

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON SATURDAY, MAR. 24, 1906.

### THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

We have received specimen pages of the Catholic Encyclopedia, which purports to give its readers full and authoritative information on the entire cycle of Catholic interests, Catholic action and Catholic doctrine. This work will be useful to both the Catholic and non-Catholic. To the non-Catholic it will present us as we are—our doctrines—the part we have played, and play, in history—our attitude towards the latest results in every department of human activity. Too often the church has been travestied, unconsciously mayhap, but more the less effectively by many who have, with wondrous credulity, accepted the dicta of the past about us. Scholars, however, of repute will enable them to brush the canvas clean and to paint in the whole truth, free from prejudice, national, political or factional. At all events there will be no excuse now for misconceptions of anything pertaining to the church or revamping of old charges. To Catholics it will be a treasure-house of erudition, strengthening their faith and showing them what churchmen and Catholics in general have done for the truest interests of mankind. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to Canada says of it:

"The greatest enemy of the Catholic church is ignorance of her doctrines and practices. The better Catholicism is known the more it is appreciated and esteemed. Assuredly one of the means to attain that end is a Catholic Encyclopedia."

The work will consist of fifteen volumes of 800 pages each, making a complete library of 12,000 pages. Each page will average 1,250 words, making in all 15,000,000 words to the complete set. In each volume there will be an average of 20 full page half-tones (in black or tint); 3 full page three-color plates; 5 maps; 130 text line cuts; making 150 illustrations to a volume, or over 2,000 to the complete set. The editors are Charles G. Herbermann, Ph. D., LL. D., Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., D. D., Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D., LL. D., Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., John J. Wynne, S. J., assisted by numerous collaborators.

The Catholic Encyclopedia will be sold only by subscription, and it can be obtained direct from the publishers, Robert Appleton Co., Publishers, 1 Union Square, New York City.

### A SAFETY VALVE.

The Spanish match serves as a species of safety-valve to the pent-up emotions of some of our ministerial friends. That disturbing the atmosphere in this wise is in bad taste may be believed by many; but all will agree, we think, that the expulsion of the noxious vapors which tend to play havoc with the clarity of the ministerial mind is to be commended. The trouble is that the expulsion may take a long time.

Preachers, however, should not wax too eloquent in decadent and dying nations. They should not use the standard of wealth to rate the worth of a people. For a nation poor in the trophies of the mart and the counting-house may be in a healthy condition, and, so far as true civilization goes, may be instinct with vitality. Spain has fallen in the estimation of the world; but a country does not die of its wounds. And we dare say that many cannot view the sullen, discontented unemployed thousands of England as a sign of bounding national life.

Commenting on the betrothal of the King to the Princess Ena, Mr. Labouchere, in a recent issue of Truth, writes as follows:

"Many thousands of girls of all creeds have done the same thing before. Whether they are right or wrong is a question between themselves and their consciences and concerns no one else in this world. For any one to express an opinion on the lady's conduct in such a case is pure impertinence, and that any London newspaper should open a correspondence on the subject, especially when the lady and her family are in a position which precludes them saying a word in her defence, seems little less than a cowardly outrage."

### "ACROSS WIDEST AMERICA"

WITH IMPRESSIONS OF TWO YEARS' SOJOURN ON THE BRIBING COAST, PROBABLY ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD J. LEVINE, S. J. MONTREAL, 1905.—THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Well written, useful and of historical value without, this book may well be a worthy companion in an hour of leisure. They who wish to know what two years' work in the Arctic means for

a missionary should read this volume. Not that the author dilates on his privations; but we can read between the lines and understand what a man can do in the line of duty—neither for money nor for fame, but for souls. The words before us, however, radiate pleasure at work well done; and the pages descriptive of the snow and silence of the Arctic are brightened by the sunshine of humor. In fact the author seems to have been "all things to all men," as much at home with the motley thousands of Nome's gold seekers as with the bronzed miners who haunt the creeks running down into the Behring Sea.

On one occasion he has to take a trip via a gasoline barge yclept the Kee-walk Flyer, which flew by the way twelve miles in four or five hours and was put ashore, portable altar and all, in the mud in a drenching shower of rain. It was still early morning, and the settlement was asleep. So he sat down on a log, an object of platonic interest to a couple of Eskimos. Platonic is good. And however discouraging such an interest may have been to a very wet missionary on a log under the shadow of the Arctic Circle, it is refreshing to learn that the plane can still boast of individuals who have no desire to annex oneself, or one's property. But later on Father Devise was given welcome by a woman from Donegal. "And why did you take to mining?" he asked her. "Because," said she, "taking gold from the ground is taking what belongs to nobody but God. He gives it to us direct; and this is the honestest way of making a living."

On another occasion he met an old veteran who had searched vainly and for years for a "pay streak." But Father Devise's homily on the perishableness of gold had no effect on the grey haired miner. He was after the yellow dust: the future might take care of itself.

In reading the author's descriptions of the silence of the Arctic we thought what a blessed thing it would be to dwell therein and so escape the tongues of the waggon and gossip. We should have to contend with the cold and the snow and the awful dogs with a gift for midnight oratorios, but all this would be pleasant as compared with the talk which breeds mischief and wounds hearts, and the spectacle too often before us of persons who, calling themselves Catholics, show by their words and deeds, a rare hypocrisy or unparadise ignorance of the doctrines of the church.

Says the author: "Another fact which life in Alaska brings home forcibly to one, is the fewness of our real needs in this world. There is nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. A few years' residence in a miner's cabin would suffice to convince a man that his real needs are few, and that there are nobler uses for wealth than that of gratifying one's appetites or decorating drawing rooms with barbaric splendor."

We commend this volume to our readers.

### TALE-BEARERS.

"They have no business to mind if they had a mind to mind it, and no mind to mind their business, if they had any business to mind."

So wrote a humorist of the makers and carriers of stories—the persons who prey upon and ravage a parish. We know that the gossip who reads the above quotation will think how applicable it is to one of his or her neighbors; for dyed in the wool gossips never believe they are gossips. They may be known as such and dreaded on account of it. They may work early and late replenishing their news bags with anything, from family squabbles to public scandal, however loathsome: They may spin stories about their acquaintances, and so, under friendship and indulge in unkind criticism—but gossips, never! In fact, the practised gossips abhor other gossips. This may be due to resenting encroachment on their preserves, but many venomous tongues preen themselves upon immensity from talking about others. They are, however, known and black-listed in every house that aims to conserve its peace.

We are told: "If any man say he loves God and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he who loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?"

### THE ARTIC FOR THE TALE-BEARER.

To our mind detractors would be the individuals to search for the north pole. Barring accidents they would discover it; and, more, they would dig up a series of ancient former explorers, and malicious anecdotes about the natives.

Many Eskimos drank to excess; and, with an X Ray's eye trained in the denizens of the Arctic, would appraise their mental and moral worth to a nicety. For they are very competent persons! Of those the Scripture says: "The heart of fools is in their mouth. . . The fool when he walketh in the way, whereas he himself is a fool, esteemeth all men fools."

### A NUISANCE.

The tale bearers and detractors are detestable nuisances. But how to repress them is the question. They might be deported to some desert island or prevented by law from troubling those who have work to do, or branded so that all might know, and avoid them. But as these measures are not practicable they could learn what the Holy Scriptures say of them, and what fate is reserved for the bad tongue. For instance, when these good Christians open their news-bags we might call their attention to the following words:

"The tale bearer shall defile his own soul and shall be hated by all. . . the silent and wise man shall be honored."

When they proceed to retail malicious stories about their neighbors—just for amusement, you know—we might quote:

"The whisperer is accursed, for he hath troubled many that were at peace."

When detracting hypocrites begin the recital of some scandal or other, we might silence them with the declaration of the Bible:

"The death of a wicked tongue is a most evil death; and hell is preferable to it."

### NO PARDON WITHOUT SATISFACTION.

One word more. In taking away the good name of a neighbor, detractors act the part of a thief. They may regret it, but they will do well to regulate their regret by the following instruction which we take from the Council of Trent: (Part III, C. 9)

"For as the calumniator or detractor is not pardoned unless satisfaction be made to the injured person—a difficult duty to those who are deterred from it by the idea of false shame and an empty idea of dignity—he who continues in this sin is doubtless doomed to everlasting perdition. For let no one indulge in the hope of being able to obtain the pardon of his calumnies or detractions, unless he first makes satisfaction to him whose dignity or reputation he has depreciated publicly in a court of justice or even in private and familiar conversation."

Finally, detraction and calumny and gossip are not confined to one sex, nor to any particular class. The taint pertains to males and females alike, to the rich as well as to the poor, and to the lettered as well as to the unlettered. If a distinction were to be made we believe the cultured and the wealthy would compare unfavorably with the other classes.

### SERMON CRITICS.

#### THE CARDINAL'S TOPIC.

Baltimore Catholic Mirror. Cardinal Gibbons delivered one of his usual forceful sermons last Sunday before a large congregation at the High Mass. His Eminence dealt with a common practice—that of criticising our preachers—in an uncompromising way. The full text of his sermon was as follows:

"And we helping do exhort you, that you receive not the grace of God in vain." (Ep. 2, Cor. vi. 1.) You see all aware how fruitful was the preaching of the Apostles two thousand years ago. You know that after one sermon of St. Peter, three thousand souls were added to the disciples of Christ.

Why are conversions and moral reformations not so abundant now as they were then? The fault is not with the seed of the Gospel! It is as prolific now as it was in the primitive church. The fault is with the hearers. I propose this morning to set before you some of the causes which are obstacles to the growth of faith and piety in our hearts. Let each one consider in himself how far these causes interfere with his advancement in righteousness, and let him courageously remove the impediment, so that the Holy Spirit may have free access to our souls.

The first obstacle to the salutary influence of a sermon may arise from an unconscious prejudice against the preacher himself. He may be regarded as ungainly in manner, he may be criticised for slowness or hesitancy of speech, or he may be despised because of his youth and inexperience, or what is worse, his sacred character may be overlooked in his humble exterior.

The critic may be tempted to say what Goliath said to David: "How can this young man with his sling and a pebble presume to overthrow me who am a giant in intellect? How can this youth with the infirmities of our common nature hope to reclaim me from the error of my ways?" In fact Christ Himself did not escape the shafts of adverse criticism.

He was despised by some of His hearers on account of His lowly origin and avocation, and because He was not regarded as a man of letters. "Is not this the Carpenter," they said, "the Son of Mary, the brother of James and Joseph?" And if the Master was scorned, we need not be surprised that St. Paul was treated with contempt. Some of the Corinthians said of him that he was diminutive in stature, and contemptible in speech. Your first duty when you come to hear the Word of God is to put yourself in touch with the speaker, and to be in harmony and sympathy with him, and to regard him as he really is, as the minister of Christ, and the dispenser of the mysteries of God.

The Lord is pleased to make use of us as His instruments, notwithstanding our personal infirmities, or rather because of them: "The foolish things of the world hath God chosen, to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen to confound the strong, and the base things of the world and the things which are despised hath God chosen, and the things which are not, that He might bring to naught the things that are, that no flesh may glory in His sight."

Provided the wine is good, you should not care whether it is presented to you in a golden or a pewter goblet. If your tea or coffee is palatable you will not criticise the cup which contains it. The Holy Scripture tells us that the Prophet Elias was nourished with food by an angel in the desert. And church history informs us that Paul, the first herald, was fed by a raven in the wilderness in Egypt. Now though there is an immense distance between an angel and a raven, the bread which the raven supplied to Paul was as nutritious as the food which the angel served to Elias.

The food of the Word of God is as nutritive to your soul when furnished by the humblest of God's servants, as if it were offered by an angel. Hence St. Paul praises the Galatians because they received the Gospel because they listened to them with as much reverence, as if it had been announced by an angel from heaven.

When the Queen of Sheba brought from the far East large presents of gold and precious stones to Solomon, the King on accepting those rich treasures, did not find fault with the camels that carried them, nor the harness in which they were caparisoned. Now, my brethren, the words of Christ are your treasure—far more precious than gold and silver and precious stones; we are but pack horses that carry it to you. "We bear this treasure in earthen vessels." Christ the Lord is the living Fountain of Grace. He is the delicious wine that cheers your hearts. We are but the channels by which it is conveyed to your souls.

He is the Bread of Life that cometh down from heaven. We are the ministers that serve the food to you. He is the Shepherd of your souls. We are the pipe that He uses to call His sheep together. Our words sounding in the pulpit are but the feeble echo of the voice of the Spirit of God that perfumed the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. Fifty years ago, Chief Justice Taney was a regular and devout worshipper in this cathedral. One of the clergy of this cathedral, a household name that he always felt a certain embarrassment in preaching before the great jurist. One day he remarked to the judge himself his sense of trepidation in observing him among the hearers. The jurist replied: "I always listen to the Lord's appointed with attention and reverence. I regard all sermons as good whether true, or exalted and virtuous or not. Indeed, I never heard a bad sermon in my life. This is an example worthy of imitation."

To proceed: There are many found in our days who regularly attend the House of God, who listen with attention, and sometimes even with holy joy to the sacred truths which are here announced. They admit that the solemn declarations of Christ's ambassador regarding their soul's salvation are strictly true, and that they are not content with the influence of these convictions; they occasionally make some efforts to conform their lives to the standard of the Gospel.

But unfortunately the words they have heard did not take deep root in their hearts. The seed of the Gospel was choked by "cares and riches and pleasures of life." On the evil spirit, the father of lies, is the alert, ready to seize the first opportunity to smother, like a bird of prey, the newly-planted seed from the souls of his victims. He insinuates to them that the exhortation they heard is applicable only to monks and nuns and persons of advanced life; that it is yet too soon for them to renounce the pleasures of sin, that they must enjoy life for some time longer, that they must pluck some more flowers from the garden of sensual delights, that they must sow their wild oats like other men, and that later on they will have an ample leisure for repentance and moral reformation. Yes, while you are young and vigorous, suck the orange, and throw the rind to God in your old age.

The Apostle St. James describes by an admirable comparison these persons who do not profit by the sermons they hear. "Be ye doers of the word," he says, "and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves; for if a man be a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like to a man beholding his natural countenance in a glass. For, he beholdeth himself and goeth his way, and presently forgetteth what manner of man he was."

Are there not some of you present to whom these words of the Apostle can justly apply? Do you not admit that the description which the speaker gives of the sinner exactly fits your selves? Do you not acknowledge that the picture drawn is well drawn, that every sentence is a stroke portraying some feature in your character? And yet you

have not the courage or the resolution to remove the deformity he points out in your conscience, nor to wash away with the waters of penance the stains from your soul.

Now, can you imagine, my brethren, that God will be satisfied on finding that after hearing so many exhortations, you manifest as yet so slight a moral improvement, that after so much seed is sown in your hearts He discovers so little fruit of sanctification that after so much is lavished upon you there is so small progress in your spiritual life?

For, remember that every sermon you hear is a special grace, and every grace abused is a crime. God will not be content with so scanty a harvest, for He declares to us by the Prophet Isaiah that His word shall not return to Him void, but as the rain bringeth forth seed to the sower, so shall His word bring forth fruit in our hearts. And by the Prophet Ezekiel He says to His minister: "If thou give warning to the wicked, and he be not converted from his wickedness and his evil ways, he indeed shall die in his iniquity, but thou shalt save thy soul."

What would be the feelings of a farmer on seeing that a field that had been cultivated with the greatest care, had enriched with fertilizers, and in which he had planted excellent seed, had brought forth nothing but weeds, thorns and briars? Would he not be tempted to curse that field as the Lord cursed the barren fig tree, saying: "Let no fruit grow upon thee forever." What did our Lord mean when He struck with blight the fruitless tree? Surely He was not angry with it. He intended, no doubt, to convey to men the forcible lesson of the terrible consequences which follow from hearing the word of God without fruit.

St. Paul indicates the same lesson under a like figure: "The earth," he says, "that drinketh in the rain which often falls upon it, and bringeth forth thorns and briars, is rejected, and is nigh unto a curse whose end is to be burned." How bountiful has the divine Husbandman been in planting in the fields of your hearts the seed of His word, which He has copiously watered with the rains and the dews of His grace. Oh, if you had cultivated that field with diligence, how abundant now would be your harvest of Christian perfection!

