time and the world were nothing to his race, who seemed to look at everything as if they themselves were already disem-

Luke sat in the dim sacristy of Ross more on the evening of All Saints'—the eve of All Souls' Day. A long list lay before him—the names of the de-parted, who were to be prayed for on the morrow. The sacristy was filled with an eager crowd, and there was a murmur of voices outside. One by one they came to the table, laid down the little offering, and with scrupulous ex-actness had the names of the deceased registered. There were tears on many faces, and many broken voices repeated the names of the dead, and always with a note of gratitude and respect. And not only relatives, but even passing acquaintances of life, were

"For me poor boy, yer reverence, that's lyin' out on the snows of the Himslees.

"For the good father that reared me, and brought me up clane and da-" For the poor sowl, yer reverence,

that's in the greatest howlt." Luke put down his pen.
"Any relation of your own?" It was his first blunder. He was coming

round.
 Faix, it might be, yer reverence. How do I know? But no matther who

it is—if it wor the blackest stranger from Galway, so long as they want it." Luke wrote down his own transla-"For Mary Carmody, yer rever-

"For Mary Carmody, yer reverence," said a voice in a whisper, that was made still more gentle by the hood of the shawl wrapped around the face. "Your sister?" said Luke.
"Yerra, not at all, yer reverence! But a poor crachure, that we picked out of the sthreets. The old boy had his glaum upon her; but faix, we chated him in the ind."
"For me cummerade, Mike Mulcahy, yer reverence," said a stalwart pensioner, putting his hand to his forehead.
"Killed?" said Luke, who never

"Killed?' said Luke, who never

wasted words.

4 Begor, he was, yer reverence, said the pensioner, settling down for a long parrative, and utterly heedless of the fity or sixty persons who were waiting behind him and who had heard the story a hunger times. the story a hundred times. "It was in the Crimee, before S. bastopcol, and we were lyin' in the trinches up to our nicks in mud; and the Rooshian shells flyin' ever our heads, like a flock of crows cummin' home of an evenin', 'Look,' sez I, 'an' put up yer head. 'Look,' sez I, 'an' put up yer head.
'There's'n room,' sez he. 'Niver min', so,' sez I; and shure I'm thankin' the good God every day since, that I didn't sind him to his death. 'They're quiet now,' sez he, 'and here goes!' What did you see?' sez I. No arswer. 'What did ye see?' sez I sgin. No answer. 'What did ye see, ye—of an omadhaun,' sez I. No answer. I looked round. His head was blown clane away. There was nothin' left but from his nick down, and—"

"Poor fellow!" said Luke, seeing the impatience of the crowd.

I hope he was prepared."
"Prepared?" Faix, he was. We all wint to confession a few days before "I'll tell you what you'll do," said

Luke. "I cannot afford to lose any of that story. Will you call at my house to morrow night, and let me hear the whole this a few house to me hear the whole thing from beginning to end?"
"Faix, I will, with pleasure," said
the good pensioner; and he went away
with his head in the air, six inches higher for the honor. He always spoke of Luke after the interview as "me friend, Father Luke," adding: "That's

friend, Father Luke, "adding: "That's the kind of min they want as army chaplains. If the Juke knew him, he'd have him in Aldershot in a mont'."

"For me parents and deceased friends," said a strong, rough man, who spoke in a rather superior manner, at the ware offended by the want of as if he were offended by the want of tact shown by his predecessor. Luke

wrote the names.

"Put down now, yer reverence," said the man, "the name of Martin Connolly, soldier of the Federal Army, who died from wounds received in the gallant charge of the Irish Brigade at Vendenickburg." Fredericksburg."
"That's hardly necessary," said

Luke. "Oh, but it is, yer reverence. I want me poor cummerade to ge his rights in the next world, as he didn't get them in this."
"That was Meagher's Brigade," said

Luke, in a moment of forgetfulness and

The poor soldier smiled, drew him

"Put down the se Francis Meagher, the ence," said he, sobb isn't I should forget near to him as to yen minit on that day. remimber who ve are the proud man to be l rederal Army. Boys, your flag, don't disgrac God, boys,' sez he, 't the slopes of Silevna we make the redecats fi thin, as if he wor think and cummerades. 'Di the bandmaster, 'play march. Slope arms, ward!' And on we will Father Walsh, not the Walsh," he said, jerkin temptuously at the temptuously at the wid him, he was the his horse, as we passed big man, wid a big bla was risin' his hard marched past. I put knee, and sez I, Farme a double blessin'. knee, and sez I, 'Fatt me a double blessin', (blaggard.' He laugh 'twas the last we seen weren't twinty minit thryin' to take that hi as well be thryin' to t Heaven,) whin down splinter of a shell in m wint poor Martin, wit left lung. We wor ou night in the cowld, wa widout a bit, bite or wounded moanin' as around us. About 12,

and whin they kem saw they wor the Con come out to see after t come out to see after t goes,' says Martin, sh ridge; 'one shot at th and thin I die aisy.' ye ruffian,' sez I, and said ayther, yer re want to go before Go your sowl?' 'They brave man tc-day,' blood. 'Fair play is I,' taking the rifle I, taking the rifle An' shure, if he fire reverence, all the re be among us in a mi shootin' like the afeared I'm delayin' said, turning round, mean pinsioner kep

"This offering is to said Luke, pushing be "I'll keep just half." "Not a bit of it, said the old man, push again. "We're not again. "We're not English angashores -He passed out tr limping from that spl

a few minutes he rett his way through the c "I thought you mi your reverence. Die Martin Connolly, sold Army, who died of received in action—"

'It's all right, it's Luke.

"And Thomas F
Brigadier Gineral—"

"Tis all right, 'tis

Luke. It was a gloomy moonless, and with a pall, as of faded vel over the world, as from the iron gate, as carefully down the u village street. H placing his latch-key became aware of figure, evidently wa the doorway. The f

the doorway. The uninvited, followed "I have made bo reverence," said the a wizened old woma figure were hidden

"I had nothin" said, "and I didn't the vesthry; but would remimber in of Father O'Donnell ' Father O'Donne nell?" said Luke.

"Ay coorse you ence," she said. "Gob bless you! He years. 'Twas I nur sickness, and he us don't you forget me prayers! The peo ave no purgator know what a hard for all the graces we the words well. As poor dear pr'est! forgotten thim word an All Sowls' Night tin' him mintione

"It shall be done said Luke, affection "God bless yer And Luke sat do are. He didn't re things to think of

while, became unbe his biretta, and a little garden walk. tremely dark, and light shone in the lights are kept bu Ali Souls' Eve, as And, far above the black breast of dark the lights of the Lo moaning dismally; wind; and if one spirits in pain searth to do pena gressions, and to nent of

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I'm thankin

since, that I th. 'They're here goes !' ez I. No an-?' sez I agin.

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nothin' left

Luke, seeing

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he went away air, six inches

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's Brigade,'' said orgetfulness and iled, drew him-

owd.

the proud man to be ladin to death or victory the bravest and best min in the Federal Army. Boys,' sez he, 'here's your flag, don't diagrace it! I wish to God, boys,' sez he, 'that I had ye on the slopes of Silevanmon. Wouldn't we make the redcoats fly?' He stopped thin, as if he wor thinkin' of ould times and cummarades.' Dispress,' see he to we mass the wor thinkin' of ould times and cummerades. 'Dimpsey,' sez he to the bandmaster, 'play up Brian Boru's march. Slope arms, four deep—for ward!' And on we wint to our death. Father Walsh, not this man's Father Walsh," he said, jerking his hand contemptuously at the last pensioner, "but our own Father Walsh—God be wid him, he was the fine man—sat on his horse, as we passed by. He was a big man, wid a big black beard, and he was rlain' his hard over us, as we marched past. I put me hand on his knee, and sez I, 'Father,' sez I, 'gi' me a double blessin', for I'm a double blaggard.' He laughed, poor man, 'twas the last we seen of him. For we weren't twinty minits in the field, weren't twinty minits in the field, thryin' to take that hill (sure we might as well be thryin' to take the gates of as well be thryin' to take the gates of Heaven,) whin down I wint, with a splinter of a shell in me caif; and down wint poor Martin, with a bullet in his left lung. We wor out on the field, all night in the cowld, watchin' the stars, widout a bit, bite or sup, only the wounded moanin' and groanin' all around us. About 12, we saw lights; and whin they kam near enough, we around us. About 12, we saw lights; and whin they kem near enough, we saw they wor the Confederate generals come out to see after their own. 'Here goes,' says Martin, shovin' in a cartridge; 'one shot at the rebelly rascals, and thin I die aisy.' 'Dang yer sowl, ye ruffian,' sez I, and 't asn't that I said awther were reserved. ye rullian, sez I, and 't asn't that I said ayther, yer reverence—'do ye want to go before God wid murder on your sowl?' 'They killed many a brave man to-day,' sez he, spittin' blood. 'Fair play is bonny play, sez I,' taking the rifle from the rufflan. An' shure, if he fired that shot, yer reverence, all the rebels in camp wid reverence, all the rebels in camp wu be among us in a minit, stabbin and shootin' like the divil. But, I'm afeared I'm delayin' the nabours," he said, turning round, "that ould Crimean pinsioner kep ye sich a long time."

"This offering is too much for you," said Luke, pushing back a half-crown. "I'll keep just half."

"Not a bit of it, yer reverence," said the old man, pushing the coin back again. "We're not like these poor English angashores — on sixpence a

He passed out triumphant, though limping from that splintered shell. In a few minutes he returned, and pushed his way through the crowd of women to

"I thought you might be forgettin', your reverence. Did you put down, Martin Connolly, soldier in the Federal Army, who died of gunshot wounds, received in action—"

village street. He had passed up through his little garden, and was placing his latch-key in the door, when he became aware of a stooped, humble figure, evidently waiting for him near the doorway. The figure, silently and uningited, followed him into the lighted hall

"I have made bould to call on yer reverence," said the voice, the voice of a wizened old woman, whose face and figure were hidden under a mass of

"Well, my poor woman, and what can I do for you?" said Luke.
"I had nothin' to offer you," she said, "and I didn't like to be seen in the vesthry; but if your reverence would remimber in the Mass the sowl of Father O'Donnell—"
"Wether O'Donnell Father O'Don.

'Father O'Donnell? Father O'Donnell?" said Luke. "I never heard the

"Ay coorse you didn't yer reverence," she said. "You're too young, Gob bless you! He's dead these forty years. 'Twas I nursed him in his last sickness, and he used to say.' Nellie, don't you forget me in your Masses and prayers! The people think that we have no purgatory; but they don't know what a hard judgment we have for all the graces we get!' I remimber the words well. An' sure, if anny wan ever dearwed Heaven, it was you, me the words well. An sure, it almy wan ever desarved Hoaven, it was you, me poor dear prest! But I have never forgotten thim words: an' I never left an All Sowls' Night pass without gettin' him minitioned in the blessed

"It shall be done, my poor woman,"
said Luke, affectionately.

self up erect, and put out his right hand.

"Ah, you know it, yer reverence. God bless you! Put the nard there!"
Luke placed his hand in the big, broad palm. The old man raised it reverently, and kissed it.

"Put down the sowl of Thomas Francis Meagher, there, yer reverence," said he, sobbing. "Sure it isn't I should forget him. I was as near to him as to yer reverence this minit on that day. 'Boys,' sez he, 'reminber who ye are! Sure 'tis I'm the proud man to be ladin to death or victory the bravest and best min in the Federal Army. Boys,' sez he, 'here's your flag, don't disgrace it! I wish to summits of the eternal hills far above him. He desired to show them all the sweetness and light of life; and behold, they were already walking in the gardens of eternity! He was preaching the thrift of money to the misers of grace. Where was the use of talking about economizing to a people whose daily fancies swept them abroad to regions where Time was never counted? And the value of money to a race, who, if parsimonious and frugal, became so through a contempt of physical comfort and who regarded the death of the rich man [as the culmination of all earthly mistortune? Then it began to earthly mistortune? Then it began to dawn upon Luke's reason that it was dawn upon Luke's reason that it was moral, not altogether economic, causes that were driving the people from their motherland. They were bitten by the dogs of Mammon here and there, and the unrest, that sought peace and pleasure in the raloon, and the electric-lighted streets, and the music hall, and the theatre. And he began to understand what was meant when his con freres spoke of the creation of a new civilization, founded on Spartan simplicity of life, and Christian elevation of morals, and the uplifting to the higher life, to which all the aspirations of his race tended, instead of the

miseremini mei! the children of eter-nity crying to the children of time for the alms of prayer and sacrifice. Luke was extremely busy this week. He had no time to prepare a sermon for Sunday. He had exhausted all his political economy; and he was beginning to tire of it. Saturday evening came. He had returned from his confessional, and he was depressed. came. He had returned from his con-fessional; and he was depressed. Here, too, he was shunned by the people. Nothing used pain him so deeply as when entering the church on Saturdays or the eves of holidays, he Saturdays or the eves of holidays, he saw his own confessional deserted, and a great crowd around the old pastor's box"; and the little children, ever, whom he loved so much, would hold down their heads, half afraid to be seen, or would look up with a sty, furtive glance at the grave, solemn curate. He could not understand it.

"It was a gloomy night, starless and monoless, and with a heavy black-brown pall, as of faded velvet, hanging down over the world, as Luke passed out the wo

There was a brief account of a certain battle that had been fought some centuries ago, in far Cremona. The details amused him—they were so characteristic. He laid down the paper.

"By Jove!" he said. "I will. I'll reach or Crewons and Calvary!"

preach on Cremona and Calvary !" TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PLACE OF THE SOUL

The question where is the soul and will it occupy space after death is begetting lively and interesting letters in one of our secular exchanges, a newspaper hardly worthy to discuss so sublime a subject.

As may be supposed, not a single one of those who write these letters

one of those who write these letters seem to have the right conception of the soul at all. They speak of a spiritual being just the same as if it were a boly following the same laws and consequently having the same substance as matter. A body is said to occupy space because while it rests in one place it excludes all other bodies from occurring the same place: that is, a

occupying the same place; that is, a body is imperetrable.

The soul, however, is not a material substance; nor does it follow the same laws as a corporeal nature; the soul is spiritual and has laws of its own. among these laws is that of penetra-bility, which is a perfection lacking in bodies; that is, the soul is not ex-cluded from occupying the same place as another soul while that soul is actu-

though we know it to be true, not from faith, however, but from pure reason; just as we know that we think although we cannot understand how we think. It would be better for the correspondents who are worried about the position of the soul in space to seek for explanations from wiser men than the editor of the journal in question who seems to be as unacquianted with the soul and space as he is with the laws of society and other deep questions for ever mooted in his editorial columns.—

SHR-WHO-HAS-A-SOUL

STORY OF PERE MARQUETTE AND THE FIRST SIOUX CONVERT.

It was a long time ago, nearly 200 years ago, that some of our people were living upon the shores of the "Great Lake," Lake Superior. The chief of this band was called Tatankaota, "Many Buffalces." One day the young son of Tatankaota, led a war party against the Ojibways, who occupied the country east of us, toward the rising sun. When they had gone a day's journey in the direction of Sault Ste Marle, in our language Skesketatanka, the warriors took up their position on the lake shore, on a point which the Ojibways were accustomed to pass in their canoes. Long they gazed and scanned the surwere accustomed to pass in their cances.

Long they gazed and scanned the surface of the water, watching for the coming of the foe. The sun had risen above the dark pines, over the great ridge of wood land across the bay. It was the awakening of all living things.

The birds were singing and shining fishes leaped out of the water as if at play. At lat, far off, there came the warning cry of the loon to stir their exhibit their exhibit their states.

Were the words of She-who has a Soul, and her father could not refuse her father steeped.

Now the warriors had been surprised at dinded displeased to find him dress ed after the fashion of women, and they looked upon him with suspicion. But from the moment that she first beheld him to her father's teepee. warning cry of the loon to stir their ex-

pectant ears.
"Warriors, lock close to the horizon!
This brother of ours does not lie. The
enemy comes!" exclaimed their leader.

enemy comes!" exclaimed their leader.

Presently upon the sparkling face of
the water there appeared a moving
cance. They saw but one, and it was
coming directly towards them.

""Hahatonwan! Hahatonwan! (The
Ojibways! The Ojibways!)" they ex
claimed with one voice, and grasping
their weapons they hastily concealed
themselves in the bushes.

"Snare none—take no captives!" or-

themselves in the bushes.

