

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### RETREATS FOR WORKMEN.

Retreats for workmen, says Rev. Father Plater, S. J., have been started in many countries but they have attained their most complete development in Belgium. It is admitted by all that the men who have made these retreats are assiduous at their parochial duties and support their clergy with a self-sacrificing zeal and devotion which has changed the face of numberless parishes in this country. The first house (Foyt) during the sixteen years of its existence has given retreats to more than 22,000 men. Ghent, in nearly fourteen years, has received some 18,000 men. About 10,000 men made retreats in the various houses during the year 1907. Now if we remember that these thousands of men have, in the great majority of cases, undergone a real spiritual change—that they have gone forth apostles and centres of light to their fellows—we shall easily understand that the good effects of the retreats have been felt all over Belgium and that they have produced a radical change in the character of whole districts of the population.

This is a building of a bulwark against the forces of evil, and the men who are not blind to the supernatural world, and whose labors are sweetened by the hope of heaven, should be in vulnerable to the attacks of the Socialist and an aid to their weaker brethren.

### NOT SO JUBILANT.

An exchange is jubilant over the fact that the day of controversy is gone and opines that this enlightened generation is averse to the clash and conflict of divergent views.

We admit that controversy is not so much in honor as in times past, but we cannot derive much enjoyment from the fact, because to our mind it is due more to indifference than to enlightenment. They who regard faith as of paramount importance are willing to battle for it on occasion. If we permit calumny to pass unchallenged we have certainly nothing to boast of and we may be perilously near the country of the individuals who regard Christianity as something not to be taken too seriously by those who wish to get on in the world. And, perchance, some of us never know enough about our religion to care for it. And they who whittle down their faith do not always get what they strive for—the world's approval. Men like a bonny fighter, but they can have but contempt for the Catholics who shamble through life with bated breath as if they were on the planet on sufferance, and ascribe their timidity to what they call prudence but which the normal call cowardice. We may be quite sure that criticisms of authority are not proofs of broad-mindedness: they are confessions of poverty of manhood and indications that indifference has captured the soul.

### THE MODERN METHOD.

Years ago they dragged Christians to the lions or sent them into eternity by way of the sword. Later on they denounced the Church as the enemy of the intellect. Nowadays they wage war against the Church with smokeless powder and with no unnecessary noise. In some quarters scientists assail us with scalpels and test-tubes: in others, sensuality spreads its nets for the unwary. But it is all done politely, if you will, but so deftly and thoroughly as to make the campaign against the Church very dangerous and not without a measure of success. It does not bludgeon us: it merely laughs at our beliefs and tells us in myriad ways that if we obey the law we may reach heaven, which may or may not be, but that we shall have a very poor time here—in other words, that we are fools if we are not contented with the satisfactions offered by the senses, by art or by culture. The only way to meet this argument is to use the religion that Christ has left us.

### THE WINNING CARD.

One card that is used in the game of life is marked Pride. It is a trump card not in requency to our detriment. When we sit down to play the game with conceit or vain glory or rebellion tugging at our heart-strings we are in danger of pouting, and perhaps

may, when the game is done, find ourselves in the land where we get the promised wages. But pride seems so natural and so human that we are tempted to dally with it, to examine it and to make it our own. For example, the Catholics who read but the daily prints get a knowledge of things that are not so about the policy of the Holy Father. They are half disposed to echo the editors who are sure that the Pope does not understand the age and wishes to hinder progress. It matters nothing that such Catholics are skirting the border of disobedience and rebellion. And what is more strange is that they are unable to give a reason for their attitude. They are either very worldly or indifferent. If they read what the Holy Father says, and not what scribes make him say, they might have correct views on the question, and if they kept conscience in harmony with that of Peter's they would not be so generous with criticism. Pride is a heavy drink and has made men and makes men do ridiculous things, so ridiculous in fact that pride's victims seem to be insane on some matters.

### SOME SCHOOLMASTERS.

According to some pedagogues the child is a wondrous animal and must be treated in a scientific fashion. For his benefit they form plans and make the child conform to them. Hence they either turn out mental dyspeptics or fonde him, taking him the while to knowledge by easy-by-paths. But they do not teach him to use his own mental machinery, which is, or should be, the aim of the educator.

### MATTERS OF MOMENT.

While we are on this subject let us advise parents to be vigilant over the games, entertainments, company-keeping of their children. But, perchance, the children whom we have in mind are orphans. We refer to the young who are steady contributors to the "moving picture shows." If they had parents they would be either in bed or at their books and not in a theatre looking at pictures more or less artistic, and listening to comments which offend would not look well in print. They not only lose time, but what is far more serious, their weaknesses and ignorance are strengthened and intensified by vulgarity if not vice. It is not surprising that with parents who are as deaf to the voice of duty as to the admonitions of their spiritual guide we have young men without reverence, without gentleness, without a desire for self-improvement. And yet strictness might have laid the foundations of a true and noble manhood.

### A SHABBY PHRASE.

"They all do it," is a very shabby phrase and the only one we advance to justify our going with the crowd. In other words, we are nobodies—not persons. Because our neighbors adorn their homes with pictures, more or less pagan, we must do the same. Instead of having Catholic emblems in the family we have representations that excite worldly or bad thoughts and that would disgust an older generation that was stricter on this matter than we are. These pictures are designated as artistic. But so are dramatic scenes of corruption and books which are but chronicles of sin. We cannot regulate our conscience at the behest of individuals who harness art to the car of sensuality. And happily all art is not suggestive of the worst passions, and its best exponents were men who prayed before they painted and whose brush was a handmaid of religion. Reproductions of their work may be had in any city.

### ONE KIND OF NEWSPAPER.

Our readers will remember that one of the characters in Oliver Twist gave his child a bad book to read in order to make him a criminal. We do not say that any reader of the Record is guilty of this baseness, but we have a suspicion that some of us allow within the home newspapers that cannot but smirch its purity. While we safeguard the body, we, strangely inconsistent, expose the soul to infection. We cannot put under the child's eyes newspapers that reek with corruption without harming him. We cannot permit him to feed upon scandals, the sweepings of divorce courts, murders, personal gossip and vulgar illustrations without regarding him. It is a child's right to be near the kingdom of heaven—to have his dreams and knowledge un-floored by any stain. But we de-fraud

him when we suffer sordid realities to steal the bloom from his soul and the purity that should be able to penetrate both heaven and hell. And later on, when the harm is done, we exhort him to read instructive books. He may hearken to us, but we fear he will deem such books tiresome and go back and fix his abode, so far as reading is concerned, among the literature of rag-time. When, however, they are young they may be taught to read books which are useful and formative of high ideals and to have a taste for the literature of eternity. One thing certain is that we cannot expect to find intelligent Catholics among those who feed on the debasing trash of the yellow paper.

### WORKMAN THE BASIS OF SOCIAL REFORM.

FATHER PLATER TELLS WHY HE WRITES TO WORKING CLASS IN CONCLUDING PAPER OF TIMELY SERIES.

(From the English Catholic Times.)  
Some of our readers may have a grievance. "You set out," they will object, "to tell us about social reform. We expected to hear something practical. We wanted to be told how to secure a minimum wage, how to check the abuses of capitalism, how to secure a little justice for workmen. And you have talked at length about purely spiritual things. What is the use of that? Meditation won't feed hungry children. The Rosary won't break through trade and combine. Poverty may be all very well in its way, but it won't give us a living wage. Besides, it's the employers who need re-education, not the men. The duties of the workman have been preached quite enough; the duties of the capitalist might be made the subject of a few sermons now. Not that we think it would do much good. It might lead them to increase their subscriptions to charitable institutions. But it's not charity that we want. It's justice. And justice we shall never get unless we compel men to give it to us."

All very plausible. But we are going a little too fast. Let us consider a few of these objections.  
Yes, we have called these articles "A Basis for Social Reform," and we have done so deliberately, because that title describes them better than any other that we can think of. It was not merely a dodge to attract the unwary reader, like the exciting paragraphs in the newspapers which begin with a terrific accident and end up with a patent medicine. We have had social reform in our minds from first to last, and we claim to have offered a more practical solution than a great many which are to be heard nowadays on platforms or read in newspapers.

NO SOUND REFORM WITHOUT RELIGION.  
"Social Reform"—the securing for man of decent conditions of life; the checking of the abuses of capitalism; the binding together of workmen for their own protection; their admission to some at least of the privileges now shared only by the few—all these things we have had in view. True, mere material comfort is not the be-all and end-all of this life. We are born for an eternal destiny, and must not forget it. The thought of it must influence every decision of our life. Compared to the greater issues a little hunger, a little pain may be cheerfully endured. They have their part in strengthening character, in making us sympathetic, in drawing us to God. Saints and good men even seek them industriously and joyously. But this is very different from acquiescing in hunger and pain which demoralize. Degrading poverty is not the poverty praised by Christ and we must work to get rid of it. No man can be Christianized so long as he remains brutalized. And, on the other hand, when a man is a convinced Christian he will not rest until he has rescued his fellow-men from degrading poverty. He will find remedies—not mere palliatives, but, as far as possible, radical cures. He will help to check the evil at its source. The brotherhood of man will be all the more real to him because he believes in the Fatherhood of God. The Catholic Church tells men that they cannot love an invisible God if they do not love their visible neighbors. And so it is that religion, when brought home to men, makes them eager to right injustice. It urges them to get together, to organize themselves, to work early and late for social regeneration. Catholicism, then, when really grasped and assimilated, as it is apt to be in a retreat, gives men a deep, steady resolve to work for the welfare of others—and this precisely because they have had a glimpse of things eternal. Life is no more a mere game of grab to them. Hence justice will be a high and holy thing in their eyes. They will strive to secure it for those about them. Their activity will be wise, unselfish, unerring. They will think not of selfish interests or even class interests, but of the interests of each and all. They will not think not only of themselves but of the coming generation, for whom they will try to leave the world a better place than they found it. They will work not only for today but for to-morrow. Do you doubt it? Look at the steady, solid, permanent reform effected in Belgium and Germany by men steeped in the spirit of the Catholic Church—and contrast it with the short-sighted and destructive recklessness of some of their opponents.