But if the condition of these persons who have not the courage to amend their lives is to be deplored, how much more wretched is the state of those who are so blind that they will not see their iniquity! These men look on themselves as immaculate and exempt from human frailty, and they have not the humility to persuade themselves that the denunciations of God's minister can in any manner apply to them. These persons are usually exercising their minds during the sermon in trying to designate those to whom the censures of the priest may be referred. While the speaker is reproving those in general who are guilty of certain vices, without having anyone particularly in view, these self righteous critics will thus commune with themselves: "That blow was intended for my neighbor on my right; this stroke was aimed at my friend on the opposite side; that other reproach was levelled at the individual in front of me—and richly he deserves it." And thus they go on from the beginning to the end of the discourse, without ever searching their own hearts.

Now my brethren, this is unjust and uncharitable. It is insulting the hypocrite. It is insulting the Pharisee, who stalks with uplifted head into the temple and thanks God that he is "not like the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers as the Pharisee."

Never apply to anyone except yourself the strictures from the pulpit. If happily you are innocent of the sin which is condemned, humbly thank your Maker. But if there is any shadow of guilt on your conscience, with uplifted head into the temple and thanks God that he is "not like the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers as the Pharisee."

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St. Chrysostom complained in his day that many persons came to the temple of God, to criticise the sermon, to applaud or condemn it, instead of listening to it with the reverence of a disciple. "The class of hearers, alas! is not yet extinct. That some enter the church of God as they would walk into a theatre, and listen to the sermon of a priest, as they would hear the declamation of an actor on the stage. If the preacher tickles their ears, excites their imagination, or indulges their humor, they express themselves as highly entertained. But if on the contrary he tells them some whole some, but unpalatable truth, if he puts them in mind of their faults with the view of correcting them, they grow uneasy and chafe under the ordeal, and they say in their hearts what Achab said of Micaiah: 'I hate him, for he doth not prophesy good to me, but evil.'"

The impious King Achab before engaging in war with Syria consulted four hundred false prophets about the issue of the campaign. They gave him the flattering answer that he would certainly be victorious. But the pious King Josaphat, the ally of Achab, convinced of the hypocrisy of the false prophets, asked: "Is there not some prophet of the Lord to be consulted?" Achab replied: "There is one man named Micaiah, but I hate him for he doth not prophesy good to me, but evil." Micaiah was summoned. He foretold the destruction of Achab's army. The army was dispersed and Achab was slain.

There are hundreds of false prophets in the world who are eager to deceive you by fallacious hopes. But there is

one spot that should be free from the taint of hypocrisy. From this sacred pulpit God's anointed minister must ever hold up to you the mirror of truth without fear or favor; for, "better are the wounds of a friend than the deceitful kisses of an enemy."

That sermon, my brethren, is the most profitable, indeed that sermon is alone worthy of the name, which enlightens our minds and warms our hearts in spiritual things, which arouses in us a love of God and of our neighbor, and which inspires us with a hatred and contempt of ourselves. King Louis XIV. of France had listened to a good many discourses from courtier prelates. But there was one man, Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, who always spoke to the King with the freedom and authority with which Nathan spoke to David. One day Louis remarked: "When I hear some other preachers I am pleased with the speaker, but when I listen to Massillon, I am displeased with myself."

It is a fearful thing to receive the grace of God in vain. According to the testimony of Christ Himself, it is a sign of reprobation to have a distaste or aversion for the word of God. He said to the Jews, "Ye hear not the word of God because ye are proud of God. And God makes this threat by the mouth of His Prophet: 'I called and you refused, I stretched out my hand, and there was none that regarded. You have despised all My counsel, and have neglected My reprobations. I also will laugh at your destruction, and will mock when that shall come to you which you fear.'"

On the other hand, it is a mark of divine predilection and predestination to have a relish for the word of God. "He that is of God," says our Saviour "heareth the words of God." It is a sign of good bodily health to have a keen appetite for food. And it is a sign of a healthy soul to have a taste for spiritual food. If we have a yearning for our heavenly country we will be glad when it is mentioned before us, and when the way to reach it is pointed out.

Oh, that the holy spirit would burn my lips with His sacred fire as He burned the mouth of Isiah with a burning coal, that I might brand in your hearts the saving Gospel of Christ! Would to God that the Lord would inspire me to speak, and inspire you so to hear, that you would all be filled with the communion of the multitude that listened to John the Baptist in the Desert, and cry out with them: "What shall I do to be saved?"

May the precepts of the Gospel exert so sweet, so strong, so sovereign a sway over your minds and hearts that the parting words of Christ tenderly spoken to His Apostles may be fulfilled in you: "If any man love Me, he will hear My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come and will make our abode with him. May the word of Christ reigning in the kingdom of your souls be a pledge and an earnest that He will reign over you in the kingdom of His glory."

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

Baroness Monteiro has been received into the Church by Rev. C. E. Rivers, M. A., at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, London.

Dispatches have been received from China by the Congregation of the Propaganda, stating that five Marist missionaries have been massacred and their mission destroyed.

The Jesuit Fathers in charge of the Shanghai Catholic Mission, in their recent annual report, announce an increase of 6,375 converts received during the year 1905 into the church.

Patrick O'Shea, the Nestor of Catholic publishers in America, died suddenly at his home in Summit, N. J., on March 3rd. Mr. O'Shea, who had lived until March 17, would have reached his seventy-fourth year, having been born in 1832 in Kilkenny, Ireland.

Mrs. Marion Longfellow O'Donoghue, well known in Washington literary society, is a daughter of Henry W. Longfellow's elder brother. She is a writer of verse and a translator of stories. In 1896 she founded the "League of American Pen Women."—The Casket.

Lord Brampton, once better known as Judge Hawkins, and a recent convert to the Catholic Church, has made the handsome contribution of £1,000 to the building fund of the new Catholic cathedral at Westminster. It is not the first evidence he has given of interest in the structure, because he has also presented a side chapel at a cost of \$25,000.

The reception into the Catholic church of Sir Cyril Stanley Rose, Bart., is of peculiar interest to Ireland, from the fact that the young baronet—he is not much over thirty—is a direct descendant of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the patriots of 1798. His grandmother was a Temple Emmet, the wife of his grandfather, the first baronet, who was an eminent Canadian lawyer and statesman.

In the last Parliament, seventy-two of the one hundred and three Irish members were Catholics, and five of the four hundred and sixty five English members. In the new House of Commons seven of the English representatives are Catholics: Lord Edmund Talbot, Sussex; T. P. O'Connor, Liverpool; Rowland Hutt, Shropshire; H. Laro Balloo, Salford; G. J. O'Donnell, Walsworth; R. Lamb, Herefordshire; Colonel Ivar Herbert, Monmouthshire. The four last named are Liberals.—Antigonish Casket.

Because God is its foundation and His honor and greater glory its aim, lies the secret of Catholic supremacy in the field of education.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XVIII. THE MYSTERY OF THE FIRE.

"Fire! Fire!" The awful cry rang out in the night, breaking the silence with sharp distinctness, and, borne onward by the wind, carrying terror to the hearts of the white settlers upon the shore of Le Detroit. There was but one other evil to be more feared, an attack from the savages; and the colonists, aroused from the depths of sleep by the sudden warning, knew not but this fiery visitation might be a forerunner of a still fiercer and more terrible onslaught.

"Fire! Fire!" The shout of the sentinels quickly awoke and springing from my bed of buffalo pelts, I hastily dressed, and passing beyond the curtain of deer skin that separated my room from the main apartment, opened the door of the cabin.

As I went out, some one laid a hand upon my arm. It was Frere Constantine in his gray cassock and cowl, calm, but as ever prompt and resourceful, thinking only of hastening to the assistance of those who might stand in need of his services, physical or spiritual.

Once in the road, we saw before us a bright light, like a beacon of flame, which proceeded from the centre of the fort, while the air around us was thick with smoke and flying sparks.

"It is the manor!" I exclaimed in a frenzy.

"I scarce think so," replied Frere Constantine, "but you may be right. God protect those who are in danger."

Together we ran to the gates of the palisade. Seeing us, the guard threw open the wicket, but no sooner had we entered than he closed and barred it with a swiftness which I noted as an evidence that he had been warned not to relax his vigilance at his post even though the heavens threatened to fall.

In truth, we had not advanced more than a few paces ere I perceived that all the watches had been doubled.

"What is a fire—the house of the Commandant?" I demanded of one of the sentries.

"No, Monsieur Guyon, it is the small storehouse," he answered; "but, alas, the wind—"

We did not wait to hear more, but hurried down the street of Ste. Anne, guided by the fierce light, which, reflected in the heavens, stained them a deep crimson. It was as if a blood red cloud hung over the settlement.

Yes, the smaller storehouse was aflame, and about it thronged the settlers, some striving to quench the blaze with buckets of water from the wells, many of the more energetic even attempting to bring it under control.

Involuntarily, yet impelled by a potent providence, as I believe, I stretched forth my hand, caught at the cloak, and pulled it away from the visage of the wearer.

As I did so, a low exclamation of astonishment broke from me. The falling back of the mantle revealed the long, plaited black hair of a woman; and the face that looked out at me in malignant hatred was the face of the Indian girl Ishkodah.

"Imbecile! Dupe!" she hissed in a venomous whisper that mided me of the old tradition of viper's honey, and then with a taunting smile slipped away, leaving the cloak in my grasp.

Ere I could follow, she had disappeared amid the confusion.

"Ha, ha, my pretty cockatrice, perhaps you know more of the origin of this mysterious fire than others would of!" I muttered to myself, and would have cried out to prevent her escape among the throng, but at this moment there was a commotion among the women.

"Madame is dying," wailed the tender-hearted Francoise, my sister's little waiting maid. And, albeit, they speak of Barbe? I drew near the group, feeling that I must needs challenge and combat with death for her as I had fought with the fire.

"Poor lady, she is breathing her last sigh," continued the affrighted maiden, compassionately.

Miladi lay upon the pelt, her head pillowed upon the breast of an older woman; and she seemed as if her gentle spirit was about to wing its way to the land of the hereafter, as a white dove soars into the sunlit skies. The woman, who gently caressed the lady's hands and wiped her brow, was not disquieted, however.

"Chut, chut," she said; "Madame le Moyno is not dying; the evil air and the freshness of the wind are quickly reviving her."

Happily it was so; the next moment Barbe opened her sweet eyes. Her glance fell upon me, and she struggled to rise.

"Normand, Normand, I knew you would come," she faltered, as if forsooth no one but I could have rescued her. "And did you save the little creature who slept outside my door?"

I knelt down beside her.

"What—whom do you mean, dear Barbe?" I inquired anxiously.

"Oh, the poor little child!" she sobbed, and turning away put her hands over her face as though to shut out from her mind the picture that arose before it.

"Madame means the little Paai slave, Jules, who pesters her with his childish affection and is wont to bring his mat of rushes and sleep every night in her room," volunteered Francoise before her door, volunteered Francoise before her door.

"The servants are safe; they slept in a separate cabin. I had a bed in a room beyond that of Madame le Moyno. I discovered the fire and having called to the ladies, rushed out to

obedient wife to observe the command of her lord to stay at home, even when the rafters are burning over her head," cried Sans Remission in wonder, as we ran forward.

Cadillac was now the first to reach the door.

It was barred, but with the strength of a great dread and excitement he and I together broke it in before the others came up; and as the heavy oaken barrier fell, there poured from the interior a dense volume of blinding smoke.

"Therese, Therese, Antoine, Jacques!" cried La Mothe, in a voice of agony.

There was no response.

Our Sieur wrapped his scarf about his head to escape suffocation, and dashed into the house. Observing the same caution—for otherwise what service could we be to those we hoped to save? I followed him close.

We found Therese sunk upon the settle in the salon, her boys beside her. How it happened that she had not made her escape at the first appearance of the fateful cloud, seemed then inexplicable. Afterwards it was most plain. Cadillac caught up his wife, and battling through the smoke, carried her into the open air. I followed with young Antoine; and Frere Constantine, who had pressed in close beside us, brought little Jacques.

No sooner had I transferred the stupefied older boy to Sans Remission, whom I met as I was coming out, than, having inhaled a good breath of the clear atmosphere, I covered my head again and rushed back into the house, groping my way as best I could toward the rooms farthest from the entrance.

"Barbe! Barbe!" I called. Barbe! "The faintest sound came in answer, and a great fear for her clutched at my heart. Alas, if I should not be able to find her!

Confused in my dark groping, I was coming back, not knowing which way to turn to seek her, when I tripped over something on the floor.

I fell upon my knees; I felt the texture of a woman's dress; my hand touched the soft hair whose ringlets and shining braids, or cadonettes, I knew so well.

Yes, thank God it was Barbe. My soul had cried unto Him, and He had mercifully guided me to where she lay.

There was not a moment to be lost, the flames broke out around us; she was unconscious; perhaps, after all, I was too late.

Swiftly I raised her in my arms, and essayed to make my way out. The smoke welling overcame me. I stumbled. But—I triumphed over the fury of the element against which I fought.

I approached the door; I staggered on—beyond the burning ring of the gallery, out upon the green, and gently laid the lifeless form of the young Chateleine of Chateauguay upon the beaver skin which a good woman who had been ministering to the others spread for her upon the grass.

Scarcely had I thus somewhat reluctantly relinquished my precious burden, and as I stood for a moment striving to get the smoke out of my lungs and eyes, a figure brushed past me—a little slight figure shrouded from head to foot in an Indian blanket.

Involuntarily, yet impelled by a potent providence, as I believe, I stretched forth my hand, caught at the cloak, and pulled it away from the visage of the wearer.

As I did so, a low exclamation of astonishment broke from me. The falling back of the mantle revealed the long, plaited black hair of a woman; and the face that looked out at me in malignant hatred was the face of the Indian girl Ishkodah.

"Imbecile! Dupe!" she hissed in a venomous whisper that mided me of the old tradition of viper's honey, and then with a taunting smile slipped away, leaving the cloak in my grasp.

Ere I could follow, she had disappeared amid the confusion.

"Ha, ha, my pretty cockatrice, perhaps you know more of the origin of this mysterious fire than others would of!" I muttered to myself, and would have cried out to prevent her escape among the throng, but at this moment there was a commotion among the women.

"Madame is dying," wailed the tender-hearted Francoise, my sister's little waiting maid. And, albeit, they speak of Barbe? I drew near the group, feeling that I must needs challenge and combat with death for her as I had fought with the fire.

"Poor lady, she is breathing her last sigh," continued the affrighted maiden, compassionately.

Miladi lay upon the pelt, her head pillowed upon the breast of an older woman; and she seemed as if her gentle spirit was about to wing its way to the land of the hereafter, as a white dove soars into the sunlit skies. The woman, who gently caressed the lady's hands and wiped her brow, was not disquieted, however.

"Chut, chut," she said; "Madame le Moyno is not dying; the evil air and the freshness of the wind are quickly reviving her."

Happily it was so; the next moment Barbe opened her sweet eyes. Her glance fell upon me, and she struggled to rise.

"Normand, Normand, I knew you would come," she faltered, as if forsooth no one but I could have rescued her. "And did you save the little creature who slept outside my door?"

I knelt down beside her.

"What—whom do you mean, dear Barbe?" I inquired anxiously.

"Oh, the poor little child!" she sobbed, and turning away put her hands over her face as though to shut out from her mind the picture that arose before it.

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"The servants are safe; they slept in a separate cabin. I had a bed in a room beyond that of Madame le Moyno. I discovered the fire and having called to the ladies, rushed out to

give the alarm." All this which I have set down happened quickly. Only three or four minutes had elapsed since I came out of the burning house. There might still be time to succor the boy.

It was Dugue. I sprang forward, but some one sought to restrain me.

"Nonsense!" cried a man who him self feared no danger; "nonsense! you would lose your life for the sake of a miserable redskin?"