"'Spare none—take no captives!" ordered the chief's son.

"Nearer and nearer approached the strange cance. The glistening blades of its paddles flashed as if it were the signal of good news or a welcome challenge! All impatiently waited until it should come within arrow shot.

No courage is needed to take his life, therefore we will spare it! I command that only coups (or blows) be counted on him; and he shall tell us whence he comes, and from what nation."

comes, and from what nation."

The signal was given; the warriors sprang to their feet, and like wolves they sped from the forest, out upon the white sandy beach and straight into the sparkling waters of the lake giving the shrill war cry, the warning of death!

The solitary oarsman made no out cry—he offered no defence! Kneeling calmly in the prow of the little vessel, he ceased paddling, and seemed to await in patience the deadly blow of the tomahawk.

The son of Tatankaota was foremost

nbt his utter name in the properties of the shore, and although they murmured somewhat among themselves, they did as he commanded them. They seized the light bark and bore it dripping to a hill covered with tall pines, overlooking the waters of the Great Lake, which meet the blue sky afar off.

Then the warriors litted their war clubs over their heads and sang, standing around the canoe in which the hard stranger was still kneeling.

Accordingly they formed a large party, and carried the Black Robe in his canoe back to the shore of the great lake, to the place where they had found him, and he was allowed to depart thence whithersoever he would. He took his leave with expressions of the She seeme bett All these things perplexed them great-

Presently the Black Robe told them by signs, in response to their inquiries, that he came from the rising sun, even beyond the great salt water, and he seemed to say that he formerly came from the skies. Upon this the warriors believed that he must be a prophet or

mysterious man.

Their leader commanded them to take up again the cance with the man in it, and appointed the warriors to carry it by turns until they should reach his father's village.

This was done according to the ancient custom, as a mark of respect and honor. They took it up forthwith, and traveled

war party. They looked with astonishment upon the Black Robe.

'Dispatch him! Dispatch him! Show him no mercy!' cried some of the councilmen.

'Let him go on his way unharmed. Trouble him not,' advised others.

It was then our belief that the evil spirits sometimes take the form of a man or an animal.

man or an animal.

"From his strarge appearance I judge

By this time, several of the women of the village had reached the spot. Among them was She-who has a Soul, the chiel's youngest daughter. Tradition says that she was a maiden of great beauty, with a kind and tender heart. The stranger was footsore from much travel, and weakened by fasting Wben she saw that the poor man clasped his hands and looked skyward as he uttered words in an unknown tongue, she pleaded with her father that a stranger who has entered their midst stranger who has entered their midst

were the words of She who has a Soul, and her father could not refuse her

him the heart of the maiden had turned toward this strange and apparently un-fortunate man. It appeared to her that great reverence and meekness were in his face and with it all she was struck by his utter fearlessness, his seeming

fumed otter oil, and put upon them a pair of moccasins beautifully made by her own hands.

lenge! All impatiently waited until it should come within arrow shot.

"Surely it is an Ojibway cance," one murmured.

"Yet look! the stroke is ungainly!"

Now among all the tribes only the Ojibway's art is perfect in paddling a birch cance. This was a powerful stroke, but harsh and unsteady.

"See! there are no feathers on this man's head!" exclaimed the son of the chief. "Hold, warriors, he wears a woman's dress, and I see no weapon. No courage is needed to take his life,

this to be such a one. He must be put to death, lest some harm befall our people," an old man urged.

unchallenged may claim the hospitality of the people, according to the ancient

"Father, he is weary and in want of food! Hold him no longer! Delay your council until he is refreshed!" These

unconsciousness of danger.

The chief's daughter, having gained her father's permission, invited the Black Robe to his great buffalo-skin tent, and, spreading a fine robe, she asked him to be seated. With the aid of her mother, she prepared wild rice sweetened with maple sugar and some BELLEVILLE BUSINESS college property of the property broiled venison for his repast. The youthful warriors were astonished to observe these attentions, but the maiden heeded them not. She anointed the blistered feet of the holy man with perford the state of the stat

During the few days that the Black Robe remained in the Sioux village, he preached earnestly to the maiden, for she had been permitted to converse with him by signs, that she might try to ascertain what manner of man he was. He told her of the coming of a "Great Prophet" from the sky, and of his words which he had left with the people. The cross with the figure of a man he explained as his totem which he had told them to carry. He also said that those who love him are com-

gratitude for their hospitality, and especially for the kindness of the beautiful Sioux maiden. She seemed to have understood his mission better saloon movement."

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than any one else, and it is certain that she never forgot the Black Robe, for as long as she lived she kept his queer trinket, as it seemed to the others, and performed the strange acts that he had

It was through the pleadings of She-It was through the pleadings of Shewho-has-a-Soull that the chief, Tatanko-ata, advised his people some time afterward to befriend the white strangers, though many of the other chiefs opposed him in this. His coun

not without reason; and it is pleasant to rembember that a tender hearted maiden of my people first took in her hands the cross of a new religion— Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa) in the Sunday Springfield Republican.

Will the A. O. H. Here Follow Suit? Commenting on the report that the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Oregon Ancient Order of Hibernians of Oregon has gone on record as being opposed to the treating habit in saloons the Monitor says: "It is a good move. The treating habit is one of the worst features of the American saloon. A discontinuance of the system would do much to solve the liquor problem, at least to save many from poverty are new victims of the saloon.

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NOVEMBER 16, 190

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

Ottawa, June 1stn., 1905.

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with astifaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, shove all, that it is immed with a surong Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authorized of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome laftence reaches more Catholic himse. I have for the country is the continued authorized the country of the country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome laftence reaches more Catholic himse. I have for its continued success, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincereig in Christ.

Nonatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, mas Coffey :

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
part described by the Catholic Record,
and congratulate you upon the manner in
which it is published. Its matter and form
are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit
pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleas
are, I can recommend it to the faithful.
Blessing you and wishing you success, believe
the bo remain. Mr. Thomas Coffey : Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ
† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa.
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 16, 1907.

THE CHURCH. It may not be usual for writers to warn their readers against the title which they are pleased to place at the head of their articles. It may, however, be sometimes advisable, lest people be misled. The present is an instance. Judging by the name which heads these remarks most of our readers will have one expectation in view and one image before their mind; for to them, as to us, the Church has only one meaning and one origin. But gently, good reader. We have been reading the Globe-in which we found the following statement at the outset of an article on the Secret of the Church. "The Church," says the Toronto daily, " is the outgrowth and expression of inborn instincts and needs." And because religion is one of the deepest instincts of the human heart, then the Church, so argues our contemporary, will always have its place " among our social institutions." For this reason, likewise, because religion is natural to man " the Church despite its own mis takes and shortcomings survives and rises with new vigor out of the crash of other forms and institutions." That is a different picture from the city of God, the new Jerusalem which coming down from heaven was to be in the world, yet not of it. Such explanation and evolution can no more account for the Church of Christ-the Kingdom which He bought with His Blood-than the help which the world needs so much can be sought from its hybrid, selfconstructed, broken cisterns. Grapes cannot be gathered from thorns. No religion-and we acknowledge its ocean sweep over the ages and races of menthere was a something else needed over and above this instinct which would be with this view of the Church as taken by the Globe? Many things, if not everything. It is of the earth, earthly; it is not from above, but from below. As a standard of duty it is untrue ; for it does not conviet man of real sin and his incapacity to please God of his own strength. As a rule of life it is deceptive; for it leaves man contented with himself, without fear, without humiliation. As a worship it has all the faults of pharisaism-its prayer is self-praise and its virtue is public observance. It feels not the need of faith; its hopes are centred in the well being of earth; and its chariry never rises above pure benevolence. Such a church may suit the man of the world, at least for the present life: its ways are generally respectable, its purposes more eleva ting than degrading, and its demands quite unpretentious. It suits the young man because his elders will observe his regular attendance, it rewards the aged with the reverence of Directors of France laid before the Inwhich he called Theophilanthropy, Tallyrand remarked : " I have only one thing to regind you of; in order to found His religion Jesus Christ was crucified, died and rose again; you must see how you can do the same.' This evolution Church will have to do quite different from, and even contrary likewise. Under the pretence of to the dogma of Transubstantiation, so broadening so as to include all possible creeds and all the bruised reeds of human morality, many of our modern which is always relative and uncertain. theorists are sweeping revelation from The practical conduct based upon the

the Church and substituting natural instinct. The Globe is a well edited paper; but for some time it has been opening its columns to too much cant on duty, religion and morality. But when it touches upon the Church it should be much more definite. If it means the Catholic Church we renounce it. Instead of the Globe's picture being the pillar and ground of truth, it is a broken column. It is not the Bride of Christ. Natural when it should be supernatural, evoiving from earthly instinct a mere imsginary phantom, without form or beauty, unity or power, revelation or sanction of God, it rises but to perish

and speaks but to be scorned. MODERNISM. II. A friend has sent us an extract from the Church Times, an Anglican Journal of London, England, containing a Protestant criticism of the Encyclical upon Modernism. Before analayzing the unfriendly view given in the Church Times, we have thought it better for our purpose, and opportune also, to explain what the term Modernism means, and to whom the Holy Father is directly referring. We are all Modernists, Pius X. as well as his youngest subject, for we live in mod. ern times and in our own generation. It must not, therefore, be concluded that, whilst the Encyclical is ad dressed to the whole Church, and more particularly to the portion of it which in any way is engaged as the teaching portion, whether in educational institutions or in the press, the Encyclical is destructive of science or discourage ing to intellectual activity, or that it is meant to strike all around. We, for our part, feel that its lessons, needed as they no doubt are, will not affect the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD, which from the beginning unto this day has ever been, and will continue to be, Papal in submission and Catholic in heart and expression. If at the moment we renew our faith and loyalty in all that comes from the successor of St. Peter, it is not so much because our tone has in the least been other than it should be, nor because we wish this to be an apology, or to be self-laudatory, but because we deem it opportune to offer our devotion in reparation for the unkind criticisms which may be found here and there. In our last issue we gave some explanation of Modern Catholicism-which is a philosophical attempt to absorb Catholicism and completely inoculate it with modern rationalism. Let us proceed, in order that, getting a clearer dea of modernism we may the better see the necessity for action by our venerable Holy Father, and how unfounded is the insinuation that in condemning modernism he is impeding science and stopping all initiative in the Church. There are certain principles and methods which mark modern philosophy and which differentiate it so radically from Catholic philosophy that if these methods are applied to religious dogmas, to explain matter how deep may be the instinct of These principles we may take to be those of evolution, and two which chardepth in the heart and its universal acterize Kantian philosophy, viz., criticism of reason and also the difference between the thing as it appears to us to it what the air is to light and what as these theories did not essay to exthe voice is to the mind-the mediator plain revelation, religion or kindred between God and man. What is wrong subjects, whilst they were not regarded with favor by the scholastic philosophers, they did not leave themselves open to condemnation. An example or two will show the effect of these principles and methods upon Catholicism. Evolution is directly contrary to the immutability of dogma. No truth according to this principle of Modernism is fixed. Let us also take the Kantian principles and apply them at the same time. A thing appears in a certain way to our mind, e. g. the Blessed Eucharist. Every Catholic has in his mind the phenomenon of the Real Presence, that in the consecrated Host our Blessed Lord is present under the species of bread and wine. That is the phenomenon in the mind and which must have its practical influence in the conduct. Is Christ really present? According to Kantian principles, and according to the principles adopted by the Modernists against whom the Encyclical is directed, we cannot say, for we do not know: we may think that Christ is present, but we can say never youth. When in 1797 one of the a word about the reality of His presence. Again, this dogma of the Blessed stitute the scheme of his new religion | Eucharist is, from the philosophical side, closely connected with the philoso phical views of substance and accident Our views, therefore, of the Blessed Sacrament, and indeed the views of the Church herself upon the subject, may,

in process of evolution, come to be

far at least as the speculative theory

contained in the dogma is concerned

and determined by the supernatural magistracy of the Church. We will come again to the subject.

SOCIALISM.

Amongst the questions which agitate civilized society at the present day few are more important than what is generally termed Socialism. What this really is, or how properly to define it, is one difficulty in explaining it, and one source of anxiety in regard to its ultimate purpose. Its complex character displaying itself in different forms, its Socialism. relations with existing institutions such as Church and State, its relations with rights and duties, labor and capital, and its assumptions upon the distribu tions of burthens, wealth and privileges show it to be as many sided as some mathematical figures and just as hard to solve. It is rather a federation of systems than a single system tending to subvert the present order of society by substituting another order in which the right of dominion will be principally, if not exclusively, exercised by the State itself. In attempting to reform and perfect society, and in placing that perection in naturalism, lies the essential error of Socialism. Most of the pernicious errors of Socialism were lately summed up at Islington, in England, by an able theologian who said that the Socialism which was dangerous was the teaching that the State should be supreme in all things; that all men should be equal. There was also "Modernism" which was opposed to all right authority-there was revolt against all kind of law and rule, an attempt to make every man a law unto himself, and to carry into practise the savage creed that might was right. What might be regarded as the turning points of history which have led up to present dis content and the socialistic tendencies, and the exceptional condition in which workmen find themselves have an important bearing upon their real and substantial relief, and by removing the cause help to solve the difficulty. The present situation is the growth of centuries, and shows its more prominent features in the development of the feudal system shortly after the time of Charlemagne. Baron and serf found mutual protection where mutual service was rendered. Craftsmen, organized into guilds, advanced the interests of their skill. Mendicants were few in number and were well taken care of by the Bishops and the religious orders. This con. dition was in a fair way to reconstruct society when a new change took place gent guardian. caused by commercial development building up a class of burghers and by the weakening and impoverishing of the feudal lords through domestic and foreign wars. New conditions through the inventions of the printing press and gunpowder and the discoveries of the Cape of Good Hope and America soon tended to aggravate the feeling of discontent. Poverty increased, both from the breaking up of the baronial houses, the lack of agricultural labor and the confiscation of religious prothem or substantiate them in the court perties. Sir Thomas More, contemof reason, either they fail, or the dogma. plating the picture of crowding misery and grasping selfishness, write had been addressing a socialist gathering in Hyde Park. He regarded all governments as a conspiracy of the rich, who on pretence of managing the and the thing as it is in itself. As long public only pursue their own private ends : first striving to preserve all their ill got goods and then engaging the poor to toil for them at the lowest rate possible. All these contrivances they get established by a show of public authority, after which they are accounted as laws. Whether this portrait will suit any one to-day matters little-the main features are the same, the character more fully de veloped. Two elements have entered into the modern phase of the question, which instead of improving the situation have intensified the difficulties of the one class and placed stronger weapons in the hands of the other class. These two elements are modern inventions and the expansion of the market. The former multiplied almost indefinitely the power of manufacture; and the latter made the increased number of articles a great desideratum. Machinery, whilst giving a good deal of compensation to the workman, operates most to the benefit of the owner. Instead of having a small factory with two or three apprentices, hard bound and learning a trade by slow degrees, we have the large capitalist who buys human labor as he loes machinery—and who, even though he be well intentioned, cannot successfully alleviate the distress which he has greatly helped to create. He buys in the cheapest market, he sells in the

him to distribute easiest and at the

lowest rates. This state of affairs has

vastly increased the modern cities,

whose expensive living tells harder

against the working classes than against

dogma, on the contrary, is always fixed ern legislation is serving it in this way by limited companies. Responsibility becomes more shadowy, opposition is rendered impossible and the condition of the workman much more pitiful, if not hopeless. The political power of voting which he possesses is weak ened by the strict party lines on which mocratic Governments are run, the unions to which he belongs either ask too much or do not seek the best relief, or are betrayed. In his harrying care and wish for improvement he seeks a respite anywhere—and too often in that i definite tendency which is known as

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

To few priests of Holy Church is ccorded the privilege of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their ordination to the holy ministry. And what beautiful and consoling reflection! Fifty years of faithful service to the kindest of Masters. Fifty years' striving for One Who will not allow to go unrewarded every act, even the very least, performed in this world for His greater honor and glory, by uplifting the fallen, consoling the wounded in spirit and performing all those other works of charity which are so pleasing to the heart of Him Who is equally the

father of all. To the Venerable Archdeacon Laussie of Caynga, diocese of Hamilton, we extend our warmest congratulations In doing so there comes to our lips the words: "Well done thou good and faithful servent." And such will be the saying of all who know him. From his Bishop, and from neighboring Bis. hops-from his fellow priests of the dio cese of Hamilton and from priests far as well as near, have come tokens of the love they bear him and the high honor in which he is held. The winter of life is with the venerated pastor of Cayuga, but the heart is yet warm and the mind yet active and the hands yet buy in still further promoting those noble works which will add other gems to his crown of glory. Words of praise we know he does not look for. The truly noble priest, such as Archdeacon Laursie, seeks reward from his Master only and from Him surely we may expect that reward will come in abundance. Let us hope and pray that still many years will be accorded him to continue the good work which has been the rule and the joy of a long life, a life which has been an example to all and which has brought untold blessings upon a people of whom he has been the kind and indul-

Translated for The Freeman's Journal ENCYCLICAL ON "THE DOCTRINES OF THE MODERNISTS."

BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X. PIUS X. POPE.

To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordin aries who are at peace and in communion with the Apostolic See.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

MORAL CAUSES OF MODERNISM. It behooves us, Venerable Brothers, to penetrate still deeper into Modern ism and examine the causes which have engendered it and which foster it. Unquestionably the immediate and all embracing cause is intellectual perver sion. We recognize that the remote causes may be reduced to two, namely, curiosity and pride. Curiosity, if not ribed within due bounds, suf fices of itself to explain all errors. Such is the opinion of Our predecessor. Gregory XVI., who wrote: "A lamentable spectacle is that pre-

sented by the aberrations of ho reason when it yields to the spirit of novelty, when notwithstanding the warning of the Apostle it seeks to know beyond what it is meet to know, and when relying too much on itself it thinks it can find the truth outside the Church wherein truth is found without the slightest shadow of error. (Encyclical, 1834.)"

But pride has incomparably greater influence upon the soul, binding it and plunging it into all sorts of error. In Modernism pride is in its native element finding sustenance everywhere in the doctrines of Modernism, as well as an opportunity for displaying itself in its various aspects. It is pride which fills the Modernists with that overween ing confidence in themselves and which causes them to hold themselves up as which puffs them up with vain glory as if they alone were the possessors of knowledge; it is pride which inflates them with presumption and makes them pro claim "we are not as the rest of men;" it is pride which leads them to embrace all kinds of absurd novelties with a view of not being placed on th plane with other men; it is pride which inspires them with a rebellious spirit that prompts them to demand a compromise between authority and it is pride, which making them tween authority and liberty oblivious to their own need of reforms tion, spurs them on to reform others it is pride which engenders in them total lack of respect for authority, not even excepting the supreme auth dearest. He locates his shops where they will do the best work and enable

The truth of the matter is, that pride is the road leading most directly and expeditiously to Modernism. A Catholic, whether priest or layman, who is unmindful of that precept of the Chris tian life which enjoins upon us the duty of self-abnegation, if we would be fol lowers of Jesus Christ; and who does not cleanse his heart from all pride the capitalist by an increase of wages.

Capital gravitates very fast, and mod-

of Modernism. Consequently, vener able brothers, one of your most important duties will be to hold such proud ant duties will be to hold such proud men in check, assigning to them the lowest and the most obscure positions. The higher they try to climb, the more humble should be the offices assigned to them so that their standing may deprive them of the opportunity for doing harm. In addition to this, you should sound, either personally or through means of the superiors of seminaries, all candidates for the priesthood, and if you find among them any of a proud disposition refuse them ordination in a positive and decisive manner. Would disposition refuse them ordination in a positive and decisive manner. Would that this had always been done with that degree of vigilance and persistency which this matter requires.

INTELLECTUAL CAUSES.

Passing from the moral to the intel-lectual causes of Moderniam, we are contronted with ignorance as the chief cause. The fact is that these very cause. The fact is that these very Modernists who would pose as Doctors of the Church and who talk so pompously about modern philosophy, whilst decrying scholasticism, have accepted the doctrines of modern philosophy with all its errors and fallacies, because having little or no knowledge of scholastic philosophy they had not at their command arguments, which would en. command arguments, which would en able them to remove confusion of ideas and refute sophistry. Their whole system, with its long train of errors, is born of the marriage of false philosophy

THE PROPAGATION OF MODERNISM. Would that the Modernists expended Would that the Modernists expended less energy and care in propagating their errors. So great is their activity, so tireless their labor, that one cannot help experiencing a sense of pain at seeing all this energy employed against the Church, which, if properly expended, would be so advantageous to the Church.

The artifices employed for the purpose of deceiving men's minds are of two kinds; first, they endeavor to remove all obstacles from their path, next, they diligently search out all means that will aid them; and when these are found, they avail themselves of them, displaying in all this great activity and untiring patience. They activity and untiring patience. They recognize that there are three things which thwarth their efforts, namely, scholastic philosophy, the authority of the Fathers and of tradition and the magisterium of the Church. The wage a relentless war upon all of these They For scholastic philosophy and theology, they have nothing but utter contempt and bitter jibes. Whether this is attributable to ignorance or fear, or to both, it is certain that zeal for new fangled doctrines is always associated with hatred for the scholastic method. There can be no surer indication of person's leaning to Modernism than is supplied by the fact of his begin ning to dislike the scholastic system. Modernists and their admirers should keep in mind this proposition con-demned by Pius JX: "The method and principles, which the ancient Doc-tors of the schola tic school adopted when dealing with theology, are no longer capable of responding to the demands of our times and to the progress of science" (Syllabus, proposi-

Modernists display great sub The tlety in their endeavors to misrepre-sent the nature and undermine the authority of tradition with the view of depriving it of all influence. Catholics, however, the Second Council of Nice will ever have the binding force of law when it condemns those "who dare, after the impious fashion of heretics, to deride the ecclesiastical traditions, to invent novelties of some kind . or endeavor by malice or craft to overthrow any one of the legitimate traditions of the Catholic Catholics also will regard as binding the profession of the Council of Constantinople which declares:
"We, therefore, profess to conserve
and guard the rules bequeathed to the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church stitution, which according to the by the holy and most illustrous apostles, association needs reformation badly, by the orthodox Councils, both gen eral and local, and by every one of those divinely inspired interpreters, the Fathers and Doctors Church." Hence the Roman Pontiffs, Plus IV, and Pius IX. ordered that there should be inserted in the pro fession of faith the following declara tion: "I most solemnly accept and embrace the Apostolic and ecclesiasti cal tradition and other observances and

constitutions of the Church."

Naturally enough the Modernists have as little regard for the Fathers of the Church as they have for tradition. They assert, with amazing temerity, that the Fathers of the Church, though personally worthy of the profoundest veneration, were wholly ignorant of history and criticism, which was only excusable on account of the age in which they lived

Finally, the Modernists try their best to weaken and diminish the author of the ecclesiastical magisterium They endeavor to do this by iously falsifying its origin, its charac

ter, and its rights, whilst recklessly repeating the calumnics of its enemies. What our immediate predecessor wrote in bitterness of spirit is strictly applicable to the Modernists, taken as a whole: "The sons of darkness in attempting to bring contempt and odium upon the mystical Spouse of Christ, who is the true light, have made her the target for calumeies. Perverting the meaning of words and of things, they have been in the habit of depicting her as the friend of darkness and ignorance and the enemy of light, science and progress." (Motu Proprio, March 14, 1891)

versary, rendered formidable by his learning and force of character, take the field against them, they enter into a conspiracy of silence in his regard in order to nullify his influence. In striking contrast with this policy towards Catholics is the way they demean them.

selves towards those who hold their opinions. The books of the latter, which are saturated with the new docrines, always receive boundless praise. The more a writer attacks antiquity, the more he tries to undermine tradithe more a writer stracks antiquity, the more he tries to undermine tradition and the ecclesiastical magisterium; the greater will be the praise bestowed upon him for his scholarship. It one of them fall under the condemnation of the Church; the others, much to the horror of every good Catholic, will rally round him at the same time not only openly heaping unlimited praise upon him, but almost venerating him as a marty; for the truth. Young persons, carried away and confused by this clamor of praise and abuse, surrender to Moderniam. Some of them do this because they are atraid of being branded as ignorant; others do it because they are desirous of being regarded as leavned; all of them are spurred on by intellectual pride and curiosity.

THE MODERNISTS AND THE PRESS.

THE MODERNISTS AND THE PRESS.
We have here some of the artifice the Modernists have recourse to in the Modernists have recourse to in exploiting their wares. What will they not do to increase their numerical strength? They work themselves into professorship in seminaries and universities, which they gradually convert into a means for propagating their postilential doctrines: in semons delivered from the pulpit they indirectly inculcate their doctrines; they set forth these same doctrines more openly in public assemblies; they introduce in public assemblies; they introduce them into social organizations where they extol them; in their own names, or under pseudonyms, they publish books, newspapers and reviews; sometimes one and the same writer adopts a variety of pseudonyms in order to mis-lead the unwary reader into believing that Modernist writers are very numer-

In a word, they have left nothing untried which could be accomplished by action, by speech or by writing. They seem to be possessed of a veritable frenzy for propaganda work.

What has been the outcome of all

this? Our heart is wrung by the sight of many young men having gone astray, who were once full of promise and who were capable of rendering great serv ice to the Church. We have also to grieve over the conduct of many Cath-olics, who, though they have not gone to the lengths others have, indulge in a laxity of thought, of speech and of writing ill becoming a Catholic, just as if they had been accustomed to breath-ing a poisoned moral atmosphere. Catholics of this kind are to be found mongst the laity, in the ranks of the clergy, and, what was not to be expected, in religious orders and congre pected, in religious orders and congregations. If they treat of biblical questions, they do so guided by Modernist principles; if they write history, they, under the pretest of telling the whole truth, take good care to lay emphasis on whatso ver may seem to tay emphasis on whatso ver may seem to cast a stain upon the Church, and this they do with ill-concealed pleasure. Dominated by certain a priori rules they strenuously endeavor to uproot and destroy popular pious traditions. They show their con-tempt for relics which are venerable by their antiquity. They are carried away by the foolish desire to have people talk about them; and they feel that they will not succeed in this, if they say only what has been always said. In the meantime it may be that they have persuaded themselves they are rendering a service to God and to the Church. In reality they offend both; not so much by what they actuboth; not so much by ally do, as by the spirit by which they tive aid they are rendering to the extravagances of the Modernists.

NO ANTI-CATHOLIC BIGOT.

A convention of the National Reform association was held last week in the Park street church, this city, but it was not touched upon. It seems that the National Reform association has a very wide field of work. So, among the speakers announced was a certain Rev. Mr. Zell (the name has a sugges tive sound somehow) whose specialty is reforming the Catholic Church. We cannot say that he has succeeded to cannot say that he has succeeded any great extent up to the present.
But "hope springs eternal," and in some benighted communities such a calling as that followed by Zell is still. remunerative. The Rev. Mr. Zell reckoned, however, without his host in Boston, and his specialty was cut out of the program at the Park Street church. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Conrad, would have none of it. The Boston Transcript tells us furthermore that Dr. Conrad wishes it to be publicly known that he will not stand for anything that savors of nar-rowness, bigotry or sectarianism, which tends to create division among men instead of brotherhood and sympathy. So good Brother Zell will hav his wares (which include malice, hatred, envy and all uncharitableness) to some other market. Dr. Conrad.—Sacred Heart Review.

DEVOTION TO CHRIST TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Commenting on the recent Eucharistic Congress in Pittsburg, the Ave Maria takes the ground that besides being a plous, this was a patriotic gathering in the truest sense of the word. Says our esteemed contempor-ary: "Believers in Jesus, really present in the Sacrament of the Altar, This being so, it is not a matter for surprise that the Modernists concentrate all their bitterness and hatred upon Catholics who valiantly fight in defence of the Church. There is no species of insult they do not fling at the latter. But of all insults, that implied in the charge of ignorance and obstinacy is their favorite. If an adversary, rendered fermidable by his learning and force of character, take FUNDAMENTAL PRINC THE MISSION MOVE

THE MARVELOUS AWAR MISSIONARY SPIRIT DU PERIOD OF ITS EXISTEN It was on Nov. 16, 18 certificate of incorporation olic Missionary Union was office of the Secretary of State. We are, the ', as a ation, but ten jears old. decade of years, what changes have taken place

tude of the Church toward can public! What a mar-ening of the missionary the bosom of the Church immense stride the Church toward the goal of her desi There have been a few rinciples that the Cath ary Union has continual lessly emphasized. It them in season and out the Catholic press, thro sionary, on the public pla private conversation with the Church. The result stant statement and re vital facts and principles

vital facts and principles notable change in p toward the great mission in the Church. It is back over these ten year-our progress. Some of th have been as follows: The primary vocation is the missionary vocinto the whole world as into the whole world al Gospel to every creature The parish priest hat ties in conscience towa within his parochial First, to the Catholic po they depend on the sac istration for the saving Second, to the baptized because they, too, by belong to the Church must be brought actual fold. Third, to the unb

fold. Third, to the unio too, constructively are of Christ desires all to con ledge of the truth and b An established policy heretofore of ignoring, tice, the non-Catholic, that we had enough to of our own. This polic supplanted by the one the non-Catholic within missionary activity and as a choice object of a now looked upon as a m in Church work to exte pitality to the non Cathhim every facility of knowledge of the truth. ive pastor always follo mission by a mission t The religious communi ing missions are meet for non-Catholic missio all their young men work. The missionary will extend both hand ple of the parish, the r Catholic, and the le facile than the right, t

Another of our prin condemn controversy the controversial meth ful missionary no lon testantism. To do so to a dying thing. Hi to explain Catholic do The commercial ager his competitor's good own. His only succ simply to exploit hi known their merits. Church has the best ing out a high-grade The American public To make this fact kno of the missionary. troversialist" has no missionary movement launches his diatribe ominationalism is In order to succeed

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but to know them. Another one of t we have not tried emphasize is the fa in this country is body, and therefore be made simultaneous line. The well-eq the New England cannot push shea struggling dioceses far West behind. to the latter the st and financial supported has been the ins work we have done have believed the bishops and priest parts of the count claim on the cor Catholics of the ceses, and, to a v broad-gauged syl struggling bishops poorer parts of the distinctive feature the North of the North gratifying tto ki stant affirmatio ciple has aroused of mutual assist sentiment that the Society was for sentiment is developed to the sentiment of the sentiment o

the strong and give Finally, another we have stood for non Catholic miss no religious con special work of and secular clera the great work Church in this c energy should be it and every Chu engaged in it. of the work the Union has been
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FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE MISSION MOVEMENT.

THE MARVELOUS AWAKENING OF MISSIONARY SPIRIT DURING BRIEF FERIOD OF ITS EXISTENCE.

It was on Nov. 16, 1896, that the literation of the Cardinal and the Bishops that the appeal was made for funds; and now that its great work of training missionaries is being carried on its doors are

It was on Nov. 16, 1896, that the certificate of incorporation of the Catholic Missionary Union was filed in the office of the Secretary of New York State. We are, the as a legal orporation, but ten years old. During this decade of years, what wonderful changes have taken place in the attitude of the Church toward the American public! What a marvel us awakening of the missionary spirit within open to the members of every religious order, as well as to the secular elergy. The Apostolic Mission House belongs to the Church in the United belongs to the Church in the United States, in the same way as the American College in Rome does. It is to subserve the interestr, not of any one body of men, but of the Church in America. It is, therefore, the nerve center of the organized missians reversement. This pape Catholical can public! What a marvet as was ening of the missionary spirit within the bosom of the Church! What an immense stride the Church has taken toward the goal of her desires!

There have been a few fundamental principles that the Catholic Missionary has continually and cease.

ary Union has continually and cease ary Union has continually and cease-lessly emphasized. It has affirmed them in season and out of season, in the Catholic press, through the mis sionary, on the public platform, and in private conversation with leaders in the Church. The result of this constant statement and restatement of vital facts and principles has been the notable change in public opinion toward the great missionary sentiment in the Church. It is well to look back over these ten years and measure our progress. Some of these principles have been as follows:

The primary vocation of the Church is the missionary vocation; "Go into the whole world and preach the

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The parish priest has responsibilities in conscience toward every soul within his parochial jurisdiction. First, to the Catholic people, because they depend on the sacramental min-istration for the saving of their souls Second, to the baptized non-Catholies because they, too, by their baptism belong to the Church of God. They belong to the Church of God. They must be brought actually within the fold. Third, to the unbaptized. They, too, constructively are Catholics, since Christ desires all to come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved.