INNER AS WELL AS OUTER REFORM.  
But more than this. The Church not only gives men the strongest possible

motives for promoting social reform and the principles on which it must be conducted, but she impresses upon them those qualities without which reform is impossible. The best scheme in the world could effect nothing in a de-Christianized society. What legislative regulation of wages, for instance, could improve matters if wage earners were as a class intemperate, extravagant, dishonest and impure? Man must have learned to live on a reasonable wage if there is to be any possibility of giving him what he wants. And, speaking generally, religion alone can give him content with a reasonable wage. So of the hours of labor. Yes, they must be restricted by law, and the workman must be saved from those who would exploit his labor. But who will show him how to employ his leisure? If he is a materialist and believes that pleasure is the only good, then in his hours of leisure he is likely to ruin himself physically, mentally, and morally, and bring the whole economic system to the ground. It is absurd to say that secular education or culture will save man from debasing himself. Read the French newspapers and mark the fruits of godless education: note the giant crop of murders, suicides, and all lawlessness. Man needs a stronger ally than secular instruction to save him from the animal within him. The Church alone can teach him how to subdue it.

And so we might illustrate the matter from a hundred points of view. When men have learned to control their appetites and limit their desires, then we may hope for social reform. As long as they limit their vision to this world they cannot be helped, nor can they help themselves. "The visible," says Carlyle, "becomes the bestial when it rests not on the invisible." A social reformer at the Zoo would have little chance of success. Daniel in the lions den might have had excellent results for the education of lions; but he would scarcely be given an opportunity of employing them. When the Roman rabble were clamorous for bread and amusements they were ripe for destruction.

INDOLENT PHILANTHROPY.  
"Meditation won't feed hungry children. No, but it will make us realize that children shall not hunger if we can prevent it. And we shall prevent it not by mere doles and soup-kitchens (which, however, have their place), but by more systematic measures. A little meditation would let Catholics see that they do not fulfil their duties to their neighbor by bestowing coppers upon the indigent. This is indolent philanthropy. Reform must be more structural. It should tax our brains and demand our personal attention. It is a matter where all can help in one way or another. Are we doing it? Prayer, in bringing us face to face with God, will bring us face to face with our responsibilities.

"It's the employers who need re-education, not the employed." Both need re-education. But the employer needs more than the employer, because the time is coming when the employed will have the setting of the business, and if they settle it on non-Christian lines they will involve themselves and everybody else in disaster. Yet let it not be thought that we hold the spiritual need of the workman to be greater than that of his employer. "God will help the righteous in the war," said the Lord. And God help the comfortable Catholic in easy circumstances who in this hour of strife does not throw all the weight of his influence into the scale of Christian reform.

PERPETUATING THE RETREAT.  
What do these retreats do? First of all their spiritual effects are permanent. Whether they may be made so. Our Belgian friends know well that even a retreat does not work a lasting change in a man unless it is supported and perpetuated by careful organization afterwards. And so the men who have made a retreat and returned to their respective parishes group themselves into some association or sodality and keep alive the lessons they have learned. They spend a quiet day of recollection together once a month, if possible, in the country house where their retreat was made; they go frequently to the sacraments together in a body; they have a hundred ways of keeping up their own zeal and communicating it to others. They form committees in order to make the work of retreats known in their district. They send up their fellow-workmen to make retreats, knowing well the good which such an experience has done to themselves.

So much for spiritual things. Now for our social reform. Of course they are keen on it! How should they not be? They organize themselves into clubs and associations, they study social questions, they hold debates and read papers among themselves, they take a prominent part in the civic life of their district, they promote sound social legislation, they set on foot an active propaganda for the promotion of social welfare. Look at Belgium once more and note the share in its social regeneration which is to-day being taken by men who make yearly retreats.

Talk to the men themselves and they will tell you that they have now got something to live for. They are no longer restless agitators, but strenuous and determined workers along sound lines. Their lives are happy—happy because they have a purpose and a noble thing to them. They know the value of a human soul, and in all their labors to relieve the miseries of the body they are looking to the soul behind. Education? Was there ever such an education as this? It has given them spiritual insight,

self command, and a sense of light-hearted freedom. Have secularist schools ever done the like? Can the rationalist press do as much? "The dignity of labor" is to them, henceforth, no empty phrase. They know their fellowship with Christ, and they strive generously for the coming of His kingdom. Reverence for holy things and respect for lawful authority are theirs. Their lives are in order, and they are men in consequence. Do not imagine that their religion makes them spiritless. On the contrary, it gives them a strength which is none the less vigorous because they know how to control it.

### CATHOLIC CHURCH LAUDED.

PROTESTANT PASTOR DEFENDS THE REV. F. R. THOMPSON TELLS CONGREGATION LISTS BEAUTIES IN RELIGION NOT TO BE SCORNED.

The Rev. Thomas Barney Thompson, at the Plymouth Congregational church, where a programme of Catholic music was given, including the "Ave Maria" and the "Sanctus," from Farmer's Mass, defended the Roman Catholic Church. He said:  
"When Protestant ministers speak of the Roman Catholic Church it is in reference to speak in condemnation of her. I propose to assume the un-Protestant-like attitude of saying some things in the way of respect and veneration of her wonderful ministry to the centuries of human life. There are undoubtedly some facts about this church that we as Protestants cannot ignore. But in all fairness it must be admitted that popular ignorance, superficial knowledge, and malicious slander have misrepresented her teachings in many instances.

"To contemplate her history is to admire. Reformation, wars, empires, and kingdoms have been arrayed against her. After all these centuries she stands so strong and so firmly rooted in the lives of millions that she commands our highest respect. As an institution she is the most splendid the world has ever seen. Governments have arisen and gone to the grave of the nations since her advent. Peoples of every tongue have worshipped at her altars.

"The Roman Catholic Church has stood solid for law and order. Her popes power in controlling millions untouched by the denominations has been great. When she speaks legislators, statesmen, politicians, and Governments stop to listen, often to obey.

"In the realm of worship her ministry has been of the highest. In employing bands, statues, pictures, and music she has made a wise and intelligent use of symbolism. Her use of the best in music and painting has been the greatest single inspiration to those art, and her cathedrals are the shrines of all pilgrims.

"The love and veneration of the Virgin Mary plays an important part in the ritual of the Church. I find a difficulty in appreciating the attitude of the Catholic worshipper toward the mother of Jesus. Jesus is the love of God made manifest. But Christ Himself has often been made so austere and so unapproachable that a mediator between Him and man has become an insistent necessity. What is more natural than to worship Him through the gracious influence of the mother? If I felt myself compelled to worship the Jesus of some creeds I should feel that the only way of nearness to Him would be through some mediator-ship, of Mary or of some saint.

"Aside from this one cannot help but feel that the enthrone of the Virgin Mary has softened the heart of the world toward womanhood; that it has done much to give woman the place of honor she occupies to-day; that it has put the whole Catholic Church behind the sanctity of the home. In the respect given to Mary the Roman Church has paid the world's finest and most delicate compliment to the grace, sweetness, and beauty of motherhood.

"Nor do I discover any difficulty in understanding the basis of the confessional. The confessional appears everywhere in life. The erring child confesses to his mother, the patient confesses to his physician, the accused confesses to his lawyer, the penitent confesses to his priest. It is most natural for the penitent, burdened, doubting soul to confide in his spiritual leader.

"Protestantism has wasted much of its force in a forced revivalism, which would have been unnecessary had we paid wise attention to religious education. We may rail against the parochial school system as being un-American. But the Roman Church existed centuries before there was a United States, and for many of these centuries she was the great agency of enlightenment, education, and culture. The parochial school is the most serious and successful attempt to help people for the religious life. Our country has a magnificent system of public schools.

She will teach the children history, science, art, language; but they will not let the world's greatest literature be taught under their guidance, nor will they help to develop the noblest capacity for the human soul, the capacity of God. This task is assigned to the Church. So be it, and let the Church choose that method which in her wisdom seems the best.

"And so we stand in the presence of her history, her majestic worship, her universal ministry, and we confess that God must have moved mightily in all this. We think of her Loyolas, her Xaviers, her Fenelons, and her Marguerites; we look at her hospitals, orphanages, schools, colleges, monasteries, missions—and we see a church ministering to the body, mind, and soul of humanity. Her weakness is the

common lot of every human organization; her strength is of God."—New World.