It was Dugue. I shook off his grasp; I was determined to make the attempt. But as I broke away from him a woman's cry followed me—

"Normand! No, no, no! It is too late! Oh, my God, I have sent him to his death!"

It was the voice of Barbe—Barbe, in an agony of fear for my safety, calling me back. Nevertheless I shut my ears to its pleading, for in my heart still thrilled the words she had uttered a moment before:

"Oh, the poor little child! Oh, the poor little child!"

Like the sweet tones of Frere Constantine's silver altar bell, they reminded me that civilized and savage are alike before that altar.

"A life is a life," I said to myself as I sped away. (How much passes in the mind during a few seconds!) "If my friend, if Pere Marquette and others have braved privation, hardship, torture nay, martyrdom itself to save the souls of dying Indian children, is it not meet that I should do my utmost to snatch from the flames the body of this poor little slave, if yet there be life in it? Have the years I spent with the Beccolotti, the lessons of self-sacrifice and devotedness that they taught me, been utterly wasted?"

"The small Paai slave," I cried, as I reached the house again—"he is within!" and I made for the door.

"Hold! It is madness," shouted Cadillac.

Frere Constantine had sunk down on the grass with a broken ankle. "I must go, not you, Normand," he said.

I thrust him back as bestrove to rise. To go in by the main entrance was now impossible; through it the smoke and flames were rolling out in great waves. There was, however, still a chance to reach the interior through a window on the north side, where the fire had not yet made headway.

The shutters were barred; Sans Remission and others aimed to break them in. As the draught of cold outer air penetrated into the room, a volume of smoke poured forth, driving us back.

"You cannot go in, Monsieur Guyon," declared Sans Remission; "it is folly to try."

For answer I signed to him to hand me the cloth dripping with water which he had made ready. He did so, and having fastened it over my face I sprang into the burning apartment.

As the draught, the smoke throat felt parched and dry, the smoke penetrated into my eyes and ears and nostrils. Should I turn back?

No; beyond was a "poor little child," whom I could not leave to perish.

I crept along the floor where the smoke was less dense; I fell, and for a second must have lost consciousness. Again I revived and dragged myself in ward.

The struggle, was this intense suffering to be all in vain? Alas, I could battle against such fearful odds longer my strength was exhausted.

With a moan I sank prone on the floor; I stretched out my arms despairingly, thinking my last hour was come. Truly, I believe this would have been my end had not it been decreed otherwise. But when, as though in an appeal to Heaven to witness that I had done my best, I thus flung out my hands, I brought them down upon a small mosaic.

The excitement of the discovery renewed my strength. I drew myself along a few paces more, and put an arm around the limp form of the boy; then, holding him fast, I strove to retrace my way across the floor to the window, being guided by the repeated calls of the men without, though I could not reply to them.

At the present, of a truth, I cannot tell how I accomplished the terrible journey. In the end, those who were near the window must have pressed forward and drawn us out.

This is all I know—I am still alive, and the Paai is alive. And, albeit, he long ago received his liberty, he persists in regarding himself as my slave, and my major-domo here in Louisiana; I will not be the foolish fellow says, by bringing him out of the fire at Fort Pontchartrain.

With the laying of the manor in ashes the disasters of the night were not over. While the house of Cadillac was yet burning, another cry arose; the church was in flames. And scarce had the realization of this catastrophe come home to us, when a blood-curdling shriep resounded above the din and commands of the scene. The disaffected Indians of the neighborhood had combined to attack us.

"I will go out and bid them disperse; I have ministered to them, they will heed my words," announced Frere Constantine, boldly. "Besides my duty to you, my people, I must do my utmost to save the church."

But, even as he spoke, the pain of his tooken ankle caused him to sink down upon the bench outside the barracks, whither he had been led, weak and dizzy from the smoke of the fire and my late exertions.

Another savage yell rent the air, and a rain of flint-headed arrows pelted against the palisade.

"Pardieu, my good friend, in face of such a storm, how many paces do you think you would get from the fort, though you were as swift as Hermes?" returned Cadillac, grimly. "Rest assured, though your feet were shod with wings, I would not open the gates for you now, nor for any one, unless it were to admit some unfortunate French settler who found himself on the wrong side of them and yet stood a chance of life, a contingency not probable. As for your hope to dissuade the fiends

without from their purpose, they would not listen to a messenger from the skies. You would but throw away your life to no avail."

It was only too evident that the church must burn without a hand being raised to save it.

Our Sieur quickly adopted his plan of defence. So unflinching were his watchfulness and the strictness of the discipline maintained since he had knowledge that the savages were ill disposed toward us, that even during the conflagration the garrison had been kept under arms and arose ready for the emergency.

Now they received orders not to open fire upon the enemy until the Indians should be close to the palisade.

All at once, however, the sharp crack of a shot from a fusce above the whizzing of the arrows.

Cadillac started.

The report was followed by another, and then a third.

"Sacre, who has supplied the red devils with powder and ball?" he exclaimed with ferociousness. "There has been treachery within the fort as well as without."

The savages were now close upon us. Clamoring ominously, they beat against the palisades with their battle axes and strove to force the gates.

The shrieks of the women and children within the enclosure, the spectacle of the burning church now a pillar of flame, the doom that to all appearances awaited the fort and all who were gathered thereon, were enough to appall the stoutest heart.

La Mothe remained, notwithstanding, undismayed. His anger died away; with absolute coolness he gave the word to his troops.

A volley of musketry poured down upon the foes now at such short range. Ere they could recover from their surprise, for they thought us unprepared, another volley swept through them with exacting accuracy, and, from the manner of their falling back.

Unaccustomed as they were to the use of firearms, happily, their fuses sometimes failed them, whereas even their terrible arrows were ineffective before the deadly bullets of our solidiers.

They renewed the attack again and again, each time with a more desperate fury. Had the Hurons and Outawas of the surrounding villages joined these disaffected Potawatomes, doubtless the fate of Le Detroit would have been sealed.

But those strange neighbors remained then passive and indifferent; during the conflagration that had dyed the heaven with blood, during the pandemonium of the attack upon him by their red brothers, their forts showed not a light.

The strength of the savage besiegers was broken. Our solidiers still kept up a brisk peppering with their muskets, and in the streets of the little town the women and children knelt and prayed.

Frere Constantine, despite his disability, dragged himself about, sustaining the courage of the men; and though an arrow grazed his hair he was not in the least perturbed. "He should have been a soldier," I said to myself; yet, after all, did not his calling demand as great valor as that of the bravest warrior?

With the fine firelock I had brought from France, I blazed away at the redskins as persistently as any of the men.

At length, finding themselves worsted they turned and fled to the woods; they had counted upon taking us by surprise; instead, we repelled and put them to rout.

Our shout of triumph caused the forest to ring again and again, and was a taunt in their ears as they ran—those who were left of them. As a precaution against their return in greater numbers, Cadillac kept the men still at their posts.

It was broad day ere he permitted the gates to be opened and the wounded brought in as captives.

Among the prisoners was the Chief Osawawemeckee, Yellow Thunder, who, being slightly disabled, had been abandoned on the field.

"You are Osawawemeckee?" questioned La Mothe when the warrior was led before him.

The Yellow Thunder sadly bowed his head.

"I am Osawawemeckee," he replied haltingly. "If you will provide me a faithful interpreter, I will tell you whatever I know that may be of service to you; my people abandoned me, I will have vengeance upon them."

De Lorne was accordingly called, and through him the Commandant addressed the old chief as follows:—

"Yellow Thunder," he inquired with frowning sternness, "how is it that you have forgotten the obedience you pledged to Oanito, your great father at Quebec, by many necklaces; that you have forgotten the branch of porcupine you brought to me as a peace offering not long since? Had you no pity upon the women and children of your tribe? Now your life is in my hands; your furs must be given up to me; your children shall not have so much as a bone to gnaw."

"My father," began the wily Osawawemeckee, "I am so filled with shame, I know not if I shall have strength to speak to you. Have pity on me, my father, for I am in despair at the bad conduct which I have committed. I have risked everything, but I will die by the hand of my father. My people have fled from his anger, and from the anger of Oanito. They abandoned me because I am old, but I will show them I am not too old to take vengeance. I will tell my father everything. Let him seek out and punish those who have offered him necklaces with one hand and drawn them back with the other."

"Know then, my father, this attack on the fort of our white brothers was long planned."

But our great chief Mawka, the Bear, needed an ally inside the fort, for the palisades are firm as the trees of the forest, and the gates are strong. Some one the warriors needed to create a confusion like the dicing of Yon adiz, and the Storm Gambler, within the fort, and then when this conflict should be at its height to open the gates to us."

Cadillac fixed the eye of the savage

in fierce warning.

"Osawawemeckee," he said, "if you tell not the truth, and the whole truth, I will have you torn limb from limb, and your body I will deliver over to be burned."

"My father, I will tell you the truth," answered the Yellow Thunder.

"There are those, my father, who wished to take me by the end of the finger, those that you have held by the hand. They would not open the gates, indeed, but they were not angry because we wished to open the gates. You were they minded to put our warriors off for a while. Our warriors would not be put off. They found some one to do their bidding. A daughter of the forest had given her heart to the white chief of the sure aim (Dugue). But the white chief scorned her for the sake of the woman whose cheek is like the red and white of the blossoms in the forest of flowers."

"The forest maid was Ishkodah," I muttered under my breath.

"Ishkodah, the Fury," repeated Osawawemeckee, albeit my lips had scarce framed the name.

"The maid tried to win the heart of the Frenchman by witchcraft; her spells were in vain; the white woman was a greater enchantress than she. Ishkodah resolved to take revenge on the Frenchman. She invoked the Red Dwarf; she came to a Medicine Man of the tribe, and telling him her story, asked what she should do to rid of the flower-faced woman with shining hair. The Medicine Man was in the counsels of the warriors. He put her out, saying he would consult his Manitou. He told the bravest of his warriors, and they commanded him to bid Ishkodah set fire to the fort."

"But with this alone 'The Fury,' was not satisfied; the woman with hair like the silk of the maize might escape. The Medicine Man knew Ishkodah often went to the kitchens of the white men's lodges with berries and plants for the women. He gave her a powder made from the leaves of the poison blossom and bade her spill it in the dish of sweetmeats the Paai woman is wont to prepare for the table of my father—a strange powder that causes heavy shining hair would taste of the sweet meats, she would sleep; her beautiful body would be consumed in the fire, her soul be carried off by the Blue Spirits of jealousy who came to the aid of the daughter of the forest."

"Fiend!" cried Cadillac, springing up when this speech had been interpreted to him. "So this infernal Red Dwarf is one of your Medicine Men?"

"The Red Dwarf is the Demon of the Strait," rejoined Osawawemeckee, imperturbably.

Cadillac broke into a harsh laugh. "Chacornacle, have search made again for this Nain Rouge. We will show the savages promptly that he is no more than human," he said. "Ma foi if he is so great a curiosity, I will send him as a present to Oanito. Perhaps he may say to troubles among my comrades at Quebec which will prevent them from meddling with me and my affairs here. As for this girl, see that she be apprehended with all speed. She shall be flayed alive! She shall be consigned to the stake and suffer worse tortures than those she designed for Madame de Chateauguay, since she shall have no sorrow to devour them. A fury indeed she is! Thus to seek to destroy a lovely lady who never knewingly did harm to her nor to any one. Truly she would have made my wife and children her victims as well! And—"

La Mothe stopped short: the extent of the plot was truly appalling.

"Yes, my father," proceeded the chief, reading his thoughts; "our braves whi-pled together. Our father too will fall under the power of the dream blossom," they said; "he will be heavy with sleep, and cannot order the French solidiers when we come down upon them."

"And providentially, I supped last night with Frere Constantine and you, Normand," murmured my brother, in an aside to me.

Then, turning toward Yellow Thunder, he continued: "You see, Osawawemeckee, the great Manitou of whom Frere Constantine has told you guards the hearts of your Medicine Men are powerless against me. They could not harm the fair faced women of our fort, because the hearts of these women are white as the snows of the wilderness in winter, not black with hatred, like to a nest of serpents in a noisome hole of the lens, such as is the heart of this girl. Chacornacle, have search made for her at once; she must be still in hiding within the fort, for how could she escape?"

"You may search, my father, but you will not find her," interposed Osawawemeckee, divining the orders of Cadillac from his gestures. "The Bright Bird does not stay to be captured; it flies away over the woods; it will mate in another country. There is a young warrior who loves the beautiful Fury. He like not the beautiful man. He has taken her away; he would kill her rather than let her return to look upon this white chief again."

"Furs was the plot laid bare. There could be no doubt that Monsieur de Tonty if not directly implicated, yet was not averse to any uprising of the Sioux, and they had counted for success upon this lack of cordial relations between the Commandant and his captain."

As for the Indian maiden, we found no trace of the handsome but malicious Ishkodah. It was afterwards reported that having been carried away beyond the woods by the brave to whom her

people had married her, she fled from him, and cast herself into the Lake of Oskitekat. (Ste. Claire) "This said that from the depths of these placid waters may still be heard, on autumnal evenings, the sad voice of the unhappy daughter of the forest, by turns wailing, despairing, or repentant; and the answering lament of her Indian lover from the shore.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ONE WHO FAILED.

This is the story of two men, one good, the other bad. It is a true story, and the events happened many years ago. What impresses one most, perhaps, in the tale, is the curious, complicated moral it possesses, and the evidence it furnishes of the fact that, taking it all in all, there is a certain law of compensation in this world.

Charles Edell was an American sculptor who had lived all his life in Rome. He was a good man; strictly honest, thoroughly moral, untiringly industrious, a practical Catholic, a diligent student, and a man of sweet and even temper. He was a staunch friend, and to one's enemy.

Now, that man's life, from a worldly standpoint, should have been crowned by success. The very opposite was the case. He was a dismal failure. He lacked steady perseverance or industry seemed to be able to make up the deficiency.

Perhaps he was the round peg in the square hole. The probabilities are that he might have been a success had he chosen some other occupation, but as a sculptor he was a failure, utter and complete. All his friends knew it, and he himself was well aware of it.

It is to himself, however, that he has imputed it to himself. He had a small income, and the pathetic part was that, as he advanced in middle age, he was well advanced in the suspicion of his incapacity began to dawn upon him when it was too late to choose another profession. The heads and figures which he turned out in clay, and afterward laboriously fashioned in more enduring marble, were commonplace and worthless. No one ever thought of buying anything by Edell. Happily, he had a small income which kept him alive, and enabled him now and then to purchase a block of marble to spall.

It happened that one night, as he labored late, some one fell against the door of his studio, which, not being too securely fastened, burst inward, and a man, staggering forward, tumbled at the feet of the startled sculptor.

Edell was greatly alarmed. He had been more of a man of the world he would have recognized that his visitor was merely in the last stages of intoxication. He rapped, also a sculptor, and asked him, instead, came around to the open front door, to see what was the trouble.

"It's all right, Edell," he said, as he stood over the prostrate man, with his hand in his pockets; "you need not send for a doctor, I know this fellow. He is a young scapegrace who has been loading around Rome for the last month or two. He is drunk, which is his normal condition. Take my advice, and turn him out into the streets. If you keep him here, he will try to show money of you in the morning, so that he may get drunk again; or, failing that, he will steal whatever he can lay his hands on. He is utterly worthless."

Edell was deeply pained at the cynicism of his friend.

"I cannot turn this man out to die in the streets," he said. "I shall make a bed for him here in the studio."

"As you please," replied the other, shrugging his shoulders. "I am sure I wish you luck of your new tenant."

And so Edell and the drunken man were left alone together. The sculptor fastened the door, gathered together some rags and matting, placed them beside the fallen man, and rolled him over upon them.

Charles Edell now, for the first time, saw the face of George Penfold. It was the face of a young man prematurely aged.

As it turned out, he was everything that Edell was not. There was not a trace of honor or of modesty in his whole composition. Yet those who knew him in Rome believed that Penfold had in him what Edell so conspicuously lacked—genius.

ly at the clay. He worked as he drank with vicious energy—and Edell was astonished to see the face that began to glow under his fingers. He sat as glued, watching the growing image, until Penfold finished his work and covered it with wet cloths. There was no lack of conceit in the man.