An established policy had prevailed heretofore of ignoring, at least in practice, the non-Catholic, under a practice.

as an allair of a certain religious com-munity, and therefore to be cared for by them, and by them alone, and for this reason they give the whole ques-tion little thought. Their attitude in the circumstances is, "It is not my affair." But any one who has followed tice, the non-Catholic, under a pretext that we had enough to do to take care of our own. This policy has now been supplanted by the one that includes the non-Catholic within the sphere of missionary activity and considers him as a choice object of solicitude. It is now looked man as a mark of progress. now looked upon as a mark of progress in Church work to extend Church hospitality to the non Catholic and to offer him every facility of coming to the knowledge of the truth. The progressive pastor always follows his Catholic mission by a mission to non Catholics. The religious communities who are giving missions are meeting the demand ing missions are meeting the demand for non-Catholic missions by preparing all their young' men for this special work. The missionary of the future will extend both hands to all the people of the parish, the right hand to the Catholic, and the left, hardly less facile than the right, to the non-Catholic.

Another of our principles has been t condemn controversy and to ostracize the controversial method. The successthe controversial method. In the controversial method. In the limits of to explain Catholic doctrine and policy.

The commercial agent who condemns his competitor's goods falls to sell his own. His only successful method is simply to exploit his own and make known their merits. The Catholic Church has the best facilities for turning or the catholic goods. ing out a high grade religious article. The American public ought to know it. To make this fact known is the business To make this fact known is the dustries of the missionary. Hence the "controversialist" has no place in the new missionary movement. The one who launches his diatribes against decadent denominationalism is a back number. In order to succeed he needs to revise Catholic Church are sufficient of them lic people. selves o attract the American people and to charm their hearts. They need but to know them.

The missionary spirit has been aroused for all missionary projects. The foreign field, under the auspices of the Proposition of the Frith hearts.

the Propagation of the Faith, has awakened an interest as it has never Another one of the principles that we have not tried in our efforts to emphasize is the fact that the church in this ccurtry is a homogeneous body, and therefore the advance must be made simultaneously all along the line. The well-equipped dioceses of the New England and Middle States cannot push ahead and leave the struggling dioceses of the South and far Wess behind. They must extend to the latter the strong hand of moral and financial support. This principle has been the inspiration of all the work we have done for the South. have believed that the struggling bishops and priests in the necessitous parts of the country have a positive claim on the comfortably churched Catholics of the well-established dio ceses, and, to a very large extent, a broad-gauged sympathy with the struggling bishops and priests in the struggling bishops and priests in the poorer parts of the country shuld be a distinctive feature of the Catholicism of the North and East. It is gratifying to know that the constant affirmation of this principle has aroused a strong sentiment of mutual assistance. It is of this sentiment that the Church Extension Society was born, and the more this

of mutual assistance. It is of this sentiment that the Church Extension Society was forn, and the more this sentiment is developed the greater will be its success in accepting from the strong and giving to the weak.

Finally, another vital principle that we have stood for is the fact that the non-Catholic mission work belongs to no religious community, but is the special work of all, both the regular and secular clergy. Inasmuch as it is the great work before the entire Church in this country, every Church energy should be aroused to encompass it and every Church activity should be engaged in it. With this broad view of the work the Catholic Missionary Union has been the representative of

source of uplift for mankind. They must recognize that a blow to the Catholic Church is a blow to them, and

lic University. When the project of building it was being discussed it was with the special commend

sion movement. This non Catholic mission movement contemplates the

placing in every diocese of the country a band of missionaries, who will do the bishop's work of preaching to the non-Catholics as well as to the Catholic. The scaool where the diocesan missionaries when the catholic with the diocesan missionaries when the catholic with the catholi

ary is trained is the Apostolic Mission House. There he learns the best methods of presenting Catholic truth

to the non-Catholic. There he catches the spirit of zeal and enthusiasm for

convert making. There he forms friendships and establishes bonds that tie him to the work and make him an

important factor in a country wide

orga-ization. It is good to see how the religious orders are lining up for this great work. There were present at the recent Missionary Conference

the delegates of twelve religious order

speak of the non Catholic mission work

as an affair of a certain religious com-

for converts.

Among the laity there has been

Among the latty there has been aroused the gratest enthusiasm for renewed activity on these lines, Nothing appeals to their love for the Church as a statement of the results of this mis

a statement of the results of such organiza-tions as the Knights of Columbus have officially commended the work and have pledged themselves to assist the work

financially. Convert leagues have been formed among the more progressive, while Church extension societies read-

ily commend themselves to the Catho-

done before. The work among the

All that is necessary just now is more self-sacrifice as well as more earn-est work on the part of priests and

A SECULAR EDITOR'S VIEW

laity.-The Missionary.

other quarters.

tic observer.

that upon perpetuity must rest their own refuge. 'No small amount of courage is required, in these days, to be a Pope.
Pius X, for this encyclical, bids fair to
take his place in pontifical history as
one of the most courageous. He adheres grandly to the grand old conception that the Church, being God-made, cannot fail. And this is the faith to which Christians of all ages have clung steadfastly."

"DECLENSION OF ROME."

EXPOSITION OF CHURCH'S DEVOTION TO BLESSED VIRGIN.

Providence Visitor. spirited controver-y has been going on in the English papers regarding the devotion of Catholics to the

Blessed Virgin.

A Mr. Tallack has been writing to
The Times ascribing the alleged "declining influence of the Roman Church" clining influence of the Roman Church to the preponderant regard given by her to the Blessed Virgin. That Rome has borne valuable testimony to the Divinity of Christ, and the atonement made by him, he acknowledges, but at the same time he declares that Rome virtually assumes the emnipotence and omnipresence of the Blessed Virgin, and accords her a worship an i tromin ence due only to God in Christ, be officially representing their communities, and they stated emphatically the interest they have in the work, and summarized the work that was being communities. ence due only to God in Christ, so stowing on a created woman the wor-ship due only to the Saviour and one Mediator. In a later issue was a letter of reply from Mgr. Canon Moyes, who summarized the work that was being done by their respective communities. No greater mistake can be made than to consider the non-Catholic mission movement the special work of any religious community. We sometimes meet unthinking men who

Mr. Tallack will recognize that these Mr. Tallack will recogn ze that these are somewhat serious charges to bring against three of every four of his fellow Christians, for the eastern churches would fall under his indictment even more than the Catholic. No one will doubt that Mr. Tallack No one will doubt that Mr. Tallack writes from a genuine zeal that God may have His due, and that nothing may be allowed to traverse or obscure the sole mediatorship of our Saviour. In pleading for such interests, he will have the cordial sympathy of everyone, nave the cordial sympathy of everyone, and most of all of the Catholic and Roman Church, from Plus X. down to the simplest of the faithful. But as a matter of that fairness which he himthe growth of this work has long since been disabused of this notion. It is the work of the Church in the United States, and every active agency in the hurch is co-operating self invokes it cannot be right to attribute to any religious beliefs which itself authoritatively repudiates. Ten years have now gone by since we started. And what marvelous re-sults have been achieved! The temper The Catholic Church has taught from the beginning, and will continue to teach to the end, that there is only one of the entire Catholic body has been God, who is ab-olutely and infinitely changed towards converts and convert above and distinct from all things which he has created; that His essen making. The stream of converts into the Church has been increased in voltial nature and attributes are incom-municable; that as our first beginning. ume, so that pretty accurate statistics go to show that at least 25,000 converts are being received now each year. The force of missionaries in the country cont nual preserver, and Last End, our sole Creator, our sole Redeemer, and our sole Sanctifier there is due to has been greatly enlarged. Every religious community has had to increase Him a supreme worship in which no creature, however exalted, can have its bands of missionaries by the addition creature, however exalted, can have any part or share; that Christ our God made man is the one sole mediator of of new members, because the demand or new memoers, because the demand for missionaries has been increased. There have been added to the regular missionaries at least one hundred dio cesan missionaries. The sisterhoods of our salvation, so that no prayer or inter-cession in heaven or on earth can have the least efficacy in the order of grace, except through His merits and mediation. This is the Catholic doc trine which is intrenched in our creeds the country have been aroused to an unusual activity on these same missionary lines. They have been praying for success. They have been talking mis-sionary zeal to the children in the which is expounded in the theological schools in Rome and throughout the schools. They have been suggesting missionary activity to the pastors. They have been reaching out themselves Catholic world, which is preac our pulpits and taught in our Sunday

All this Mr. Tallack may verify for himself by consulting the decrees of our councils, our standard text books of theology, our catechisms or manuals of instruction, or if he should wish it, by examining a class of our Sunday school children. Hence the "Come to Mary" which he has heard in our churches has but one possible meaning for any Catholic audience—viz., "come to Mary, and ask her to pray for you, to join her prayers with yours to her Divine Son, the One Mediator, through whom alone her prayers and yours can find acceptance rayers and yours can find acceptance sore the throne of God." Certainly prayers and yours if I, as a Catholic priest, were to preach in any pulpit of Catholic Christendom any one of the doctrines which Mr. Tallack has ascribed to the done before. The work among the negroes readily commands a sympithetic hearing, while the Marquette League has been formed to support the Indian missions. The Apostolate, too, among the immigrants has been studied and its needs emphasized, and undoubtedly a more intelligent treat ment of necessities will be the result. And all this within ten years.

The aggressive, go ah ad spirit has possessed the entire body of the Church. There is nothing so contagious as this. Catholic Church, I should be promptly suspended for heresy, and be disciplined for my soul's health by that very Roman Church hich he regards as the chief offender. Needless to say that these principles which are rooted in the Catholic faith do not hinder, but on the contrary, help us to enter all the more fully into the consola-tions of the great doctrine of the Communion of Saints. In it we pay not the divine or supreme worship reserved to God alone—but the heartfelt There is nothing so contagious as this.
Activity breeds activity, and success religious veneration which one re-deemed creature owes to another, to all souls in the measure of their near-ness to God. We joyfully and eagerly seek the help of their prayers, whether in one quarter generates success in The past ten years are, moreover, a promise of the great work that will be done in the next decade. With better here or above, knowing that their prayers and ours have all their value facilities, with more thorough equip-ment, with awakened energies, the fruitage of the next ten years bids and efficacy through the one mediator, Christ. We hold that this belief involves neither omnipotence or voives neither omnipotence or omnis-cience on the part of the blessed, but that this is a part of the loving providence of God that they should be conscious of the prayers we addr sa to them, sharing as they do in God's knowledge in the meanra which He fair to astonish even the most optimis

knowledge in the measure which He permits as a condition of the life of hose who always see the face of the Many thoughtful outsiders share this view. Says the editor of the Hornell, N. Y., Daily Times:

"To those who think, the Pope's encyclical can be expressed within no narrow bounds of creed. Bigotry and hatred must vanish before the onspread of a 'modernism' that threatens, not merely the Catholic Church, but every altar and every pulpit. Father. Finally, as to the charge of undue prominence, may I draw Mr. Tallack's attention to a well-known fact? All the attention to a well-known later All the devotion practised and preached by the Catholic Church in honor of the Blessed Virgin, great as it undoubtedly is (and ever must be as the outcome of the realization of the doctrine of the Incar nation), is, after all, insignificant, compared to the place occupied in Catholic worship by the Mass. The Mass is the supreme and sole obligatory service for Catholics, and it holds the all predominant place in the life of the Church at large, and in that of the individual faithful. There is no Catholic Church in which the Masses do not form the chief service, and it is held that some nation), is, after all, insignificant, com merely the Catholic Outron, but only altar and every pulpit.
The misguided followers of the most rabid of European free-thinkers, who to some extent have invaded this country, would sack the place Christians revere as speedily as they would look at them.
"Men of every creed will join in congratulating Catholics upon the encyclical as emanating from a man standing of the work the Catholic Missionary Union has been the representative of the hierarchy in all that it has undertaken, and it has sought and secured taken, and it has sought and secured the special approbation of the bishops for every step that it has made.

When the question of the location of the Apostolic Mission House was pending, no place seemed practicable other than the grounds of the Catholic Mission are proposed to the work the Catholic Mission and it holds the all predomting the Catholics, and it holds the all predomting the Catholic Church as special approbation of the bishops for every step that it has made.

Catholics, and it holds the all predomting the Catholic Church as special approbation of the bishops for every step that it has made.

When the question of the location of the Apostolic Mission House was pending, no place seemed practicable other than the grounds of the Catholic When the Catholic World. Yet, according to the Church's own teaching, as they would look at them, and the life of the Church at the priest is a tax gatherer, not particular good works to Him; but these we cannot do for want of heavy choice, but of necessity. This collecting business is the most unpleasant in that it has undergrated in the tife of the Church as predict that the priest is a tax gatherer, not particular good works to Him; but these we cannot do for want of the church as predict that the priest is a tax gatherer, not particular good works to Him; but these we cannot do for what the chief service, and it is held that some that if the average pastor knew to apriest's life. It is so unpleasant to a priest's life. It is a verage pastor knew that if the average pastor knew that if the average pastor knew to apriest's life. It is a verage pastor knew to apriest's life. It is a verage pastor knew to apriest's life. It is a verage pastor knew to apriest's life. It is a verage pastor knew to apriest's life. It is a verage

every Mass is specifically an act of supreme Divine worship of God and of Christ, and can be offered to God alone. In face of this daily and worldalone. In face of this daily and world-wide fact of Christ worship, filling Catholic Christendom from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, one may reasonably feel that there can be little grounds for Mr. Tallack's apprehension that Catholic worship is ever likely to put in the background Christ, for Whose sake alone all saints and angels and the Blessed Virgin receive the veneration which we feel to be their

THE BUSINESS-SIDE OF RE-LIGION.

Rev. J. T. Roche, LL. D. in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times,

THE PRIEST FINANCIER.

The average pastor nowadays has to be something of a financier. The science of raising funds for church purposes is not an easy one. It is not learned from books, but is acquired in the great school of the world, known as experience. Beautiful and high-sound ing theories have been promulgated from time to time about the best ways of procuring such funds, but after all has been said and done, it is the pastor himself who has to go out and them. Ultimately the support of the whole organization falls upon his shoulders. Peter's Pence, the Bishop's cathedraticum and the funds wherewith diocesan institutions are maintained all pass through his hands. In raising these moneys theories are some-times forced to give way to cold, hard facts. The one little thing which up sets most theories is the fact that the support of religion is purely voluntary on the part of the people. There is, of course, a more or less indefinite law commanding the faithful to contribute commanding to their means. This law, however, is a good deal like the Protestant's doctrine of private judgment. It is sometimes very liberally inter-preted, and frequently disregarded enpreted, and frequently disregarded en-tirely by people who would promptly resent the imputation of being bad Catholics. It is the paster who has to grapple constantly with this cheap Catholicity, and who has to make the best of a bad situation without driving the 'poor pays' from the church through the enforcement of iron-clad rules. To his credit be it said that he generally succeeds in making both ends neet, and the proportion of financial failures amongst Catholic pastors is smaller than amongst any other class of business men the world over.

NOT THE SAME. I have heard people from time to time grow merry at the expense of the priest financier; but I have seen lay management tried and I have frequently seen it given up in disgust, and even while it lasted it was the priest had to go out and raise the himself who had to go out and raise the nimeel who had to go out and raise the money for necessary expenses. The methods and principles of ordinary business are not applicable to conditions in which the obligation to pay is birding only in conscience. There are too many flexible consciences and too. too many flexible consciences and too many people without any sense of honor or honesty when it comes to the pay ment of a church debt. The pries must not forget at the same time the higher considerations. The welfare of immortal souls must remain ever and always his dominating principle. He realizes that if it ever comes to a choice between a man's soul and his noney, he must endeavor to save the soul, even if he has to look somewhere else for the money. He knows well that there is something radically wrong that there is something radically wrong with the spirituality of a man who is willing to enjoy the benefits and consolations of religion without making any of the sacrifices which religion en tails; but he knows, too, that some peo-ble have peculiar ways of forming their

ble have peculiar ways of forming their consciences, so he leaves them to God and does the best he can.

The average amount of business done amoually by the pastors of the country reaches a surprising array of figures. In this age of brick and mortar there is nu this age of brick and mortar there is much to do in the building line, and provision must be made for future contingencies as well as for present needs. The penny-wise and pound foolish attitude will be to a many more and pound foolish attitude will be to a minute of the second providers. tude will not do. The pastor must be broad enough and far sighted enough to lay the foundations for future growth. To do this he must sometimes burden the present generation with debts, but he is noted the world over debts, but he is noted the world over for his ability to pay debts. The credit of the Church everywhere throughout the country is of the high-est order, and this fact alone is no mean tribute to the man whose methods and labors have made it so.