### RICH CATHOLICS ARRAIGNED.

NEW YORK PRIEST ELECTRIFIES CATHEDRAL CONGREGATION BY VIGOROUS WORDS ON SOME PHASES OF MODERN GROWTH.

Frequently it is claimed that the prelates and priests of the Church tolerate actions in wealthy Catholics which they bitterly denounce when the offenders happen to be poor.

This cannot be claimed true down in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, apparently. A few days ago, Father Francis H. Wall delivered several blows from the shoulder which it is probable a number of his hearers will long remember.

The occasion was a sermon delivered by Father Wall in which he scolded rich families who have let their social ambitions interfere with their religion.

"There is a strong tendency among men to divorce business from religion," he said. "It seems to be taken for granted that a man cannot be an eminent lawyer or physician or successful business man and at the same time an eminent and practical Catholic. If such were the case then the Redeemer of the world was a visionary and the mission of His Church an absurd hallucination. The injunction of the Founder of our faith that you cannot serve God and Mammon has no bearing whatever on the question at issue.

"It is sad beyond all sadness to witness the conduct of so many of our Catholic people who, having amassed wealth, stifle the faith in their hearts and in their unhealthy greed for social prestige send their sons and daughters to places of education where their faith is jeopardized and their moral character weakened. Therefore we have the scandalous spectacle of the sons and daughters of those who should be zealous members of the household of faith filling the divorce courts, shocking the religious sensibilities of co-religionists, bringing unnumbered dishonor upon the Church."

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

Of the 6,700,000 Byarrans, 2,200,000 are Protestants. The remainder are Catholics.

Rev. James H. Burns and Rev. Edward Hawke, Englishmen, teachers in the Episcopal Seminary of Nashotah, Wis., have resigned to join the Catholic Church.

Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J., finds himself an international author, read in many lands, and he has just received from the press of G. B. Berruti, of Turin, Italy, a translation of Tom Playfair, done into Italian by Fanny Cencelli.

Samuel Beskin, a Russian Jew residing at Fishkill Landing, N. Y., has offered to build free of charge the foundation for the new parochial school of St. John's Catholic Church. The Rev. John McGrath, the rector of the church, has accepted Mr. Beskin's offer. Mr. Beskin is one of the leading members of the congregation of the Synagogue Beth-Jacob at Newburgh.

At Frascati, on March 21, thieves broke into the magnificent villa Aldobrandini which dates from the sixteenth century, and carried off a valuable bust in Corinthian bronze of Pope Clement VIII. The thieves gained access by breaking a window and removed the bust, which weighs 500 pounds, from its position in central hall of the villa.

"A press despatch from Chicago, dated March 25, says: 'Rev. Charles E. Bowles, Irremovable rector of All Saints' Episcopal Church, resigned last night to enter the Catholic Church. He is a member of the association known as the Companions of the Holy Saviour, composed of about forty Episcopal clergymen throughout the United States.'

According to Rome there is a possibility that Don Paros, the papal choir-master, may soon visit America, to direct what is claimed to be his latest and greatest oratorio: "The Passing of the Soul." The composition was recently performed at the Vatican in the presence of the Pope and the Cardinals; and the Holy Father is said to have been moved to tears by the beauty and pathos of the music.

Seventeen years ago the sum of \$223 disappeared from a post office station in Cambridge, Mass. A clerk named Madden was the last man known to have handled the money, and though he was exonerated from the suspicion of having taken it, he had to make good the amount. A few days ago he received a check for the sum from the United States Treasury, to which it had been returned by the conscience-stricken thief.

Among the cabin passengers arriving on the Rynda from Moscow and Boulogne, March 21, was the Rev. Father Peter Chang, said to be the only Chinese Roman Catholic priest in the world, accompanied by Bishop August Henning, of the diocese of South Shantung, China. The Bishop went out to China in 1887, and in a short time made one hundred and twenty converts. He doesn't wish to give the exact figures, but says that there are more than eighty thousand converts in his district now. Father Chang wears his hair in a queue. He is twenty-seven years old. He speaks German and Chinese fluently, but has no knowledge of English.



kind of trimming or ornament, strikingly contrasted with the gay dresses of the nobles. It was easy to see that the Dean of the Clothworkers, in affecting this plainness of apparel, wished to make ostentatious display of his estate in life, and so to oppose pride to pride; for, in truth, this coarse woollen gown covered the most powerful man in Flanders. On his head he wore a flat cap, from under which his hair hung down half a foot long over his ears. A leathern belt drew in the wide folds of the gown about his body, and the hilt of a cross-handled knife glittered at his side. An excessive paleness, high cheek bones, and a wrinkled forehead, threw an air of deep thought over his countenance; while the loss of an eye gave a somewhat unpleasant expression to his features. On common occasions there was nothing to distinguish him from ordinary men; but no sooner was he moved or interested than his glance became lively and penetrating; beams of intelligence and manly spirit shone from his remaining eye, and his bearing was proud and even imperious. On first entering the room, he cast a respectful glance on all present, especially Master Roger, in whose behalf at once perceived more of worldly craft than in the other two.

"Master Deconinck," commenced Adolf, "be pleased to draw near to me. I have something to ask of you that you must not refuse me, for I have no other hope but in you; only you must first give me your solemn assurance that you will never divulge to any human being that which I am about to communicate."

"The just dealings and good offices of the lords of Newland are not yet forgotten by the Clothworkers," answered Deconinck; "and you, noble sir, may ever count upon me as your faithful servant. Nevertheless, sir, allow me first to warn you, that if what you have in hand is in any way contrary to the rights of the commons, you will do well to keep it to yourself, and tell me nothing of it."

"Since when then," cried Adolf, somewhat sternly, "have the Newlands touched you in your rights? Such language is injurious to my honor!"

"Give me, sir, if my words have offended you, to the Dean; it is his duty to distinguish the eyes from the good, that one is obliged to trust all. Allow me to ask you only one question, the answer to which will remove all doubt from my mind at once; are you a Lillard noble, sir?"

"A Lillard?" cried Adolf, indignantly; "no, Master Deconinck! In my breast beats a heart that has no room for abhorrence for our enemies; and the very scheme about which I wished to consult you is directed against them."

"Speak freely then, noble sir; I am at your service."

"Well, then; you know that our Count Guy is in prison, with all his faithful nobles; but there is still in Flanders one to whom all true Flemings owe their best and readiest aid—one who now needs it greatly because of her utter helplessness, and to whom it is due both on account of what she is, and of the sore trouble which oppresses her."

A LIGHT CARGO.

"Electricity is a rum thing," remarked the captain thoughtfully. "We're beginning to know a little about it, but every now and then the smartest electrician finds himself knocked silly by some new game that electricity plays upon him. The year before I gave up the sea and got this berth ashore I learned a lot about electricity—a lot more than I wanted to learn."

The captain paused and smoked silently for a few moments, as was his habit when preparing to launch a fresh story. Then he resumed:

"As I was saying, a year, or maybe fourteen or fifteen months, before I gave up the sea for good I got acquainted with a scientific chap who probably knew more about electricity than any other man then living and practising science. I was without a command just then, owing to circumstances which I needn't mention at this present moment, though I will say that when an owner hints to a ship who has been the master of a ship for twenty-three years, has an unblemished character and three medals from the Humane Society—not to speak of binoculars from the French and Dutch governments—that his ship is well insured, and if the captain was to happen to lose her he would be given a better ship and higher pay at once, it's time for him to chuck up his berth and give the owner his candid opinion of him. Well, I'll say no more about that. This scientific man, whom I'll call Professor Smith, though you'll understand that I'm not giving you his real name, came to see me and wanted me to take charge of a bark that he had chartered to take him to Greenland. I didn't banker after Greenland, but the professor offered me good wages and said he had come to me because he was told that besides being a capable master mariner and a man with a reputation for making his ship comfortable, I could be trusted not to talk about my owner's business. He had a pleasant, confiding sort of way with him, and you could see with half an eye that he'd be ready to trust anybody who had been recommended to him. I've seen several men like that in the course of my life, and it's a curious thing that they don't seem to get imposed upon more than the smart folks that are eternally mistaking everybody. After I'd talked with the professor half an hour, I would no more have cheated him than I would have cheated a child. And when I finally agreed to take charge of the bark I did it as much because I wanted to keep him out of the grip of sharks as because there was money in it for me."

"After we had come to an agreement the professor told me what his little game was. He had invented a way of storing electricity in big tanks, from

which he could draw it off and sell it by the gallon, or whatever measure of electricity was used, just as there might be a demand for it. Now, I knew that this matter of storing electricity, had always bothered the electricians, and had interfered considerably with the trade. 'I'm the only man,' said Professor Smith to me, 'who has solved the problem. I can collect and store away aboard this bark of mine enough electricity of prime quality to light the lamps of London for six months. I know where there is an unlimited supply of electricity to be had for nothing, all you have to do is to collect it, store it, and transport it. When you think what it costs to grind out electricity from dynamos, you will understand that if I had a shipload of electricity that has cost me nothing except the expense of a voyage to Greenland and back, I can supply the market at a price that will defy competition.'"

