

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mthi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclian th Century.

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JUST A FEW REMARKS.

“However we brave it out we men are a little broad.”

When we are quite sure of our good qualities the words we have quoted are set down as the outpourings of a mind melancholy and diseased. But there may be some truth in them. Life as we live it, stripped of veneer, vanity and affectation, is apt to be a tawdry sort of affair. It is a going forward and slipping backward; a medley of tears and laughter, of childish plaints and vacuous words, of changing, of ingratitude, of hate mayhap, and parting from friends, and attempts to extract from the world the happiness that can satisfy the heart. And we do not learn much from the experience of others. That wise king who lived in Israel some years ago told us that he found in all things vanity and vexation of mind. And he was no amateur in dealing with the good things of earth. Upon ourselves, however, the fact is forced, that now, as in the days of the king, life's music, however beautiful, is ever accompanied by the notes of weariness and disappointment. In this connection we think that an interesting book could be written by any man who keeps himself unspotted from the world. If he would tell of his struggles, of his efforts to disprove in his own life the recorded experience of the ages, of his grasping at last the truth that God alone gives peace, the book would be one of absorbing interest. We have souls laid bare and scattered over printed pages, but they are oftentimes dirty souls, unshamed and crazy.

As a means to keep out of the "little breed" class we might follow the advice of one who struggled, failed and succeeded. We refer to a Kempis, who says: "First keep yourself in peace and then you will be able to bring peace to others; first be zealous about yourself and then you will have some right to be zealous about your neighbor. There is no other way to life and to true internal peace but the way of the Holy Cross and of daily mortification. If you carry the cross willingly, it will carry you; if you carry it unwillingly, you make a burden for yourself and weight yourself still more; and yet bear it you must. If you cast off one cross you will surely find another, and perhaps a heavier one. Do you imagine you are going to escape what no man ever yet escaped. But if you settle down to the inevitable, namely, to suffering and dying, things will quickly mend and you will find peace."

A French author informs us that the knowledge of oneself begets peace. It may sometimes, but few men have little more than a bowing acquaintance with themselves. And when one's interior isquest up in sets of three volumes, the quest of what we are may induce brooding, self pity and that kind of silliness that yields an abundant crop of trouble for certain people. We think that Father Tyrrell is not far wrong when he says: "Know thyself is doubtless a precept of the highest wisdom, but as there is no folly like fancied self knowledge, so perhaps he is the wisest of all who knows that he does not know himself, but has learned to say with St. Peter: "Lord thou knowest all things."

PRESIDENT WHITE'S LITTLE MISTAKES.

President Andrew D. White says in "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," that anatomical investigation was considered a sin against the Holy Ghost and that the Bull of John XXII. dealt a terrible blow at the beginnings of chemical science. In the Messenger for September, Dr. James J. Walsh says that he has written in previous articles that both of these assertions are false: "I have said that the Decretal of Pope Boniface VIII., which Dr. White admits did not directly forbid dissection, but was misinterpreted to express such a prohibition, had no effect at all upon the history of anatomy; that dissection can be traced in Italy during all the period in which, according to Dr. White, it was considered a sin against the Holy Ghost and that authoritative modern writers in the history of anatomy who mention the Decretal at all, deny that this Bull had any influence on anatomical studies." Dr. Walsh points out that the standard historians of chemistry are not unanimous, as Dr. White would have them, in asserting that the Bull of John XXII. dealt a terrible blow at the beginnings of chemical science.

To preclude all possible misunder-

standing, Dr. Walsh gives a translation of the Decretal of Boniface, in 1300, which should repress the efforts of those who try to read into it a prohibition of the practice of dissection. Authoritative writers on the history of medicine do not see eye to eye with Dr. White on this matter. Haeser, referred to by Dr. Walsh, says it is an error to think that Boniface's Bull, De Sepulchris, forbade dissection, since the practice was carried on without let or hindrance under ecclesiastical authorities, who universally presided over the universities of that day. Corradi, quoted by Haeser, expressly denies in his sketch of anatomy in Italy, during the middle ages, that the Bull of Boniface XIII. hampered the progress of anatomical study or teaching in any way. Dr. Walsh prefers testimony that dissections were made during the years immediately following Boniface's Decretal.

Fair-minded men will readily acknowledge that Dr. Walsh buttresses his side of the question with arguments and facts that cannot be ignored. For Dr. White, however, who may, in deference to his reputation as an historian, wish to flee from the mazes of groundless assertions, he builds a bridge of gold.

Dr. Walsh devotes some attention to a Dr. Cruikshank, who, on his own showing, is deplorably out of date so far as history is concerned. Strange in this age of books and libraries that some writers delve for material against the Church into annals that are looked at askance by scholars. By approving an expression of Frederick the Great, that from Constantine to the date of the Reformation the whole race was insane, Dr. Cruikshank shows himself to be the peer of any Chicago University professor. Frederick the Great's apothegm on the causes of the Reformation, viz.: In Germany it was self-interest, in England lust, and in France the love of novelty, is conceded to be a not unfair presentment of the case. When asked to expel the Jesuits from his dominions we are not disposed to quarrel with his reply: "I know no better teachers for my Catholic subjects." But when he would have us believe that Dante, Thomas a Kempis, the makers of Magna Charta, etc., were insane—well, Dr. Cruikshank should spare the dead and achieve notoriety without quoting this absurd utterance of the great war maker. Dr. Walsh shows that Dr. Cruikshank has been unfortunate in the selection of his reading. In many people it happens that the loss of faith in the eternal verities leads to the pinning of faith to some very fallible authorities.

THE GAME OF BLUFF.

The newspapers tell us that sundry residents of Cuba are presenting the drama "Revolution." Their accounts are adorned with incidents which may or may not be true, and which may remind us of the feverish energy of the days of "Remember the Maine."

Down around Cuba the stage is generally occupied by gentlemen who indulge in gun play without disturbing the equanimity of the outside world. But Cuba's little drama has called forth weird screeds from some of Uncle Sam's editors. Never having had any internal dissensions themselves, Cuba must be saved from internal dissension. As Artemus Ward would say, this is "a 2 unch." But the most amusing and amazing reason advanced to justify intervention, on the part of the United States, is that Cuba is in the hands of gruffers, political intriguers and other adults who are blot on the landscape. It is a queer old world away, but we were not prepared to learn that the spirit of political purity yearns to take to its loving heart the graft and dishonest politics ridden isle of Cuba.

The Cubans who are so accused should borrow a District Attorney, or learn from New York, for instance, that as politicians they are in the kindergarten class. The Urial Heep stage may come later.

THE ROMeward PROGRESS.

Matthew Arnold's assertion that Catholicism has, on account of its unity, a great future before it; that it will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear, cannot, we think, be dismissed by our separated brethren as the idle words of a dreamer. That many without the fold are tired of controversy, of sects which increase space, tired in a word, of religious anarchy, are moving toward Rome, is undeniable. Non-Catholic writers are assisting them on the way. The example of those who have conquered the tyranny of environment, of education, of prejudice,

and have found peace, encourages them to journey on. And these examples are not few. According to the American Statistical Society, the persons who have embraced Catholicity since the tractarian movement, in 1850, include 445 graduates of Oxford, 213 of Cambridge, and 63 of other universities, besides 27 peers, 24 military officers, 162 authors, 139 lawyers and 60 physicians. Among the graduates were 446 clergymen of the Established Church.

THE MANUFACTURING OF FICTION.

It is strange that anything connected with the Jesuits causes a ripple of excitement in the offices of the secular press. When the writer folk heard that the Society of Jesus was about to elect a General they geared up the typewriter and plunged into work. They scented a mystery—they penetrated the mystery and told us about it, with a wealth of detail due to imaginative fervor. The facts, however, are prosaic enough: a few Jesuits elected the scholarly Father Wernz to the post of Superior of their Society, which seeks, above all things, the greater glory of God. But between the day, we may remark, when the knightly Loyola marshalled his souls for the fight against the world and the devil, and the election of Father Wernz, how various a history and how long a tale, if the tale were told. It quickens the blood and makes us proud that, though we wear not the robe of the Jesuit, yet are we sharers with him of the faith which they have borne to many countries and upheld and defended and died for and given all the resources of the culture, scholarship and saintliness which have always graced the society of Jesus. At another time we may go into detail on these points. For the present let us frown upon the twaddle and manderings of scribes and pray for the priest upon whose shoulders has been placed the heavy burden of authority.

It is needless to say that the reports of the strained relations between Spain and the Vatican, and of the Holy Father's desire to be done with life, are merely signs of how much fluent and artistic lying can be done by correspondents who know their public.

LETTER FROM FATHER MUGAN.

We have reached Edinburgh, the flower of Scottish cities. This is a beautiful city, with broad, clean, well-paved streets, built in an oblong bowl, formed by the surrounding mountains. Midway in the city stands the famous Edinburgh Castle and fortress, built on the summit of an almost perpendicular rocky mound, to the height of 384 feet. The castle is strongly garrisoned by heavy guns, garrisons by several hundred British soldiers, polite, accommodating. It was at different times the residence of the kings and queens of Scotland, and here are still shown the royal apartments, richly furnished, in one of which are preserved and exhibited to visitors the crown, sceptre, sword of state and other innumerable ensigns of royalty. Holyrood Palace, the abode of James VI., afterwards James I of England, still stands an object of historic interest. It was the principal residence of Mary Queen of Scots, and one cannot overcome a feeling of reverential sadness, as one passes through these silent apartments, and views the beautiful faces on the walls, so long a memory of the past. We cannot help recalling the suggestive lines of the poet:

"Go, woe against a grain of sand
The glorie of a throne."