HIS RETURN.

I am not detracting from the part played by the laity in all of this. Their played by the laity in all of this. Their turn will come later on. I am merely striving to remove a false impression which exists in many quarters to the effect that priests as a class are poor financiers. I believe that it can be conclusively shown that as a class they are exceptionally able business men, and that very many of them are financiers of the highest order. The real cause for surprise is frequently that with such limited means at their dis-

existence. He sometimes forgets, too, that the priest is a tax gatherer, not by choice, but of necessity. This collecting business is the most unpleasant part of a priest's life. It is so unpleasant that if the average pastor knew before hand the humiliations he would be forced to underso in order to con-

that God mercifully conceals from the young levite the mean and sordid side of humanity.

A priest friend of mine declares that he has had always to do two dollars' worth of work for every dollar which he has ever received. It is not the work, however, to which the priest obwork, however, to which the priest ob-jects: it is the grudging spirit with which the just dues of religion are paid. It is the lack of appreciation and the forgetfulness of the fact that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it i-not for himself, but for the people and for their children's children for whom he is working and striving. He does not expect earthly riches. He set all hopes of these aside when he became a priest. He does expect gratitude and appreciation, and even these are fre-quently denied him.

UNION WITH GOD:

"Son, daughter, give Me thy heart."
This is God's constant appeal to us as made known through the familiar voice of our divine Lord. He wishes us to be one with Him that He may be one with us. It is God's desire to fill our hearts with His love that even here we may begin to enjoy something of that happiness which the blessed enjoy in heaven. He covets our hearts and our heaven. He covets our nearts and our affections, first, because He knows He alone can fill them; and, second, because He alone has a right to them. It is our advantage, therefore, it is our duty to be united with God in everything or, as the scriptures say, "We thing or, as the scriptures say, "We are to serve God with our whole mind, with our whole heart, with our whole soul and with all our strength."

Union with God, then, is our duty, first, in ourselves, second, in our neigh-bor and, third, in all things else.

We are ever to be united to God in ourselves. It is the divine will, it should be ours. God chooses our hearts for His abode hence in the words of for His abode, hence in the words of holy writ, He makes our bodies His temple and our hearts His Tabernacle and begins to build up His kingdom within us. He wishes to be the ani-mating principle of our lives; the light of our minds, the life of our hearts and the strength of our wills. "I am the way, the truth and the life," says our Lord, and this He is to all who are truly united with Him. For them He is their exemplar and model; their teacher and exemplar and model; their teacher and guide; their inspiration and their strength. Such was the Blessed Mother's union with Him in the fullness of grace, and such relatively was St. Joseph and all the saints who were saints just because they live so completely in God and God in them. "I live," says St. Paul, 'no not I but Christ liveth n me." In this way God must be the substance and we only the shadows. He the means and we only the seeming effects—seeming and seeming only, for whatever we do of good is all to be attributed to God and His grace, and thus we see how truly St. Paul speaks when he says "By the grace of God, I am what I am." Any good he accomplished for his own or his neighbor's soul in his ardent zeal for God's glory he assigned and entirely the seeming effects - seeming and for God's glory he assigned and entirely attributed to the grace of God. We shall do just as much good as is the proportion of the union of our hearts with God. If we of the union of our nearts with God. If we have perfect union we shall have a perfect life; if imperfect, changeable and indifferent we shall have lives just the same. This makes the difference in men. It is not that God treats one less liber ally than others, but because men differ in their dealings with God. The saint responds faithfully to the graces of God who wills the sanctification of of God who wills the sanctinearth of all; the sinner spurns these helps and will do nothing but indulge his baser appe-tites. The fervent glow with the fire of God's love; the lukewarm grow cold and indifferent to God in their self-love. But God wants our hearts and will give

us no rest until we give them to Him, hence the peace and happiness of the good in God, and the unrestand misery of the wicked in opposing Him. Ah, we should pray, and pray always, that God be with us, or rather that we be al-ways with God, united with Him in our hearts, our affections and our wills, so that the work of God for us may be done and not impeded, that His kingdom come in us and He reign and rule dom come in us and He reign and rule
over our hearts, our King, our Lord
and Master, served, honored and loved,
our Lord, our God, our atl.
Nor is this union with God limited to ourselves alone, but extends to our neighbor; for just as our neighbor is united to us by natural relations, so we are to be united with God spirit-

ually through our relations with our fellow men. Doing good to others was our Lord's mission upon earth, and this must be the mission of all who follow Him. He lives again in His who follow Him. He lives again in His faithful followers. "Put ye on the spirit of Christ," says the spirit of Christ," says the spirit of Christ, and constant sacrifices; giving all we can for His glory; giving up whatsoever might separate us from Him. Our union with Him through our neighbor supposes the self-same things. We are to deal with our neighbor from pure and disinterested motives. Love to do good to him for his own sake and for God's. Love and do good to him because our Lord would do the same were He again walking this earth: the kind word, the gentle posal they have been able to accomplish so much.

The average layman knows little or nothing about the expenses incident to the running of a parish. He figures from the limited cost of his own household, and wonders why it is that a parish cannot be conducted along similar economical lines. He forgets that it is a dual and, where there is a school, a triple establishment, with added expenses for fuel, lighting, insurance, diocesan assessments, repairs, improvements and the thousand and one things which go to make up the expense account of every institution in existence. He sometimes forgets, too, that the priest is a tax gatherer, not particular good works to Him; but these we cannot do for want of his vis-

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FATHER BENSON'S EXPERIENCES.

How or why they became Catholics has been told time and again by converts to the Church in stories possessing varying degrees of interest. A specially noteworthy account was given specially noteworthy account was given; recently in a lecture in Liverpool on "The Experiences of a Convert before Conversion," by one of the most distinguished of living converts—Rev-Father Robert Hugh Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

At the outset of his remarks Father Benson said that an Anglican friend Benson said that an Anguean friend lately told him that the reason why he became a Catholic was that he never really understood the Church of Eng-land at all. If he didn't he must have been exceedingly stupid, for he was brought up in an Anglican household, was in the Anglican Church thirty years, and a minister of it for nine years.

Father Benson's first doubts came Father Benson's first doubts came upon him in Egypt. It was at Luxor where (he goes on to say) "I went out one day for a ride, and passing through a little mud village I moticed standing at the side of one of the small streets a building of mud surmounted by a cross. Something prompted me to enter. I found myself in a Catholic Church, the ugliest, most wretched, and one of the smallest I have ever seen, and it was a very extraordinary thing that it was there that I felt the first faint touch of there that I felt the first taint touch of doubt about my religion. Near my hotel was a charming Anglican chapel, the music at which was good, and the congregation excellent. But the chapel belonged to the hotel, and it gave one the impression that the Church of England religion had been taken out in connection with the business. It was then that I thought of the humble little Catholic Church in the midst of the tle Catholic Church in the midst of the people, built for and belonging to the people; in which the same universal doctrines of the Catholic Church were doctrines of the Catholic Church were taught and practised as they were taught and practised throughout the world; the same ceremonies, the same altar, the same service, the same everything. I was struck, and I said to my-self then for the first time: 'Is it possi-ble that this Church to which I belong is only the Church of England, and not the Church of Christ?'

At Jerusalem he had an "experience" which gave him further material for repeared to have no right or position there. Although her clergy were allowed to celebrate the Communion service in the chapels of the schismatic The Church of Eugland ap-Eastern Churches, they were not permitted to share the altars, but every little Eastern sect was. The Catholic priest went to the chapel altars to say Mass, but the Anglican clergyman never. And yet here was I (said the young Anglican) claiming to belong to The Catholic the true Church of Chris same now as she was six hundred years ago, that had not been broken at the Reformation, but had continued directly from the time of the Apostles.
Why, then, had her clergy not a right
to offer the Communion service upon
the altars at Jerusalen. I felt that my Church was nowhere; that she was not recognized; that she was not counted.

Telling of his life in an Anglican (High Church) Monastery in England, (High Church) Monastery in England, Father Benson gives some very interesting particulars. At that time (says he) "I believed that we had the true priesthood, and we practised Catholic doctrine. We had what we believed to doctrine. We had what we believed to be the Mass, we observed silence dur-ing the greater part of the day, we wore a certain kind of habit with a gi dle, and some wore a biretta. We used the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, supplementing it with a great part of the Catholic Breviary, and I for months-I might say years-I became a Catholic, recited my Rosary I became a Catholic, recited my Rosary every day. We taught the doctrine of confession, and I can tell you that at the conclusion of the missions which I conducted as part of my public work I used to hear far more confessions than I have heard as a Catholic prices. fessions than I have heard as a Catholic priest. People came perfectly naturally to confession, and I thank. God that I am able to say with certainty that most of them made true acts of contrition. I cannot bear those people who say that the Anglican Church is a mockery. It is not true, and to call it a mockery is almost as much as to say that its clergy were playing a hypocritical part. We were playing a hypocritical part. We were not. We believed that we were true not. We believed that we were true priests, and I may say that we kept the seal of confession exactly as it is kept by Catholic priests. On practically every point except the supremacy of the Pope we believed the teaching of the Catholic Church, taught most of her destripes, as thousands of Anglian. her doctrines, as thousands of Anglican ner doctrines, as thousands of Angliesa elergy are doing to-day, and it is this High Church teaching that is building he bridge over which Anglicans will come into the true fold."

Certainly the experience of Father Benson tends to the confirmation of such belief. Let us hope that it will be realized .- N. Y. Freeman's Journal. THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.
All saints, my dear brethren, and all sinners who attain to, eternal life, are closely joined together in the solemnities of the first two days of November. The morrow of All Saints' day is All Souls' day. The joy of Paradise and the weariness of its vestibule are both control to our thoughts and almost at the weariness of its vestibule are both offered to our thoughts and almost at the same time. We quickly leave praying to the saints in glory to begin praying for the sinners in Purgatory. And this is a beautiful way of meditating on the future life, for love is too unselfish to tarry long with a happy friend while there is another friend entering the door in a state of great outside the door in a state of great

Holy Church would have us measure our charity for the souls in Purgatory by our value of the jos of heaven. And experience tells how very great an and experience tells now very great an effect this has on us, for we see every where among Catholics an intense affection for the poor souls waiting at Heaven's gate, much intensified by the sights and sounds from within that gate which have been granted us be-forehand on the feast celebrated.

forehand on the feast celebrated.

Now, there is a strict duty of friendship to be fulfilled in praying for the
departed. They are our relatives, our
former companions in the journey of
life, our former associates in business and in pleasure. Can there
be any doubt of this? Do you suppose
that the suffering souls were any
worse Christians than you are your worse Christians than you are your selves at this moment? In some cases, yos; but these were exceptions. Nearly all who have gone before us are about the same as those whom they have left after them—poor, weak, sinful mortals, sinning and repenting, stumbling and falling and rising again and finally disappearing in the grave.

stumbling and falling and rising again and finally disappearing in the grave. We have every hope that they were forgiven their sins, but what about their full atonement? They have paid the great debt, but what about the lasting farthing—the affections still ellinging to passionate indulgence, the lowness of motives, the gross inclinations chained, indeed, but not tamed? What about the venial sins committed by them, as by ourselves in tens and hundreds every day—the nasty little lies, the mean selfishness, the slothful habits, the greediness at table, the worship of men's opinions, the vanity, worship of men's opinions, the vanity, the self-conceit, the snappish temper, the silliness and giddiness, the harbored aversion even for relatives, the petty dishonesty—what about all this which we know must be atoned for by them, because like ourselves they are commonplace Christians? Ah! breth-ren, we ought to have a fellow feeling for them; we ought to thank God that we can interpose in their behalf. Blessed be the prayers we say for them, true pledges of friendship; blessed the Masses effered for them in this their day of gloom and desolation! How well they realize the truth of the Scripture saying, "Blessed is the man who hath found a true friend."

But there is a yet closer bond be tween us and the souls in Pargatory than that of friendship however strong that may be. I mean the bond of common guilt. I mean the dreadful fact that we are participators in that guilt of theirs for the imperfect repentance of which they now suffer even after forgiveness. They committed venial sins, but who made them do it? Who but you, my brethren, their former re-lations and friends? You provoked them to the anger they suffer for, you poisoned their minds with envy, you failed to teach them rightly if they were your children, you embittered their hearts if they were your parents. Come forward, ther, all of you, and

bear your own share of the burden. If not from friendship's love, at least from the urgent call of justice, take a share of the sufferings of the poor souls in Purgatory, for you had a share hasten the happy hour of their deliverance, and earn a share in their heavenly joy.

Plattsburgh, N. Y.)

"I followed my dear wife into the Catholic Church in 1875" "By what mental process," I asked, "did you successfully scale the encircling gloom?" "Let me tell you in my own way," said the Colonel. "My great grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Johnston, was a leading Episcopalian minister who came from Dumfriee, Scotland, to wage war with the dissenters. His oldest son went to Georgia, but dying est son went to Georgia, but dying early, his son Malcolm, my father, was brought up in the Baptist Church and became one of its ministers and a strong partisan. I was brought up strictly in my father's faith— I imbibed the usual prejudices against the Catholic Church. There were few Catholics in Georgia; in fact, I was thirty when I saw for the first time a Catholic priest. That im-pression was not a favorable one. The poor church, the squeaky organ and the few worshippers but confirmed my early prejudice. It was not until the Knowmothing campaign, in 1855, that my prejudices suffered a blow. In that campaign it was necessary to offset the violent distribes of my opponent against the Catholic Church. For this purpose I was forced to consult Catholic books. Nowit happened that the most cultured woman in Georgia was a member of that Church. She was a Miss Casey, of Sparta, afterward Mrs. Bird, a life-dong friend of my wife. To her I went, saying 'Miss Casey, give me something to fight these scoundrels with. She put in my hands the works of Bishop England. These works not only furnished me with arguments against Know-nothingism, but dispelled much of my

early prejudice. "Under the signature of 'Valdes,' furnished with arguments drawn from Bishop England, I was able to show how were all the current opinions of Catholicity. It was, however, at a later period of my life that I more fully studied the Catholic religion. My wife was the leader. She had procured the Archbishop's physiological dictum books from good Father Lyman. Before

returning these books she passed them to me, with an injunction to read them. I was glad to do so, ever in quest of the truth. It was soon evident that my wife was convinced of the falsity of her position and the truth of the Catholic Church. I put no hindrance in her way. I told her that if she was convinced she was bound to make the step, no matter how much pain and anguish I might feel. A few days after I was invited to a dinner at Mr. Abell's. There I met Father Lyman. After dinner I vited to a dinner at Mr. Abell's. There I met Father Lyman. After dinner I told him that Frances had a message for him. He came, instructed her, and, in January, 1875, she was received into the Church. This parting was hard, but it was in the line of duty, and I could submit. I continued to read. Bishop Ive's 'Trials of a Mind' made a deep impression. This was followed by Bishop Ive's 'Trials of a Mind' made a deep impression. This was followed by 'Milner's End of Controversy,' and the masterly answer of Newman to Gladstone. The life of the Cure d'Ars produced a lasting effect. As an antidote I read the works of Laud and Hooker. They were no longer convincing. I was filled with agony and depression. I could not banish from my mind the thought that 'these Catholic writers have got the argument.' White reading 'Balmes' I was convinced that my wife had followed the true path. I remember weil that day. I sat in my garden, beneath the shade of a chest nut. I had read only sixty lines of garden, beneath the shade of a chest nut. I had read only sixty lines of 'Balmes' when a calmness came to my mind. The journey was almost done. I had come to the edge of the encircling gloom, and could see beyond the land of truth. I closed the book, and, walking into the house, greeted my wife with the happiest salutation of my life, 'I am going with you, my dear!' In July, 1875, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, I found that peace which I had so long sought and prayed for, in the bosom of the Catholic Church.'' 'Balmes' when a calmness came to my

PROFESSOR BRIGGS ON THE PAP-ACY.