"But where's your mine of electricity?" said I. "If it's in Greenland, the cost of working a mine with the ground frozen solid for a hundred feet from the surface will be pretty big."

"I can't trust you implicitly, captain," says he, "and I'll tell you all about it. I'm not going to get electricity out of the earth by mining. I'm going to collect it from the Northern Lights. You've seen them many and many a time, and probably know that they consist of pure, undiluted electricity. Now, I know how to collect this electricity and to bring it back to England. I can fill the bark up full with electricity in the course of a single night, provided the Northern Lights are as strong as they generally are in Greenland. You and your men won't have to do a stroke of work in collecting it. You can sit still and watch the electricity running into the tanks, which I fancy is a good deal easier than diting a ship with any other sort of cargo. As for the Northern Lights, they are capable of supplying electricity to the entire world. Why, captain, this business of bottling up electricity from the Northern Lights and selling it in Europe and America and elsewhere, is going to be the great business of this country. Thousands of ships will be engaged in it, and electricity will be retailed in London at prices that will put it within the means of every starving wretch in Whitechapel."

"I couldn't see how cheap electricity was going to satisfy a starving man; but I let that pass. I half believed what the professor said, and half disbelieved it. I knew that the Northern Lights were made of electricity, but I had my doubts about the practicality of bottling them up and selling them in London. But on the other hand, I have learned enough of electricity to know that almost any sort of a miracle, except, of course, a genuine Scripture one, could be worked with it, provided you happen to hit on the right way of working it. Any way, my duties as commander of the bark didn't include the collecting of electricity. That was the professor's department, and I calculated to leave it exclusively to him."

"I found that the bark was in capital order, and we had very little trouble in taking in the cargo, seeing that it consisted of nothing except provisions, water, ballast, and the professor's tanks. They were built to order to fit the bark, and when they were put aboard they occupied every foot of space in the 'tween decks and a good part of the hold. They were made of iron and looked like enormous square boxes with something like the neck of a bottle coming up through the middle of the upper part. I say upper part, for the tanks hadn't any regular covers, and the only opening into them was through the bottle shaped projection. The professor told me that the inside of the tanks was lined with a composition of his own invention, which the electricity couldn't get through. And he said, too, that there was another invention of his inside of each tank which was of tremendous importance, although I don't rightly recollect what it was. Probably it was meant to keep the electricity from turning sour or spoiling in some other way. As I said, I didn't pretend to be an electrical expert, and probably I make mistakes in telling what I do know."

"In the course of time we called from Bristol, bound for Upernivik, in Greenland. Folks generally thought that we were going on a whaling voyage, and some of my friends chaffed me considerably about having come down from the command of a Black Star liner to the command of a greasy whaler. I let them talk. Chaffing never did me no harm yet, except when I was a boy, and the second man used to chaff me with a rope's end, which seemed to amuse him a good deal, though I could never exactly see where the fun came in."

"We made Upernivik in an unusually short time, the wind being for the most part favorable, and we being light. We took in fresh water and then steered up Smith's Sound, reckoning to get well out of sight of any whaling craft before beginning operations. The Northern Lights were doing their best at that season. Just as soon as night came on the whole northern sky was afire with them, and when the streamers shot up from the horizon to the zenith you could hear the electricity crackle. I once read in a book—a big book, bound in red leather, and about four inches thick, which you, being a scholar, naturally are acquainted with,—that it is all a mistake for folks to believe that the Northern Lights ever crackle, or make any sort of noise. That only showed that the man who wrote the book had never been in Smith's Sound. Books written by men who have lived ashore all their lives are generally pretty full of mistakes—at least that's what I've been compelled to believe, and I've read about as big a weight of books in my time as most men have read."

"We made the bark fast to an ice floe that was frozen hard to the land, and the professor got out his collecting apparatus and connected it with the apparatus tank."

"I can't describe the collecting apparatus, except by saying that it looked something like the hood of a monstrous big searchlight, filled with short lengths of wire filed to a point so that they stood out like bristles all through the inside of the collector. However, I needn't try to describe it. The really important thing was that it worked beautifully and collected electricity even faster than the professor had expected. Every time the Northern Lights shot up a stream of electricity would pour into the receiver, and I fancied that I could hear it running into the tank as if it was a stream of water. But the professor said this was a mistake, and that it didn't make any noise whatever. Perhaps he was right, for up there in the North a man is apt to fancy that he sees and hears things that don't exist. That is why Arctic explorers, when they come home, manage to tell such interesting yarns."

"It took less than half an hour to fill the first tank chock-a-block. When it was full the professor corked it up; and connected his collecting apparatus with the next tank. We worked along in that way pretty near all night, for the Northern Lights didn't seem to weaken until about 4 o'clock in the morning, and the professor was so interested that he wouldn't leave my firing in. I kept him company on deck, but everybody else was asleep. You see there wasn't really anything that the men could do, except stand still and watch the electricity flowing in the receiver, and I didn't see the use of keeping them on deck just for that. We filled five tanks that night, and the next night we filled the remaining four, and were ready to sail for England with a full cargo of the first quality of arctic electricity."

"The professor was perfectly happy for the first three or four days of the passage home, and then his troubles began; I might say my troubles, too, and the troubles of all hands, including the watch of the South Cape of Greenland, when I saw a bright light coming up out of the main hatchway. Of course, I supposed it was one of the men with a lantern, and I waited for him with a belaying pin, calculating to remind him that going below with a lantern and rummaging, without orders, wasn't allowed aboard that bark. But it wasn't any man; it was the ship's cat. Every hair of that blessed creature stood on end, and from his head to his tail he was crackling with electricity. He shone like a first-class Fresnel light, and whenever he brushed up against anything the sparks flew from him like drops of water fly from a dog when he shakes himself after having been overboard. The curious thing was that the cat didn't seem to appreciate his condition, or at any rate he didn't seem to mind it. He was always a mighty supercilious beast, and my idea is that when his hair began to rise up and sparkle he reckoned that somebody had been putting up a practical joke on him, and he calculated to spoil the joker's fun by not seeming to notice that anything unusual had happened. He was walking along the quarter deck in a slow, dignified sort of way, and was on the point of stopping to say good morning to me, when I stepped backward, and sang out to the boy to bring me a bucket of water. You see I didn't know but what the electricity might give me a serious shock if I let the cat touch me, and was afraid that if the cat wasn't extinguished he would set fire to something. I have the water over him, but it didn't do the least good, it only hurt his feelings; and as soon as it hit him he went aloft and over head, and sat down in the mizenmast, as dry as a stick. I could see his head over the edge of the top, and it's a solemn fact that as he licked himself his mouth was all lit up with electricity, till he looked as if he was breathing out fire and threatening slaughter, as the good book says."

"I passed the word for the professor to come on deck, which he did as soon as he could get his clothes on, which they were mostly put up and down, he thinking that I had called him because the ship was sinking and there wasn't any time for the 'frivolities of fashion. When I told him what had happened, and showed him the cat, he said that there must be a trifling leak in one of the tanks, and that the cat, having been near the leak, had absorbed a little electricity; that he assumed that there wasn't the least danger that the cat would set anything on fire. The electricity that was in his fur would only illuminate things for a few hours, and would gradually pass off into the air. I told the Professor if there was a leak in one of the tanks it ought to be stopped at once, but he said that wasn't possible. Then I said that I was to some little imperfection in the coating of a tank, and of course the coating couldn't be got at without tearing the tank to pieces and letting all the electricity escape."

"However, we went below after breakfast to examine the tanks, but he didn't find any leak. When he came on deck again he thought that the cat must have been quickly absorbing electricity from the Northern Lights, and had taken in more than he could hold. 'I corked up every tank tight,' said the Professor, 'and I am confident that there can be no leaking through the linings.'"

"If that's so," said I, "will you kindly explain why your hair is standing on end and why your nose is glowing as if you'd been fast to the mizenmast? Queen and all the royal family being the last fifty years? For, as a matter of fact, the Professor's hair, which was long enough to have qualified him to practice as a professional musician, was standing straight on end, and shining like the headlight of a locomotive."

"When I convinced him that he was pretty near as full of electricity as the cat he admitted that there must be a leak somewhere, and he showed that he felt considerably annoyed. I told him to go below before the men should notice him, for I didn't want them to get the idea that our cargo of electricity had sprung a leak. They wouldn't be very much surprised at an illuminated cat, for cats are notoriously un-

trustworthy and liable to do anything that is unexpected and undesirable; but an unaccountable scientific man would have aroused their suspicions, and being ignorant men they would probably have refused to accept his assurance that neither he nor the cat would set the bark afire. However, my precaution was useless for about 9 o'clock that night the mate came running into my cabin where I was asleep—it being my watch below—and informed me that the bark was on fire. I went on deck immediately and saw a stream of light running along each top rope—and they being chain instead of rope—and streaming out on each yard arm, where they ended in the biggest kind of corpasants."

"I told the mate that it was all right. 'It's only an electrical phenomenon,' says I, 'and as harmless as rotten pork.'"