"When you think of offering lessons again," he said to Edell, "just look at this bit of work and learn modesty. It is yours. Set it up and study it."

And so Penfold departed—for good, he said.

Edell's neighbors congratulated him upon the desertion, but the sculptor felt saddened to think that his efforts had been of so little avail.

"I believe there is good in him," he said to the sculptor next door. "Here is a bit of work he did before he left, and Edell removed the cloths from the clay."

"By Jove!" cried the other in amazement. "This is the most striking thing that has been done in Rome this year—or anywhere else for that matter. Do you mean to tell me that that fellow did this?"

"Yes, he did; and in an incredibly short space of time. Something I said about giving him lessons in modelling irritated him, and this was the result. 'If I were you,' said the other, 'I would have the head done in marble. Galotti is the man to do it. He will follow the model faithfully, and will get that expression on the stone if any man can.'

The traditional bad penny always returns. In six weeks' time Penfold came back, and as Edell looked at his flushed face and wild eyes he set his lips grimly.

"No, old man," cried Penfold, placing his hands on the shoulders of the one who had been his friend, "you are mistaken this time. It is not brassy. I am ill, frightfully ill. I am going to die. I feel it in my bones. I want a place to lie down."

This time Edell sent for a doctor, and this time a doctor was needed. Penfold had what is termed the Roman fever. No man can lie about on the streets of Rome at night and escape it.

The sculptor nursed the sick man as tenderly and as assiduously as a woman. Penfold did not die as he had expected, but arose, a giant shadow of himself.

The doctor said, "You must get him out of Rome. Is he an Englishman or an American?"

"English, I think."

"Then get him back to England. A sea voyage would be best."

"I will take him to Naples," said Edell, "and put him on one of the English liners."

Edell had come to the end of his own resources, but his credit was good. Everybody in Rome knew his honesty, and he borrowed ruthlessly, promising to pay.

He took Penfold with him down to Naples, bought his ticket to London, saw him on board, and gave him what money he could spare.

Penfold watched him depart in a small boat, and then immediately following him he sold his ticket in Naples for what it would bring. Nature may be tried with once too often. It is a legend that if a man with a Roman fever goes to Naples, or if a man with a Neapolitan fever goes to Rome, he dies. One city will not tolerate the poison of the other. Penfold felt the touch of death, and, halting a cab, drove to the hotel Edell, which he had stopped at.

When he arrived he sank into the porter's arms, and had just strength enough left to name the man who, through good and evil report, had been his friend.

Edell at that moment was standing on the balcony before his window, watching the retreating steamer, and thanking Providence that the young fellow was on board. When he was called down to the death bed, the only thing that kept him from breaking down was the head was done in marble, its fame ran like wildfire through Rome. An American millionaire bought the first copy, and paid a large sum for it, much more than Edell had ever spent upon the unfortunate man who modeled the head.

For years Edell tried to find the relatives of the dead man to whom he could pay the money, but no one knew what Penfold's real name was, and Edell was never able to discover anyone belonging to him.

So much for the one who failed, and the one who was a failure. "The greatest of these is charity."—Benziger's Magazine.

**THE PRIEST'S FINGERS.**

A group of travelers, returning from their ascension to Vesuvius, stopped at an inn by the road. Before taking their meal they wished to wash their hands. The hostess hastened to comply with their request. But as she noticed that one amongst them was a priest, she did not want him to use the towel that had been used by all the others. "Please, Father," she said, "give it back to me, it is not meet that the fingers which hold the body of Jesus Christ be wiped with this coarse linen." Upon this, quickly she went to the cupboard, whence she brought a piece of fine embroidered muslin which she tendered to her priestly guest. The foregoing incident related in Emmanuel, recalls the action of one of the saints. St. Theresa, if we remember rightly, who when a priest desired to wash his hands, brought him a basin of perfumed water, giving the self same reason for her netting as did the good woman of the Italian inn. Here we have the reason of the Catholic's profound reverence for the person of Christ's minister. Nothing is so good for the priest, because he is an "alter Christus."

"I like to shake the hand of a

priest," said a gentleman recently. "Whenever my hand feels the clasp of the priestly fingers I experience a strange thrill of mingled awe and pleasure. It seems to me that as if the Master as He walked among men, purifying, healing, strengthening, so must His worthy servants diffuse something of this subtle influence as he threads his daily way among the multitude. However it is with others, there is more to me in the handshake of a priest than in that of other men, and I always feel better afterward."

**ARCHBISHOP GLENNON ON IMMORAL PLAYS AND SALACIOUS BOOKS.**

St. Louis Church Progress.

One of Archbishop Glennon's most eloquent and timely sermons was that recently delivered, in which he severely arraigned the popular attendance at immoral plays and the reading of salacious books. The baneful influences of both are clearly and forcibly depicted.

It has always been a difficult and delicate task, His Grace said, to bring the various methods of amusement and recreation within the bounds of decency and the moral law. Indeed, amusements are expected to be more popular in proportion to their deviation from the strict code of morals—while those who think they have a mission to criticize or oppose them apparently only advocate them and gain neither gratitude nor results.

And this is especially true in the field of literature and the drama. The author or the actor generally introduces his book or play, by doing something to attract attention—a libel suit or divorce court finds the greatest favor—then comes the production fitted to maintain the lost character of the author, and the dear public flock to applaud for genius what is simply a salacious story.

And yet I don't think that the actor or author is primarily to blame for what is admittedly the low condition of popular literature and the present day drama. If the people did not purchase bad books or patronize cheap and vulgar plays they would not have such presented. We get what we want. It is the old law of supply and demand.

I was speaking once to an actor of national reputation, a very respectable man (and there are such on the stage), and our conversation drifted to his art, and his books or plays try to show to its uplifting quality, when the people behind the footlights to their art, but only a consecration in their production. He said to me that all modern art, in so far as he knew it, resolved itself into dollars and cents. Art for art's sake was dead, and commercialism, represented by the gate receipts, was supreme dictator and director.

Now, if this were even partially true, it is much to be regretted, and gives room for pause, in the face of the fact that good books and plays and theatre goings in fact, are a bit of bargaining. We ought to bargain for the best. Otherwise we will lose our last distinguishing American trait of being good traders.

What books, then you may ask me, should you buy, and what plays ought you to see? I would say, first of all, by way of limitation, that most of our reading makes a full man. I believe that the popular reading of the books of the day fills the reader with nonsense, and to be full of nonsense is neither a restful nor hopeful condition.

And the same may be said of theater-going. To go night after night to the theater is one of the surest marks of decadence; such decadence as afflicted Rome when her citizens sold their birthright, their liberties, and their glories for the "bread and games" which their tyrants gave them.

But, again, to answer the question directly, requires a knowledge of books and plays, of authors and directors, such as I am not possessed of. I can conceivably only set before you certain principles, by the aid of which you may form your own decisions.

The book (I speak of works of fiction) or the play has its dramatic personae; characters who tell their own stories, work out the plot, deliver themselves of certain opinions, by the way, and, supposedly, represent people taken from real life. For the time being they are the companion advisers, entertainers and friends of the reader or the audience.

Supposing these characters were, by some strange metamorphosis, to become real citizens? Would they be your friends? Would they be your advisers, your companions? Some of you have fine residences and give receptions. Would you invite these dear friends of your book and stage acquaintance? And if you did, what a group you would have there, quite a collection of adulterers, murderers and liars and with whom all morality is a worn out tradition.

You say you are eminently respectable people. Yes, but when you read a book you surround you with the people who figure in it; you speak with them; you give them your sympathy; they are for one time being your closest acquaintances. And why, then, would you want to disown them before your other friends? Is it not hypocritical to think with one crowd and talk with an entirely different one?

But you say you go to see plays and you read books that are a little of color just for amusement. Virtue, you say, is a little viciousness in the back ground to bring it out in its true value. It is necessary to know good and evil. And in all these plays and books you invariably find a moral which is all the more impressive because of the anguish and the vice through which it emerges.

I would ask you to consider a parallel case, in answer, which may serve to illustrate what I mean:

You live in this city—thanks to the generosity of her charitable people—a cancer hospital, a hospital where skin diseases are treated; you have the St. Rose Hospital for Consumptives, and the city has a pest house, where are sent those afflicted with contagious diseases.

You who are looking for amusement,

come with me to one of these institutions, to the bedside of the cancer patient. The doctor will be there, and a kindly nurse somewhere in the back ground. They are there as a matter of duty and charity. But you are there for amusement.

Lift off the linen bands and the rolls of bandage; watch the face of the patient there; see the great, seething wound, a very crater of corruption, emitting foul odors and putrid decay; see the dark and red edges of the crater, the hardened rim, the great fibrous radiations all around, the roots of the cancer. It is interesting, isn't it? Quite entertaining! Would you laugh! So amusing that you want to stay to watch the drama die. Two long hours are short in contemplation of such an amusing picture!

Now, I ask you what is the difference between this scene and the one presented by the vile play on the modern stage? Only this; that one is physical; the other is moral. One comes, perhaps, through no fault of its victims; the other is created for the amusement of the audience. You are at the cancer hospital and the pest-house, while, night by night, you rush madly to enjoy the sad procession of moral lepers exposed, amid the plaudits of the multitude, the cancerous growths, the deadly vices, that destroy the souls of men.

Rome and demimondaine are depicted with startling realism, and men's depravity and women's shamelessness are held forth as the expressions of genius and fit means for entertaining a Christian people.

You say, even still there is genius back of it all. Yes, perhaps. But it is only the genius that guides the tomb; the phosphorus that accompanies the last stages of putrefaction.

No; we want honor, virtue, truth, in our hearts and homes. We want these also in our books and theaters. And for the Lenten season we might limit our reading to the "Imitation of Christ," and our love for the tragic to the contemplation of that sublime tragedy in the world's history, the tragedy of the cross.

**RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.**

Catholics know that religious teaching will be for the greater number the only means of insuring right living to correspond with the right belief. Formed habits of life, politeness, good health and other motives may keep some in the way of good morals; but for most people, and in the long run, religion must furnish the strong motives. You might as well expect the tiny ridge of sand, which has been dug up by the child's shovel on the seashore, to keep back the powerful waves, as to hope to hold man's passions in check by any such fragile barriers as the habits of life, politeness, and health. You hope to induce man to trample down the narrow barriers of pride or selfishness if you extinguish the fires of hell and close the gates of heaven and erase from the world's memory the life and death, the love and sacrifice of Christ, the Son of God.

No counting of bricks, no reckoning of expenses, no numbering of schools or pupils can estimate the good done to our country by religious teaching. Every Catholic saved to his faith and its practices and requirements is one saved to law and order—one who will respect authority, one who will reverence the home. The Separate school is thus one of the greatest powers for good at present among us. It is the school of the people and of all nationalities. It is a factory of the truest and highest type of citizenship. If the million children in our Separate schools are true to the principles taught them, if they profit by the religious teaching imparted, if they grow up true Catholics and women, then we may rest assured that a great heaven for good has been introduced into the mass of our population.

**IN THE BISHOP'S CHAPEL.**

The following graceful tribute appeared as a contribution in the last issue of Mark S. Hubbell's "Truth. Though the beautiful picture bears the word "contributed" at its head, we think we can see tracings of Mr. Hubbell's own artistic pen throughout the delicate lines:

There is a sanctuary to which I often resort on a Sunday, drawn thither by its quiet peace and restful, harmonious coloring. It is the Bishop's Chapel, to which flock the devout adherents of the Roman faith, Sunday after Sunday, week after week, year after year.

The peace, the peace of the little chapel, set modestly back from the street, as if shrinking behind the more pretentious episcopal residence, its warm and glowing tints of the windows, the low but earnest voice of the priest administering his benediction to walk in the paths of peace and righteousness, the subdued rustle of silken gowns—how here the quality of the artistic soul, the Paulbourg Saint German of Buffalo, repair for worship—the faint but pungent odor of incense from the swinging censers together and singly, till one into a drowsy reverie, in which the panorama of the past and the vision of the future fit before the clouded eyes like the wraiths of buried hopes and the beckoning mirages of an ever surviving ambition.

One beautiful Sunday I especially remember. The bright sun poured in radiantly through the brilliant windows, transforming the sorrowful procession of the stations of the cross upon the walls to the dazzling yet pathetic glory. The ornaments on the altar, the shimmering vestments of the priest gleamed through the opalescent vapor of ascending incense with a shadowy natural beauty of the sunshine, transmitted through the painted window. The flamboyant voice of the soprano had soared to heaven in a ringing, triumphant anthem, and died away in a thrilling whisper, and the bird outside the window, whose clear song had gone on uninterruptedly, suddenly

hushed its note to listen. Like healing ambrosial dew, following the impelling soprano, came the pure, calm notes of the alto, penetrating the sweetness of the violin, full of a pain and sadness unutterable. My heart contracted with a suffering sense of sorrow and there came a choking in the throat and a salty something in the eyes as I dimly saw the faded woman in rusty black in the pew before me bend suddenly down and press her lips to the cheek of the wondering boy by her side, and then, with tear dimmed eyes, and reverent, bowed head, count again the beads upon her rosary.

She, too, had felt the sad, sweet influence—the influence which reconstructs again the panorama of the past and projects the vision of the future—the influence which pervades and subjugates all who worship, seldom or often, in the Bishop's Chapel.

**PRIEST AND PENITENT.**

DOES THE CONFESSOR EVER USE THE KNOWLEDGE OBTAINED IN THE TRIBUNAL OF PENANCE?

(1) "Do priests treat persons differently outside confession on account of the sins they acknowledged in the tribunal of penance?"

(2) "Do they ever think of the sins they hear in confession? Anxious."

1. It is strictly enjoined that confessors shall not, by any sign, or mode of action, or treatment, by word, look, or behavior, manifest in the least that they are aware of what has transpired in the confessional. To do so would be a sort of revelation of the secrets confided them as "ministers of God and dispensers of His mysteries." It is only an ignorant or badly informed person, or one with a suspicious fancy, that would interpret the relations of confessor and penitent in any fashion that would seem to affirm that a confessor used the knowledge obtained in the tribunal of penance. The priest would die rather than reveal a sacramental secret. He cannot speak of the sins confessed to him, even to the penitent outside the confessional.

2. The answer to the second question is embodied in the answer given the first one. But to satisfy curiosity about the physiological condition of the confessor, it would require the confession of a most luridly heinous and most inhuman sort of a sin to cause him to give it a second thought. The priest's memory is taken up with too many important burdens to permit him to charge it with the recollection of the frailties and immoralities of poor sinners.

If any recollection should intrude it would be accompanied with admiration of the sincerity and humility of the poor penitent who had opened his gaze the wounds of his soul; and, if any treatment of the penitent after confession be in question, the treatment would rather be accentuated by kindly words than by repellent manifestations or signs.

Never worry over such empty problems as are put herewith. When you confess, rest assured that as you confessed by God's ordinance, and to God, and to your spiritual father, God and your kindly confessor will keep silence and shroud the secrets you whispered in sorrow under a veil impenetrable to mortal vision.

**The Easy-Going Parents.**

Commenting on the crowds of young men and boys—and of girls, too—who attend the cheap theatres which infest all cities, the Montreal True Witness says: "Are the parents entirely guiltless? We fancy not. For in nine homes out of ten we will notice a conspicuous absence in the evening of the children. Where are they? One is here, the other is there, another, 'Well, I don't know where Harry is. He never says where he is going when he goes out. He always turns up at bedtime anyway!' What disinterested boys! The night will come when the boy will not return, maybe. Then, amidst searching of hearts and shedding of tears, will the parents realize that they were to blame for the sorrow brought upon them by the waywardness of their child."

**THOUGHTS ON ST. JOSEPH.**

Sacred Heart Review.

March is St. Joseph's month. St. Joseph's month, and all that concerns St. Joseph, must be very dear to the Heart of Jesus; for, to the Heart of Jesus, St. Joseph was dear from the first moment on earth, and grew dearer each day through his life—and what is he now in heaven?