Professor Briggs, in The North American Review for September, publishes a rejoinder to Archbishop Ireland's refutation of his article, "The Real and the Ideal in the Papacy." His tone is courteous, or, to use his own favorite expression, irenic, throughout. He is evidently familiar with the entire course of Ecclesiastical history and with the dogmatic theology of the Catholic Church. But his power of deductive reasoning is exceptionally weak and his logical training remarkably defective. "I fully recognize," he write", "the primacy of St. Peter and his successors in the possession of the keys of the kingdom, but not their exclusive possession of this authority. How can anyone do so in face of the words of Jesus to the Apostle and to the Church? Jesus said, not only to St. Peter but to all the Apostles and through them to their successors. Receive the Holy Sairti, mbeautiful medical productions are successors. Professor Briggs, in The North Amerthrough them to their successors. Receive the Holy Spirit; whosesoever sins ye remit, they shall be remitted: whosesoever sins ye retain they shall be retained.'

* * * It is evident, therefore that

* * * It is evident, therefore that the power of St. Peter and his successors was shortened by power and right given to the Apostolic ministry and to the Church." How any person who even for a week studied the laws of deductive reasoning, could seriously have drawn such premises, it is ex-tremely difficult to conceive. When the apostles collectively receive this power of binding or loosing, Peter, was one of their number; why then was he selected specially to receive in his own selected specially to receive in his own person, in the singular number, the plenary power that was given to the entire Apostolic College? In St. Mat-thew xvi., 19, St. Peter is invested, without limitation, with the preregative thew xvi., 19, St. Peter is invested, without limitation, with the preregative which in Matt. xviii., 18 and John xx., 22, 23, is conferred on all the apostles. Is not the inference inevitable that the marvelous grace thus bestowed on the apostles is subordinated to the Sovermarvelous grace thus bestowed on the more than one hundred persons united apostles is subordinated to the Sover- with the Baptist church. Within six eign power granted to St. Peter? Moreover, Peter and Peter alone is called Cephas the rock, the foundation col. RICHARD M. JOHNSTON'S
STORY OF HIS CONVERSION

Fold by him. when past his seventieth year.

'to Walter Leckey, during interview at Plattsburgh, N. Y.)

"I followed my dear wife into the Catholic Church in 1875" "By what mental process," I asked, "did you successfully scale the encircling gloom?" "Let me tell you in my own way," said the Colonel. "My great to whose love Christ was solicitous; stone of Christ's Church. To him and the Son of the living God;" the first for Whose love Christ was solicitous; "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" the first to see the risen Saviour, "he was seen by Cephas and after that by the Eleven;" the first to give public testimony to Christ after the descent of the Holy Ghost. "Peter standing up with the Eleven lifted up his voice and spoke to them;" the first when the vacancy caused by Judas was to be filled; the first to confirm the faith by a miracle; caused by Judas was to be filled; the first to confirm the faith by a miracle; the first to convert the Jews: the first to receive the Gentlles. He presided at the Great Council of Jerusalem, and he it was who directed the deliberations which led to that solemn decree

> ulatively, their force is compelling for all persons of unbiased judgment who accept the Sacred Scripture as the inspired Word of God. In Professor Brigg's article there is not a single paragraph which does not betray a want of average logical acu-men. For instance, he confounds Archbishop Ireland's statement, "but Archosop regards statement, but that a portion of the ministry, or a portion of the people, cut off from the Papacy can still hold that they are within the lines of Christian unity is no more conceivable than would be the claim that certain members separated from the head or trunk, no longer deriving from the head the current of life and motion, are still parts of the physical organism " with the altogether different assumption that no society can cohere without an execu-

tions which led to that solemn decree commencing with the memorable words, "For it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." Whether we take these arguments distributively or cum-

the head. If not, what do physiologists mean when they localize the motor centers in certain parts of the cerebrum or br.in? And what is the use of say ing that a function of the cerebellum i to co ordinate our bodily moved if the current of motion does not in any true sense from the head ?

The professor is strangely insensible to the most obvious distinctions of every day life He cites instances in which bishops, some of them pre-eminent for their devotion to the Holy See ent for their devotion to the Holy See and their loyalty to its primatial authority, were guilty of insubordina tion to individual popes. Cannot a child be disobedient to its father with out questioning the father's right to command? And can we not employ the most urgent persuasion and exercise the strongest influence to avert a superior's decision while being prepared to recognize its obligatory force when it is once duly arrived at and affirmed?—New World.

THE LITTLES SISTER.

So far as we know the "Bentztown Bord" who writes columns upon columns of verse, (most of which is very good) for the Baltimore Sun, is not a Catholic. If he is not, the more remarkable is this poetic tribute from his pen to the Catholic Sisters. — Ed. Sacred Heart Review.]

Into the roar of the city's life. The somber tumult of toil and strife, The somber tumult of toll and strife, Like shuttles weaving a web of gold Through mournful pattern and grue fold,

fold,
They pass and glide, and come and go.
On the ebbing tide and the onward flow,
The cross before and the Christ above—
In the name of Mary, the Mother of Love!

Into the sorrow of Poverty Lane,
The hospital ward with its tragic pain;
Into the hovels of alley and fen,
The Little Sisters of sinful men—
And starving children and drunken home—
Soft as shadows of comfort roam.
With hands that gather from Dive's board
The fallen crumbsjof the hungering horde!

Into the sweat of the workshop stew.
With a breath of joy from the hillside dew,
Robed, sweet Sisters of joy and cheer.
The rough song dies when they draw a near
The harsh word sinks on the ribaid toegue
And the oid gray wrinkles of toil turn young.
When the little black cross on the little black
chain
Brings Christ to the marts of the world again!

Over the injured at ambulance time,
When horses clatter and sharp bells chime,
Bending low with a word of grace,
The Little Sisters are it their place!
Wounded workman or stricken chief
Thank God alike for the sweet relief
Of Christ's good daughters who whisper there
The tender promise of faith and prayer!

Or to the front when the war drums beat, first on the field in the battle's heat, Nursing terror and healing tears By the captain's side or the cannoneer's; Under the hospital tent, mid flood Of wounds and fever and spent lifeblood— Angels winged with the baim of rest From pillow to pillow and breast to breast!

Into the roar of the streets of stream, The Little Sisters of love and dream The Little Sisters of love and dream Pass as shadows of comfort sent To the lowly places of sacrament; Quiet and gentle and sweet and true, The great throngs open to let them through— The cross before and the Christ above, In the name of Mary, the Mother of Love!

CATHOLIC MISSIONS AND PRO-TESTANT REVIVALS.

Sensational Protestant " revivals are of little permanent value. In Wales three years ago there was a wave of emotional religion which transformed many communities. Drinking, gambling, swearing and loose living diminished, and it seemed as if a new era had begun. To-day reports from Wales indicate that the wave has receded, and left the life of the people as bad as, if not worse than, before. Here in America similar effects of sensational revivals have been noted. A recent case, which we see referred to in our months after the close of the months after the close of the special meetings, the prayer meetings of that church were attended by fewer people than before the revival. The testimony of the pastor is that the '' last state is worse than the first. Some of those was began a better life at this time are still faithful; the great majority seems absolutely indifferent to the obligations of the Christian life."

Some people erroneously compare Catholic missions with Protestant re-vivals. There is a vast difference be-tween the two. We have nothing in the Catholic mission to compare with the frenzied excitement of the Protestthe frenzied excitement of the Protest-ant revival. There is no shouting, no howling, no dramatic and demonstra-tive display of emotion, either on the part of the preacher or his hearers. There is no place for exaggerated, egotistical stories of "experience." Everything is quiet, orderly, deep, in-tense. The aim of the services is to make each and every participant transmake each and every participant turn his eyes in upon his own soul. other people may say or think or do does not matter. In the silence and self accusation of the confessional there is no chance of showing off. In a moment of excitement, surrounded by crowd of singing, shouting people, a man at a Protestant revival may be stampeded into believing that he has "got religion." When he coolly thinks it over, he may discover his error. But at a Catholic mission a man has this at a Catholic mission a man has this time to think it over coolly, calmly and quietly. While waiting humbly his turn at confession, in the silent church, he has leisure to find out whether his sorrow for sin, his purpose of amend-ment, are real or not. In fact the very act of going to confession is in itself evidence that his purpose is sincere. It is alone in the confes ional, removed from the contagious enmoved from the contagious en-thusiasm of the preacher and the congregation that the triumph of the

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success of the Catholic mission is not counted by the many who attend the sermons, but by those who, when the crowds have departed and the voice of the preacher is silent, go, quietly and humbly, to confess their sins to the priest. Christ's representative. It is the Sacrament of Penance, properly received, which insures the permanency of the results of the Catholic mission.—Sacred Heart Review.

BISHOP GARRIGAN ON THE SALOON.

North Riverside is the name of a suburb of Sioux City, where recently a saloon was started a ainst the wishes of the residents. The Catholics of North Riverside must have been prominent in opposition to the saloon, for we see that in a sermon at the cornerstone laying of a new church there, Bishop Garrigan took occasion to say:

"I take this opportunity to congratulate the whole people of North Riverside on their noble and courageous opposition to the opening of a saloon in their midst, and I would encourage them to persevere in their opposition until our city government will see the moral consequences of their act and will related sequences of their act and will re-

consequences of their act and will relent.

"It is an oppression to force this moral pest-house upon the peaceful and hard working people of this suburb, and that at the instigation of a mono poly that breeds more immorality, poverty and misery than any other in our land. I am not a fanatic on this question, but I am a minister of religion, and my mission is to teach men right morals and to lead them to the knowledge of God and thus save them. I must confess that in my thirty seven years of experience in that mission the greatest obstacle to my success has been the saloon. Therefore, I am forced to conclude that the Government and the men who promote and propagate the saloon are enemies to the moral progress of the loity, enemies to the home gress of the city, enemies to the home and enemies to religion. If the saloon and enemies to religion. If the shoon must be tolerated as a necessary evil let it be kept as far as possible from the dwellings of our families, in the open, under the eye of the law and under the club of public opinion, but not in the peaceful suburb of the city."

The Yellow Professor. The Monitor of Newark says that the The Monitor of Newark says that the country has had its surfeit of the yellow journal and the yellow preacher. "Now," says our esteemed contemporary, "we are having the 'yellow' university professor. Chicago University seems to lead in producing this specimen. There is no freakish, foolish onlying that we may not expect from opinion that we may not expect from these schools of 'learning.' Among their thought'ul suggestions a e free love, trial marriages, race suicide, murder of incurables, and now enters Professor David Starr Jordon urging that two thirds of the population should be killed off every fifteen years. The assassination of one or two every day can not make much difference if the Professor insists on removing thirds of the population at short in-tervals. Who is to make the choice, the Professor or some other diseased mind?'

We need not be discouraged because of the great things others accomplish and which are far beyond the range of possibility for us. It is only our best that is required of us, our own and not another's.

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NOVEMBER 16,

CHATS WITH YO

On Choosing an Oc-Long familiarity with a will make it seem right is very profitable, it wi your doubts and blunt y

ulties. It will make you

your donoise and you lites. It will make you is compensation in pu least until capital is as something else. Beside opby of habit is that eve an act makes it more will be repeated again at ly making the doer a softhe protests of your the trained nerves contithe acts even when you what you at first choose pels you. You are chained to your deeds a chained by gravitation. So, my friends, when ing of engaging in an or is a little questionable, not get the complete faculties, do not forget gripping power of habit you change, will pull get you back into the or You have no right to pation which calls into pation which calls into ior qualities—the lying reaching, schemirg, long handed qualities—thou

and grasp and snatch, while all that is nobles and dies.

If you have alread; choice, why should remain in an occupat not have your unque or in one of which y and in which you have conscience every day statements, false rej them by a smooth man tongue to do that wh not for their advantage

you will reproach you Why should you so manhood and pervert contemptible occupat are so many clean, tions which are seal ability and aunting fo You say that it is change. Of course is along in humdrum to being honest when around are getting bounds. Of course it refuse to bend the kn methods, lies, sche they are so generally t takes courage to te when a little decept parture from the ri great temporary ga takes courage to re when it could be covspecious mystificatio takes courage to sta bowing and scraping pull you can get which will make yo know others must takes courage to d

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

On Choosing an Occupation.

Long familiarity with a bad business will make it seem right to you. If it is very profitable, it will at last hush your doubts and blunt your moral faculties. It will make you feel that there is compensation in pursuing it—at least until capital is accumulated for something else. Besides, the philosophy of habit is that every repetition of an act makes it more certain that it will be repeated again and again, quickly making the doer a slave. In spite of the protests of your weakened will, the trained nerves continue to repeat the acts even when you abhor them. What you at first choose, at last compels you. You are as irrevocably you. You are as irrevocably d to your deeds as the atoms are

chained to your deeds as the atoms are chained by gravitation.

So, my friends, when you are think-ing of engaging in an occupation which is a little questionable, and which does not get the complete consent of your faculties, do not forget this tremendous gripping power of habit, which, when you change, will pull like a giant to get you back into the old rut.

You have no right to choose an occu-

You have no right to choose an occu-pation which calls into play your inferior qualities—the lying, cunning, over-reaching, scheming, long-headed, underreaching, scheming, long-neart, under handed qualities — those which covet and grasp and snatch, and never give, while all that is noblest in you shrivels

and dies.

If you have already made a wrong choice, why should you need to remain in an occupation which does not have your unqualified approval, or in one of which you are ashamed, and in which you have to stretch your conscience every day to make deceitful conscience every day to make deceitful statements, false representations to influence purchasers unduly, to induce them by a smooth manner and a lying tongue to do that which you know is not for their advantage, and for which you will reproach yourself afterwards? Why should you so desectate your manhood and pervert your ability in a contemptible occupation, when there contemptible occupation, when there are so many clean, respectable vocations which are searching for your

ability and hunting for your talent?
You say that it is hard for you to change. Of course it is hard to jog along in hundrum toil for the sake of honest when acquaintances all around are getting rich by leaps and bounds. Of course it takes courage to refuse to bend the knee to questionabl methods, lies, schemes and fraud, when they are so generally used. Of course it takes courage to teil the exact truth when a little deception or a little de-parture from the right would bring great temporary gain. Of course it takes courage to refuse to be briced when it could be covered up by a little specious mystification. Of course it takes courage to stand erect when by bowing and scraping to people with a pull you can get inside information which will make you win what you know others must lose. Of course it takes courage to determine never to put into your pocket a dirty dollar, a drips with human sorrow, or a dollar that that has made some poor gullible wretch poorer, or has defeated another's cherished plans, or robbed him of ambition or education. But this is what character is for. This is what manhood eitful dollar, a dollar that acter is for. This is what manhood means. This is what backbone and stamina were given us for—to stand for the right and oppose the wrong, no

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ANADA

son.

matter what the results. Wear threadbare clothes, if necessary; live on one meal a day in a house with bare floors and bare walls, if you must; but under no circumstences ever nt to prostitute your manhood, or consent to prostitute your mannow, or to turn your ability to do an unclean thing. Dig trenches; carry a hod; work as a section-hard on a railroad; shovel coal—anything rather than sac-rifice your self respect, blunt your sense of right and wrong, and shut yourself of forever from the true joy of living and the approbation which comes only from the consciousness of doing your level best to reach the highest that is possible to you. — O. S. Marden in Success.

The True Garage of the property fast, and my machine ran into the cur. This fellow he picked it up and carried it in his arms like a baby. I didn't know he was comin' here, though. He's a reg'lar sissy boy, that fellow is; you can tell it by his pink cheeks and curly hair."

The bookseller growled.

The True Gentleman.

To be a gentleman should be the ambition of every man and boy in the world. It is a law imposed upon us by society and by the command of our Lord Himself. Doubtless the most beautiful natural reward that accompanies a good Christian life is the refining influence of the teachings of Christ. The quintessence of Christianity is contained in the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." When followed out scrupulously, this maxim makes the perfect gentleman.

There is a word of meaning in that one word — gentleman. No higher or more flattering tribute can be paid to a man than to speak of him as a gentleman. That signifies he is a man of absolute integrity, of good breeding, of uncommon intelligence, an ornament to society. His presence is desired on all occasions, he is welcomed by his men acquaintances and respected by his friends of the other sex. Young and old love and admire him, and he exercises an influence unassuming and far-reaching that oftentimes even the

exercises an influence unassuming and far-reaching that oftentimes even the

priest can not claim.

The real gentleman is above all a The real gentleman is above an man of self-possession. He is never harsh in his speech or in his actions—he is too considerate of the feelings of hersh in his speech of in his actions he is too considerate of the feelings of others to cause them pain by what he says or does. He is attentive to the wants of those around him. He will listen to conversations that do not in terest him when it is necessary to make others happy. He is never intrusive, though he is not unbecomingly modest either. He is patient, but he does not carry his patience until it becomes moral weakness. While he accords to others courtesy, he knows how to maintain his own dignity. He strives to be polite to others, but he does not allow others to imagine that his attentions are so directed.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW PETER GOT A PLACE.