"Just then the watch below came piling up the fore'side ladder, scared out of their minds. Every man jolt was shining like the Christian martyrs; the history book says a Roman emperor filled up with kerosene and then used for lighting the streets. Their hair and beards were streaming with electricity, and when one of them came close to another a shower of crackling sparks would pour from one man's head or beard to the other's. It was an awful sight to see a whole watch apparently burning to death; but I wasn't seriously alarmed. The men said that soon after they had turned in they were waked by a bright light in the fore'side, and found that every man was blazing in his bunk. By the time they had been on deck a few minutes down a bit, and they accepted his promise that if the electricity really succeeded in doing them any harm he would pay them big damages."

"The leak kept growing bigger every day, and the Professor explained that the lining of the tanks, which he had relied upon to prevent leaking, had proved to be a failure. It had decomposed and allowed the electricity to come in contact with the iron of the tanks, and then escape into the atmosphere. As there was no possible way of stopping the leaks, the whole of our cargo of electricity was bound to escape. It wasn't many hours before it had got into pretty near everything aboard that bark. It went up every board and every spar, so that the whole top hamper seemed to be picked out with fire. It made every living soul shine as bright as the Northern Lights at their best. There wasn't any need of artificial light either on deck or below. Even the biacene light wasn't needed, for the hair of the man at the wheel was enough to make the compass as visible at midnight as it was at noon. When the Professor and the mate and I sat down to meals we couldn't touch a knife or a fork without letting loose a stream of sparks, and every time one of us put his knife in his mouth the electricity would run along the metal and light up the food till it looked precisely as if he was eating fire. When we touched metal or a damp rope, and the sparks were set flying, there was a slight prickly sensation in our fingers, but it wasn't of much account and

didn't give us the least feeling of heat. As a matter of fact, the electricity made us feel about as you'd feel after a second glass of good Irish whiskey. We weren't in the least drunk, you understand, but we felt full of life, and ever lastingly springy in our muscles. And instead of making us irritable and ready for a row, the electricity made us as cheerful and as had come into a pile of money and was going to buy a farm in Devon and make his own cider and live rationally."

"We were, for the most part, out of the regular track of vessels, and we only met two during the whole of the three weeks of the passage home. The first one we met was a big full rigged ship out of Christiania. She sighted us one dark night, and being certain that we were on fire, ran down to meet us. Before she came near enough to have a good view of our deck I sent every man below except the man at the wheel, who was out of sight in the wheelhouse, and I crouched down under the weather rail and waited to see what would happen. The ship hailed us, but didn't get any answer, and after a bit she filled away and went on her course. There isn't the least doubt that she took us for a phantom ship. Just you think of it for a minute! There was a bark blazing from deck to truck without a soul visible aboard her. All the bark's sails were set, yet not a stitch of canvas was hurt by the fire that seemed to have caught on every bit of wood and rope and canvas aloft. Nobody aboard that ship could have taken us for a mortal bark. They classed us along with the Flying Dutchman of the Cape and the skeleton ship that raises off Ushant, and they were glad to run away as fast as their ship could carry them."

"The other vessel that we met was a Nova Scotia schooner. She sailed about two feet to our one, and when we sighted her she was about ten miles up to windward, it being hardly dusk at the time. It didn't take her very long to run down on us, and when she was within a mile she threw her hail on deck. This time I let the men stop on deck, though with strict orders not to say a word. When the schooner hailed us and said she would send a boat, I answered, 'What for? We don't need any boat.'"

"Why, man," says the captain of the schooner, "your barque can't last twenty minutes, and there ain't a man of your crew whose clothes and hair ain't afire at this identical minute."

"Fire," says I, in a surprised sort of way. "I don't see no fire. What's the matter with your eyesight?"

"You stand there with your hair ablazing, and the fire running along every spar and rope, and for all that you have the nerve to say your barque ain't on fire!" yells the captain.

"Look here, my friend," says I, "my advice to you is to swear off run before you're an hour older. There ain't a word or description of fire aboard this barque, except in the galley, and as for my hair, I'll trouble you not to make any more personal remarks. I don't take 'em from no man, whether drunk or sober."

"We didn't get another word from that schooner. She fled away, and though she was close hauled, she went away to windward at about the pace we were making with a leading wind. I've often wondered if her skipper took my advice and swore off. Probably he did, for unless he could convince himself that he had the 'D. T.' he

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couldn't possibly have explained the spectacle of a barque that was a sheet of flame, with a captain who could deny that he had seen any fire, though his hair and beard were blazing."

"You may ask if the two vessels that we met reported having spoken a bark on fire that blazed like an oil warehouse, and yet didn't seem to be any the worse for it. I'm betting even money that neither of them made any report, nor yet mentioned the matter in their log books. Any captain who should have made such a report would have stood a good chance of being discharged for drunkenness. It so would have been like reporting the sea serpent. Many a ship's master meets with the sea serpent, but he never mentions it, knowing if he does all the newspapers will be advising him to sign the pledge, and his owners will either discharge him on the spot or get rid of him at the first possible chance. No, sir! We were never reported, and I knew very well that we never would be."

"Well, all things must come to an end, and in course of time all the professor's electricity leaked out, and before we sighted the coast of Ireland our electric lights had burned clean out, and even the cat didn't shine any more. The professor was so discouraged by his failure to bring home a cargo of electricity that he gave the whole thing up, and I never heard a word from him after we were paid off. He died about two years ago, and all the papers said he was a most distinguished inventor and electrician. I shall always be of the opinion that if his tanks hadn't leaked he would have made a good thing of importing electricity, and that some of these days some other electrician will try the same plan and make a success of it. All that is needed is tanks that don't leak, and when such a tank is invented we shall import all our electricity from the Arctic regions."

The Graphic.

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

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ DONATUS, Archbishop of Bologna, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Aegae, Dioc.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1908

HOLY WEEK.

With to-morrow we begin the greater week, the week of Dolours, around whose days and hours turns the history of mankind.

Time moves along: day succeeds night with uninterrupted regularity. So rose the sun over Jerusalem at its appointed moment on that fearful Good Friday morning.

The service opens with a lesson from the prophet Osee, which tells us of the merciful designs of God in favor of the new people, the gentiles.

Other prophecies follow, then comes the Passion according to St. John, the last of the Evangelists. The other accounts had been given in the Mass of Palm Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

By her divine Spouse, prays earnestly for all mankind. St. Paul tells us that when Jesus was dying on the Cross He offered up to His Eternal Father for the world "prayers and supplications with a strong cry and tears."

There fore the Church from the earliest ages prays for the necessities of all—excloding none, not even the Jews. Immediately after the prayers follows the adoration of the Cross. First the Cross is unveiled—and afterwards presented for adoration.

The priest and the altar boys take of reverence, and making three genuflections, bend down to kiss the crucifix. During the ceremony solemn chant goes on, consisting of reproaches made by our Saviour to the Jews.

Each of the first three stanzas of this plaintive hymn is followed by the Trisagion or Prayer to the thrice Holy God, Who as Man, suffers death for us.

O Holy and Holy and Holy and Holy and Holy and Holy, have mercy on us! Towards the end of the adoration of the Cross the candles are lighted about the repository and things made ready for the Mass of the Pre-sanctified.

The Blessed Sacrament is carried in solemn procession from the side chapel to the main altar where it is reverently deposited upon the corporal. In the early discipline of the Church the laity used to communicate; now only the officiating priest.

Before Communion the Sacred Host is raised aloft for adoration. Then the ceremony terminates with the Communion of the priest: after which the altar is again stripped. No day presents to the Church and her faithful children such memories as Good Friday. It is not a holiday; much less is it a day of relaxation and pleasure.

It is a day of sorrow when our divine Benefactor performed His greatest act of love for us, and bestowed upon us His richest blessing by removing our guilt and by being our reconciliation. To follow Him in His Passion, to kiss His wounds, to listen to His dying words, to think of our part in that dread tragedy, to

and harmony when our Saviour was crucified. It is also a figure of the Apostles, who were the heralds of our Lord, and who fled from Him leaving Him a prey to His enemies.

The Mass proceeds in silence—save when the solemn chant breaks forth. No bell announces the consecration. No kiss of peace is given, out of detestation for the profanation of that sign of friendship by Judas.

Two large hosts have been consecrated by the celebrant. One of these he consumes, the other he reserves in a chalice. To-morrow will be Good Friday. So deep is the impression which this, the saddest day of the year, makes upon the Church that she does not celebrate the Holy Sacrifice.

Her renewal of the death of Her Divine Spouse will be to contemplate the terrible scene, to adore the cross, and to participate of the Host consecrated at the Mass of Holy Thursday. Whilst the Church suspends the sacrifice She finds a means of multiplying the homages and prayers to the World's victim.

In every church there is prepared in a side-chapel a rich repository where after Mass the Body of our Lord is placed. Around this anticipated tomb will be united ecclesiastical and lay servants pouring forth the praise and adoration of loving hearts with all the greater fervor by reason of the approaching anniversary of the Divine Prisoner's death.

What a day this! How full of Jesus' love! "It is meet and just," says the old gothic missal, "that we should give thanks to thee, O Holy Lord, Almighty Father and to Jesus Christ thy Son. We have been fostered by His humanity, exalted by His humility, set free by His betrayal, redeemed by His punishment, saved by His cross, cleansed by His Blood, fed by His Flesh. He on this day delivered Himself for us; and loosened the bonds of our sin."

and no public money is to be spent on theological or religious teaching." There is nothing Catholic about that clause. In fact it renders the whole institution dangerous and irreligious.