May St. Joseph, on his part, obtain for our cold and sin-laden hearts a little of that love for Jesus that filled to bursting his own most generous and magnificent heart, till at last it broke, and died of love—love for the Sacred Heart. Father Russell, S. J.

St. Joseph was as humble as he was sinless. He never thought of himself, but always of the Infant Saviour, whom he carried in his arms.—Cardinal Newman.

Spend your life in honoring St. Joseph, and yet your love and homage will never equal the love and homage paid to him by Mary; it will approach never so distantly to the obedience, the love, the homage, paid to him for thirty years of earth by the Son of God.—Cardinal Vaughan.

In proportion as your heart grows towards St. Joseph in the reverence and unbounded confidence of a son, will you trace in your soul a more faithful copy of the Incarnate Word.—Cardinal Vaughan.

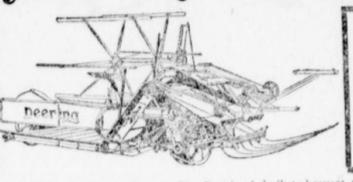
St. John Berchmans had peculiar devotion to St. Joseph, not only because he was head of the Holy Family, and, as such, foster-father and guardian of the Incarnate Word, but because he considered him the perfect model of a hidden life of love and prayer and service.

May our lives be guarded by St. Joseph's powerful intercession; may he soothe our sickness and cheer us in death.—Bishop Grant.

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"The Lord's Anointed," by Grace Keen (illustrated)

"The Do Profundis Bell," by Conrad Kummel (illustrated)

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor and must reach London not later than Monday morning.

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 directed with intelligence and ability and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUC, Archbishop of Reims, Apostolic Delegate.

Subscribers when changing their address should notify this office as soon as possible in order to insure the regular delivery of their paper.

Agents or collectors have no authority to send your paper unless the amount due is paid.

Matter intended for publication should be mailed in time to reach London not later than Monday morning. Please do not send us money by order or by postal note unless you are sure that it will be received.

Obituary and marriage notices sent by subscribers must be in a condensed form, to insure insertion.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 24, 1906.

HIS LORDSHIP RIGHT REV. T. J. DOWLING, Bishop of Hamilton, and Rev. Father Mahony, Rector of St. Mary's cathedral, were in London on last Saturday, and were guests of the Bishop of London. The Bishop of Hamilton is entirely better of his recent sickness and is as vigorous and genial as ever.

CABLE DESPATCH FROM ROME.

Some time ago a Roman correspondent sent out a sensational report regarding an interview that was said to have taken place between the Holy Father, Pius X., and the Right Rev. T. S. Byrne, Bishop of Nashville, Tenn. At the time several Catholic papers warned their readers to pay no attention to the despatch as many things mentioned were evidently not true.

THE LORD'S DAY BILL.

The Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick has introduced into Parliament a bill for the better observance of the Lord's Day which to our mind will meet admirably the needs and demands of the people of Canada, and which is more in accordance with the desires of the whole population than anything which has hitherto been attempted by legislation on this subject.

There are fifteen clauses to the bill. It forbids the sale, or offering for sale, or purchase of any goods, chattels, personal property or real estate, or the carrying on or transaction of any business of one's ordinary calling, or to employ any person to do on that day any work, business, or labor, except such as the bill specially provides for.

Works of necessity and mercy are allowed, such as whatever is necessary or customary in connection with divine worship, the sale of medicines, the relief of sickness and suffering by physicians, the transmitting and delivering of telegraph or telephone messages, the conveyance of travellers and her Majesty's mails, keeping up fires or doing urgent repairs in cases of emergency, or incidental work essential to any manufacturing process which could not otherwise be carried on during the rest of the week.

THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT. It did not take much time for a new ministry to fill the places of that of M. Rouvier which recently resigned its portfolios owing to the adverse vote arising from its violence in enforcing the law secularizing the church property in France.

Moderate Republican" so called, but in the face of the majority of Deputies which maintained the anti-Christian policy pursued successively by Messrs. Combes and Rouvier, it would be rash to predict that his administration will be to any very great extent an improvement upon those of his predecessors.

There is this, however, in M. Sarrien's favor that he was deemed by the Catholic party in the Chambers a more desirable candidate for the Presidency of the nation than President Fallieres, and it is to be hoped that he will, at least, not go to the length to which M. Rouvier was carried in his hatred of religion.

A cablegram from Rome states that the accession of M. Sarrien to power has not given satisfaction to the Vatican, and that some eminent ecclesiastics of the Pope's environment has said: "We have got out of the frying pan into the fire."

We are not disposed to give much credit to this statement—1st, because the cablegrams from Rome sent by the agents who there furnish the press with items, are ever disposed to give a pessimistic account of matters which concern the church; and, 2ndly, because the eminent ecclesiastics who are attached to the Holy Father's court are not prone to make statements which are calculated to embroil the relations be-

tween outside powers and the church to a degree greater than they are already strained with France. They are more likely to keep a discreet silence, unless the circumstances should require that they should be outspoken in their condemnation of what is taking place.

The fact that M. Sarrien has assumed power after a vote of the Chamber of Deputies condemning the harsh measures of M. Rouvier would rather lead us to the belief that M. Sarrien's policy will be at all events more moderate than that of his predecessor.

We are confirmed in this view by the fact that already the government withdrew its officials from the cathedral of Marseilles when with a large military force at their back, they demanded the keys of the tabernacle and sacred objects of the cathedral, but were refused. The Bishop of the city, it is said, came to the sanctuary in his official robes, and declared that he was ready to resist the sacrilegious demand of the state officials, even though they were to kill him on the spot, or to send him to prison, or inflict any other suffering upon him.

Furthermore, the fact that the elections are close at hand may make the government more circumspect about rousing the dormant religious feelings of the French people by the enforcement of the arbitrary measures hitherto adopted, which do violence to the first principles on which a true Republic is founded, the liberties of the people.

There is a comical side also to the matter. The announcement of the new ministry was made on March 14th, though the list of Ministers was made up on the 13th, on which day it could have been announced, and it is said that the reason for the delay was the general impression that the number thirteen is an unlucky number. The remark is attributed by the news agency to a Roman ecclesiastic "that unbelievers can be superstitious."

M. Fallieres announced his policy in the Chamber of Deputies to this extent that the new government intends to enforce the law regarding the separation of church and state, and we have no doubt they will do this, though perhaps not so brutally as was done by M. Rouvier. He also announced that in its foreign policy, the course of his predecessor will be strictly adhered to, that the alliance with Russia will be continued without change and all the friendships which have been contracted with other powers will be preserved. He asked for a vote of confidence from the chamber, and this was given by 305 to 197.

Archdeacon Ker of Montreal, preached on Sunday, March 11th, in Grace church, Point St. Charles, Hochelago, on the conversion of the Princess Ena, declaring that "multitudes of English church people have read with great regret the accounts given in the papers of the re-baptism and re-consecration of an English Princess illustrious alike by her birth and her virtues."

He asserts also that the church of England has special claims upon the love and loyalty of those who are in places of high authority, be they clergy or laity. He continues: "Enlightened, tolerant, liberal, her yoke is easy and her burden light. Following the ancient customs, she does not rebaptize those who coming to her from without, have been already baptized with water in the name of the Holy Trinity, no matter by whom the baptism may have been administered, whether by Presbyterian or Methodist, Baptist or Congregationalist, Greek or Latin, nor does she re-confirm those who have been already regularly confirmed elsewhere." This, he declares, to be the ancient custom of the Christian church.

As regards baptism, he at once admits that it is the ancient faith of the church that this sacrament once properly given is not to be repeated, but it is not to be decided as a question of toleration or liberality such as the Venerable Archdeacon makes it.

The question is always as regards baptism, whether it has been properly administered before, whether it be priest or layman; for the Catholic church admits that a baptism administered properly even by a layman or by one who is not a Catholic, is valid.

But it is known by experience that in the Protestant churches, where the Christian faith is loosely held, baptism is very carelessly and very often invalidly given, the proper mode of giving baptism being not observed. This being the case, and owing to the necessity of the sacrament as the first means of grace, the Catholic church deems it necessary to give conditional baptism to those coming into her fold from any sect or denomination wherein baptism is carelessly administered, or is not administered according to the traditional necessary form. That this carelessness is found in the church of England has been amply proved by the testimony of many credible witnesses, and this is why bap-

atism is administered conditionally to members of the church of England who become Catholics. The same rule is followed for those who enter the Catholic church from the other Protestant denominations mentioned, by Rev. Mr. Ker, which are even more careless than the church of England in the administration of this important sacrament.

Is not the Rev. Mr. Ker aware that there are many in the church of England, and even among the church of England clergy, who do not believe in the regeneration of the soul by baptism? This being the case, does it not follow as a matter of course that such clergy men will administer the sacrament carelessly? And the same reason applies with much more force to the other Protestant denominations mentioned, because they do not really believe in baptism administered at all. We are, therefore, surprised that an Archdeacon of the church of England should blame Catholics for baptizing converts from those churches; and for so much the greater reason as we understand it to be the practice of the church of England not to recognize lay baptism at all, and they certainly cannot regard Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational ministers as clergymen, as they have never had ordination by a Bishop—a condition which the church of England requires as essential to make a clergyman.

In regard to confirmation the case is different. How careful the Rev. Mr. Ker is neither to assert nor deny that the church of England would accept confirmation administered by Baptists, Presbyterians, etc.! The fact is it would not accept it at all. And it is on this account intolerant or illiberal? According to the Archdeacon's reasoning this should be so, but it so happens that these sects do not confer confirmation at all, so that by a suppression of the facts he is able to "speak for the galleries."

The Princess Ena was confirmed because confirmation must be administered by a Bishop, or at least a priest who has been duly authorized to confer it, and it is well-known that the Catholic church does not admit that the church of England possesses these orders by valid ordination.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Enquirer, of Detroit, Michigan, asks us: "Why is it that the Bishops of France, and apparently those of the world generally, including the Pope, are opposed to the law recently passed in France separating the church from the state? And is it not better that the church may be entirely free from state interference as is the case in the United States, and that the clergy be sustained on the voluntary system?"

Answer: It seems to us advisable to begin our answer to these questions by quoting from the Syllabus of errors issued by Pope Pius IX. in Dec., 1864, along with his celebrated Encyclical "Quanta Cura," the following condemned proposition: "The church should be separated from the state, and the state from the church."

This does not mean that under all circumstances church and state should be joined by an external bond of union, for there are circumstances which would render such a bond inadvisable and even impossible; but it means that we cannot maintain that a union of church and state is essentially wrong and should in every case be dissolved as soon as possible.

In fact, the ideal relation between the church and state at any time would be that the church should be free in her sphere to teach the law of God, and that the state should also obey that law protecting the church where that protection is needed, and aiding her in her divine work of propagating the gospel, and enforcing the divine law.

The Empire of Charlemagne was based upon these sound principles, and came nearer to this ideal than any other government which has existed to the present time. But it is evident that under the conditions now existing in such countries as Great Britain, Germany, the United States, etc., this ideal is impossible, as a great majority of the people do not belong to the Catholic church. The relations between church and state in such countries, so far as the Catholic church is concerned, must be entirely different from those which existed in Charlemagne's Empire, which was named officially "The Holy Roman Empire of the German Nations."

In France, when France became a distinct nation there remained a union between church and state, but the cordiality of the relations between the civil and religious authorities varied according to the extent to which various monarchs claimed to exercise a right to interfere unduly with the internal discipline of the church.

Under the French Revolution of 1792 Atheism was temporarily dominant. The government endeavored to destroy Christianity, and to carry out

its purpose, not only was the country drenched with blood, but even almost everything was swept away which might remind the nation that it was once Christian. The Christian era was abolished, and that of the French Republic substituted for it. The property of the church was confiscated, and churches were used for a sort of pagan worship of the goddess Reason.

This state of affairs lasted but a short time. In 1801 Napoleon restored religion, and the Concordat with Pope Pius VII. was signed to complete this restoration.

The dissolution of the Concordat enacted by the present Chamber of Deputies and senate, again confiscates the property of the church, and deprives the clergy of their salaries, which were not a gratuity from government, but a restitution of only part of the property which had been confiscated by the former Republic.

We see, therefore, in all this, most valid reason why the enactment of the late government of France is displeasing to the Pope and the Bishops.

1. The purpose of the government in enacting the separation of church and state was to destroy religion, just as the republic of 1792 had this same intention.

2. France is still at heart a Catholic nation, though Atheists have for the time being become the rulers of the country. It is much to be desired that the religion of the people should be upheld by the state, instead of being suppressed by persecution so far as the government can do this. The ideal relations between church and state, as we have described them above, should be preserved in a Catholic country.

3. The confiscations made by the recent law are glaringly unjust, and are therefore most properly denounced by all Catholics.

4. We must add that experience has already shown that the persecution of the church is demoralizing the people. This is shown by school statistics which have been taken from time to time. For example, youths who have been educated in the state schools, without religion, have been shown to be adding largely to the list of criminals, while the names of those who were educated in the Catholic schools are but rarely found on the criminal records.

Other reasons might be added, but these will suffice for the present.

ANOTHER GREAT SPIRITUALISTIC FRAUD.

We have from time to time called the attention of our readers to the more gross deceptions to which so-called spiritualistic mediums have recourse in order to deceive the public. It is not that we imagine for a moment that our Catholic readers are liable to any considerable extent to be led away by these deceptions that we have done this; but because the impostors engaged in holding spiritual seances are so persistent that it is necessary to be always on the alert against these frauds, and to put even the few who might be deceived, on their guard against them.

The New York Sun of the 10th inst. has a special cablegram from London, England, which gives an account of a novel instance of the exposure of a deception of this kind to which Sir Oliver Lodge and other prominent scientific gentlemen who have made a speciality of investigating occult matters, were to be the victims, were it not for the fact that the fraud was exposed before the investigation was held.

It was arranged between the medium and the scientific investigators that a series of experiments should take place during the present week. The medium was to be Charles Eldred, who for the last six months has held many seances, establishing his reputation as the most gifted spiritualistic operator in Great Britain, and his performances in the way of bringing forth materialized spirits to the platform were so remarkable that even the Spiritualists regarded him as a leader in the art.

But a few days before the scientific test was to be applied, Eldred left in the house of a fellow-spiritualist named Braily, a chair which he had used while bringing forth "spirit forms" from a cabinet. An examination of this chair by Braily revealed a key-note hidden in the plush, covering a hollow seat which contained spirit faces, masks, wigs, transparent drapery, an electric lamp, powder and other articles commonly used by spiritualistic mediums.

Braily being himself a medium, appears to have been influenced by professional jealousy to expose Eldred, and at the next seance given by the latter, Braily denounced Eldred as an impostor, pointing out that the "spiritualistic chair used by Eldred" contained the paraphernalia employed in the production of the latter's spiritual manifestations. Eldred admitted the charge, and thus the proposed scientific investigation which was to have been held has been indefinitely postponed.

In connection with Spiritualism, it is to be remarked that there are phenomena which seem to be inexplicable by any known natural laws, but these are so mingled with trickery that it is difficult for any outsider to say exactly at what point jugglery ends and diabolical intervention begins. But we cannot imagine that good spirits should make a practice of the aimless and trivial tricks which the spirits of these sectaries perform, or are supposed to perform.

Natural magic or surprising tricks which are produced by the aid of lights and lenses placed in a certain way, or of electricity, secret machinery or manual dexterity, which is known as prestidigitation, is, of course, lawful, when performed merely for self instruction or amusement, but the consultation of evil spirits, the calling up of the dead, and similar manifestations are never lawful; and neither is it lawful to ply the trade of a juggler for dishonest purposes or the actual deception of the public. Still less is it lawful to make of such practices a religious cult as the Spiritualists have done, substituting their human or diabolical manifestations, or both together, for the Christian religion. It is, therefore, unlawful for Christians to take part in any way in these pretended spiritual manifestations, or to encourage them by being present at them, at all events when their promoters claim to receive revelations from the spiritual world, or when there is good reason to believe diabolical intervention in the manifestations, or when they are made a means of deluding the public by defrauding them of their property.