"Mother, here's an advertisment that looks as though it would just suit," said Peter, coming in with his broom on his shoulder. He had been sweeping the pavement for Miss Patience Weeks, who by way of compensation, allowed him to look at the advertising columns

every morning.
"What is it dear?" asked his mother beginning to pour out the coffee at the little round table in the corner of the bright, clean kitchen.
"I'll read it to you," said Peter.

The advertisment ran as follows: "Wanted: A good, smart boy, who is willing to run errands, and who is not afraid of work. At the Old Bookstore, corner of Fennari and Beech

"Yes, that sounds well. But by the time you get there, Peter," said his mother, "I am afraid the place may be given to some one else. It is a good distance from here." Streets

distance from here."
"Well, I'll try it, anyhow," replied the boy, hurrying with his breakfast.
The meal over, he started for the store, and had gone about half way, when he saw a boy on a bicycle a few feet ahead of him, run into a dog and the started over. The blevels throw the animal over. The bicycle suffered an injury also; a tire was puncsuffered an injury also; a tire was punctured badly, making progress slow. Peter lingered a few moments to see if the dog was badly hurt. It was a pretty little fox terrier, and as he lifted it from the ground it looked be seechingly into his face, with short yelps of pain.

Peter glanced around, but saw no one to whom the dog seemed to belong.

to whom the dog seemed to belong. The boy examined it and found that one of its forepaws was injured. He did not know what to do. He could not bear to leave it in the street; and while he was considering, the little creature nestled down contentedly in his arms, occasionally uttering a m but on the whole appearing to feel

rather comfortable.

Peter was obliged to accelerate his pace, and soon came up to the other boy, now making but slow progress on

his bicycle.
"Hello!" he called out, as Peter passed him. "That's the dog that ran into me, isn't it?"
"That's the dog you ran over," said

Peter, and passed on.
"Is it yours?" shouted the boy.

Peter shook his head. The boy turned down a side street and Peter lost sight of him. But when he reached the old bookstore he found him seated, with three or four others, on a bench inside the door. A little man with blue spectacles was talking to them. Peter felt that he had but a slight chance among so many, but joined the group, not forgetting to remove his cap, which none of the others had done. Before entering, Peter had taken the precaution of placing the dog under a box which stood in the vestibule. As he entered, the old man was saying to the

boy with the bicycle:
"I guess you'll do. You have a bicycle, and you can run errands more quickly. You'll have to carry home books, you know. Come in the morn-

"All right sir!" replied the boy The others stayed not upon the order of their going, but sidled out one by one, evidently disappointed. Peter was about to do likewise, when the old man suddenly turned and asked:

"Was that a dog crying, boy? Did you hear it?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Peter.

"Yust outside—under that box. It was hurt, and—"
"Hel he!" laughed the successful one.
"You see, I was goin along pretty fast, and my machine ran into the cur. This fellow he nicked it up and carried it in

other boy.

"No, sir-ee. I ain't got no use for dogs at any time. And I'd like to smash that one; he made me puncture my tire. There was a sharp stone, and—"
"You don't like dogs, eh?" said the

and—"
"You don't like dogs, eh?" said the old man. "Most boys do like them."
"Yes, I like 'em with tin cans tied to their tails. That's lots of fun. Well, I'll be along in the morning."

"Wait a moment, boy!" said the old man. "Perhaps I'd better consider this matter a little longer. I'm fond of dogs myself. I'd like to see the creature. Fetch him in."

Peter hastened to the door, and returned with the dog in his arms. It held up a limp paw, meaned once or twice, blinked saucily, Peter thought at the bookseller, and then hid its face against his cost sleeve, under the re at the bookseller, and then hid its face against his coat sleeve, under the re proachful glance and admonitory finger of the old man, shaking slowly up and down, as he laid his other hand on the

down, as he had a little strange, while the old man said:
"So he's not your dog?"
"No, sir." him before?"

" Ever see him before?"
"Never."
"What do you propose to do with

"What do you propose to have any owner, "He didn't seem to have any owner, so I thought I'd take him home to my mother. She's awfully good at curing things. I wondered if his leg was broken?"

"And when he got well? What would are do then?"

suggested the o'd man.

"Oa, no! I don't think I ought to do
that," replied Peter at once. "If he is
valuable, or if his owner wants him, he
will do that himself."

You're not so slow," remarked the old man, with a broad smile: "and your position is well taken. I think I'll keep him myself—if he will stay with me,"

he added.
"But," began Peter, "that wouldn't be right, either."
"Yes, it would," rejoined the old man, "because he's my dog."
Your dog!" exclaimed Peter, clasping the animal a little more closely, while the other boy burst into a lond You're a pair of blokes, " he cried,

"You're a pair of blokes," he cried, impredently.

The old man turned upon him.
"You may go!" he said, angrily.
"And go at once, and don't come back!
Do you hear?"

The boy slunk away. The old man again addressed himself to Peter.

"It is my dog," he said. "I'll show you. Pinkie! Pinkie!" he called, and the dog, lifting its head from Peter's jacket, looked shamefacedly into his master's eyes. Seeing a welcome there, he sprang suddenly from Peter's arms

he sprang suddenly from Peter's arms into those of the old bookseller.

Now do you believe he belongs to me?" inquired the old man, laying his wrinkled cheek on the head of the little

wrinkled cheek on the head of the little truant. "Do you like books, boy?" he asked, after a moment.
"Yery much, sir," replied Peter.
"There are plenty of them here," said the man—"second hand, principally, but interesting, most of them, and valuable, many of them. I know you like dogs. I have two passions in life—books and dogs. I think we shall get on together. You may come to morrow. I will pay you \$1 a week. The bicycle doesn't cut much figure, when all is said. I guess I can rent The bicycle doesn't cut much lights, when all is said. I guess I can rent one, if we need it, until I see how you do. I'll nurse up Pinkie. His foot is not broken; he'll be all right in a day or two. Come in the morning."
"Thank you, sir!" replied Peter.

"Thank you, sir!" replied Peter.
I'll be sure to come."
"You see," said the old bookseller,
as he accompanied the boy to the door,
"I'm very fond of fax terriers espectally. They are the most intelligent
animals you ever saw; affectionate, too,
and very companionable; but they have
the bad habit of running away for days
at a time. I never saw one that didn't. at a time. I never saw one that didn't. They always turn np again, though, unless they're run over and killed, as Pinkie might have been this morning; or stolen, as no doubt he will be some day, for he is always following custom ers. However, now that he will have a

young companion, one that he likes be-sides—for I can see he likes you—per-haps he may be satisfied with those little jaunts without going so far afield. I really believe—what is your name,

my boy?"
"Peter, sir—Peter Smith," answered

the boy.
"I really believe, Peter, that he gets lost, that he does not wilfully remain away. I have great hopes of him from this time forward, Peter. I feel almost certain he will stay at home,

almost certain he will stay at home, now that you are coming. What do you think?"

"I'll do all I can to keep him here, and see that he doesn't run too far away," said Peter. "And I'm very much obliged for the place."

"It was the dog that did it. Thank the deay," saild the headel it. "I'll

he dog," replied the bookseller. expect you at half past seven in the morning. You will have to sweep out the shop and dust the books, and learn to wait on customers a little when I am ent. If you love books, as you say absent. If you love books, as you say you do you will soon learn your duties in that line. I'm sure we shall get on, Peter—I'm sure we shall get on. And now I'll have to put some witchhazel on Pinkie's foot, before customers begin

on Pinkie's foot, before customers begin to make their appearance. Good-morn-ing, Peter; good-morning!" "Good-morning, sir!" responded Peter, blithely, as the heavy door swung behind him; and, thanking his swung behind him; and, thanking his hair."

The bookseller growled and looked sharply over his spectacles at his new and a playmate, but that all three ware and a playmate, but that all three ware. "Your dog?" he inquired of Peter.
"No, sir," was the reply.
"Yours?" he asked, turning to the

HONOR TO OUR LALY.

The Casket. It was the opinion of Newman that one of the reasons why cur non-Catho lie brethren think we pay too much honor to our Lady and the saints is that they themselves do not pay enough honor to our Lord. This is probably truer to-day than it was when Newman wrote the following passages on the eve of his departure from the Cturch of

"Arius or Asterius did all but con-fess that Christ was the Almighty;



MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT. MAKES YOUR BUNS LIGHT.

they said much more than St. Bernard or St. Alphonso have since said of the Blessed Mary; yet they left Him a creature and were found wanting. Thus there was 'a wonder in heaven': a throne was seen, far above all other oreated powers, mediatorial, intercessory; a title archetypal; a crown bright as the morning star; a glory issuing from the eternal throne; robes issuing from the eternal throne; robes pure as the heavens; and a sceptre over all; and who was the predestined heir of that Majesty? Since it was not high enough for the Highest, Who was that Wisdom, and what was her name, 'the Mother of fair love, and fear, and holy hope,' exalted like a palm-tree in Engaddi, and a rose-plant in Jericho,' 'created from the beginning before the world' in God's everlasting counsels, and 'in Jerusalem her ning before the world in God's ever-lasting counsels, and in Jerusalem her power! The vision is found in the Apocalypse, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. The votaries of Mary do not exceed the true faith, unless the blasphemers of her Son come up to it. The Church of Rome is not idolatrous, unless Arianism is orthodoxy.

is orthodoxy. "Yet it is not wonderful, consider ing how Socinians, Sabellians, Nestorians, and the like, abound in these days, without their even knowing it themselves, if those who never rise higher in their notions of our Lord's divinity, than to consider Him a Man singularly inhabited by a divine Presence, that is a Catholic saint—if such men should mistake the honor paid by the Church to the human mother for that very honor which, and which alone, is worthy of her Eternal Son."— Essay on Development, Chap. IV.

BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE.

The recent Roman decrees concerning marriage and betrothal have d awn from the Boston Herald the following

"Whether Pope Pius X. had in mind certain conditions of American life generally, namely, the times, ways a motives of marriage."—The Casket.

10 To 100

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lative to espousals and marriages may be doubted, but in view of the marked tendency of the youth of our land to elope, or to contract secret unions, the decree comes with a conserving fluence at an opportune time. Some think it is a pity that there is no similar voice in the Protestant communions capable of speaking with equal authority on the evils that come from precipitate or irregular marriages, as well as from excessive resort to divorce In making the way straighter and stricter at the earlier end of the com-

pact, the Pope is showing wisdom.
"With the details of the decree and their peculiar bearing on Roman Catholics we are not so much concerned but we do approve heartily the solici tude shown by a great spiritual and ethical leader about a matter that needs far more consideration by society

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moral weakness. While he accords to others courtesy, he knows how to maintain his own dignity. He strives to be polite to others, but he does not allow others to imagine that his attentions are so directed.

He that is in perfect peace suspects no man, but he that is discontented and disturbed is tossed about by various suspicions; he is ineither easy himous easy himous suspicions; he is ineither easy himous easy himous easy himous suspicions in the neighborhood where you for the i

N. Y. Freeman's Journal

Catholics are frequently accused, writes a Jesuit Father Bachelet in Etudes (Paris), of being intellectually without the initiative that is remarkable among non-Catholics, the usual deduction being, that liberty of thought is unknown in the Catholic system of education and that dogma circumscribes the activity of the seeker after scientific truth.

It is an undoubted fact, says Father Bachelet, that good will and obedience

to is an uncontred last, says rather bachelet, that good will and obedience toe often take the place of initiative and reasoned convictions. It is by no means, however, an essential result of Catholicity, any more than the oppo site is an essential result of Protestantism. The Catholic faith is based on reason and the principle of authority is not hurtful to either its reason or its

The Catholic student must rejoice that the Church has laid down certain decisions, even as those who wander in the wilds must rejoice that pioneers of other days have made their path an easier one to travel, than when they themselves first penetrated the depths

The Catholic principle of universal ity insists on making all human activi-ties unite to the glory of their Creator, a fact which is always overlooked by critics who rarely bring to their stud-ies of Catholicity more than a half-knowledge, based mainly on piecon-ceived ideas and prejudices. eived ideas and prejudices.

Thus it is that they label the Church

an absolutely conservative institution, in which anything in the shape of lib eral ideas is hetherodox and anathema. Yet there is a vast difference between the Conservatism that seeks to construct and the Liberalism that seeks struct and the Liberalism that seeks to destroy. The aim of the Church has ever been that of Christ, a pro-gressive building-up and, thus, a rea-sonable and logical conservatism.

Did Christianity not in its early days assimilate anything good it found in antiquity? Was there not every Aristotle was for Christianity a good teacher? Why then should there not be a possibility of an alliance between the philosophies of modern days and

The ideal of Catholicity has ever been to realize the Kingdom of God in spirit and in truth among all peoples and in a sense truly Catholic. It has never, for example, imposed any par-ticular system of education upon any country, but has sanctioned any in country, but has sanctioned any in dividually national system of thought or education which was consistent with the genius of the people and consistent with Catholic beliefs. The so called policy of "Romani

sing" is as non-existent, since, given the claim of the Church to be universal, it would be self stultifying.

It is worthy of recollection that in this connection, the late Pope Leo

the present accepted in the learned world and to disarm the materialists world and to disarm the materialists with critical pens. It is the duty of all who are inspired with more than a merely perinactory faith to take up, if they have the ability, every weapon which can advance the faith and show its consistency with scientific pro-

Catholics are urged to take an active part in the political and social life of their country as the best means of spreading Cataolic ideas. It is not the business of the Catholic scientist to treat his adversary as if he were a theologian. Science itself develops its own resources and the dechristianizing savant can be demolished without ecelesiastical cannons being fired at him.

The flag of authority need not be raised apropos of every difficulty, since truth will prevail in the end, provided the fighter be true to his own cause and loyal to the requirements of his effort. It is always to be remembered that the purely materialistic scientist works for one given end, should he be, as many scientists are, opposed to Christian dogma of all kinds; that aim is to seek out the marvelous in nature and to exaggerate It in the eyes of the people, who are consequently dazzled by the wonders of a discovery which they do not under-stand and which frequently claims for itself much more of the marvelous than it is really entitled to.

In order, however, to carry out to the best issue, the labors of those who endertake the defence of the Church at teacher, it is well that the words of Pope Leo XIII., be again listened to:

"Dissension in your opinions and the lack of harmony in your action, will mender worse than useless the result of your labors. Our enemies are solidly rganized; we, too, must be solidly organized and properly equipped. Use-less controversy must be thrown aside. The Church can only issue triumphantly with one voice and one teaching. Unity and organization are the secrets of all success that lasts.'

Suspect evil-speakers and be not over-credulous of them. Charity think-eth no evil, nor easily and hastily be-

SYSTEMATIC PILFERING.

EMPLOYEES WHO "GRAFT" AT THE EX PENSE OF THEIR MASTERS ARE GUILTY OF GRIEVOUS SIN. Rev. E. R. Hull, S. J., in the Examiner.

Rev. E. R. Hull, S. J., in the Examiner.
Question: After reading the letter
on "extra allowance," I thought of
asking for your explanation of the following: Most of our butlers and cooks
are Catholics; and yet it is common for
many of them to practice a systematic
course of piliering from their masters,
especially if they happen to be bachelors. I have seen these servants go
to confession and Communion regularly.
Apparently their confessors know about
their particular propensity: yet thay their particular propensity: yet they receive absolution without making any receive absolution without making any restitution. Perhaps you might conted at this practice is connived at by their masters; but this they are forced to do because of circumstances. I am sure their employers would feel thankful if the abuse could be stop-Answer: There is said to be a prac-

Answer: There is said to be a practice prevalent among certain sections of servants, who have to do with the purchase of supplies, of lining their pockets systematically in the following ways: 1. To exact a certain commission for themselves from the tradesman with whom they deal. 2. To buy second quality and charge the price of first quality. 3. To put down as purfirst quality. 3. To put down as pur-chased articles which are not purchased. chased articles which are not purchased.