With roof fallen in as far as the vestry, the organ and organ loft totally destroyed, and the interior of the building gutted, St. Joseph's church on Leslie street, Toronto, lies a smouldering ruin.

Two young ladies, Misses Walpole and Jordan, who were removing some decorations before the regular Mass, discovered smoke coming from the organ loft, and notified Rev. Father Canning, who lives in the house next the church.

He turned in an alarm, but before the fire department arrived the fire had spread rapidly, and was eating its way along the roof.

A general alarm was sent in, but the united efforts of three brigades could not arrest the progress of the flames. St. Joseph's church was built in 1881, and is valued at \$10,000.

A policy in the Hartford Insurance company for \$15,000 is the only insurance carried.

We deeply sympathize with Father Canning in this great misfortune which has befallen himself and his congregation, and trust that ere long he will be enabled to erect a still more imposing sacred edifice.

Supplementing the suggestion for a tribute to Father Lambert made by a reverend correspondent a few weeks ago in these columns, and cordially endorsed by the Catholic press of the country, another priest expresses a wish that this popular demonstration of honor to the venerable editor of the Freeman's Journal might be confirmed by some recognition from the Holy See.

This further suggestion is well made and timely. It deserves to be promptly acted upon.

Dear Sir—Allow me as a priest from the Western prairies to endorse the providential idea of the Chicago priest with regard to honoring the good and great Father Lambert.

For one, I shall with all my heart offer Holy Mass for him and write him a letter voicing my humble appreciation.

Moreover, if not a presumption, I would suggest a corollary to that splendid idea. It is this: That the 100,000 or more appreciative letters be collected together into a symposium and forwarded to the Holy Father with the filial and respectful request that some official recognition be accorded to Dr. Lambert and his life-long heroic work in defense and vindication of our holy faith in this country.

No doubt, as the Chicago priest says, Father Lambert does not want ecclesiastical preferments. But we all know the force of the truth illustrated by Father Dun in "My New Carate" when he modestly declined the monsignorship, that it is the "recognition" of the official approval of work well and faithfully done that every good priest craves for, and not the mere empty honor in itself.

Everyone is familiar, too, with the case of Cardinal Newman. He did not ambition preferment in the Church, yet we know how overjoyed he was by the official endorsement of the Vicar of Christ in great lim Cardinal, saying that it removed a cloud which he felt hung over his name, owing to sinister influences.

In a similar humble and unassuming manner Father Lambert has done a work for the faith in this country as noble and as far reaching as Cardinal Manning has done in England. I do not make this statement altogether on my own authority.

Not many years ago I heard one of the officials of the Apostolic Delegation to this country—an Italian ecclesiastic—talk of the work of Father Lambert. He said that Dr. Lambert was the equal if not the superior of Cardinal Franzelin in his clear exposition of the faith; he went even further and said that he had an intuitive grasp of the faith after the manner of the Apostle St. Paul.

And he added that if such a man lived in Italy he would have been made a Cardinal long ago.

The matter of honoring Father Lambert has therefore been talked of in certain official circles in Rome, and it may be that all that is needed in that quarter now to materialize that idea is some such popular expression of opinion as the one suggested, just as it was the popular wish expressed to Rome which brought about the honoring of Cardinal Newman.

Some official recognition of Father Lambert would justly honor not only a deserving

champion of the faith, but would also honor the rank and file of the faithful priesthood of this country who, without the incentives of ecclesiastical preferments, fight the good fight and keep the faith.

The honoring of Father Lambert by the Holy Father would please intensely the priests and the people, for they feel that no man in this country has done more to strengthen and vindicate the faith than the humble pastor of Scottville, N. Y.

Moreover, it would put at work an official approval on his great and noble character, noble aims and distinguished use of exceptional talents should be rewarded, before he dies, by his ecclesiastical superiors with the consoling "ex quo, ergo" in some tangible form.—Sacerdos Occidentalis.

REVISING THE VULGATE. HERCULEAN TASK INTRUSTED TO ABBOT GASQUET AND THE BENEDECTINE FATHERS.

To a correspondent who is anxious to know what is meant by the "revision" of the Holy Scriptures that has been entrusted by Pope Pius X. to Abbot Gasquet and the members of the Benedictine Order, and to others interested in this great work, the following account of an interview with the Abbot by a correspondent of the London Standard may be enlightening.

As Dom Gasquet explains, "revision" does not mean any trimming and adapting of the Scriptures, but a careful collation of all the known and unknown copies of St. Jerome's translation of the Sacred Writings. It has been undertaken because of the Church's great care to preserve with the utmost possible exactitude every part of the entire body of scriptural truth.

The correspondent describes his visit to Dom Gasquet in Rome: As I ascended the Aventine Hill one evening in the biting Tramontana wind of Roman winter, and walked up the great avenue of cypresses, dark and mysterious in the cold moonlight, to the beautiful College of St. Anselmo, one of the finest modern buildings in Rome—standing in such peaceful isolation among the vineyards and convents and old churches, I could not but admire the taste of the Benedictines in the matter of monasteries, and my thoughts turned to that ideal mother house of the order, perched on the heights of Monte Cassino, with its broken tradition of nearly fourteen centuries of culture and erudition, and I felt that it was indeed fit that the great work of the revision of the Vulgate should have been entrusted by Pope Pius X. to the followers of St. Benedict.

I entered the college, and passing the line of students, in their characteristic black Benedictine cassocks, enjoying the leisure hour before supper, I followed the lay brother to the visitors' parlor, with its bare walls and simple furniture, where, after a few minutes' waiting, I was joined by Abbot Gasquet, the directing spirit of this great undertaking, who kindly allowed me to see him in order that he might explain to me something of what is to be done, and how it is to be accomplished.

Dom Gasquet began by saying that the Vulgate revision is a work that is very near and dear to the heart of Pius X., who, indeed, had impressed upon him that neither time, labor nor money was to be spared to render it as scientifically accurate as possible.

"It is an almost appalling task to set an old man of sixty-two," said the abbot, smiling, though his robust physique and keen alert eyes are more like those of a man ten or twelve years younger, "and I cannot hope to see it accomplished in my lifetime. I expect to do little more than organize it all, and I hope to arrange to break up the work into divisions. I have examined the course of the next three years of the revision of the Psalms or the Pentateuch might be brought to completion."

AN IMMENSE TASK. "What I should like people to realize is the immensity of the task that we have undertaken. No results will be obtained in a hurry. What we have to do is gather together and collate all the known and unknown copies of St. Jerome's great translation of the Sacred Writings up to those of the eleventh century. They divide themselves into great families, each with its special variations, peculiarities and mistakes, that resemble each other. The great 'Galliesca' version is that which is now universally adopted in the Catholic Church, with the one exception of St. Peter's, in Rome, where the canon uses the 'Roman' version. I have examined a complete list of all the known versions, but for our own purpose about fifty of the best and most correct copies will be used for guidance and comparison. Some of the finest copies are of Saxon origin, as, for example, the Alcuin copy, which is to be found in the Vatican Library, in Rome, and the Codex Amiatinus, now in the Laurentian Library, in Florence, which has a most interesting history. It was one of three copies made in the great monastery of Jarrow, from which St. Bede came, and the Abbot Coelfrid left the monastery with one of the copies, which was to be presented to the Pope. The abbot died on the journey, and the great codex was entirely lost sight of."

St. Bede had quoted certain lines from the dedication of this copy, and De Rossi, the great Roman Christian archaeologist, discovered that parts of the dedication of the Codex Amiatinus had been erased, and under the writing that was afterwards indisputably proved to be the long lost copy from Jarrow. This codex is probably the best and nearest to St. Jerome of all that have come down to us."

"Who will give me wings like a dove and I will fly, and be at rest?" Does not the heavy-laden soul echo these holy words in its frequent trials? Patience! We must wait upon God, and we must endure until the end.

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MIXED MARRIAGES. An "Inquirer" wishes to know whether a Catholic and Protestant can be married "after the new decree comes into force at Easter even if the ceremony be performed before the parish priest and in the presence of two witnesses, or will it then be necessary that the Protestant party must become a Catholic before the marriage." Most assuredly a Catholic and a Protestant can, fulfilling all the requisite conditions, be married validly and licitly after the Decree just as well as before. We say "fulfilling all requisite conditions," for our correspondent mentions only some of them. The Decree merely states that Catholics "who contract espousals or marriage with non-Catholics, baptized or unbaptized, even after a dispensation has been obtained from the impediment of mixed religion or disparity of worship is obliged by the Decree; unless the Holy See de-

cre otherwise for some particular place or region." This article is to make it clear that dispensation from either of the impediments mentioned does not include dispensation from the obligation of being married by the parish priest and in presence of two witnesses. Two and only two, conditions are, therefore, necessary in such marriages—the dispensation from the impediment in question and the celebration of the marriage before the parish priest. There could be no thought of drawing people into the Church by means such as are implied in the latter part of our correspondent's question. Whilst the door is always open and seekers for truth are always welcome, the fountains always free and the invitation a standing one, none are forced. All that the Church says to the non-Catholic is: "If you want a child of mine for your partner you must respect their conscience; you must out of that respect help to obtain the necessary dispensation and be willing to fulfil the condition that the children whom God may give you shall be trained in the faith and truth; and you must be willing to have the ceremony performed by my duly appointed minister." To draw young people into the fold by insisting that they must become Catholic if they wish to marry a Catholic would be to set a premium on hypocrisy. The action of the Church in this matrimonial legislation is not to forbid mixed marriages, but to encourage marriages amongst Catholics themselves. It should make Catholics reflect more seriously before receiving attention from or paying it to non-Catholics. It should make them value faith more highly. It should make them see more clearly the sacredness of that state in which not only they as individuals are interested, but the souls of those who are nearest and dearest to them in the world and whose sanctification and eternal salvation are largely entrusted by God to their care.