Unnumbered instances of these frauds have occurred within the past few years, as when a braze of impostors appeared at Grand Rapids, Mich., calling themselves Professor and Mrs. D. Preston. These persons proclaimed themselves to be "great occult wonders, palmists, astrologers, and clairvoyants, especially upon matters of love, marriage, divorces, wills, deeds, sales, mortgages and sickness."

These impostors, either by hypnotic influence or glib persuasion induced a Miss Quincy to deposit in their keeping a considerable sum of money, about \$600, with valuable jewelry, which she had worn, on pretence that these articles were needed in order that the vision of the astrologers into the past and future might be sharpened, by studying on them for a night. By next morning the astrologers had decamped with their plunder.

New York, Berlin, Chicago have had frauds of somewhat similar character, though differing in detail from the above; and it is well known among the dealers in the black arts of spiritualism that there is in Chicago a depository where the paraphernalia necessary for carrying on spiritualistic seances from the simplest to the most elaborate scale are sold at prices to suit the purses and wishes of every one.

We do not mean to assert that in the case of the fraud which has recently been exploded in London, the scientific investigating committee would have been deceived, but we may take it as a certainty that if the investigation had gone on, every effort would have been made by Eldred and his co-workers to begot them, and if the committee should have been unable to explain satisfactorily, even one or two of the delusions, the Spiritualists would have loudly proclaimed that the spiritual character of their show was demonstrated.

THE KEY - STONE OF THE EDUCATIONAL ARCH.

Rev. Jas. C. Hodgins, Unitarian Minister, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in the course of a sermon entitled "Religion and the Spirit of Secular Inquiry" adds his voice to the chorus demanding the union of Religion and Education. He said in part:

"There is much to be said for religion plus education. Secular education is not enough. The child that is kept from a high reverence for things unseen and eternal is defrauded indeed. It is not a bad thing, it is distinctly a great thing to proceed on the assumption that education without ethics and religion is in man besides the purely logical faculties. He is not a clever machine whose business it is to grind out so much work. He has a soul to save. The real reason why religion in its grand and simple outlines is not being taught in the (Public) schools is because of the varying sects. The so-called godlessness of the schools is the scandal of the creeds. If all the different churches would come together and sink out of sight matters of controversy we should be able to prove that religion and education are not opposed to each other, but are in essence one. Religion is the keystone of the educational arch. It is too much to expect that this will ever take place; but on one point all sects might agree, and that is the crying necessity for some form of ethical culture in our schools. The need of the age is for conscience."

"Slowly, but none the less surely," says the Columbian, commenting on our Unitarian friend's utterance, "our separated brethren are coming to see the wisdom of the Catholic viewpoint."

Frequent Communion is the sure means to perseverance in virtue.

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Frequent Communion is the sure means to perseverance in virtue.

THE TEMPERANCE IN MONTR

We are pleased to see the Temperance Crusade of Grace Archbishop Br...

with great success, and temperance societies are organized in many parishes...

in a very short time they in every parish...

That these will flourish and include nearly all the...

diocese, appears to be a fact, as in those parishes have been started, numbers have taken the...

The parish priest to be the director of the...

tion, and the Archbishop of the whole...

There will be no society: one comprising their First Communion...

eighteen; the second from eighteen till the...

the third married people. No money contributed...

from the members, but serves to total abstemious...

hectic drinks except physician in case of...

case of heads of families pledge themselves to...

of such drinks in the frequent saloons, and the...

evil habit of drinking. It is expected that...

has within its membership will have a large...

ing a place of honor the symbol of the...

The vice president of each parish was monthly to discuss...

monthly to discuss the temperance laws, and to...

to prevent intemperate times and on other...

there is reason to think drinks may be used...

than usual. A copy of proceedings will be...

and a copy will be sent to the bishop as...

The parish social meetings special devotions an instruction, Most Blessed Sacrament...

year all the time shall hold a...

All members requested by themselves to...

inducing others to calculate temperance they can influence...

are asked to do teachers in the civic authorities, orators, physicians...

It is likewise alcoholic instruction of both sexes, mothers are urged...

motoring temperance and good advice they can influence...



Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCCXVI.

As Principal Tulloch remarks, to avoid blunders entirely is quite impossible. We must content ourselves with making as few as we can, and with correcting them when we notice them.

Dr. Faulkner of Drew Seminary, having examined Wycliffe's English works, finds no declarations against the salvation of Saints Benedict or Bernard or Francis. He promises to examine his Latin works. If none should be found in them, the conclusion will be that Wycliffe was condemned mistakenly on this count.

Of course the condemnation of Wycliffe rested chiefly on his denial of Transubstantiation. There is no dispute that he denied this.

Protestants excuse themselves from paying attention to the damning facts about the Lutheran Reformation, and to some extent concerning the Calvinistic Reformation, on the ground that he garbles this is a very convenient plea, especially when no proof is given, as none is offered even by Professor Nippold.

Nevertheless, unhelpfully for Luther, and sometimes for his associates, there are a good many passages which speak too unpleasantly in themselves to be ruled out in this way.

Why? Nobody disputes that Luther has an extraordinary command of language, and is perfectly capable of making his meaning clear.

But, it is pleaded, Luther is too good a man to have taught that we can be justified by an unloving faith.

John Wesley was too good a man to teach this, but the very point in question is this, was Luther a good man? He was undoubtedly a very religious man, but the Bible teaches us that religion without morality only deepens our condemnation.

In our own time Henry Ward Beecher was a very religious man, but his religion did not restrain him from adultery, as Mrs. Tilton herself at length confessed. He finally flung out angrily against the Ten Commandments from his very pulpit.

Luther was no adulterer, yet Melancthon represents his relations with him as being in his own words, by no means those of "a decent man," although he seems to imply that the matrimonial hopes of the ladies made them careful not to betray themselves.

I have seen the following cited us from Luther, quite in Henry Ward Beecher's style, "Christ came to abolish, not the Ceremonies only, but the Commandments." However, as I have not verified this, and as Janssen does not quote it, we will let it hang as apocryphal, although it is in full agreement with Luther's general doctrine of Justification.

Really we should suppose, from some people's talk, that Luther was such an idiotic innocent, that his own followers did not know what he meant, but took up an immoral doctrine of justification quite against their Founder's intention. Certain it is that, even in the next century, George Calixtus, conciliatory as he was, had to acknowledge that Lutheranism, while urging love and good works—it was a passing Lutheran school which warned the faithful against obeying the Decalogue as prejudicial to salvation—nevertheless held that they are not absolutely necessary to justification, either in life or in death.

It is Bossuet who has drawn attention to this, which is doubtless a main reason why Protestants dislike the Variations so much.

The passage in which Luther denounces unmarried chastity as a hypocritical pretence, a mere moral and physical impossibility, is too long and too emphatic and too variously expressed to be set aside on any pretext of garbling, while it is so fearfully decent to be quoted.

This gives Bossuet occasion again for one of those pungent thrusts which are so very uncomfortable to us. This particular stroke is the more odious because so incontestably justified by the fact. The great Bishop remarks, that when a man proclaims to all the world that unmarried chastity is as hypocritical and an impossibility, he does not in the least prove his contention, but that he is unquestionably a competent witness against himself.

there were many monks in whom the love of God and Christ extinguished all evil desire. To be sure, he tells us that they were in a state of damnation. Yet he does not allege that their perdition came from their having sunk out of their purity of life. He assures us that they were damned because they lived too early to have opportunity to be saved by his gospel of justification by faith without either love or good works.

Here, we see, we have two contradictory passages from Luther concerning unmarried chastity. Of course then one of them is what he would call an "edifying and salutary lie," for the benefit of true religion. Of course we can not find the lie in his eulogy on the chaste monks. That would not be working in his interest.

Peccuniary disinterestedness, freedom from ambition, and courage in helping the plague-stricken, a unquestionably virtues of Luther.

Truthfulness is no part of his moral creed, if he can be said to have a moral creed. He declares that an active Papist, being only one degree from an actual devil, can not possibly be slandered, and that a Protestant who will prefer truth to the advantage of the Reformation, is a contemptible creature.

He applied this to Philip of Hesse, because the Landgrave, having with Luther's reluctant consent, contracted a bigamous marriage, would not solemnly deny that he was a bigamist, and would not declare that his secondary wife was a mere concubine.

Towards the common people he, and Melancthon also, have nothing but a merciless contempt. They would fain have them reduced to slavery, "bought and sold like other cattle," "kept on floggings and short rations, like asses," or driven hither or thither like hogs.

The princes are exhorted to break in on the wheel. "So only, the two Reformers declare, can the German peasantry—a people singularly mild and submissive—be kept in some sort of order. The peasants' revolt undoubtedly somewhat palliated, but nothing can excuse this hideous language. The detailed and cold blooded manner in which Melancthon proposes the enslavement of the peasants is even worse than the passionate outbreaks of Luther.

The character of Luther, therefore, certainly does not contradict the natural meaning of his formula of justification.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Fourth Sunday of Lent.

LIBERTY OF SPIRIT. By the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free.

These, my dear brethren, are the concluding words of the epistle read at Mass to-day. They ought to be of unusual interest to us, for they speak of a matter which we all care very much about, which some care so much about that they are willing to fight for it, and to die for its sake.

If you have listened to those words of St. Paul, which I have just read, you know what this is of which I speak, and for which we all care so much. It is freedom or, as we often call it, liberty.

Many, as I just said, will even die, if need be, rather than abandon it; and indeed thousands, nay millions, have actually done so. Man feels that he must have it. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness he claims as his right.

Especially do people nowadays ask for liberty, and insist on having it. The child is no sooner out of his mother's arms than he wants and tries in all things to have his own way. Obedience is a lesson that he seldom willingly learns. He thinks that when he is a man he can do as he pleases; and he does not see why he should not even now. Sometimes he succeeds in having his own way, in spite of his parents; he runs away from school and, when a little older, from church; he passes his life among such companions as he chooses, who help him to get the liberty which they think they have themselves got, by defying all the laws of God and of man.



When the stork brings the baby—and you can't nurse the little one—feed only Nestle's Food.

It's the perfect substitute for mother's milk. In summer and winter, always the same. Sample (enough for 8 meals) sent free to mothers.

THE LEEMING, MILES CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

to the substance, as they find to their cost before they have travelled very far on this road. They have but escaped from a light and easy yoke to take on their necks one far heavier and more grievous, and which becomes more and more so every day. They have left the service of the kind and good Master to whom they belonged and entered into that of a hard and cruel tyrant instead. He has filled them with base and beastly passions, and made them slaves to these passions. They are given over, body and soul, to impurity, gluttony, or drunkenness, or it may be to a mean and miserable greed for money.

But what was their mistake? Were they altogether wrong in wishing for liberty? Is the desire for freedom, which have fastened on them, and are draining the very life blood from their souls; but it seems that they cannot do so. They set out to do as they pleased, and how has it ended? In their being bound, hand and foot, in the slavery of sin.

But how can this be? I answer it can and must be very easily and very plainly. For those who serve God best of all—that is, the saints in heaven—always do just what they like, and enjoy doing it most perfectly. They have got rid of all the hindrances that, more or less, prevent every one here below from doing what he wishes.

And, of course, those who try to walk in the path of the saints here on earth also have much of this freedom. The more they learn to do God's will the more they love it; and so they are liked, and more and more what they always do just what they like; and that is just what liberty is; to do what you like, and to do it without pain or difficulty.

The servants of God, then, have their liberty, because they have got free from sin, which is the only obstacle to it. And this freedom from sin is the gift of Christ, it is the fruit of his Passion; it is, then, the liberty which has given us. It is ours if we wish it. Try, then, my dear brethren, in this holy season of Lent, when His graces are so abundantly poured out, to gain that freedom which they will surely give us, that "freedom wherewith Christ has made us free."

Princess Ena and the Church. We have high ecclesiastical authority for stating that Princess Ena has for many years past expressed a desire to join the Catholic Church, and that there is no doubt she has been well and thoroughly instructed in the faith. Her marriage affords the first instance on record of an English Protestant princess marrying a Catholic king.—London Catholic Herald.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto. Referencs as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Hon. G. W. Ross, ex Premier of Ontario. Rev. John Potts D. D., Victoria College. Rev. Father Tuffy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Duff, Senator, Ontario. Recvov, London.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are well known, and have been used by thousands of men and women who have been cured of their habits, and a certainty of cure. Consult him or correspondents listed.

THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT.

The problems of life require reflection for their solution. Success in commercial pursuits cannot be attained without serious thought. The same is true in regard to our supreme business on earth, which is the salvation of our immortal souls.

With this end in view, the church has set aside a portion of the year for our particular profit. This period is designated as the holy season of Lent. And during this time she earnestly so exhorts us to draw aside from the cares and pursuits of commerce, from the ordinary pleasures of life, that we may meditate upon matters which pertain to eternity. To think seriously of what is to become of us when we have gone from all these things.

What a fitting preparation, then, for the work, is the ceremony of the opening day of the season, Ash Wednesday. How well calculated to provide proper thoughts, the words, "Remember man, dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," which accompany the placing of ashes on our brows.

Forty days of serious and reverential thought on the life, passion and death of our Saviour. How profitable it should be for the soul. To make it such, read and follow the diocesan regulations prescribed for the holy season. If you think yourself physically unable, submit the matter to your confessor. Do not exempt yourself. You have no authority to do so. Attend faithfully the exercises arranged by your pastor.

Many other admonitions might also be given. But in this it is best to seek the counsel of your confessor. Do this on all matters concerning which you have a doubt. Then will your thoughts be fruitful. Then will you have complied with the wishes of the church. Then will you have profitably observed the holy season of Lent.—Church Progress.

AS TO MEDICINES.

If Dr. Osler's condemnation of the prevalent inordinate desire to take medicine could be as widely circulated as was his quotation, from Anthony Trollope, about the advisability of chloroforming sexagenarians, considerable amelioration might be looked for in the state of the world's health.

As a recognized eminent authority in the domain of medical science, the doctor speaks, in the following extracts from his recently published writings, of what he knows; and most of our readers, perhaps, will do well to give heed to his words:

"Man has an inborn craving for medicine. Heroic dosings for several generations have given his tissues a thirst for drugs. As I once before remarked, the desire to take medicine is one feature which distinguishes man the animal from his fellow creatures. It is really one of the most serious difficulties with which the medical doctors have to contend. Even in minor ailments which would yield to dieting or to simple home remedies, the doctor's visit is not thought to be complete without the prescription. . . . As the public becomes more enlightened and as we get more sense, dosing will be recognized as a very minor function in the practice of medicine in comparison with the old method of Aesclepiades."

Dieting, it will be noticed, is mentioned as a more effective remedy in many ailments, than is recourse to powders, pills, and liquid drugs,—a statement the truth of which might well be tested by fasting during the present holy season.—Ave Maria.



THE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe.

If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

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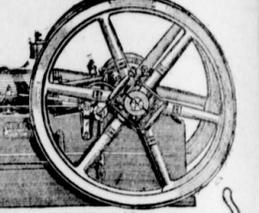
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. "WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

There are many wise sayings which experience of the ages has suggested, and among them stands prominently that which heads this article. God, the Author of life and the Creator of the things necessary to sustain it, is faithful to provide a sufficiency for man's needs, and there is no real want, generally speaking, from His part except in some few failures of the crops at rare intervals, and even these are the result of that misfortune here. He supplies for that misfortune and the suffering it entails, by larger and more fruitful crops of the same kind in other countries.

But there is want which men bring upon themselves. It is not from the lack of the necessities, but it is from wanting them. And this want is as vast, almost, as the numbers which make up the human family and is as widespread as the land they inhabit. Every class and condition of society contributes its thousands and millions to the ranks of those who feel want in one degree or other, because in every class human nature and its weakness are the same, and there is want felt and its consequent pain and hardship, because there is waste of which it is the fruitful source.

"A willful waste makes a woeful want," says the old adage. And experience proves the truth of it. It seems to be God's way of punishing man for the wastefulness of His gifts. What we have is given us by Him. It is gratuitous. We have no right to it. God has given it like life itself, out of His goodness and His mercy. It is all His, "for the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," as He declares in Holy Writ, and these gifts, even the least of them, are great, and required the power of God to create them, and so God will not permit them to be ruthlessly wasted without punishing the one that wastes them, by having him sooner or later find the need of the very things he threw away.