4. To put down twice articles bought only once. 5. To buy less and to charge for more. 6. Where detailed accounts are not kept—to simply put To buy too much and afterwards dispose of it to friends for a consideration. We have been told that doges of this kind are so common that masters

and mistresses find themselves incapa-ble of fighting the custom. All they can do is to insist upon certain limits of expenditure, and at the same time on a certain standard of quality; and then without investigating too closely, to acquiesce in the fact that they are being swindled down to a certain percentage, and are glad that it is no more. To what extent these practices go on

we are not in any position to know. But clearly, as a state of things it is a rotten one, and from the point o' view of ethics indefensible. Thore is not much harm in a servant taking some little "commission" from a tradesman for the favor of his guetter which for the favor of his custom, which otherwise might go next door, pro vided the proper quality and price is insisted upon, and the master is not made to suffer thereby. This is true of commissions generally. The wrong is not in accepting the commission, but in sacrificing the interests of one's mployer on account of the commission either by accepting inferior goods or by paying too high a price for them. However, the practice of receiving commissions so easily leads to abuse that it is a dangerous practice to in-dulge in and a dangerous one to encour

Answer: Your master may know in the vague that you do it, and may acquiesce in it in the same way as a traveler acquie ces in having his purse taken

acquie ces in having his purse taken by a highwayman—viz, just because he cannot help it. But certainly if your master could stop it he would.

3. "Our wages are too low, and that is only away of making up." Answer. The wages are agreed to by contract. Secondly, the statement that the wages are too low is at least questionable. In any case, the fact that a servant conany case, the fact that a servant con-

any case, the fact that a servant considers himself underpaid does not justify this sort of "occult compensation."

4. "I do not help myself to money.
All I do is to ask for more than I have spent or give back less than I ought. Answer: These are equivocations.
Theft consists in depriving another of
that which belongs to him, and the way
in which it is done makes no difference

to the case.
5. "I do not keep the money. What 5. "I do not keep the money. What I do is simply to use for myself something out of my master's funds. That is not properly stealing; it is merely spending. In any case, I have not got the money, and so cannot be asked to restore it." Answer: Theft does not consist in keeping other people's property; it consists in depriving them of it. No matter whether you have kept it or not, the duty of making up

the loss to your master still remains.

6. "At any rate it is done in such small quantities at a time that it can not amount to a mortal sin." Answer This is the most subtle excuse of all, and the most fallacious. It is true that occasional small thefts, done incidentally and without any systematic inten-tion, can be looked at separately as so many different venial sins. But the practice among servants of which we are speaking is not of this kind. It is a regular and syst matic custom carried on day by day or week by week. It is not only a habit, but a deliberately intentional habit. This being the case, the different pilferings cannot be viewed separately, out must be looked at in their accumulation. Suppose, for instance, the amount pocketed is four annas aday. In a week this amounts to Rs. 1-12. Now recall the essential idea of theft once more—viz., depriving another of that which belongs to him large the case, the different pilferite to continually be fore your eyes you have ever striven that has adorned your priestly career, to the edification of a your glevite, and far from home and kindred, you knell at the feet forever. Fifty years have flown by since that forever, Fifty years have flown by since that the order of God should be. With Jeaus Christ, the Divine Model and Great High Priest continually be fore your eyes you have ever striven that mark the true disciple of the single out one virtue more than another that has adorned your priestly career, to the edifipractise among servants of which we

by right. Clearly in the light of this principle the effect is the same, whether a servant allenates four annas each day or whether he alienates the Rs 1 12 at the end of the week. Secondly, in a month the amount will reach its. 7 8; and, again, it is substantially the same whether this total be taken by daily instalments or whether it be taken in a lump sum at the end of the month. Thirdly, the total for a year will amount to Rs. 91 4; and here again the substantial offence against justice is the same, no matter whether this amount be taken gradually at the rate of four annas a day or in a lump sum at the close of the year. We suppose that the alienation of four annas a day would be considered quite a moderate by right. Clearly in the light of this principle the effect is the same, whether would be considered quite a moderate instance of the corrupt practise under discussion; and yet it really means that a servant who practises it is stealing to the extent of Rs. 91 odd a year [about \$20.— Ed. C. S. and T.], which is undoubtedly a grievous sin of theft. It follows that any servant addicted to this practise ought to regard himself as being in a state of mortal sin. And if he manages to square his conduct with his conscience, this can only be be-cause he has a remarkably low moral sense and a remarkably high capacity

for self-deception.

Is our correspondent correct in saying that these delinquents receive abolution without making any restitution? I think that generally serious endeavors are made by the clergy to put a stop to the practise.

Extaordinary Silence.

From Rome. Talking about the pornographic libels of the Italian press one is reminded of the extraordinary silence that has fall-en on the papers formerly most ferocious in their attacks on Catholic in stitutions. To-night they briefly an-nounce that the judicial investigation into the conduct of the Salesian school not the shadow of a justification for any of the hideous charges made against it, and that it will be re-opened at once. Yesterday a similar investigation on the Capozzi institute which furnished another of the great elerical scandals, showed that the hue and cry against it snowed that the hue and cry against it was based on a filthy lie; recently the Chevalier Leonori, a finished type of the Christian gentleman, was ac-quitted in the fullest and most knoorble manner of charges brought against him and the orphanage on which he has spent himself and his money for long years. And this ends a campaign of calumny unprecedented even during the persecution of religion in France

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF A BELOVED PRIEST

the claim of the Church to be universal, it would be self stuittiying.
It is worthy of recollection that in this connection, the late Pope Leo XIII., admittedly one of the most penetrating intellects of the ninteenal enterty, had the following remarks to make annot the scientified research question. Hence our words on this subject must be taken only with the restriction ust stached to them, the cuttry, had the following remarks to make annot the scientified research question. They were made in an allocution, held Aug. 1, 1897, and addressed to the farchishops and Bishops of Austria, Germany and Switzerland on the case of the single of the people of the received with the same street of the same ethical head as stealing from which it differs only in name. From the property that the name of the name of the n

who sang at the ordination of Rev. Father Laussie, fifty years are, was one of the soloists at this golden jubilee thanksgiving service. He rendered "O' Jesu Potentissime" by Mozurt, in a masterly manner. Miss Jennie Murray also sang "O Salutaris" most sweetly and acceptably.

At the close Very Rev, Dean O'Connell, on behalf of the clergy of the diocese, presented a purse of gold to the jubilarian, accompanied by the following address:

To the Venerable Archdeacon Laussie:

puree or goit to the judiarian, accompanied by the following address:

To the Venerable Archdeacon Laussie:

Very Reverend and D.ar Father — If you look back upon the years that have gone and scan the calendar of your life, we feel certain that you will rank this hour high and precious, bringing to you as it does those joys and consolations which heaven alone can send.

For to day, standing as you do in this house of God which you love so well, at the foot of that sitar that you serve so well amid your loving and beloved people, your heart throbs with a celestial gladness while your thoughts soar above the sordid and ilesting things of earth, compelling your lips to repeat those precious words of grantide and thanksgiving.

What Shall I Render Unto the Lord for All that He has Rendered Unto Me."

Yes, Very Reverend and dear Father, you celebrate to day an event that is given to few of the Lord's annointed to witness, an event remarkable and uncommon and unique in he history of your diocese, namely, the Golden Jubilee of your ordination to the priesthood. Fifty years a priest and Ambassador of Christ, a half century of Isbor in they visually a history and the senting that a swell up in your heart at this moment, there should be ensuringed and sentiments that swell up in your heart at this moment, there should be calcronger and more overwhelming than all others, to selze your soul in its very grasp; the feeling of thanksgiving to God, the Giver of all good gifts for his unspeakable goodness and mercy in sparing you for the holy joys this day brings.

But we would not have you rejoice alone, No, with the grateful prayers that go up to he host High, we, your brother priests of the diocese, have come to minagle ours, and to tender you, respected and beloved Jubiariae, our sincere and heartfelt congratulations. And although we know you too well to think that any words of praise, and even well tempered appreciation of your priestly heart and from the hearts of your devoted flock to the throne of that, and great men ar

cation and profit of those associated with you, we could refer to those twin virtues of heavenip birth, virtues that have accompanied you, as it were, hand in hand, along the pathway of life the virtues of obedience and humility. Recognizing in the voice of your ecclesiastical superiors the call to which levery other should give way: by your cheerful badience and general self-effacement you have more than once proved yourself a true follower of Him who came into the world to do the will of His Heavenly Father.

But we will not delay longer in voicing the many other ennobling qualities you passess traits of character that have endeared you to those who have known you and feel your influence as a kind father. I just and wise counselior and a true friend.

This, very Reverend and dear Father, has been the bonor and privilege of each one of us, though weak indeed, of the value we place to the proper of the self of the value we place to the self of the self of the property of the property of the self of the self of the property of the self of the self

thanked the clergy for the kind wishes and generous gift.

Then followed another presentation—a committee from the congregation, composed of Messrs, J. N. Murphy. M. McConnell. John Murray, sen. Wm Murray, John Farrell, Jas Lynch and Michael Toohey, advanced to the altar railing and presented their venerable priest with an address accompanied by a purse of nearly \$200 in gold. The address was read by J. A. Murphy, County Grown Attorney, and the presentation was made by M. McConnell. Sheriff of the county of Haldimand. The following is the address;

The Venerable Archdeacon Laussie, Parish Priest of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, Cayuga, Ont.

Church, Cayuga. Ont.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir—On this extraordinary occasion, when you are being honored by the hierarchy of your Church, in whose service you have spent half a century of years, we, the congregation of this church, to whom you have given more than a fourth of these years of service, desire to lay at your feet our tribute of cordial loyalty and high appreciation.

tribute of cordial loyalty and high appreciation.

We venerate you for your sentitly and learning we appreciate you for your self-denying and devoted labors for our spiritual welfare and betterment and we love you as our paster and friend.

We asure you of our sense of the success of your labors evidenced by the vitality, harmony, and spiritual well-being of the parish. We earnessly and cordially entreat the continuance of your ministration towards us, and humbly and duiffully petition our beloved Bishop to extend your incumbency to this parish.

tiouance of your ministration towards us, and humbly and dutifully petition our beloved Blahop to extend your incumbency to this parish.

Though full of years we thank God for your mental and bodily vigor, and pray Him to youchsefe you for many years this as well as o her olessings and graces.

In testimony of our regard and attachment we pray your acceptance of this brief but sincere expression of opinion, as well as this purse of gold, on this the occasion of the golden jubilise of your priesshood. We freely and cheerfully offersyou. Sogga th Aroon, the golden coin of hearifelt affection, an affection that is felt by the children of the parish who love you; by the adults who have preserved their religious and moral integrity, blessing you as their yieldle guardian anneal; by the penitents, showing their gratitude to you, who have carried them back to their Father's house; by the poor, looking upon you as their sheeted, by the scheduling in you as their spiritual physician; by the sorrowing and disconsolate, cherishing you as their consoler and sympathetic friend; by the whole congregation, who breaks to them the Bread of Life, preaches to them the Bread of Life, preaches you have a spide and friend, who breaks to them the Bread of Life, preaches to them the Words of asilvation, solves their output the s

cown and Burlington, in the latter of which he built the present commodious church Luter he was attached to Macton and attended aleo the parish of Peel for two years, when he assumed charge of the parish of Arthur artending also Mount Forest, Proton, Minto. Kenilworth, and other places. The work proving too heavy. Father Laussie was transferred to Paris, and after one year received charge of Macton, where he remained five years, during which time he built and paid for the present Peel church Later on Father Laussie was sent to Arthur, where he raised \$13 (00) and built the present bautiful church there. The peel church Later on Father Laussie was sent to Arthur, where he raised \$13 (00) and built the present bautiful church there. The peel church of Drayton has built. Afterwards Father Laussie took charge of Walkerton, and built also the church in North Brant, making a total of five churches built by him. At this time there was a searcity of German speaking priests in the diocese and the zeal and industry of Father Laussie is seen from the fact that at the age of if y-seven he acquired so thorough a knowledge of the German language that he was able to take charge of the parish of Carlsenoe, where he preached in the German tongue for four years. After organizing the Classical School jat Hamilton, His Lordship Bishep Dowling requested Father Laussie to assume direction of it, in succession to Father Clarson and so successful was the work that some half dozen young men, who were members of the class during the year he was in charge have since become priests. His Lordship afterwards appointed him Archoeston and member of his council, and on the death of Dr. Barbou, thirteen years ago. Father Laussie was appointed pastor of Cayuga in 1819, previous to which time any members of that Church residing in Cayuga attended Mass in Indians where a church had been bailt. Father Baumgartner was the first priest, and after him in succession came Fathers Cullinane. Schweiger, Laufnuber, and McNultz, each of whom celeorated Mass

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KENNEDY-At Crysler, Ont., on Oct. 30th, 1907, Mr. John Kannedy, aged 82 years. May his soul rest in peace!

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MANURE SPREADERS A NECESSITY

MANURE SPREADERS A NECESSITY.

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The old way of handling manure was wastful in the extreme. First, it was allowed to wash away and ferment in the barbyard. Then, at a convenient season, it was hauled out and thrown in piles in the field, and the same wasting process was continued. Finally, it was spread by throwing it in forkfuls and in hard lumps over the ground could not get the benefit of even the fertilizing centents still remaining.

With a view to preventing this great waste.

are tumps over the ground, leaving it in a condition in which the ground could not get the benefit of even the fertilizing centents still remaining.

With a view to preventing this great waste, the International Harvester Company of America is offering to the farmers of the country, through their local dealers everywhere, three most excellent machines. These are: the Corn King, the Gioverleaf and the Kemp Twentieth Century spreaders.

Their purpose being to maintain and increase soil fertility, which is the basis of all crops, they should be regarded, not as an expense, but in the light of a permanent investment, like the land itself, with any one of these machines, manure handling is made an expense and the features of the send of the send spread evenly, so that it is immediately available for plant life The first shower that comes along after the spreading washes the whole into the soil. There is no waste. And with such a machine always at hard, the farmer is induced to spread the manure at the right time, while it is fresh, thus getting all the value for his land.

The stree machines are now being advertised in this paper. Some little suggestion of the features of each appears in the advertisements. We direct attention to this advertising as being something which goes straight to the matter of the faminer s prosperity. Every farmer without a spreader should be interested in the If you do not own aspreader, read these advertisements and then make a call on the laternational agent in your town and take the matter up with him, We vouch for it that you will not regret having boughts first class manure spreader. The International agents will be able to furnish catalogs and all information.

We believe every farmer who had any considerable amount of manure to apply to his

We believe every farmer who had any considerable amount of manure to apply to his land can double its value by using a manure spreader. It is this fact that is causing such great rumbers of spreaders to be sold each year. Though not the oldest, he spreaders manufactured to the International Harvester Company are undoubledly among the very best manufactured to day. These are known as the Corn King, the Cloverless and the Kemp Twentieth Century spreaders. The three machines differ somwhat in operating features but all are built to handle manure perfectly in all its forms. All have the needed strength are convenient for handling and the draft list forms to see the second of the convenient for handling and the draft list is possible to secure in a michine with the strength that a manure spreader requires International local agents, found in every considerable town will furnish catalogs and give all needed information.



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THE TRUE HE

The Lives of the Saint into a mighty engine for of us, we fear, are of the the saints were "que their intercession, but about them. The adult, are the money-makers, m duced to obtain a know who invested their ener ity. But the children to read the Lives of the glean from them many may serve them in good after years.

THE FOG DISP.

An interesting and v atus is, we are informed, of M. Dibos, a French aim is to disperse fog by a The early experiments v hot air, but later M. I electricity.

If we could have s fight mental fog, we m so many human craft i shoals of falsehood. extricate some of o friends from the for o might put a stop to the tales about the Church auitable apparatus woul penditure of time and cost would be more tha by a knowledge of thing For instance, if our sep saw a French evangeliz of oratory they could dispeller, to the lesse meaningless phrases, l crease of common sens than his historic muske might use it with pro Our Ontario friends, v would be obliged to he high power, but this, " hot air" they have s

THE PROTESTAN Some weeks ago we few statements in a Tragedy of Quebec, author, Robert Sellar determined effort to cr

ant farmers out of th

should not be difficult

The Standard's re farmers really have no am not going, " says dwell on the methods describe the ways an the agents of Rome to

Why the author re public into his confide to himself. We, how assertion that a reve knows on this matter the equanimity of C 'Protestant farmers' own in this land of la to their lack of vir desire to move out. pastures new it is Rome's agents, who a adian law, duly qua Protestant farmers. According to the S

Tarte said, some year course of the next French Canadians wo of the Dominion of C If the English-spea be one result in th

healthy and fecund