Answers to Correspondent. We have received the following questions with request for light: (1) Why do Catholics have Mass in the forenoon and not in the afternoon as well? (2) Why do Catholics always have their funerals in the morning? and (3) Was not the Last Supper an evening meal?

There are several reasons for placing Mass in the morning. The absolute fast which is required from midnight is the chief reason. When St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians in reference to the Holy Eucharist, after giving some instruction, he said: "The rest I will set in order when I come." St. Augustine maintained that the Apostle is here speaking of the law of fast before receiving holy Communion which was observed in the great Doctor's time throughout the whole world. At the time of Tertullian, who lived towards the close of the second century, holy Communion was taken before any other food. This law of fasting clearly dates back to apostolic times, and is founded upon the reverence due to the Sacred Body and Blood. Since the fast is of very strict obligation it would be impossible for priests to perform other duties and remain fasting until the afternoon. The same difficulty would be an obstacle to the faithful going to holy Communion. Very few could attend to their household duties the whole morning without any nourishment whatever. There is another reason for Mass being in the forenoon. The morning is the first fruits of the day; and it is good "to show forth God's mercy in the morning." Again says the Psalmist: "In the morning I will stand before thee, and will see, because thou art not a God that wiltest iniquity."

In answer to the second question our correspondent will be good enough to bear in mind that the Catholic funeral service is intimately connected with Mass for the Dead. Under normal conditions the burial service consists of prayers from the Ritual, then Mass, and afterwards other prayers concluded with the blessing of the grave. The time for funerals, therefore, follows the time for Mass. During plagues and other epidemics this custom cannot be observed. But under ordinary circumstances good Catholics wish to have the holy Sacrifice at the funeral, and to be carried to the grave with the Blood upon their foreheads which speaks stronger than that of Abel, and the prayer of Him Who in the days of His flesh was heard for His reverence. And because Mass is the sacrifice and "odor of sweetness" it is the spiritual bouquet, the flowers, to be placed upon the tomb. For this reason the Church will not allow flowers inside—nor does Our Mother care for them outside. It is prayer the dead want—not the fading flowers of earth more redolent of paganism than of that Christian immortality and that peaceful sleep which waits in hope the resurrection.

The third question we presume implies that we should imitate the Last Supper, since it was the establishment of the Mass, by having it in the evening. Our correspondent must remember that our day does not begin at the same hour as the Hebrew day. The latter began in the evening, so that really the Last Supper was celebrated in the early hours of the day. However our Blessed Lord was perfectly free to choose what hour He wished for the establishment of His holy Sacrifice. But as the Mass was to take the place of the feast of the Paschal Lamb, He naturally selected that day and that part of the day. The change to the morning was made most likely by the apostles themselves, and is smaller in character to the change from the Jewish Sabbath to the first day of the week.

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WRITTEN FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD  
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

I shall now leave this phase of a convert's experiences—his perplexity at their throwing away of good things which, in an ordinary sense, one might suppose non-Catholics would have retained, as beneficial to themselves, out of the wreckage of the so-called Reformation, if only upon the ground of their utility, for they lay such an impossible stress upon everything being strictly as per Scripture, and take up now some other masters, great and small, which from their unfamiliarity, claim the early attention and enquiries of a neophyte.

As many of these things pertain to the worship and its accessories, accompany one such as he walks home from church, and discuss them with him, answering his enquiries briefly, though far from as fully as might be, for he is anxious to have at least some bare outlines of the reasons for much that he is unhabituated to. Afterwards we can be his companion in the presbytery, the parish, the hospital, and the public street; and there is a possibility of encountering even the good bishop himself in our peregrinations.

And let those who read his questions (and know the answers well) have patience with the ingenuities and artless simplicity of some of them, for they are very real matters of inquiry and concern to many such as he. Indeed the better Catholic he is likely to be if he is anxious to learn all he can of doctrine, and to enjoy, to some extent at least, the sweet perfumes which emanate from the flowers of devotion and practice. With his usual wants at first, he is not an elaborate treatise on every subject he mentions, but merely a few lucid words of explanation to the haphazard questions he, like most other converts, is prone to ask sooner or later. And if he knows his Bible well, so much the better; for if he has still an unhappy lingering fear, hard to shake off, that Holy Church might yet prove to be only a beautiful amalgam of one third Bible teaching and two thirds ecclesiastical regulations, he will the more speedily realize, from the constant references to Holy Writ, that the faith and practices of Catholics constitute them the most pronounced and consistent of "Bible Christians" in a Christian land.

A list could easily be made including scores of details of doctrine and practice in common use with which a convert in an average-sized parish would be more or less unfamiliar at the beginning of his Catholic career; but as want of space forbids the mention of all, I must perforce confine my remarks to a few limited numbers. On all such points I know of no book for the enquirer better than Father Conway's "Question Box," to be had at the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, and other Catholic bookellers.

I observed, is the first query of our convert, that at my conditional baptism the priest, among other things, requested me to take the name of one of the canonized saints of the Church in addition to the somewhat meaningless forename I already possessed. Why was this? This is done so that by bearing the saint's name the person may be excited to imitate his virtues and holiness; and that he may invoke his aid and intercession for the salvation of his soul and the safety of his body.

He also breathed upon me three times. What did this represent? It signified that your soul, as yet unregenerated, was under the power of the evil one, and the breathing was done to drive him away, as by the Holy Ghost, who is the Spirit of breath of God. It also emphasizes the concept which Christians should and must feel for him, and the ease with which he can be put to flight like straw before the wind. You remember that our Lord used this ceremony of breathing when he imparted the Holy Spirit to his Apostles to empower them to forgive sins. It is therefore quite scriptural.

The priest also placed a few grains of salt upon my tongue—no doubt to symbolize something; and here let me say once for all that I do not object to true reasonable symbolism, for I see its usefulness in the army, the navy, the law courts, everywhere, in fact; and I know that symbol is as useless unless what they stand for are real; but what did it mean? Salt is the symbol of wisdom, as when St. Paul said to the Colossians: "Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt." It also preserves sweetness from corruption. Show to the world the sweet savor of God's law, and by your works that the doctrine of Christ preserves the soul from corruption. Let the words of your mouth be now virtuous and holy; have a relish for divine things.

Why did he touch my ears and nostrils with a little spittle, saying "Ephpheta?" St. Mark tells us that our Lord cured a deaf and dumb man using the same actions and saying "Ephpheta"—"Be opened!" Before you were baptised you were spiritually deaf and dumb. The Church, the depositary of the power of Jesus Christ, follows His example to signify the necessity of having the senses of the soul open to His truth and grace.

He anointed me on the breast and between the shoulders, and after baptism, the crown of my head, with oil. Why? That upon the breast signifies the inward anointing of the heart, to fortify it against our passions, and the healing of the wounds of the soul. Oil is the symbol of the sweetness of the yoke of Christ, and the anointing between the shoulders signifies the necessity of divine grace in order to support the adversities and crosses of this mortal life. The anointing of the crown of your head is of Apostolic origin, and signifies that you are now solemnly consecrated to God's service; that by baptism you are made partaker with Christ the great "Anointed of God" and share His unction and grace; that you are anointed to be king, priest and prophet; that as king you must rule your passions; as

priest you must offer yourself continually to God as a living sacrifice; as prophet you must declare by your life the rewards of the heavenly kingdom. Why was a lighted candle put into my hand after baptism? St. Matthew tells us of a parable of Jesus in which the ten virgins "taking their lamps went out to meet the bridegroom." You must now walk as a child of light, keeping the lamp of faith burning with the oil of charity and good works, so that when you meet the Lord you will not be found like some of those virgins who, when they met the bridegroom, had no oil, and their lamps had gone out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOME RULE WILL NOT DOWN.

LIVELY DEBATE IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(Associated Press Dispatch.)

London, March 30.—The House of Commons to-night after a lengthy debate on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, adopted by a vote of 313 to 157 a resolution moved by John E. Redmond, the Nationalist leader, that "in the opinion of this House a solution of this question can only be attained by giving the Irish people legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs." But the resolution was first amended by adding the words "all subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament."

MR. BALFOUR'S ACCUSATION. It was known beforehand that the debate could have but an academic interest, because the Government already had pledged that there would be no deal in the matter of Home Rule until it had been given a mandate at the general election. But the debate was made notable through the strong declaration of Chancellor Asquith, which was all the weightier because made at the moment Mr. Asquith was actually assuming the Premiership.