The process for the canonization of Mary Queen of Scots was entered at Rome about fifteen years ago. Edinburgh is rich in public buildings and private residences, built altogether of cut stone, granite and marble. Mention may be made of the museums of science and art, the national galleries of sculpture and painting and the mammoth banking and commercial buildings. The great monument to Sir Walter Scott towers 200 feet high, while those to Wallace, Bruce, Burns and Wellington are decidedly remarkable. The great Waverley Railway station is claimed to be the largest and best in the world. It has an expanse of 45 acres, 33 of which are under roof, mostly of glass, and it has 57 lines entering it. Its smooth, concrete, solid platforms and its perfectly arranged facilities for transportation make it the admiration of travellers. From Edinburgh to Glasgow, on the Firth of Clyde, renowned the world over for its ship-building, in fact, most of the ships of the line and of the navies of the world, have been built here. The University, recently richly endowed by Andrew Carnegie, occupies an elevated position in a picturesque part of the city, and is the most magnificent and stately array of buildings we have yet seen. Glasgow may have its poverty, but we venture to say it can show more magnificence of marble and granite places on one acre than any city in America. Melrose is famous for its Abbey, the largest and most picturesque ruin left after Cromwell's destruction. Two miles from here is "Abbotsford," the residence of Sir Walter Scott. We and forty other

travellers are conducted by an expert guide over this interesting historical place, rich in relics of Scotland and her greatest poet. Of rare interest are the crucifix carried by Mary Queen of Scots at her execution; the letters and missives sent the poet by the Holy Father; and the manuscripts of the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Lay of the last Minstrel," and our guide:

"Then from a rusty iron hook
The bunch of honours keys he took."

with which John of Brent admitted Allan-bane to the prison cell of Roderick Dhu, in Sterling Castle. Inspired by these reminiscences of the great poet, we eagerly sought out places immortalized in his writings, passing through Berfoyle, Waverley, the country of Robin Hood, north we reached the place where:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glen-vein, the hazel shade."

The four horse coaches brought us through the route of the chase, from Callander past the Lake of Vannachar and the Brig of Turk, where:

"The headmost horseman rode alone
Into the deep Troasachs widest nook
Where stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse chanced to fall."

In the Troasachs at the head of Loch Katrine we board the tourists' steamer with the crowd of poetic travellers to the far end of Loch Lomond. The scenery of the lakes, mountains, glens, etc., is perfectly enchanting. The captain recites as our steamer glides along to where:

"Highest of all their white peaks glancing,
Where glistening streamers waved and
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue:
So radiant with the whole might seem,
The scenery of a fairy dream,
One burst forth with living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath us rolled."

The steamer suddenly stops at the place and the captain continues where:

"The boat had touched the silver strands,
Just as the hunter left his stand
And stood concealed amid the brake
To view this "Lady of the Lake."

The spot is identical with the description. After this poetical boat ride we took the coach again and passed:

"Along Bennet's living side
The extent of the wide moorland
A giant made his den of old."

It was in this cavern Ellen sang her evening prayer:

"Hail Mary, Maiden mild
Thou canst hear thought from the wild,
Listen to a maiden's prayer,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
So I may weep beneath thy care.
Hail Mary, undefiled,
Loch Katrine lay beneath us rolled,
And for a father bear a child."

Our coach brought us through the beautiful valley of the Troasachs.

"Through watch and ward
Fair past Clan-Alpin's outmost guard
As far as Collinogic ford
By the docters' gates and Stirling's towers
Where the indignant smiled the Douglas proud
And through the gold among the crowd."

With our companions of the coaches, we were taken through Stirling Castle by the guide, and oh the relics of former greatness! Into the hall where:

"Mid furs and silks and jewelled sheen,
He stood in simple Lincoln's green,
The centre of the glittering ring—
And Saxon's Knight was Scotland's king."

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS BY A EUROPEAN WRITER.

In a recent issue of the Revue Generale, Brussels, M. Primball attempts to answer the important question as to the future of Catholicity in America. That, he says, is the question which all Europeans ask themselves on visiting the New World for the first time. He writes:

"The detractors of the Catholic Church in America never hesitate to say that the efforts of Catholic missionaries have, in reality, been fruitless as far as attachment to the head of the Church is concerned; that the enormous body of so-called Catholics are not Catholics, but really free-thinkers. Since official religious statistics show that indifference is very rare, they conclude that the reign of Catholicity has passed, and that the youth of the New World has raised the banner of skepticism. Others say that there are so many sects in America that no single one of them can ever have a preponderating influence. It is permissible to object to all these statements on several reasonable grounds. First of all, we must be either very blind or of very bad faith to deny that North America is profoundly religious. Everything proves this, and, above all, the vast number of churches erected yearly, such monuments being material evidence of the faith that is in the men and women of America. America is still the best nursery of new religions, a fact going to show that skepticism has little place in the American's heart. The wondrous success of the Salvation Army again shows that the people are instinctively religious."

"As to Catholicity, though statistics show that she is but one fifth of the entire population of the United States, it is to be remembered that the Catholic body is closely bound by spiritual and material ties; that it is intellectually the fear of all other creeds. Even as to its numbers it still leads, and can therefore be called the dominant religion in America. The public and natural powers have for it the greatest respect, and freely recognize the tremendous moral influence of its pastors and dignitaries. It is certainly the only church in America that can boast of being ubiquitous. None other can show so many churches or missionaries on the continent. It possesses the soundest, the most laborious and the most homogeneous body of adherents

in the United States. Finally, to Catholicity, beyond other religions, belong the middle classes of America. The Irish race has laid the foundation of its perpetuity in America, and is daily growing in numbers, and in attachment to the faith of its ancestors. St. Patrick has become the patron saint of the New World, of the most beautiful cathedrals, the finest churches of entire cities. Under his aegis are banded millions of men who, even the English admit, will yet become the arbiters of the world. It is in the Irish race that the future of Catholicity in America rests. The particular characteristics of the race are ever renewing themselves, and a day will perhaps come when an Irishman, the descendant of some exiled immigrant, will take his place in the White House and exercise greater powers than the King of England.

"The essentially religious character of the American and the incessant progress of the Catholic Church in America are of great importance, for it is in the first centuries of its national history that the traditions of a people become fixed. The Americans are now forging their religious traditions, and among them the Catholic Church is playing the dominant role, the consequence being certain that the tenacious spirit of its prelates will assure to it a future that in all likelihood will never be equaled by any other church in North America."

"THE ADVENTURES OF A BIBLE."

A TYPICAL STORY OF A "CONVERSION" AND A FRUITLESS EFFORT TO SUBSTANTIATE IT.

A story illustrating Protestant Bible missionary methods comes from Mr. Samuel Young, M. P., of Belfast, who in a letter to an Irish paper thus tells of an interesting pamphlet he received recently:

"There came to me a pamphlet entitled 'The Adventures of a Bible,' by Rev. I. H. Townsend, D. D., Vicar of St. Mark's, Tunbridge Wells (England), which gives an account of a Mrs. Blake, Dublin, who had been in low spirits, and was recommended by her

confessor to visit a place of amusement. Somehow, on her way, Mrs. Blake got into a (Protestant) Mission Hall by mistake, where she got a Bible, which she had never seen before. This book rendered her very uncomfortable for a time, but ultimately converted her. Whereupon the priest called and took the Bible from her in anger. Mrs. Blake soon wanted her Bible returned, add called upon the priest, where she saw a nun who refused her admission, but conveyed a curse from the young priest, who had been ill. However, Mrs. Blake, after some time, called again for her Bible, and was told by the nun that on her last visit she (the nun) had told her a lie; that the young priest had since died, and that before his death, he, by reading this Bible, had found forgiveness, and blessed her for the book, and that she herself had left the convent and found peace by the reading of this same Bible."

Such was the tale of the pamphlet, but Mr. Young (a Protestant himself) was anxious to know more about the extraordinary and interesting "conversions" of Mrs. Blake, priest and nun, and so he wrote to Rev. Mr. Townsend, asking him as follows for further particulars:

"Someone unknown has sent me a pamphlet, of which you are the author, entitled 'The Adventures of a Bible.' I feel interested in these documents. Will you give me particulars? First, where did Mrs. Blake live in Dublin; second, what was the name of the young priest who took the Bible from Mrs. Blake, which Bible had the effect of enabling him to find forgiveness before his death; third, what is the name of the nun who told the lie to Mrs. Blake, and of the curate made confession and escaped from the convent? The pathetic story would have great force if I could but know the particulars."

Did Mr. Young get the particulars thus asked for? Did Rev. Mr. Townsend confirm his "pathetic story" by giving the names? "Not on your life," instead, he sent Mr. Young this characteristic "Irish Church Mission" explanation:

"I am glad that you are interested in 'The Adventures of a Bible.' Anything which illustrates the power of the Bible without human teaching is helpful to us. Many wish to know the particulars in this case; some, like you, from sympathetic interest, others for a different reason. On this account, to save some from relentless persecution, I am obliged to keep in strict secrecy the particulars which have been confided to me. This is a bitter disappointment to you; you as a friend, and a Protestant, residing in Ireland, will both understand and appreciate the need of silence."

Truly there was need of silence on the Townsend side as to the names, but Mr. Young failed to understand and appreciate it. On the contrary he wrote another letter to the Rev. Townsend in the following style:

"It is curious that this magical Bible of your story should have converted Mrs. Blake, the priest and the nun when Bibles, large and small, which are to be found in every Catholic family, and are sold by all Catholic booksellers, and read, too, under the care of the Church, fail to produce a similar effect. It is really very curious how these three, two of whom are noble persons, could be converted, and the whole matter kept secret. It is difficult to conceive of any danger to a convert in Ireland. All such are eagerly taken up and provided for, notably two or three well known converts to Protestantism have made, and are making a good thing of it.

Could there be any danger to your

converts if I give a guarantee in the shape of a deposit in money, which amount you can mention, to secure safety, or you can send particulars in a letter marked 'confidential,' which should be treated as such if the story be true.

"May I point out, there being an appetite for this sort of thing, that large sums of money are raised from silly people on the faith of the truth of these secret stories, hence your responsibility. Your refusal to give any explanation leads me to suspect a swindle somewhere. There was in the commercial world a law firm which had bogus houses in England, Scotland and Ireland, which drew bills on each other. No one would accuse you of aiding in a pious fraud. However, it is better to clear out in time, for I intend, when Parliament meets, in October, to bring these proselytizing frauds before the House, unless, in the meantime, I can get more light on the subject."

FOLLOWING NATURE'S PLAN.

Some who do not understand the sweet insistence of repetition, smile pityingly as they see the chaplet slip through the fingers of one who thus, by a material chain, binds spiritual gems on love's strand, as an offering to our Blessed Mother. But, as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says, though not as an argument in the case, why should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the spring tired of blossoms, or the night of stars? Look at Nature. She never worries of saying over her floral pater noster."