Nor is this rule applicable only to the things necessary to sustain or, even more, which contribute to its well being and happiness, but likewise applies to the energy and endeavor with which one must use his opportunities and his powers to gain these things which life needs and legitimate desires crave, for here often is the prime cause of want, the waste of time that God allots and the neglect of using the health and strength which He gives not only to supply one's needs, but even to give a superabundance for every want.

God condemns this idle existence, for He says, "If a man will not work, let him not eat." The law of nature is labor, for man is to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, as told us on the very first page of the holy scriptures. And there is plenty of work for everybody; one tills, another sows; one is herding, another is storing, the mechanic is building; the merchant is buying, the clerk is selling; brave captains and sturdy seamen are exchanging the products of the different countries. There is work for all and every one should do a part.

Health itself demands activity, and the law of labor which God imposes is what nature requires to be fulfilled for its health and happiness. "It is better to wear out than to rust," is an undeniable truth. More die of inactivity than of activity. It is the hard worker that usually lives the longest, whether in the field or in the shop, at the store or in the office, and so it is the waste and the destruction of one's life and powers rather than the saving and preservation of them, and the sluggard pays the penalty in an early grave.

Nor are the evils attending waste of any kind merely material; it is, lamentable as they are, they are usually deplorable, but, alas, they are usually fraught with eternal consequences. Idleness is well called the devil's workshop, and the slothful lay themselves open to many temptations. From what class is made up the vicious and depraved? Largely, if not entirely, from those who will not work. Sloth is a barrier to all spiritual progress; it is one of the seven deadly sins and leaves sin of all kinds in its train.

The industrious man is the useful and the happy man, and when he has the Christian faith and lives up to it, he is the true and ideal man. But a man does not become such in a day. He grows up to it, grounded in it in his youth by wise parents and guardians. The sins of waste bring their own punishment. Individuals themselves suffer who are guilty of them, or bring want and suffering of some kind or other upon those who come after them. Religion suffers, society suffers, for it is a subversion of the divine law and the law of nature. It is a vice found in every class, but it is among the rich that it most prevails. Wealth gives it more opportunities and even excuses its vagaries and calls it by a lighter name, extravagance; but stripped of its gilding, it is simply waste, to be followed some day by its punishment, want—of one kind or other.

Work for body and work for soul must go hand in hand. We must share the fruits of our labor with God's poor; the rich must give out of their abundance, the poor of their need. No man must be idle, for God has work for all. Go into My vineyard. He says, and I will pay you what is just. "Work while it is day for soon the night cometh when no man can work." Every idle word must be atoned for, every day wasted will be avenged, for God is a just God and "He will render to every man according to his works."—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

As you would that men should do to you, do you also to them in like manner. (Luke vi-31.) We brought nothing into this world, and we can carry nothing out. (1 Tim. vi-7) If any one love Me, he will keep My word and My Father will love him, and we will come to him and will make Our abode with him (John xiv-23) He that shall deny Me before men, I will also deny him before My Father who is in heaven. (Matt. x-33)

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE MISER'S HAND.

A STORY OF MICHAEL ANGELO. One evening, many years ago, a female, completely enveloped in a long, black mantle, was walking towards the bridge of the Rialto, in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance.

She paused at the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear blue waters of the Adriatic; then, closing her eyes, and murmuring faintly, "Antonio—my Antonio—adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet. Just as she was falling a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back, said: "Girl, destroy not the life which has been given you! If you are unhappy because your church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from rushing into His presence!"

The girl tried impatiently to shake off the strong kind hand that held her, and said: "Let me go! I must die in peace!" In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay with out sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were lovely and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: An avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy father, a rich Maria pleaded in Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and, having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Giannettini received his child with rude reproaches; and, bidding her cast a tire to her own apartment, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose athletic, muscular figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart, a young gondolier appeared at the door, and, furtively approaching her, said: "Dearest! Dearest!" Giannettini rushed forward, shouting: "Get out of this! Out of my house, beggar!"

The young man did not stir. "Have you finished?" he said, in a good humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Giannettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that, since I was ten years old and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly? Will you not, then, allow us to hallow your old age with grateful blessings, or must we water your path with tears?"

"I do not want to have a crowd of beggars for my grandchildren," said Giannettini, roughly. "Certainly you are rich," replied the young man; "but what hinders that I should not become so, too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of heaven, do much."

The man in the corner had hearkened attentively to the dialogue. He arose and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said: "Well spoken, gondolier. Courage brings success and perseverance conquest. Maria shall be thy wife." "Never!" cried Giannettini. "Well," said the unknown, turning disdainfully toward him. "If this youth could lay down 600 pistoles, would you object to the marriage?"

"Is that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper." "Pshaw!" said the unknown; "bachelors are more tiresome than thieves! Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum." So saying, he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and turning to a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was repeated sketch upon impatient, with hollowed palms, as if expected to speak, an availing expression, and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"This my hand!" cried Giannettini. "And your history," said the artist. Giving the sketch to Antonio, the author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the Palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it 600 pistoles. An hour passed; then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in his hand a bag, and saying: "Take these coins and weigh them." "This my hand!" said he, as he threw the bag toward Giannettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale and trembling with joy. "One favor more," he said; "who are you?" "What does it matter, say you?" "What does it matter, say you?" cried the gondolier. "Much, much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life!" "Men call me Michael Angelo!"

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814 it was unfortunately lost, and so far as can be ascertained, has never been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.

Religious persecutions of Catholics in France by a Masonic minority will continue as long as the Catholic majority pursues its present policy. God permits all things for some wise end; and He will make all things work for good, if we strive to seek His glory in all things, whether great or small.

SCANDAL.

THE NAME GIVEN TO ALL SINS WHICH INJURE THE SOULS OF OTHERS.

Scandal is the name given to all sins which injure the souls of others. It is "a stone of stumbling or a rock of offense." It is hard to exaggerate the enormity of this sin. The murder of the body is not so bad as the murder of the soul, yet scandal tends to the murder of the soul.

The giver of scandal injures the Almighty by depriving Him of the glory and service which belongs to Him by robbing Him of the love and service of His creatures. The scandal giver co-operates with him who "goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." It is no wonder that our Lord says: "Scandals must come, but woe to him by whom they come." He continues: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea than that he should scandalize one of these little ones. (St. Luke xviii.) Retribution will be demanded: 'The wicked man shall die in his iniquity but I will require his blood at thy hands.'"

Some men are diabolical in actually plotting and planning against the innocence of others, because, like the devil, they hate good. Sometimes it is done by weakness and without any premeditation. Amendment cannot be too quickly or too thoroughly made.

It may be well to know that there are nine ways by which one may share or co-operate in the sins of others. These ways are: By counsel or suggestion to sin; by command or by using authority over others to make them commit sin; by consent; by provocation; by praise and flattery; by concealment; by partnership; by silence and by defending the ill done.

Scandal may be given innocently, as for instance, when on account of ill-health a person may have a disposition to eat meat on a fast day. If opportunity presents to make that explanation. Then, again, on account of ignorance or weakness some may take scandal when that is done which is perfectly lawful. This is the "scandal of weak brethren."

There are some Protestants who have prejudices. They have exaggerated notions of Sunday observance and consider it sinful to play the piano or to toss a ball or to have any amusement on Sunday. As far as possible we should try to increase their prejudice against the Church.

Then there is "parisaical scandal" as when the Pharisees were scandalized at the actions of our Lord, as the healing of the bed ridden man on the Sabbath. Our Lord rebuked them, saying: "If you have an ox or an ass fall into a pit on the Sabbath day will you not immediately draw him out on the Sabbath day?" We ought to remember that scandal may be given by omission as well as by commission, as when parents fail to perform duties incumbent on them. Parents may give scandal by failing properly to instruct their children or by not keeping them from bad company or bad reading, or when they permit them to take situations in which faith or morals are endangered, or who do not firmly correct their faults and times that parents severely refer to bad language by instigating their children to lie or to steal. Teachers and others in positions of authority should remember their responsibilities along these and similar lines.

Good example is opposed to scandal. Our Lord teaches us this duty when He says: "Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father Who is in heaven." Then the prophet Daniel says: "The Lord that instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." (Daniel xii, 3.)

The Lord has left two important offices to each of us, namely, to give glory to Him and to give good example to our neighbors. There is no one so humble or in such a lowly station of life as to be unable to give good example. The good example of a lowly and their consistent lives leading others to the church as the wonderful star led the Wise Men to the stable of Bethlehem.

St. Gregory says: "A large portion of mankind is more moved to the desire of heavenly things by example than by argument."—Catholic Universe.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, rector of St. John's church, Indianapolis, and chancellor of the diocese, gave a practical talk on mixed marriages recently. "If there is no other thing which the Catholic church has accomplished for the good of the world," said Father Gavisk, "it has held up the marriage bond as sacred. The church does not like mixed nor clandestine marriages. It is not necessary to make abundant outcry to let the public know you are about to get married, but since the marriage concerns more persons than themselves alone, it is necessary that some publicity should be given to the proposed marriage, if any exist, may be ascertained.

"Marriages should be entered into in the church, before the altar, and, if possible, the betrothal should be entered into in the church in its duly prepared. The church in its ruling is not trying to place an impediment on matrimony, but is trying to have persons act deliberately and not have persons act as the case so often is. The church objects to mixed marriages, not because of any dislike to our brethren outside the faith, but because there cannot be the bond of sympathy between persons believing different faiths that exists between those of the same faith. Sunday morning comes and the wife goes to her church and the husband to his, and although the promises made at marriage are carried out faithfully, many cases there are, there is still a lack of sympathy and entire

unity which is almost sure to result disastrously.

"It is not the time to stop a mixed marriage after the bride has her clothes and her hat selected and the bridegroom has built and furnished a home. If the church refused to marry persons then they would go to a minister or a magistrate and have the ceremony performed. The time to prevent them is during the courtship, when the man attending to the Catholic girl. Then should the girl say that her faith forbids such a course and settle the whole matter. That is the time to prevent the evil and parents, you have your duty, for when the bridal clothes are ready and the bridegroom has built his house it will be too late."

HARD TO CONDUCT A DECENT SALOON.

"Personally," says Rev. J. T. Roche, "I would rather stand by the open grave of a Catholic young man than see him engage in the saloon business as it is conducted in America to-day. Apart from the spiritual danger arising from co-operation in another's sin, no form of industry can justify a business whose profits are largely dependent upon depriving defenseless women and innocent children of the means of livelihood. Added to this the necessity of consorting with the lowest elements of society and the further necessity of aiding and abetting in the physical and moral destruction of so large a proportion of the young manhood of the country, and you have a few of the difficulties confronting a Catholic who is desirous of conducting a decent saloon. He may do it and save his soul, but it is an extremely hazardous undertaking.

"Time and again I have heard it asserted that a majority of the saloonkeepers are Catholics. This assertion we all know to be false, but we know at the same time that there are altogether too many of them in the business for their own good and for the good of the Church. It goes without saying that many of them try their best to conduct their places in conformity with the dictates of conscience, but for many of them the business has been a curse and a blight.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

The letter of the Protestant Bishop of London with regard to the approaching marriage of the Princess Ena to the King of Spain is an insult not merely to the Princess, but also to the Catholic church. The Protestant Bishop protests that he would have nothing to say against a "genuine and convinced acceptance of the tenets of the Roman Catholic church." Since he has something to say, the implication is clear. It is that Princess Ena, who is about to become a Catholic, cannot give "a genuine and convinced acceptance" of the Catholic faith.

The Bishop of London cannot possibly have any means of knowing anything whatever about the conscience of the Princess, and therefore his letter is an insult as unmanly as it is unwarranted. As Catholics, we resent it, because apart from personal considerations, it implies that the Catholic church would admit a convert whose acceptance of Catholic doctrine was merely formal and not sincere. The church would not do that. That is not the Catholic practice. Unlike our Protestant friends who are accustomed in Ireland to

penalty on account of conscience. It is the negation of religious freedom. And yet it is the prayer of an official Protestant organization to the head of the Protestant church to-day. Of course, the King will pay no heed to it. He can prevent the marriage, but not even he can prevent the conversion. And although he was found willing to mutter some obsolete profanity on his accession—as a condition precedent to wearing the crown—he is not a bigot and cannot be made one.

Speaking for the Catholics of the country, we indignantly resent the implication that the Catholic church would accept an unconvinced convert. Ordinary unbelief impels as strong a protest against the baseless imputation that Princess Ena is acting unworthily and insincerely in returning to the faith of her not remote ancestors.—London, England, Catholic Herald.

Religious controversy makes but few converts. Catholic example and Catholic literature are now the two great factors in the work.

The Celebrated English Cocoa. An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

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The appeal of the Imperial Protestant Federation to the king to forbid the marriage because of the conversion of the princess shows how slight is the Protestant love of individual liberty, Protestantism, above all things, professes to give play for private judgment. Yet here it is petitioning King Edward to deny a liberty of action to his niece because she exercises her private judgment in the matter of her creed.

It is quite an old spirit which placed fine and spoliation on the English Catholics who in the Elizabethan time refused to attend Protestant service; quite of a piece with that provision of the Irish penal laws which gave an estate to the younger son who became a Protestant instead of the heir who adhered to the Catholic faith of his fathers. It is the inflicting of

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I am in a position to negotiate large loans on church property at low rates of interest. Prompt service. H. WADDINGTON, Confederation Life Bldg., TORONTO

ALABASTINE advertisement for a sanitary wall coating, including a diagram of a wall and text describing its application and benefits.

Farm Laborers. Farmers desiring help for the coming season, should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau. WRITE FOR APPLICATION FORM TO THOS. SOUTHWORTH, Director of Colonization, TORONTO, Ont.

The London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONTARIO. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT. Losses Paid Since Organization, \$ 3,250,000. Business in Force, 60,000,000. Assets, \$28,000,000.

Vertical text on the left margin containing various small advertisements and notices, including 'Suits \$4.50', 'University', and 'Waterloo Ont.'

NON-CATHOLIC MISSION WORK.

The following interesting correspondence has recently passed between Father Doyle, the Rector of the Apostolic Mission House, and the Grand Knight of the Indianapolis Council No. 437.

Knights of Columbus, Indianapolis Council, Feb. 19th, 1906.

Very Rev. Father—The Indianapolis Council No. 473 Knights of Columbus at a recent meeting unanimously approved and authorized a contribution of \$100 to the Catholic Missionary Union for the work of the Apostolic Mission House in the training of diocesan priests to be missionaries to non-Catholics.

It gives me therefore the greatest pleasure to hand you herewith a check for the amount mentioned and to request that our council be enrolled as an honorary member of the Catholic Missionary Union.

Acknowledged receipt on the enclosed voucher and return same to me. Yours respectfully, G. A. O'CONNOR, G. K., Indianapolis Council 437 K. of C.

Acknowledging the handsome donation of the Indianapolis Council Father Doyle replied: Dear Sir and Brother Knight—The directors of the Catholic Missionary Union thank you and the Knights of your council very warmly for your recent donation of \$100 for the Apostolic Mission House and its work of preparing missionaries for the non-Catholic Mission work.

We are glad to have the name of your council associated with this great providential work, and we believe the more you watch its remarkable growth the more you will become fascinated with its enthusiasm. It is good to look into the future and hope for the time when America will become dominantly Catholic.

There is every promise of it now. The breaking up of dogmatic Protestantism gives us our opportunity. If the American people could only be persuaded that in the Catholic church there is everything to satisfy their religious yearnings, there is nothing under the sun that will keep them out of the church.

To accomplish this work what is principally needed is the persuasive voice of the Catholic Missionary. Let us get a few hundred well trained missionaries out among the non-Catholic people of this country and it will not take long to remove their prejudices and prepare the way for a wholesale conversion of the people to the church. If the Knights of Columbus everywhere would only adopt the Mission work as a special feature, as you have done, in a few years the wonders of conversion would astonish us. The interest in the work will warm up our own hearts and give a new vigor to our religious life, and we would all be the better Catholics for having won so many victories for the church. Again thanking you and wishing you every blessing. Sincerely yours, A. P. DOYLE, Rector Apostolic Mission House.