And, after all, love never tires of repeating. A single refrain on the lips of one we hold dear never grows old; sorrow and love strike over and over again the same chords. Let us, then, not grow weary of repeating the Angel's message to Our Lady, and, as the salutation and the pleading strike their double chord, with sweet insistence they will at last form part of the glad pulse of Mary's heart.

During the fair October days, when we repeat the Angelical Salutation so frequently, let us linger lovingly over the words, "Hail Mary," realizing all exclamations, in a sermon on the repetition of the Ave Maria in the Rosary: "Love has but one word to utter and while it is ever saying that word it never repeats it!"

If we have been faithful in reciting the Rosary during life, what consolation may we not expect to feel at the hour of death? When earth is fading before us, we may hope to hear the echo of the Angel's Amen, as Mary Our Mother, leads her faithful children Home?

THE NEW GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

On September 8, the congregation of the society of Jesus assembled in Rome, duly elected a General in the person of the Rev. Francis Wernz, S. J. F., in succession to the late Father Louis Martin, who died last May. Pope Pius X. was immediately notified of the choice, which is effective only with Papal confirmation.

The new General is a native of Rothwell, Wurttemberg, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the forty-ninth of his religious life. He is an authority on canon law and his series on this subject of which four volumes have been published will perpetuate his name and service in the Church.

For twenty-three years he has been connected with the Gregorian University, first as professor, then since 1894 as rector. He is a consulting member of the congregation of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs.

The Very Reverend Father General, commander in chief of the Church's "Thundering Legion," has his soldiers in every part of the world. They are not so numerous as our separated brethren imagine—not more than 10,000 in all; but of a unity, loyalty, courage and self-sacrifice which gives to every man the strength of ten. As missionaries—incidentally discoverers and explorers for the sake of the souls for whom Christ died—they have written their name large on the world's map within the past four hundred years. Their saints have greatly lengthened the calendar, and their martyrs are unnumbered.

As teachers, unsurpassed in the youth of their order, they hold their own today in all the departments of human knowledge, and have a peculiar faculty for winning the life-long allegiance of their pupils, as also of the people confided to their pastoral ministrations.

Arduously loved, bitterly feared and hated; raised to the heights of Heaven and calumnniated to the depths of hell; persecuted too often by men of their own faith and succeeded not seldom by the modern god Samaritan, their history is marvellous beyond that of any other. Picked men all, and tried like gold in the crucible before they are given to the Church's strong school systems. New York has a total of 87,500 children under Catholic care, 60,000 of whom are in the parochial school.

What consternation would prevail in the school board of that city if this multitude were turned over to them, in addition to the 66,000 for whom at the present hour they can provide only half-time accommodations! In Boston, there are 48,500 children in the various Catholic educational agencies of whom about 47,000 are in the parochial schools. Louisville, although its growth has not permitted it the strength of its sister Sees, nevertheless has done as well, proportionately, for Catholic education—Boston Pilot.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XIX.

After conferring with the judges, the President made a sign to the prosecutor, who forthwith commenced his speech. Mr. Joubert was an able forensic orator, much dreaded as an opponent. He began by speaking of the sympathy which everyone present must feel for the aged lady who had just been interrogated in the court. Even if the prisoner were guilty and she were an accomplice in his crime, every humane heart must feel more or less compassion for her. This natural feeling must however not be indulged, nor allowed to weigh an iota in the balance of even handed justice. They were pledged to exercise judgment and reason, and not permit themselves to be swayed by the impulses of the heart.

When this introduction was ended, he entered upon the cause with calmness and deliberation. The conviction, he said, had forced itself immediately upon those who conducted the inquiry, that the bloody crime was the act of one person, one who came with the circumstances and familiar with the place. Hence at the outset suspicion fell upon the sacrilegious priest, one or two other persons whose innocence was so obvious that their names had not been mentioned in the trail, and the parish priest himself. The behavior of the latter at the judicial examination, at the search made on the premises and on the discovery of the bloody knife, had been such as to arouse the strongest suspicion. The blood-stained knife bearing his name, and the other things found in the kitchen, all pointed to him as the perpetrator of the crime. He need not speak of the spots of blood upon the cassock the priest was wearing. Every atom of the evidence tendered spoke so loudly of the prisoner's guilt, that he must needs stop at his counsel, both hands who would not bear his voice. Now, if ever, the saying of Marcus Tullius was applicable: The fact speaks for itself, and that is in itself always the strongest proof. (Res loquatur, iudices, ipsa, quae semper plurimum valet.)

And yet, considering the blameless antecedents of the prisoner, those who examined the case were not satisfied with this evidence. It did in fact only argue the greatest probability. They might go so far as to state the case thus: The murder was committed on the morning of the 20th February between 10 and 10:30 a. m. Now at that hour there was absolutely no one in the house except the priest; therefore the priest is the murderer. The first part of the argument is admitted, both by the prisoner and his counsel; it is also confirmed by evidence. The counsel for the defence has done his utmost to prevent us from delivering the logical conclusion, and he has signally failed. It has been proved that Loser on the evening before took the express train, which does not stop at any intermediate station, to Marseilles, hence it is demonstrated that he could not have been in Ste. Victoire at the time of the murder. The inconsistent and untrustworthy evidence of the barmaid at Croy Rouge therefore bears a lie on the face of it. Consequently the Rev. Mr. Montmoulin was alone with the lady at the time the crime was committed and on the spot where it was committed. "The matter is so self-evident that I need waste no more words on it."

The motive of the deed was not equally apparent, that must be acknowledged, and inquiry failed to throw any light upon it. For his part, he said, he felt persuaded that the peculiar embarrassment of his relatives led to the deed. The alleged present of money to be expended on the purchase of books, and the liquidation of a small debt, was too imprudent to be believed. But the question why the deed was done was one thing, and another question by whom it was done. The answer to the latter was so transparently clear and so abundantly proved that he did not doubt for a moment that the jury would all say with him: The prisoner at the bar has so far forgotten his sacred calling, as to stain his consecrated hands with the blood of a defenceless woman, his own parishioner, one who was a mother to the poor and a benefactress to himself. And this he did of malice aforethought, as was shown by his having abstracted the knife for the purpose before 7 o'clock in the morning; by his having dismissed the servant; by his having selected the most suitable spot for the execution of this sinister design. The ridiculous alternative, suggested by the counsel, of his inability to urge a more plausible theory, that of temporary insanity was too contemptible to require a refutation. On that plea every criminal might elude justice. "The only tenable conclusion," he said in termination of his speech, "is this: the priest Montmoulin murdered Mrs. Blanchard wilfully and in cold blood. Your verdict, gentlemen of the jury, will consign him to the penalty he deserves."

The impression made by this speech, delivered in a masterly manner, might be seen from the countenances of the jury. The audience in the stranger's gallery exchanged glances, which intimated as plainly as words could have done, that they considered the prisoner's fate to be sealed. Father Montmoulin himself listened with closed eyes, plain, but perfectly composed, his lips occasionally moving in silent prayer. When his counsel rose to answer, he looked up at him almost compassionately, as if to say: my dear sir, you have a difficult, and I fear a thankless task before you.

Mr. Meunier was a conscientious lawyer, but as a speaker he was by no means equal to the prosecutor. His defence was carefully elaborated, but it was dull and tedious, more suited to influence the judges than the jury. He began by portraying at considerable length, the early years of the prisoner, depicting him as a clever plous boy, an

exemplary seminarist, a model priest, from whom even the enemies of the clergy in general could not withhold a tribute of praise. And now they were expected to believe that this gentle, guileless, unselfish man was a thief and a murderer! He, who would share his last crust with the poor, was said to have robbed his benefactress of a sum which was the property of the poor, and for the sake of the money, of which he could easily have obtained possession some other way—for instance, he might have said it had been stolen from his desk in the night—he had assassinated a woman most helpful to him, and moreover done so in such a clumsy manner as to cause suspicion to fall upon himself immediately! Who would be so credulous as to believe this possible? They were not in presence of a psychological problem, but of a psychological impossibility. Such a man could never have done such a deed!

There must then be another answer to the question: Who committed the crime? than that given by the Prosecutor, and any and every solution of the puzzle would appear more probable than his. The Court might perhaps think it ridiculous on his part, but in defence would sooner believe the extraordinary suggestion of the old servant, than believe so excellent a priest to be capable of the work of an assassin.

But it was not necessary to have recourse to the preternatural, to find a key to the enigma. The sacrilegious Loser was just the sort of man to be guilty of such a deed, and the alibi proved by the Prosecutor rested, as a matter of fact, only upon the evidence of one railway guard who might have been mistaken, and who might have been mistaken, as was shown by the evidence given by the barmaid of Croy Rouge, as she confidently asserted that she had seen the sacrilegious on the morning of the crime, and under very suspicious circumstances. True, the girl waved somewhat afterwards in her statement, but it did not require very much of the skill as a lawyer, for the possession of which he scarcely carried his learned colleague, to confuse and bewilder an ignorant peasant girl. Then Loser's mysterious disappearance immediately after the crime had been committed seemed a corroboration of his guilt. How was it to be explained? How could it be that every effort to ascertain his whereabouts had failed? A man with a clear conscience would not hide in that manner. Finally, to must say that he considered the prosecution had taken matters too much for granted in regard to the alibi, which he thought anything but satisfactory, and justice required more thorough search to be made for the missing man than the time and means at his disposal had permitted him to make.

Had the Counsel closed his speech at this point it might have been better for his client. But in the conscientious desire to leave no argument unargued, he wished to give an explanation of the embarrassment exhibited by the prisoner when first confronted with the Mayor, on which the latter had laid great stress as a proof of guilt. He admitted that it looked as if the priest were at least privy to the crime, and might be accounted for by his having been acquainted with it. He then in a lengthy speech, described the way in which, in consequence of a confession made to him, a priest might acquire the knowledge of a crime, and yet be unable even indirectly to reveal it. His client had of course not given him a hint as to this being so in the present instance, yet he could not help surmising it to be the case, as this supposition alone would explain all that now appeared unintelligible. At any rate it was a possible solution, and he begged the gentlemen of the jury to take into serious consideration, before pronouncing their verdict. He related the story of the Polish priest, which bore so singular a resemblance to the case before them, and which was no fiction, but an incident which occurred quite recently, reported in all the public papers. He asked the jury therefore to beware lest they should inadvertently condemn as a common murderer one who was a victim to the sacred duties and solemn obligations of the priesthood.

Father Montmoulin followed the latter portion of this speech with the closest attention. Hope again sprung up within him, and he secretly renewed the vow he had made that, in case of his acquittal, he would, with the permission of his superiors, enter a Missionary Order. But the reply of the Prosecutor brightened all his hopes.

Mr. Joubert rose to his feet almost before his opponent had uttered the last word. Some excitement was visible in his manner as he indignantly rebuked the imputation of having neglected to take any step which in the remotest degree further the interest of justice. No means had been left untried, he said, in order to find and produce the sacrilegious, for he knew that the defence would require his presence. Only when it became evident beyond a doubt that the man could not have been at Ste. Victoire at the time, was the fruitless attempt to trace him finally abandoned. He then cast bitter scorn on the seal of confession, of which mention had just been made in the theory propounded by the defence, declaring it to be at variance with the canons of equity and the law of the land. The instance adduced by his learned colleague bore the stamp of falsehood, but even granting it to be true, no one could see any analogy between that and the present case as regards Loser. Loser, who was known not to have been to confession for many years, and whom, for that very reason the clergy had endeavored to oust from his post; could it be credited that so "stubborn a sinner" having committed so heinous a crime, would have crawled with blood on his hands to the foot of the cross? Creditat Judicus Apollo! Rather than admit such a supposition as that, he would believe in the intervention of preternatural agency, and declare with the devout old cook, that the devil had conveyed the sacrilegious to the spot to commit the

murder, and then hurled him body and soul into hell!

After this rally, which provoked an outburst of laughter, the Prosecutor proceeded gravely to describe Loser whom the clergy abused and persecuted, as an enlightened and most respectable man, a thorough patriot, who had risked his life and shed his blood in the defence of his country. He was one of the little band of heroes who on a bitterly cold January night in 1871, succeeded, in a district occupied by the enemy, in blowing up the bridge of Fontenay—a deed which might have resulted in the destruction of the hostile army, had there been a leader capable of following up this advantage. And this was the man on whom the Counsel for the defence almost at length believed, or perhaps on the principle: the end justifies the means—was determined to affix the charge of murder! "And as for the argument wherein the defence mainly rests: Such a man could not be guilty of such a crime, it is valueless; for one may reverse it, and draw from it this conclusion: The man who has committed such a crime, who is proved to have committed it, is not the saint which the counsel for the defence would make out the prisoner to be, but an impostor, a hypocrite, from whose countenance the mask has been torn. And as such he stands before us—behold him when I cast this accusation in his teeth, an accusation, which would arouse the indignation of every man of honour. What does he do? He turns up the whites of his eyes, he looks sweetly at his defence, he says: 'Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as these sinners who calumniate Thy servants!—I have done: I have nothing more to add but this: Gentlemen of the jury, do your duty.'"

The prosecutor had spoken fluently and ably; he had carried his hearers with him, especially when he spoke of Loser as one of the heroes of Fontenay, he woke an echo in the heart of every loyal French citizen. Meunier felt that he was defeated; he replied in a few sentences, reiterating his former arguments, and asserting that with all his rhetoric, and asserting that with all his rhetoric, the prosecutor had actually disproved nothing. Now, as before, there was really nothing to support the charge, except the testimony of one railway guard, who was supposed to be infallible. He emphatically denied the statement that the seal of confession was morally wrong, because it was contrary to the civil law; for the divine law was above the human law. The Prosecutor had scoffed at the example of the Polish priest, but for all his sarcasm he could not show it to be fictitious. And as for the laurels Loser professed to have won on the battle field, for he it must be plain to all eyes, only it must be acknowledged that a sharp shooter of the Voges, who boasted of the blood he had shed, was a more likely person to have done the deed in question than a peaceful, law-abiding priest. (Here there was a disturbance in the gallery, quickly silenced by the president.) Finally, his client had been denounced as a hypocrite, and his heroic courage, his truly christian behaviour during the whole of this terrible period of trial, pronounced to be mere deceit. Had matters come to such a pass in France, that a man in deep affliction, whose honor and whose life were at stake, could not breathe a prayer, or look to Heaven for help, without encountering mockery and scorn? Never in the course of his experience, he could confidently assert that he had seen a priest who bore so completely the stamp of innocence as the prisoner at the bar. It might be expected of him, in conclusion, to urge some plea which might dispose the jury to clemency. It would be easy to do so; he need but remind them of the aged and heartbroken mother, who, if her son were condemned to death, would lose in him the star of his declining life. But this would be acting contrary to the expressed wish of the prisoner. "I do not ask compassion of my judges, but simple justice. Life and liberty would be worthless to me, unless I was fully and freely acquitted of the charge brought against me." Such were the words the accused had addressed to him, and all that remained for him on his part to say was this: Gentlemen of the jury, weigh what you have heard in the scales of justice, and there is no doubt that you will fully and freely acquit the prisoner.

Mr. Meunier then bowed to the President of the Court, to intimate that his task was ended; and the President forthwith proposed to the jury the question to which they had to reply: Is the prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime of murder laid to his charge? He then addressed a brief exhortation to the jury, and they retired to consider their verdict. The judges also withdrew, and the prisoner was removed to a place of solitary confinement.

A hot discussion immediately commenced in the stranger's gallery concerning the prospects of the accused. Some considered his guilt as proved, others reluctantly admitted it, because of the absence of any one else who could have committed the murder. The reference to the incident at Fontenay during the Franco-German war, was a happy hit on the part of the Prosecutor, as it gave Loser a place amongst the military heroes of that unfortunate period. Joubert was universally acknowledged to have pleaded his case with far more ability than Meunier; yet the victory of the former was, as a man who had some acquaintance with legal matters in former days. Lenior, not yet certain for the Code of Instruction Criminelle, Art. 352, law provided that if all the judges present were of opinion that the decision of the jury was erroneous, the prisoner might be tried again at the next assizes before another jury. Or, if the jury gave the verdict of guilty by a majority of one only, the judges were at liberty, and reconvened to vote with those of the jury, whence it might happen that the prisoner whom the jury had condemned on the major

ity of one vote might be acquitted.

Half an hour had passed, when the bell was heard which announced that the jury had come to a decision. Instantly the hum of voices ceased; the judges resumed their seats, the jury entered their box. The President addressed to the jury the customary question, to which the foreman replied: "We find the prisoner guilty of wilful murder, with robbery."

"How did the votes stand?" "Eight for the verdict and four against it."

A murmur ran through the Court. All doubt was now at an end. Had the votes been seven against five, the votes of the judges might have turned the scale in the prisoner's favor. One of the judges voted with the majority, and consequently no alternative was left to the Presiding judge but to pass sentence on the prisoner. Father Montmoulin was conducted back into the Court, and the clerk announced to him the verdict of the jury. The President then asked him whether he had anything to allege wherefore the sentence of death should not be passed on him. He replied with the same composure and resignation that had characterized him from the outset: "I have nothing to say against the verdict. I forgive all who have taken part in passing it. I die innocent."

The President then read aloud article 302 of the Penal Code, and declared Francis Montmoulin here present, parish priest of Ste. Victoire, to be guilty of murder with robbery, and in accordance with the enactments of the law of the land, he was condemned to die by beheading. The time and place for the execution of the sentence would be fixed later on.

The prisoner listened to the sentence on his knees with unruffled serenity, and almost with gladness of heart. He raised his eyes to heaven, and in a low tone uttered the ejaculation Deo gratias! In the stillness that prevailed, some persons who were near caught the words, and a voice shouted: Hypocrite, assassin that you are! The President instantly called for silence, and severely censured the utterer of such opposite epithets. He next spoke a few words of warning to all present, and exhorted the prisoner to accept the verdict submissively and tranquilly, and prepare himself for death. He then declared the trial to be at an end, and the court rose.

As the President, accompanied by two of his inferior judges was descending the flight of steps leading to the street, he said in a grave, almost mournful tone: "I am sorely afraid that we have condemned an innocent man to death."

"So am I," answered one of those with him. "At any rate the evidence of his guilt appeared to me anything but conclusive. These trials by jury have their weak side, when the jury members are harassed as was the case with me today."

know, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose."

"Do you mean," hesitated Annette, "that if I don't pay you this money—"

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said Mr. Blake, hitching up his collar.

"But the other \$2?" "Oh," said Mr. Blake, "that's a percentage the girls all pay."

"But what is it for?" "Mr. Blake laughed.

"Well, it helps out my salary. Of course, you know, the girls all expect to pay something every week for keeping their situations in a place where there's so many anxious to get in."

"And Mr. Elderslie?" "Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Blake. "He hasn't much to do with it. I am master of the Dapplevale Calico Works."

"Mr. Elderslie owns it, I believe?" "Well, yes, he owns it. But I manage everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes the utmost confidence in my capacity, ability and responsibility. Mr. Elderslie is a good business man. And now if you've any more questions to ask—"

"I have none," said Annette quietly. "But—I want this money myself. I work hard for it. I earn it righteously, and I am proud of it. How can I afford, and how can the others among these poor laboring girls, to pay it to your greed?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Blake, jumping from his seat as if some insect had stung him.

"I will not pay it," calmly concluded Mlle. Annette.

"Very well—very well. Just as you like, mademoiselle," cried the foreman, turning round in the face. "Only if you won't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale works—"

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded Annette.

"Pray consider your name crossed out of the books," went on Mr. Blake. "You are no longer in my employ. Good evening, Mademoiselle. Whatever you may call yourself."

And Mr. Blake slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent gatillo and poor Annette Duville's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls, who had hovered around the open door to hear the discussion, looked with awestricken faces at Annette as she came out with the \$1 which she had received from the cashier in her hand.

well as for Simon Pettengill.

Annette never regretted her week's apprenticeship at the Dapplevale Calico Works.—E.X.

THE NATURE AND MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

"He hath given His angels charge over thee, that they may keep thee in all thy ways." (Ps. xc. v. 2.)