PRINCESS ENA TO THE HOLY FATHER.

OFFERS HIMSELF AS HIS MOST LOYAL AND DEVOTED DAUGHTER.

Rome, March 8.—Princess Ena of Battenberg, King Alfonso's fiancée, who was yesterday formally received into the Catholic church sent the following telegram to the Pope: "At the moment of entering the Apostolic Roman Catholic church I desire humbly to thank Your Holiness for all your fatherly goodness to me. I also wish to offer myself with all my heart as your most devoted and loyal daughter. Asking again your prayers and your apostolic blessing."

"VICTORIA EUGENIE." San Sebastian, Spain, March 8.—Princess Ena received First Communion today.

Right Rev. Robert Brindle, Bishop of Nottingham, who officiated at the ceremony yesterday, has presented to the Princess an autograph letter from the Pope and other gifts from Rome. The King gave his future bride a magnificent present as a souvenir of her abjuration.

Rome, March 9.—King Alfonso has telegraphed to His Holiness, saying: "With filial and grateful affection for the new and important proofs of the benevolence of Your Holiness, I announce my engagement to Princess Ena of Battenberg. My future bride is happy to call herself a devout daughter of the Catholic Apostolic Roman church, and she joins with me in asking Your Holiness' benediction so the Lord may concede us His favor in this and the future life."

PROPOSED BY CARINAL NICHOLAS.

Writing in a recent issue of the Catholic Times of Liverpool, J. C. McWalter, M. D., says: In the Fitzpatrick lectures delivered at the Royal College of Physicians in London Dr. Norman Moore made the following reference to a famous Cardinal: "Nicholas of Cusa was a man of varied learning and of a scientific habit of mind. He was a theological writer, a mathematician, and an observer of natural phenomena. He made an original examination of the Koran and critically discussed its contents, and in medicine he introduced an improvement which in an altered form has continued in use to this day. This improvement was the counting of the pulse, which up to this time had been felt and discussed in many ways, but never counted. The first method of a new invention is often unnecessarily cumbersome, but this does not detract from the merit of the man who first discerns its principle. Nicholas of Cusa proposed to compare the rate of pulses by weighing the quantity of water run out a water clock while the pulse beats one hundred times. Thus, he said, you may easily prove the degree in which the pulse of a young man is more rapid than that of an old man."

"The weight, therefore, of water

that flows out in relation to the different pulses in the youth, in the aged man, in the healthy and the sick ought necessarily to lead to a truer knowledge of the disease, one weight being proper to one infirmity and a different weight to another."

"The manufacture of watches with second hands has since given us a simpler method of counting, but the merit of introducing this useful kind of observation into clinical medicine belongs to Nicholas of Cusa. He is buried in the church from which he took his title, St. Peter ad Vincula. Devotion attracts many people to this church, and a love of art, since it contains a great work of Michael Angelo, many others, and science adds a third interest in the monument of this improver of clinical medicine. His tomb has no ornament but its inscription; yet it is not improper to consider that he has a more lasting memorial in his commemoration over the whole globe wherever medicine is practised by the simple clinical method of observation which he was the first to complete."

PROTESTANTS AND LENT.

We are pleased to note that many of the Protestant churches which formerly scouted Lent, as they did Christmas, as a popish invention, have opened their doors and recognize the season as a fruitful time for reflection, prayer and preaching.

The New York Evangelist (Presbyterian) says: And here it may be said that it is a notable as it is an encouraging fact, that the observance of the Lenten season is becoming more and more general as the years go by. Ministers of all denominations delight to throw open the doors of their churches, while in this city the devotees of Wall street hasten to assemble at the noon hour and listen to the preacher's voice in old Trinity calling to prayer. There is not a religion but has its stated times of worship, and it is well that there should be other days than the stated Sabbaths when, in the midst of the business stress the soul can find times of spiritual refreshment. It may be, at it is said, that fasting is not enjoined in the Bible.

Quite a number of Protestants retrench or eliminate their worldly amusements, and some, if they do not fast, at least abstain from sweets and things for which they have a special fondness. They thus enter into the spirit of the holy season and the grace which leads them to begin a good work may lead them to perfect it in the Lord Jesus Christ.—Catholic Universe.

RECEPTION TO THE RECTOR.

Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's cathedral, London, on last Sunday afternoon, by special permission of His Holiness Pius X., imparted the Papal Blessing to the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of which society he has been the zealous director for nearly seven years—in fact, ever since he came to our Forest City. A pleasing reception was afterwards tendered the Rev. Father in St. Peter's school, this being the first opportunity the Sodality had of showing their pleasure at having their director once more in their midst after his absence of over four months in Europe, in company with His Lordship the Bishop. The programme consisted of a Welcome Song (chorus), after which an address was delivered by the President, Miss Bricklin, at the conclusion of which the Past President, Miss Dorr, presented a beautiful floral offering. A solo, "Face to Face," by Miss Dorkin, and a hymn (chorus) to St. Joseph, completed the programme—under the direction of Miss Moore, organist. The following is the address:

"CARD MILLE FAULTA." Welcome—a hundred thousand times welcome home dear Father Aylward. Now we welcome you with joyful words—at all times so snug a sign of joy and happiness—fought with true sentiments of heart—words which are not uttered so often come and dearly loved pastor, than they are to day coming from your children of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Daily, during the long four months of your absence in the Eternal City and at other world-renowned centres of historic interest, have our prayers followed you and our Reverend Chief Pastor. And now that the time we so ardently looked forward to has at last arrived and we have our faithful friend with us once again, words are all too feeble to express our feelings.

Added to our joy is the feeling of gratitude, for we know we were almost constantly remembered—and in a manner of all others the best. You prayed for us at the holy shrines and—sweetest favor of all—celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for us in the City of the Pope and at our Lady's own dear shrine at Lourdes. Still another cause for our lasting gratitude—the privilege you secured from the Pope and at our Lady's own dear shrine at Lourdes. Still another cause for our lasting gratitude—the privilege you secured from the Pope and at our Lady's own dear shrine at Lourdes. Still another cause for our lasting gratitude—the privilege you secured from the Pope and at our Lady's own dear shrine at Lourdes.

Dear Father, we wish you many, many years of happiness among us in the exercise of your holy vocation, and the blessed endless years of eternity with God.

Although taken by surprise, Rev. Father Aylward cordially thanked the Sodality for their kindly reception, and greatly pleased them by his interesting description of some of the most noted shrines of the Blessed Virgin of Loretto, which he had the happiness of visiting in the Old World. Rev. Father Aylward then presented each of the Sodality with a silver medal of the Immaculate Conception, blessed by Our Holy Father.

The way of the cross is the road to Heaven. For what is virtue but fortitude to suffer? Self denial is the law of love. Sacrifice is the measure of sanctity. Can you endure pain, can you give up your own will, can you bear grief, can you stand shame, can you be patient under humiliations, for the charity of Christ? If you cannot, you have not yet learned the lesson of Calvary.

ONLY 1-50 OF A GRAIN

Fruit is good for you. Ripe figs are a splendid laxative to regulate the bowels. Prunes are good for stomach and liver. Orange juice is splendid for the nerves and sleeplessness. Apples heal the kidneys and increase the flow of urine. If apple juice be evaporated to a gray powder, 1-50 of a grain of this powder has the same action on the kidneys as half a pint of fresh apple juice. Two "Fruit-a-tives" tablets contain more than 1-50 of the medicinal part of apple juice, besides the healing, curative virtues of oranges, figs and prunes. More than that, "Fruit-a-tives" are concentrated and combined with tonics and antiseptics by a secret process which increases their powers over disease many times.

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SOCIALISM AND SHARKS

To a man overboard who was unable to swim, a shark's back would offer a possible place of security. It might be a kindly shark and stay on the surface until a vessel hove in sight—no knows. To lots of people Socialism makes a somewhat similar appeal. It has appropriated to itself the title of panacea for all the existing evils of society, and with this bait dangling before the public it has won a number of supporters from the ranks of popular discontent. Some are foolish enough to believe that Socialism can do what it claims, and those who are skeptical about the practicability of its reforms defend their position by saying that any change in our present corruption, no matter how radical, will be for the better.

The remarkable thing about Socialism is that it is thriving on ignorance. Take ten men who talk enthusiastically about it and eight of the number, when you pin them right down to it, cannot give you an intelligible explanation of what Socialism really is. "It is going to give us better times," says one. "The poor man won't be taxed and the rich man go free," says another. "One man won't have a chance to own the earth, then," opines a third. "It'll kill the trusts," remarks a fourth, "give the working man shorter hours and more money and the land and public utilities will belong to everybody."

And so the canvas is unrolled, disclosing ever new scenes of a veritable heaven on earth and the people are foolish enough to believe them real. But when it comes to the backbone of the affair—that is the means by which Socialism is to accomplish these millennial reforms the gibberish of the public departs and they are ignorant of the very platform of the movement they espouse. A paragraph of Coventry Patmore's, which we changed upon recently, is particularly worth quoting in this connection. He says:

"What most people call 'deep and earnest convictions' on political and social topics are generally muddled-headed medleys of knowledge of fact and opinion. They know that such and such a thing is an evil, and they opine that they see a way to amend it; and if wiser people point out to them that the evil would not be so amended or that greater evils would accrue from the attempt, they only feel that their 'convictions' are affronted and opposed by cold-blooded calculations. This kind of opinion is often as confident as actual knowledge."—Baltimore Mirror.

THE WELL-BELOVED ABERDEENS.

Says the Catholic Standard and Times: "Lord Aberdeen and his wife received a very cordial welcome in Ireland as representatives of the crown, and their first action tended to prove that they are still worthy of good wishes on the part of the Irish people. One of the first was the revocation of the Coercion Act, so far as twenty localities are concerned, and the next a decree ordering an alteration of the Land Act so as to permit of a large number of evicted tenants availing themselves of its provisions, and making other modifications in the direction of justice and common sense. Lady Aberdeen is very busy in her own sphere—the promotion of Irish industries, of which she has always been one of the most generous and self-sacrificing devotees and patrons. Both these estimable aristocrats are greatly beloved in Ireland for their sincerity and unaffected ways."

The Socialists believe in division and then in general addition. Equality is to be reached by pulling down and by lifting up. Those who have not and who worked not are to receive until a level is reached as it is reached in a leak canal. Baron Rothschild had in his service a valet named Alphonse. He was first class in his service but a "red" and a very regular one at that. Once a week he obtained permission to attend the meeting of his Socialist lodge.

After a time the Baron noticed that the valet did not desire his night. The Baron on inquiry found that the valet's Socialist colleagues had figured it out that if all the wealth of France were divided equally per capita, that each individual would possess 2,000 francs. "Monsieur," said Alphonse with dignity, "I resigned. I have 5,000 francs."

THE UNNECESSARY POMP OF FUNERALS.

"That was a unique funeral which took place in South Chicago, Ill., recently, when no hearse, no long train of hacks and carriages, were in sight," says the Catholic Transcript. "The body was placed on the street car, and the mourners boarded the trolley for the cemetery. The whole affair was marked by extreme simplicity. Respect for the dead was quite as pronounced as in the procedure which custom has so long ordained in American towns and cities. All this according to the dictates left in his last will by the Rev. Martin De Laar. This is an example worthy of imitation. How many homes have been ruined by the debts incurred through extravagant funeral expenses? Relatives will not be charged with any want of regard for their dead. It is the one occasion that would seem to call for moderation. Deep-seated grief does not run to external pomp. The pangs of sorrow come high, but Americans must have it. What with flowers and casket and yards of crape and the long line of carriages the trappings and suits of woe mount well up into the hundreds. This Chicago pastor, eschewing all that savored of extravagance, preaches powerfully against a tendency of the age. During life he may have in his mind the practice all too common amongst Catholics who are given to elaborating the burial of their dead. His own modest funeral stands out as a vigorous protest against the abuse."

MARRIES CATHOLIC JAPANESE.

On the day of the Longworth-Roosevelt wedding at Washington a unique and unusual ceremony was performed in St. Joseph's church, Washington, when Dominic J. Sonayma, of Japan, and Miss Margaret Sherry of that city were married. It is not often that such an event takes place in a Catholic church.

Mr. Sonayma comes of one of the best families in Japan, and, as usual with the men and women of this race, can trace his progeny back many centuries. He is first of all, a Christian, and in this connection he has declared to friends that his family has been numbered among the Christian fold for very nearly three hundred years. It is a matter of pride with Sonayma that his family was converted by St. Francis Xavier, and fifty years after the advent of St. Francis when thousands of Christians were slaughtered at the hands of the Buddhists, a number of his family survived and fled to the mountains. Here the refugees formed a colony and lived for many years. Mr. Sonayma has an uncle in the priesthood, Father Fukaheri, in Nagasaki.—Catholic Sun.

Catholics near the King.

The Ave Maria says: "King Edward always wishes to have at least one Catholic peer among his Lords in waiting; and, owing to the recent change of Government, Lord Camoys will now succeed Earl Denbigh. Lord Camoys is very young, being just twenty-one years old; but his family has been for years connected with the court. His grandmother, Lady Stonor, was Queen Alexandra's first lady-in-waiting; and his aunt, the Marquis d'Antoupe, is the Queen's intimate friend; while his uncle, the Hon. Harry Stonor, is King Edward's favorite equerry. We are informed that all are strict Catholics."

Rev. Mr. McFaul's Want of God Manners.

If a Catholic is desirous of seeing a priest confute a Protestant preacher he should try to arrange a meeting between them by mutual agreement. But if he brings the minister to the priest's house without permission, or if the minister's zeal gets the better of his good manners and he thrusts himself in of his own accord, he need not be surprised to be shown the door, as lately happened to the Rev. Mr. McFaul, "evangelist" to the French-Canadians of Ottawa.—Antigonish Casheer.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

A number of the people of Sheenboro waited on the Rev. J. A. Harpin on the afternoon of Sunday, the 18th inst., and presented him with the following address accompanied with a large sum of money on his departure. The address, which had been prepared by the priest, was read by Rev. Father Tracy during the absence of Rev. Father Harpin. The address was made by Mr. Michael Hayes: To Rev. Father Harpin, Sheenboro: Rev. and Dear Father—We, on behalf of the congregation of St. Paul's of Sheenboro, after our short and quiet sojourn, beg to approach you with our warmest thanks for the interest you have shown in our intended departure from our midst. For short though your stay has been with us, still we can only too fully appreciate the benefit and your untiring zeal in administering to our spiritual welfare during the absence of our own beloved pastor, Father Tracy. In your remarks to-day you said the people of this parish would always retain a warm place in your heart, and in return we beg to assure your reverence that whenever your priestly orders may call you you shall always be kindly remembered by the people of Sheenboro. In conclusion we beg your acceptance of the accompanying purse as a slight token of our regard. We are pleased to know that Father Tracy is improved in health and feels well, though somewhat fatigued after his travels.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Holy Sacrament of Lent" by Rev. Ferron Girardey, C. S. S. R., published by Benziger Bros., 35 Barclay Street, New York City. Price 25 cents. "Confession and Its Benefits" by Rev. Ferron Girardey, C. S. S. R., issued by Benziger Bros., 35 Barclay Street, New York City. Price 25 cents. "Thoughts and Affections on the Passion of Jesus Christ" for every day of the year, taken from Holy Scripture and the writings of the Fathers of the Church by Frs. Gaetano M. and Ignace J. L. Published by Benziger Bros. Price \$2.00. St. Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer (by Louis Dubois, O. S. B.), recently published by Benziger Bros. With an introduction of the Archbishop of New York. Price \$1.25. CATHOLIC DIRECTORY.—We have received from M. H. Wilson Company, Publishers, Milwaukee, Wis., the Official Catholic Directory. It contains a list of the clergy in the United States and Canada. Newfoundland, Great Britain and Ireland, and will be found, as usual, most useful to the clergy and religious communities.

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