Of all the handiworks of God, as displayed in the works of creation, we see that all things center in man as the last term of material development upon this earth. But did the power and wisdom of God spend itself in humanity, as the summit of all creation? Does not man's very existence, his intellectual and moral development assure us of boundless possibilities beyond; of the existence of other classes of beings more perfect in mental and spiritual qualities, between God and man? Or, looking at the abundance of life which adorns this material world, can we deny to that immortal world beyond, a less variety and wealth of life? Do not the attributes of God require a greater field for their manifestations, than our little world affords? Thus reason itself points to the existence of other beings such as the angels. But revelation confirms our reason, and permits us to glance, as it were, into that heavenly abode and see a celestial order of beings, in truth, altogether removed from human nature.

Faith, then, teaches us that God peopled heaven with an innumerable multitude of angels, who, ever in adoration before Him, are the princes of His house, the assistants of His throne. Having now before our minds the existence of the angels as faith teaches, a brief view of their nature, the offices of the holy angels, their relation to God and man, will afford many a salutary lesson; for the mind once grasping the dignity and the beauty of these celestial spirits, the heart's affections will not be slow in following; and, thus, if we be already so fortunate as to possess devotion to the angels, our devotion will receive an increase, if not, may the fruit of what faith and piety teach in our hearts, and henceforth lead the tribute of our praise and gratitude be bestowed upon these faithful ministers of God's own household.

The holy angels then, were God's first creation; before them, alone in His Divine majesty, the infinitely perfect God, did not require the world or any creature. But God is Love, as St. John says; true love, however, wishes to communicate itself—to have others share its happiness, and so God's infinite love prompted Him to create these sublime spirits to share His happiness and glory. He made the angels in His own image, and lavished upon them gifts befitting their glorious destiny. In the creation of man, moved by that same love that fatherly Hand has bestowed upon him a like destiny with the angels; in humble acknowledgment of how he should reverence the Hand that brought him forth from the abyss of his nothingness.

Although infinitely inferior, the holy angels approach in their nature most nearly to God Himself. Man is not a pure spirit, but a compound of the spiritual with the material; but the angels have no corruptible bodies to drag them down; they are free from all those influences which obscure and alas, too often submerge the finer elements of man, leading us back to their proper level. Yet, one day, by God's mercy, these material frames having run their course, the soul, escaping from the bondage of corruption and united to a spiritualized body, is to enjoy this spiritual life of angels.

The angels, so much superior to man by nature, have a much more intimate knowledge of created things than man. We gather our knowledge of things through the senses; the angels see at a glance—intuitively—all things which we wish to know; seeing all things ever in their cause, in God, and thus ever glorifying Him; whilst man's knowledge—how often it blinds itself to the dependence of things upon God.

Oh, if we would but read with the eye of faith and religion, a new significance would unfold itself in all created things, leading us back to their true source—the Lord God Creator of all things.

God must have revealed much to the angels as regards their supernatural knowledge, and their knowledge of human affairs is proportionate to all that is necessary in the exercise of their guardianships of us. By their will powers limits to the depth of their understanding of the mysteries of our creature. Yet their purity of heart enables them to it—this is what makes them shine with the fullness of light. But man, engrossed in earthly cares, dulled by earthly passions, loses appreciation of things divine. To the pure of heart alone God unfolds His hidden treasures. Yet a little while, and all these privileges may be mine. Sin alone can destroy the spiritual life which God has destined to enjoy these angelic prerogatives.

What shall we say of the marvelous control over the natural world, possessed by the angels. Angels slew the first born in Egypt; and how often in the name of an angry God, they destroyed armies and scourged cities. And truly, "in the name of God" — for the angels never forget their dependence upon God, ever referring their actions to Him as their primary cause.

We often speak of the fallen angels. And as these play an important part in respect to man's salvation, let us for a moment retrace our steps. The holy angels when first created were not in their present blissful state. Near God, yet not beholding Him face to face, final perseverance was not assured them from the beginning. The sight and possession of God with its infinite delights is the proper due neither of angels nor of men. Therefore it has pleased the All Wise to offer this transcendent gift as a reward to be earned by fidelity under trial. The choice of free beings must be free—the choice must be given them to serve or not to serve. This was the test that was

ANNETTIE'S INVESTIGATION.

It was just an American village such as you see in pictures. A background of superb bold mountain, all clothed in blue-green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge and falling in billows of foam; a river reflecting the azure of the sky, and a knot of houses, with a church spire at one end and a thicket of factories at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky. This was Dapplevale. And in the rosy sunset of this blossomy June day, the girls were all pouring out of the broad doorway, while Gerald Blake, the foreman, sat behind his desk, a pen behind his ear and his small, bead black eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrows.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for one week's work, for this was Saturday night. One by one they filed out, with fretful, discontented faces, until the last one passed in front of the high-railed desk.

She was slight and tall, with large, wavy-blue eyes, a complexion as delicately grained and transparent as rose-colored wax, and an abundance of "peppery" hair, so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black; and there was something in the way the ribbon at her throat was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged that bespoke her of foreign birth.

"Well, Mlle. Annette," said Mr. Blake, "it is not agreeable to you like factory life?"

"It is not agreeable," she answered, a slight accent clinging to her tones, like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money the foreman was counting out.

"You have given me but \$1," she said. "It was to be \$8 by the contract."

"Humph!" he grunted; "you ain't much accustomed to one day of doing things, are you mademoiselle? Eight—of course; but we deduct two for a fee—"

"A fee! For what?" Annette demanded, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"For getting you the situation, mademoiselle, to be sure," said Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way.

"Such places don't grow on every bush, and folks naturally expect to pay something for the privilege."

"I did not!" flashed out Annette Duville.

"Oh—well—all right. Because you Jenny Purton and the working girls, as

Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way, said he. "The man's face is sufficient evidence against him."

And a new reign began for poor Jenny Purton and the working girls, as

the awful havoc among the angelic host. God's universal law, then, is that the price to be paid for the treasure of eternal life is trial and temptation, and man's whole life has been so ordered for the solution of this question.

What was the sin of the angels? For a certainty we know not, yet from Holy Scripture and our experience of human life we may believe it to have been a sin of pride; the Sacred Humanity of Christ, being proposed for their adoration, although He in His human nature was of a lower order than themselves. Unwilling to humble themselves to the command of God, the trial of prodigious multitudes was of fatal result. The greatest of all, Lucifer, their leader, consumed with pride at his high endowments forgot the love and homage due His Creator. His fascinated followers shared in his awful punishment—God awarding to the rebel host, the lot which they had deliberately chosen for themselves; for the instant they turned from God, heaven's wrath opened upon them, and the sentence of reprobation fell upon them. The Beatific vision—the Light of God in all His love and beauty—had passed forever; so, too, they were stripped of dignity, and the eternal company of the blessed. Their angelic privileges gave way to an eternal hatred against God and all who serve Him. The will of the wicked angels had chosen sin for its lot—seeking self without God. He leaves them to themselves without any portion of the Supreme Good, which is Himself; and so hardened in their pride, these wicked spirits become the more so in their rebellion. "The pride of them that hate Thee, ascendeth continually."

In this is seen the most terrible effect of sin: transforming as it does the mind and will, placing a barrier to the Light of God's truth. Oh, how lightly man permits sin to glide into his heart. Harmless at first, it may appear, for its evil effects are as yet known only by faith and God's gifts are in part, still with him; but sin increasing, death surprises the soul in its evil, and in the light of eternity sin stands revealed in its horror and cruelty—wedded to that soul for an eternity.

But the obedience of the good angel, led by St. Michael, was without hesitation, and this won for them their sinlessness forever. Their intimate union with God, assures them of their safety for all eternity; for beholding the face of God, there is nothing outside of Him that can attract them.

But this sinlessness of the angels is true freedom; for is not perfect freedom, the freedom of those who choose only out of various ends, all leading to God? But those who cast off the honorable service of God by sin, only change masters, and become the bond slaves of him who led the rebel angels; and who first said: "I will not serve."

The angelic host then resting in their unclouded happiness with God, hold the secret of that happiness in perfect detachment from all thought of self, from all desire to further their own glory; for how their rapturous strains of love ascend to the throne of God, as they come to the heavenly Jerusalem, every soul entering upon its eternal reward. The return of the wanderer to the fold—this indeed gives them a peculiar joy: "There is joy before the angels of God, over every sinner who does penance."

The angels having arrived at the goal of their existence, no longer merit; yet their happiness is complete, measured alone by the capacity of their nature. Not so with us; every good act we now perform is in an advance, bringing us nearer to that happy state, where, after the brief span of our earthly career, shall have been run, all that we do now with difficulty and after a struggle with corrupt nature, will be an unmixing happiness—for such is the service of the angels to their God.

To understand fully the beauty of the angelic service toward God, would require many considerations upon the number and order of the angels. "In the multitude of the people is the dignity of the king," and no it must be in the angelic world. "Star diverseth from star in glory"; thus the various degrees of grace among the angels constitute their particular service toward God. And so, likewise, according to the grace each man has received from God, some aspect of the life of Jesus must be manifest in him—some particular virtue must dominate his life. To the pure of heart God will unfold it, the angelic spirits teach how to practice it.

Beholding then the face of God in heaven, the happiest, noblest occupation of God's creatures, is the joy of the angels, as prostrate before the Most High, the heavens ever resound with their song of praise. Nor do they cease singing the praises of the Mother of God; for next to her Incarnate Son, she is the splendor of the heavenly courts, she the Mother of their King and God, is also their queen. As Queen of Martyrs she has earned a more excellent reward than the angelic Cherubim and Seraphim, close to the throne of God, she reigns as Queen of Angels.

Each of the angels, then, has his office, whether it be to chant the praises of God, of our Blessed Lady; to adore the Blessed Sacrament upon earth or to tend the creatures of God. A brief consideration of this last office of guardianship to men, will respond to the last point of our treatise; what is the relation of the angels towards us?

Faith teaches us that God in His mercy has given each a guardian angel. "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you," says the Saviour, "that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father in heaven."

The universal sense of the Christian people has always clung to the beautiful ideas of guardian angels being appointed to every individual child of Adam—be he Christian or heathen; prince or beggar; the new born babe, the old man tottering on the brink of grave. Oh, the dignity of a soul, since God has confided each being from his birth to the care of an angel. However degraded he may be, each human being will have through life an angel

as his companion. Speeding with lightning swiftness wherever God sends them these blessed spirits attach themselves to their charges and guard them as treasures confided to them by God. If he labors and sighs for that soul's salvation, shall they regard it with indifference? Oh the depth of God's love, ever sustaining us in our conflict with evil, thus sustaining a just balance of forces in the spiritual world and so holding sacred human liberty against the assaults of our deadly enemies. For, as St. Augustine says: "The Holy Angels assist us in our labors; protect us in our rest; encourage us in combat; crown us in victory."

But, above all, at the hour of death our good angel assists and defends us—that supreme moment when the evil one redoubles his fury, "knowing that he hath but a short time." Then it is that our angel guardian helps us to bow to God's will, making devoutly the sacrifice of our life; timely receiving the Sacraments, patiently bearing our illness and the agony of death. He accompanies us before the judgment seat of God, to render an account of his stewardship and witness either for or against us. It is believed he is God's Messenger of relief to us in purgatory, and that he is destined to be our inseparable companion for eternity.

The angels of God, then, in general our guardian angel in particular merit veneration at our hands. For if merit honor be due to parents, civil to magistrates, respect to age and virtue, to strict duty rests upon man to render to these blessed spirits so wonderfully manifesting the super-natural perfections of the Infinite God; for to every class of God's creatures is due the honor which their character demands.

Many who practice other laudable devotions forget this debt of reverence and gratitude to the holy companion ever at their side—the best, the truest, the most devoted friend. A hasty morning or evening prayer, perhaps, the only address made to this powerful defender and to the other angelic hosts of the heavenly Jerusalem. Of these latter, the glorious St. Michael is one of the few whose name has been revealed to us; to him we owe special devotion; for, when Lucifer fell from heaven, St. Michael, having led the armies of God against the rebellious host, remains as chief of the archangels and angels before the throne of God.

It is he who is the defender of all the faithful in the hour of death and before him Satan trembles. It is St. Michael who will marshal the dead to the last judgment. His feast was a worthy prelude to that which the month of October ushered in, dedicated as is this entire month to the angels. May its conclusion leave in our hearts a solid devotion to the angels, and especially to our Guardian Angel—won by a loving and intimate converse with this untrifling ever present, though invisible friend.

Holy Writ tells us that on the Resurrection, mankind "shall be as the angels of God in heaven," but this resemblance to the angels must be perfected in life, by living the life of the angels imitating their unworldliness and devotion to God; then will the close of life find its happy fruition in the words of Scripture:

"You are come to Mount Zion and to the city of the living God; to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels."—Western Watchman.

ST. PETERS, ROME.

HISTORY OF THE MARVELOUS EDIFICE WHOSE CORNER-STONE WAS LAID FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

On Wednesday, four hundred years ago—April 18, 1506—was laid the foundation stone of St. Peter's in Rome, writes correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

When St. Peter's body was taken down from the cross on which he had given up his life for Christ, it was laid to rest in a simple grave just beside the place of his martyrdom, on the other side of the Via Cornelia, which flanked the Circus of Nero.

The first years of infant Christianity were such as left but scant opportunity of adorning the burial places of the martyred dead, and more than a generation had passed before any monument decked the last resting place of the Prince of Apostles. But about the end of the first century Pope Anacletus was able to erect a little oratory over the tomb of Peter, and for more than two centuries this was the only memorial that marked the grave of the first Peter of Christ.

Around and near this venerable monument the successors of Peter were buried, down to the year 202, when, owing to causes that have never been satisfactorily explained, the Pape began to be laid to rest in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, outside the city, on the old Appian Way.

The years that followed were big with mighty changes. Persecution raged long and terribly. But persecution could not last forever. The battle of the Milvian Bridge was fought, and Maximian, the last of the persecuting Emperors, was defeated and lost his life in the Tiber. Constantine unfurled the standard of the cross over the conquering Roman legions, and the Catholic Church stood forth at last in the full light of day and liberty. One of the Emperor's first cares was to erect suitable temples to the God of Battles, in whose name victory had crowned his career. Foremost amongst these was the Basilica of St. Peter, which he raised over the lowly tomb where the Fisherman of Galilee had been buried.

In the years and centuries that followed no place was more venerated than this. From the ends of the earth pilgrims thronged unceasingly to visit the tomb of the apostle enshrined in the centre of the basilica of Constantine. Once more it became customary for the Pope to be buried there, and Constantine has been laid to rest within the precincts of the temple that was erected to his memory, martyrdom and ashes. Writing in the fourth century, St. John Chrysostom exclaimed at the

sight of that temple: "Here, as one stands, the view of the shrine strikes on his heart—he is affected as if they that lie there were present; and by admitting the place almost as their man, I desire the city of Rome, not for its columns or any other vain display, but because of these two glorious pillars of the Church—St. Peter and Paul."

From the day of its first erection by Constantine the history of St. Peter's is but a reflection of the story of Papal Rome—now witnessing royal scenes, such as the coronation of Charles V; now—during the dreary days of the captivity of Avignon, and the still more dreary days of the great schism of the west—with grass growing up to the very steps of its altar, the Catholic grazing undisturbed amid its storied aisles. Then was Rome nothing more than a skeleton of a city, as the old chronicler expresses it—so poor that they have no lamp to light on the altar, and the church itself was a tottering ruin, and wolves prowled freely in its precincts and dug up the bodies that had been laid to rest in the consecrated clay round about.

These evil days ended with the election of Pope Martin V., who at once devoted 20,000 gold florins to the erection of a new roof over the venerable temple, which he repaired with unstinted labor and unwearying hand. But the sacred pile was old. It had stood the brunt of twelve hundred years. Time had laid a heavy hand on its walls, so much so that in the course of some years it was found that these walls were unsound and repairs but temporary.

Under the inspiring influence of the Renaissance, Nicholas V., in 1450, conceived the design of demolishing the old edifice and rebuilding it from the foundations. His idea was taken up by Paul II. and Sixtus IV.; but the project languished for want of funds, and little had been done towards its accomplishment when Julius II. became Pope.

For a time it was the intention of Julius merely to carry on the work of restoration begun by his predecessors, and to extend the old edifice. It was, in fact, an accident which led him to change his plans. He was a man of great deeds and magnificent projects, and among other plans he proposed to erect a stately monument to deck his grave in St. Peter's when he had gone before his God. For this purpose he invited Michael Angelo, who was then a young man, to come to Rome and take charge of the undertaking.

Michael Angelo consented, and in accordance with the Pope's wish drew up the design of a monument, which was, however, of such colossal proportions that if it was to be carried into effect a new and vast edifice should be erected to contain it. The great architect, Bramante, was the man who drew the design of the monument, which was to be erected on the spot where the old edifice stood. Bramante's answer him was the project. Bramante's answer was to plan a new and glorious basilica that was to surpass all other existing structures in size, beauty and magnificence, and was to "embody the greatness of the present and the future."

Pastor thus expresses the idea that dominated the minds of the Pope and the architect: "The mausoleum of the poor Fisherman of the Lake of Genesareth was to represent the dignity and significance of the office which he had bequeathed to his successors. The idea of the Universal Church demanded a colossal edifice, that of the Papacy an imposing centre; therefore, its main feature must be a central dome of such proportions as to dominate the whole structure. Thus, Bramante thought, could be best attained by a ground plan in the form of a Greek cross, with the great dome in the centre, over the tomb of the apostle in Rome. His contemporaries were enthusiastic in their admiration of his design, and the poets of the day sang of it as the ninth wonder of the world."

Julius was a man of action. He lost no time once he had made up his mind. Accordingly he made rapid preparation for a beginning, and was able to lay the foundation stone on Low Sunday, April 18, 1506. Accompanied by Cardinals and prelates, he went in solemn procession to the excavation that had been prepared for the foundation, twenty-five feet deep. Into this he descended along with two Cardinals and a few masons and fitted into its place the foundation stone of white marble, which was in readiness, with a suitable inscription recording the contemplated work.

Underneath the foundation stone were placed twelve medals specially struck for the occasion. Will the revolutions of time ever bring them to light? As the progress of the undertaking was as swift as the beginning had been prompt, Julius had two thousand five hundred men employed, and he personally superintended much of the work. But his was not a long life, and he was cut off ere he was able to see anything more than the erection of the four gigantic pillars that were to support the dome. But his project was eagerly taken up by Leo X. and Clement VII., and the huge structure continued to grow inch by inch and year by year.

Bramante, too, died while yet the work was in its infancy, and his place was taken by Raphael, Verona and Sangallo, who made some alterations in the original designs. These were in turn succeeded by Balthasar Peruzzi and Michael Angelo, who made further changes in Bramante's plan, and, during the Pontificate of Paul III., Julius III., Maximilian II. and Paul IV., laboring with all his boundless energy down till his death, in 1564. Plus V. and Sixtus V. entrusted the work to the architects Della Porta and Fontana, who, under Gregory XIV., completed the dome, which later on was adorned with mosaics by Clement VIII. At the suggestion of the architect Maderno, Paul V. consented to change the final plans prepared by Michael Angelo, and to lengthen the structure considerably, a change that, like most of the ideas of Maderno, has not with little favor ever since. The basilica was finally dedicated to Urban VIII., in 1626.

Thus, after one hundred and twenty years' incessant labor, under the direction of the most brilliant architects the world has yet seen, at an expenditure of twelve millions sterling, the glitter-

ing pile was complete, and men could gaze in wonder on the

Rich marbles, richer paintings, shrines where name
The lustre of gold, and haughty dome which
In air with earth's chief structures, though
In their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds
Must claim.

It is a common thing to hear visitors at the first sight of St. Peter's complain that it falls short of their expectations; that it seems much smaller than they had imagined. Such is, indeed, the case. But this impression arises not because the building is small, but because of its perfect proportions—each part is so well adapted to all the rest that the gigantic dimensions of the structure are toned and mellowed into harmonious appearance. In reality it is difficult to imagine that the measurements of St. Peter's reach the following immense figures: It is 614 feet in length, 415 in breadth, 152 in height. The distance from the floor to the cross surmounting the dome is 418 feet, while the dome itself is 139 feet in diameter and 413 in circumference. All this, added to the glittering ornamentation that decks every inch of St. Peter's, fully justifies the enthusiastic language of a writer of sixty years ago: "We have before us a scene which no earthly edifice ever presented, which no imagination can picture, no pen describe. The vastness, the solitude, the symmetry, the richness, the beauty, the grandeur, the gorgeous magnificence, in a word, that surrounds us on every side enchants the eye, expands the mind, warms the heart, lifts the soul to the lofty objects of eternity and prompts us to fall down in spontaneous and grateful acknowledgment to God, who has gifted man with such sublime conceptions, and entrusted him to call forth such wondrous creations."

The stupendous monument designed for the tomb of Julius II. was never carried out. An obscure memorial in a deserted corner of St. Peter's marks his resting place. Nothing could have better pleased the Pope. In him there was nothing selfish or mean. His one object was the glory of God and the exaltation of the Church, and as he had lived to see it, he would have been well content with the glorious pile that, out of a plan for his own tomb, was raised above the resting place of the Prince of Apostles. None could say with better reason than Julius: "Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice"—"if you seek a monument to my name, gaze on the mighty dome of St. Peter's."

democrats are woefully ignorant of the tremendous changes society has undergone within the last century, changes due less to the political revolutions, than to economic necessities. That Christian democracy which has received the approval of one of the greatest sociologists of modern times, namely, Leo XIII., has nothing in common with so-called "modern civilization" or "modern ideas," which set out with a negation of Catholicity as a first principle. Christian Democracy is a necessity of the times and the logic of the evolution of human society.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CHURCH AND CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

"What" asks M. de Lamazelle, writing in Le Correspondant (Paris) "is the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the doctrine of equality which, under the name of Democracy, arose out of the French Revolution?"

"There is," he continues "an equality which Christianity has proclaimed from all time, which was, indeed, unknown in the world before Christianity's advent and which never Christianity's advent and which never pagan philosophy. This is the equality of all men before God. 'You are all,' said Saint Paul, 'children of God because you have all been baptized in Christ.' Christianity has never affirmed, however, that in the concrete world in which they live, men are all equal. Nor have the Popes of modern times reversed in any way, the doctrine of the early Church, that there shall be masters and servants."

The late Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., expressed himself in terms that are not open to question, as to the conception of Christian Democracy held by the Church, saying: "The equality of the different members of society consists solely in their holding their origin from God. Yet human society, such as by God established, is composed of elements wholly unequal, even as the members of the human body; to wish the equality of all elements is to wish for the destruction of the social regime itself. Christian Democracy is entirely removed in principle from social democracy; its basis is the Catholic Faith and it holds as inviolable the doctrine of private property."

These teachings, re-affirmed by Pope Pius X. demonstrate beyond question that Christian Democracy is the opposite of a salient example, existing in its own elements, the French people, in the influence of fraternalism and equality which are independent of all godly principles. In the opinion of the late Pope, Christianity alone can raise the condition of the lower orders and solve the social problem. Said His Holiness:

"The crucial question is of such a kind that religion alone can solve the problem. The Church alone can, by its teachings, its organized educational methods, its energy, its activity in literature and through the wisdom it finds in the gospel, prove the Saviour of the working classes. It is by no means by a doctrine of patience and resignation that it will succeed in its mission, that it will reconcile the poor and the humble with their lot. On the contrary it will teach the rich that if they have inviolable rights they also have inalienable duties, that as St. Thomas said 'the man of possessions must look upon himself as an administrator appointed by God to help his fellow creatures. Into the beneficence of the master there must enter all the systematized activity that characterizes sound economy, but that at the same time the whole duty is not to be considered finished when the master has rewarded his servant with the wage agreed upon; that his obligations are as interminable as the holding of his possessions lasts and the consequent necessity of employing labor, endures."

Christian Democracy, says M. Lamazelle, has therefore in it nothing of the nature of Socialism and yet as both the late and the present Pope have affirmed, it may be termed a democracy in the meaning that it is beneficent action among the people, withdrawing from it its political sense. Catholics who do not call themselves Christian

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1906. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

It is my earnest recommendation to all Catholics to read your paper. It is a most excellent and a truly Catholic paper, and one in which I am glad to find the Catholic spirit pervading the whole.

Yours faithfully in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus. Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, 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 pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. J. FALCÓN, Arch. of Laredo. Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1906.

A WORD FOR THE WAYWARD.

There is nothing in this world that comes nearer to the infinity of God than the soul of man, both in its conceptions and affections. This will appear clear if we consider that the soul alone was created to the image and likeness of God. Now all our actions, internal and external, are rooted in it, for it is the motor power of our being.

And yet there is no subject on which men so readily express themselves, none about which they are so prone to talk and gossip, and none on which they are so liable to err as on the conduct of their fellow men.

It is very easy for those who are surrounded by every worldly comfort, who have the means to alleviate the pains of sickness and to banish that ennui that accompanies a monotonous round of duties, who have never known

the pangs of hunger, the privations consequent on poverty or the thousand and one humiliations born of adverse circumstances, to condemn and despise their less favored brethren. But had they been born under less propitious circumstances, had fate and fortune been less favorable to them, we may rest assured that they too would be possessed of those maddening thoughts that drive the poor to deeds of darkness and shame.

We have more than once heard the commentary of the poor on these rich people, that "it is very easy for them to be good." And indeed it is easy for them to live within the bounds of common decency having no harassing cares to torture them, and if they were guilty of crimes attributed to the poor, they would be monsters indeed. But before these goody-goody people pass sentence on their fellowmen or boast about their own uprightness, would it not be well for them to ask themselves how much anxiety the merit which they attribute to themselves has cost them, or if the circumstances in which they found themselves were not such as to render crime impossible.

It is said that Saint Philip Neri, whenever he would recognize a Jew on the streets of Rome, would exclaim: "There, but for the grace of God, goes Philip Neri." Experience is a great factor in the life of every man, and the more a man knows the world, the more he learns of human nature and its innate weaknesses, the more tolerant he will become of his fellowman. For by entering into himself he will easily find out that he carries within himself the germs of the darkest crimes that ever disgraced the annals of human history, and of which he would have been the victim only for some intervening circumstance.

It will be remembered that a large number of the papers of the Province, more particularly those of Toronto, during the recent by-elections for the Dominion House, and the previous general election, launched invective after invective at the Separate School system and denounced the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier for establishing the principle of that system of education in the two new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The dates commonly assigned for the writing of each book are in many instances approximate rather than exact. We may know from the books themselves or from traditions which have come down to us from these early dates, very nearly the date at which these books were written, but in most instances the date is known at least within a few years.

Modern critics, styling themselves "higher critics," have attacked vigorously the truth and divine inspiration of these books, and among those of the Old Testament none have been so violently assailed as the Pentateuch or five books of Moses and the books of Joshua and Judges.

It is a most important subject of investigation what authority these books have in the Church, and on this point the Commission has just issued four decrees, with the approval of the Pope.

The decrees thus issued are the following: 1. Despite the arguments formulated by modern criticism against the Mosaic authenticity of the Pentateuch, greater regard must be had for the witness of the Old and New Testaments, the constant persuasion of the Jewish people, and the uninterrupted tradition of the Church, equally with the eternal proofs derivable from the sacred books themselves.

the Christian Church? We know that He could have punished him in a thousand ways, that He could have smitten him with lightning from heaven, but He did not. On the contrary, from His throne on high He cried aloud, pleading, mercifully, lovingly, saying: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And Saul became Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles.

Now if the point against the laxness of the present school system is well taken by the Rev. Mr. Ker, why is there such commotion in the communitiy when this same point is raised by the Catholic Church. Verily, religious intolerance often places man in a very unenviable light. THE MEMBER FOR GALWAY. From time to time we were pleased to note the brilliant success of our young Canadian, Mr. Chas. R. Devlin, M. P., in the British House of Commons.

Ye merciless men and women of this age, learn from your Lord and Master to have some pity for your wayward brethren. Learn to moderate your unchristian views of human guilt.

COMING TO THEIR SENSES.

The Bible's Biblical Commission on which the Holy Father imposed the duty of determining the attitude which Catholics should take in regard to Holy Scripture has progressed rapidly in its work, considering the great variety of subjects to be dealt with, and the many difficult questions which arise from the fact that the Scripture, which was all written, according to the generally received chronology, between the years 1491 before Christ and ninety-six of the Christian era, has passed through many vicissitudes, owing chiefly to external and internal wars.

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based upon its laxness in the teaching of religion and morals, is it to be feared, too well, taken. There ought to be, in a Christian country such as this, some means whereby the principles which are at the foundation of society may be inculcated.

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PROGRESS OF THE POPE'S BIBLICAL COMMISSION.

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REV. MR. KILPATRICK.

A Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Prof. T. B. Kilpatrick, created a ripple of excitement in Toronto last week. At a meeting of the post graduate conference of the alumni of Knox college, he said "There was one phase of the Roman Catholic system which had been the cause of much wrath, and rightly, but he admired it most of all the ceremonies of that denomination. That was the confessional. The Roman Catholic Church alone knows full well the value of the personal work of the confession. The whole work centred round it, not the more little box, but the act, two souls; two souls opposed in the presence of the spirit of God. It was a blessed thing to preach the Gospel, but to get along side of a soul which was defiant and obdurate, this was the thing which meant the burden, the passion, the toil of the minister."

It is fully admitted and maintained by the Catholic Church and Catholic theologians that it is lawful to enquire into the evidences of the Books of the Bible, whether or not they have been written by the persons from whom they derive their names, and belong to the dates to which their authorship is attributed.

There is no truth more certain than these which have been set forth by the Pope's Biblical Commission, and though the time of the writing of the Pentateuch by Moses is so far back that it is difficult to obtain other evidence than that of Moses himself to his authorship of the work, the unbroken testimony of the Jews to the authenticity of the writing is sufficient proof thereof. We have also the frequent assertion of our Lord that the prophecies and acts attributed to Moses are really his.

A despatch from Dublin informs us that the Evening Mail of that city says that the Government, in connection with the forthcoming Home Rule measure, contemplates acquiring the Bank of Ireland, which was formerly the Irish Parliament House, and handing it over to the projected powers as the assembly house of the new Irish. Council which the bill proposes to establish. The story which the Mail, a Unionist paper, now gives "on absolutely reliable authority," with expressions of horror and dismay appropriate to its political creed, has already been the subject of rumor.

A BAD CONSCIENCE.

In this case the horror and dismay comes from a bad conscience. A small faction of "West Britons" has been ruling and ruining Ireland for generations. They have nearly all the offices in the gift of Dublin Castle. The fat of the land has been theirs and we must naturally expect a little uneasiness amongst them at the prospect of losing, not their vested rights, but their vested wrongs. They are ready to parade their loyalty to the Crown so long as the government pets and pampers them, but when this ceases the Orange warwhoop is heard in Ulster and Colonel Sanderson may be expected to take the field with a white horse and a rusty sword.

The following description of the episcopal journey of Bishops Flagnet and Dubourg to the See of the latter, taken from an old issue of the Cincinnati Telegraph, will prove interesting, as well as showing what those saintly pioneers of religion endured in their efforts to plant the Church in the West: "On the 12th of December, 1817, the two prelates, Dubourg and Flagnet, accompanied by Father Badin, set out for St. Louis, by the way of Louisville.

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Father, if Thou wilt remove this chalice from Me, but yet not My will, but Thine be done.—(Luke XXI:42.)

How they reached their sees in the early days. The following description of the episcopal journey of Bishops Flagnet and Dubourg to the See of the latter, taken from an old issue of the Cincinnati Telegraph, will prove interesting, as well as showing what those saintly pioneers of religion endured in their efforts to plant the Church in the West: "On the 12th of December, 1817, the two prelates, Dubourg and Flagnet, accompanied by Father Badin, set out for St. Louis, by the way of Louisville. Here Bishop Dubourg preached in the chapel, erected by Father Badin. On the 13th they embarked on the steamboat Piqua, and on the 20th reached the mouth of the Ohio, where they were detained five days by the ice. Their time was chiefly passed in religious exercises and pious conversation.

JOURNEY OF PRELATES.

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HOW THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

11—MARTIN LUTHER.
Written for the True Voice by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.
Martin Luther, the leading spirit of the Protestant Reformation, was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, on the 10th of November, 1483, nine years before Columbus discovered America.

But obedience and docility were unconditional virtues to his stubborn mind. He soon yielded to despondency to such an extent as to neglect for weeks together the recitation of the Divine Office, to which after his vows he was bound under sin.

But it was the movement, aroused by the migration westward of Greek scholars flying from the Moslems, had turned the attention of the educated in Europe rather to the classical pagan models than to Christian ideals of perfection.

PLURIBUS UNUM
The unity of the Catholic Church is one of her most glorious characteristics. To find peoples of every clime and every tongue all united in one faith, believing the same doctrines, receiving the same sacraments, and all under one hand—Christ's Vicar, the Pope, Bishop of the Eternal City of Rome—is a unity the like of which is found nowhere outside of the Catholic Church.

QUESTIONS THAT DISTURB.
The Sun, New York, prints the following letter from an Episcopalian layman:
To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: Permit me who meekly wishes to show forth some of the dangers which are besetting the foundation and faith of the Episcopal Church to bear a thought, however little, which can not fail to show a real, distinct and decisive danger to those who hold to that foundation and to that faith.

THE TRUE PORTRAIT OF OUR LORD.
(From the French.)
From time immemorial it has been the regret of Christians that there was no exact portrait of our Lord upon whose authenticity they could depend.

THE CHARACTER OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

ACCUSATIONS OF ITS ENEMIES THE BEST TESTIMONY OF ITS ALL ROUND EXCELLENCE.
Of all practical problems with which the Catholic Church has to deal, perhaps the most serious is that involved in the training of secular priesthood. It is the most serious because it affects wider issues than any other: "like priests, like people."

THE SENSE OF RELIGIOUS PROPORTION.
Ave Marie.
We have from time to time reproduced in these columns, from the Anglican magazine, the Lamp, extracts which might quite congruously find a place in any Catholic periodical.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Belching of gas after eating, mean weakness.
By means of its muscles, the stomach should churn the food—changing solids into liquids—mixing in the gastric juice to start digestion.

FRUIT-A-TIVES.
FRUIT-A-TIVES contain the elements that give new—vigor new energy—to the muscles lining the stomach—stimulate the digestive glands and assure a copious flow of gastric juice for each meal.

LECHEROUS PROPAGANDISM.
It is about time that some method be devised either to degrade the Chicago University professor or to wipe that institution off the educational map. The place has become a cess-pool of paganism. And the maldororan opinions which emanate therefrom are poisoning the atmosphere of our civilization.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. THE DIGNITY AND HAPPINESS OF OBEDIENCE.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is the Lord's commandment... Brothers, there are many new things found out nowadays; but there are also some old ones and good ones being forgotten.

good and do our duty without some sacrifice, and if we do not mean to make a sacrifice, we do not really mean amendment. The real purpose of amendment includes not only the end, but the means.

When persons know that amendment of life and keeping out of sin mean the frequent and regular reception of the sacraments and also reasonable diligence in prayer, prayer and the sacraments should be so used.

The mere fact, however, that we fall back into sin, does not prove that our promises were not sincere, because our nature is weak and changeable, and even our best resolutions may break down.

A COLONY OF IRISH WRITERS.

ELIZABETH COTTER IN THE DUBLIN SUBURB OF RATHGAR.

The Irish muse was never more alive than today. But its theme is non-political, hence silence of press and public speaker as to the work of the men and women whose pens embellish present day literature.

On any Sunday evening, not too early, you will meet many of Ireland's brilliant writers and successful artists at the handsome home of George Russell—A. E. Russell as he is known in the book world.

There you, too, will meet the dramatist, Yeats, whose latest play "Kathleen ni Houlihan" made such a hit in New York. Mr. Yeats, pale, dark and with long, black hair falling over a collar tied with a farding black ribbon.

"Come and I will show you Maude's Dublin house," said my host. The house was just round the corner, for most of Dublin's literary folk live in Rathgar, a charming suburb.

The amendment of life does not mean "something or another," but to begin at once. A firm purpose does not mean, "I will be good if I can do so without any trouble or self-sacrifice."

Bouncing Babies

are Nestlé's Food babies. No upset stomachs—no bowel troubles—no hot weather sickness—come to babies brought up on Nestlé's Food

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room was a photograph of Mrs. Mac Bride and her baby boy; Seagon, she calls her young Ireland. The beautiful advocate of "Ireland for the Irish" has not lost her hold upon the affections of those who followed her in the past.

But the day is past when Ireland will bid Godspeed to the man or woman who elects to go abroad as a political lecturer. Gentle and simple, they declare have been humiliated too long by the begging which has been practiced in the name of Ireland.

Again, many do not hesitate in saying that the Irish Nationalists as a body are a failure, that the country would long ago have been granted the new concessions it has obtained from the British Parliament without a special representation, and that the thousands of pounds contributed annually to keep a distinctly Nationalist party at London might be more profitably spent in Ireland.

SAD AND POWERFUL LESSON IN VERY PLAIN FIGURES

There is still force in the old saying that figures do not lie. Desultory bankers and embezzling employes give it a severe jolt occasionally, but its truth remains. By way of demonstrating a fact there is hardly anything of equal effect. They are the surest way to conviction.

We notice that the Young Men's Christian Association of the East has been occupying itself with them in a direction which may be of profit for serious Catholic consideration. This branch of the organization undertook recently to gather some statistics on the subject of mixed marriages.

According to its figures, only fifty per cent. of the young, in families where both fathers and mothers attend different churches, are church members. Where the fathers and mothers were Protestants of some denomination, sixty-eight per cent. of the young men are church members.

Here we have a sad and powerful lesson in very plain figures. It is a conclusive proof in concrete form of what the Church teaches and the Catholic press constantly decries against, namely, the baneful influence of mixed marriage.

Answer peaceable things with mildness, says the Wise Man, and let there be no acid feeling in thy soul, and thou shalt be as the obedient son of the Most High, and He shall have mercy on thee more than a mother.

Heartbreaking Expression. My daughter enjoyed very good health until about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of depression.

My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. She has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases... Koenig's Nerve Tonic... We use it ourselves and can recommend it.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

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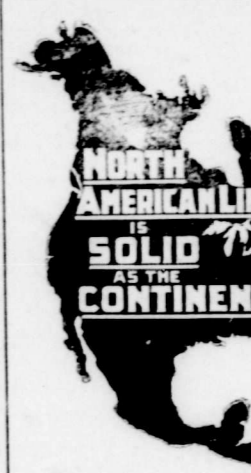
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with for no man's wealth. I wish I had his money! said a young, hearty-looking man...

rubbish" which made the difference between the works of Michael Angelo and those of a hundred other artists...

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point...

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Two Fields. Many years since, in France, it happened that a village curate set forth on a sick-call...

Education and a Career. Young people often ask us, "Will it pay to go to college if one is going to be a merchant, a druggist, a farmer, etc.?"

ON CRUTCHES.

A LITTLE TEMPERANCE SERMON BY A SECTULAR EDITOR. At the door of a drinking saloon on a busy street the usual morbid crowd gathered...

We are all on crutches and the best of us is balanced none too well. We have risen recently from barbarism and brutality...

Folly made that poor gray-haired man drink when he knew that he needed all of his mind to control those wooden crutches...

Think this out for yourself in detail. Think of the man who is remarkable for his devotion to his family and to the public welfare...

THE NEGRO NUNS OF NEW ORLEANS. One of the most picturesque sights of the Vieux Carre of New Orleans is that of the negro nun...

THE CHARITY OF THE POOR. One evening last week a touching incident came under the New World's observation. About six in the evening a blind street-organ player was grinding out the cheerful music...

Another case of the widow's mite? Verily, so it seemed. She was nothing but a child, she had toiled to earn her little pittance...

When the dog hears the whistle of the approaching mail-train, he hurries to the depot and waits for his burden. The mail-clerk kicks the mail-bag out of the car-door...

What is more remarkable still, the beans produced in the field which the Lord had blessed proved to be a new variety, never seen before...

Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of mortal man? Today he is and tomorrow he is no more seen. Feed God, and thou shalt not be afraid of the terrors of man.

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SURPRISE A PURE SOAP HARD SOAP.

HOUSE WORK. It is easy to keep a hard-wood floor as clean and shiny as a mirror by using "SURPRISE" Soap...

Very sensibly those sisters do not pay overmuch attention to book education. The catechism of course but after that a little learning in their opinion goes a long way...

The Sisters care for as many children as they can house and feed and a complete-looking set of these children are in color they range from coal black through all the lighter shades up to a dirty, frocked, red haired white all cleanly dressed...

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul.—(Mark VIII 36.)

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