Mr. Balfour, in a brief speech, had accused his opponents of speaking with two meanings—a Radical meaning and a Nationalist meaning. He asked how it was conceivably possible to carry out great Irish reforms with British money except by a British Parliament, and ironically challenged Mr. Asquith to clear up this ambiguity.

MR. ASQUITH STATES HIS POSITION. A loud ironical laughter greeted Mr. Asquith's remark and said that never in his life had he felt less embarrassed. For over twenty years he himself and his colleagues had steadily and consistently advocated self-government for Ireland's purely local affairs. He held that opinion now as strongly as ever. He could not, however, support Mr. Redmond's motion in its present form, because he found in it no explicit recognition of Imperial supremacy, and, further, because no Parliament would be justified in embarking on such a task unless the matter first had been submitted to the electorate. It would be a gross and intolerable violation of their promises to do so in the House of the present Parliament. So far the present Parliament was concerned, he said, they had expressed their powers in regard to the problem of Irish government in the Irish Councils bill last year.

MR. REDMOND'S PLEA. In moving the adoption of his resolution Mr. Redmond declared that an overwhelming majority of the present House of Commons always had professed their belief that the concession of Home Rule was the only solution of the Irish problem, and that every member of the present Government at one time or another had given public pledges to the same effect. He now proposed to put them on record, and free the hands of the Liberal party and the Government at the next elections, so as to make sure that there would be no repetition of the gratuitous pledges made by so many of the members at the last election not to introduce Home Rule during the life of the present Parliament.

The only argument remaining against Home Rule, Mr. Redmond continued, was an argument of fear. It is said, he declared, that Ireland is disloyal; so was Canada in 1837, and so was General Botha until the Transvaal was given self-government. Mr. Redmond in conclusion asked the House to give Ireland what had been given the Frenchmen of Quebec and the Dutchmen of the Transvaal, and thus close the blackest chapter in the history of the empire.

BIRRELL ALL FOR HOME RULE.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, came out squarely in support of Home Rule, and declared there was not a man in the House of Commons but who knew that sooner or later there would be a very substantial modification in the relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The Imperial Parliament, he said, had not time to attend to the needs of Ireland; there were scores of vital measures requiring immediate and constant attention which they were going to allow "something like hell" to prevail in Ireland. If the Nationalists should bring their proposals clearly before the people at the next general election, Mr. Birrell said, he believed the English electorate would rally to their help in solving the problem.

TIMOTHY HEALY'S ATTACK.

Mr. Timothy Healy closed the debate declaring that Mr. Asquith was mistaken if he supposed he would command himself to the Irish nation by his speech. Mr. Healy's speech was a scathing attack on the Chancellor. He reminded the House that on the question of amnesty for the dynamites some years ago Mr. Asquith "closed the gates of mercy with a clang," but the gates were opened by the Tory party within two years.

Then, referring to the ordeal of the Pigott forger, Mr. Healy said that the only thing he regretted was that Mr. Asquith was engaged in that case to defend the Parnellites. Continuing he said that it was on the Irish question that Mr. Asquith came into notice. "To-day he is an important man," said the speaker; "to-morrow he

may be a god, but we shall not worship at his shrine." Mr. Healy's argument was that the Conservatives would force "free trade versus protection" as a plank at the next general election; therefore Mr. Asquith's attitude meant indefinite deferment of Home Rule.

Eril Percy on behalf of the Unionists moved an amendment declaring the House to be unalterably opposed to the creation of an Irish Parliament with a responsible executive, but the amendment was rejected.

London, March 31.—John F. Redmond, the Nationalist leader, whose resolution on Home Rule for Ireland, with some amendment, was adopted in the House of Commons yesterday by a vote of 313 to 157, said to the Associated Press, to-night: "For the first time in history the House of Commons, by an overwhelming majority, declared itself in favor of Home Rule. Gladstone's bill in 1886 was rejected by a majority of 30. His bill in 1893 was carried by a majority, 'seven' beyond 40, and on certain amendments it descended to five or six. The resolution in favor of Home Rule last evening was carried by a majority of 153."

This result is the more remarkable when the terms of the resolution are considered. It was not a resolution in favor of a half way house, or devolution. It put the Home Rule claim in its frank and fullest form, for it demanded a Parliament in Dublin and an executive responsible to that Parliament. Both the spokesmen of the ministry not only pledged themselves, but the whole Liberal party, to Home Rule.

Secretary Birrell said that the Liberal party was the Home Rule party; Mr. Asquith declared his unalterable conviction that Home Rule was the only settlement of the Irish question. Every single member of the administration, including not only Mr. Asquith, Secretary Birrell, and John Morley, but Sir Edward Grey and Secretary Haldane, voted for the resolution. They only professed the condition that they were preceded by their pledges from introducing such a measure into this Parliament by the question as to the position Home Rule should occupy in the programme of the Liberal party at the next election.

The ministers declared that this depended not upon them, but upon the Irish people and the Irish party. We accept the challenge," concluded Mr. Redmond, "and the business of the Irish party will be to take such action in Ireland, Great Britain, and the House of Commons as will keep the question of Home Rule in the forefront of political issues."

FIRST CATHOLIC STATE.

RHODE ISLAND GAINS THIS DISTINCTION, OWING TO THE PREPONDERANCE OF IRISH, FRENCH CANADIANS AND ITALIANS.

Rhode Island is the first of the subdivisions of the United States in which a majority of the people profess the Roman Catholic faith.

A recent census discloses that out of a population of 480,082, the Catholics are 279,321. They number 213,928 to 236,145 non-Catholics. The Jews are reckoned with the latter and every Protestant whether he is a church member or not.

This religiosity has been coming on gradually. The transformation which is at work in New England racially and religiously is borne out more prominently in Rhode Island than in the five other territorial subdivisions of the eastern States.

Rhode Island is smaller in area than any other State in the Union. It is likewise the most densely populated. It is noted for its wealth as well as for its congestion. We have to go to Belgium to find a parallel to its crowded condition.

At Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut have the largest number of Catholics in comparison with the non-Catholic population. They constitute half of the total in both States. In less than twenty-five years at the present rate of increase they will constitute the majority.

While the lead in Rhode Island is slight it is bound to grow rapidly as the number of children in Catholic families is much larger than in Protestant. The 10,000 Jews relatively hold their own with the Catholics in offspring.

Rhode Island further emphasizes the change by having a Catholic Governor, James H. Higgins, who is serving his second term and who is the first Catholic to be elected to this position. Hon. Edward Kavanagh, a Catholic, was elected lieutenant governor and in the death of the Governor succeeded him.

The State is staunchly Republican notwithstanding its Catholic majority. But the dominant party became corrupt and Mr. Higgins' vigorous mentality, high courage and splendid reputation gained him the votes of thousands of Republicans.

His career has been remarkable. Selling newspapers at fifteen to help his widowed mother; at twenty two a book-keeper, later a clerk in Washington; then a law student; in 1900 a Democratic mayor of Pawtucket, and in 1906, Governor at 30. He is not only the first Catholic to become chief executive of Rhode Island but he is the youngest man ever chosen Governor in any State. His public service has occupied his time to the neglect of his personal interests. He is worth \$1,000—the smallest fortune possessed by any Governor since the nation was founded.

Maryland had the distinction of being the first colony where the Catholics predominated. But that was only for a short time after its settlement by Lord Baltimore. Within a few years the influx of Protestants from Virginia and the mother country swamped the Catholics and the passage of harsh measures against the religion of the founders.

From the first Rhode Island was the broadest in toleration of religious practices of any of the New England colonies or States. Roger Williams,

who was driven out of Massachusetts by the Puritans, settled Rhode Island in 1639 and made it a haven for the persecuted who could not accept the austere religious and political opinions enforced by the Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts. Mr. Williams rebelled against such orthodoxy and his banishment was deemed for daring to entertain opinions on religion and politics at variance with those held by the ruler of the colony of Massachusetts. As soon as he and his followers settled Rhode Island the declaration of the liberty of conscience was proclaimed and soon a thriving colony was built up. Ever since the little commonwealth which imbibed freedom at the beginning has been most considerate of the religious convictions of others and the protective laws which found their way to the statutes of sister States were not permitted to discriminate against the Catholics of Rhode Island. It is true there was much prejudice against them before the Revolution and for some time after, but a Catholic stood a better chance for advancement than in little corner of New England than he did anywhere else in the eastern country. During the civil war the proportion of Catholics who enlisted for the war was larger than that of the Protestants, reckoning the difference in population.

Nowhere in the north did the Irish and French blood run more brightly than in Rhode Island and a soldier was enrolled for every 100 of its dwellers. All told, over 27,000 rallied for active service in the field of its total of 270,000.

The Irish and their descendants and the French Canadian and their offspring are mainly responsible for this preponderance in religious belief. The Italians, the Portuguese and the Germans have done something to bring this about. Their Irish and those of that blood born in this country number about 100,000, or nearly one fifth of the total; those of French blood about 80,000.

It is admitted by those who keep track of the development of population in New England that every State there will repeat the experience of Rhode Island within the next 40 years.—Union Globe.

DECAY OF RELIGION.

The sin of the age is unbelief, or indifference to religion. The effect of this unbelief is manifesting itself in various shapes and forms. Anarchy, dishonesty, distrust, discontentment, the irrepressible conflict, the hat red between Capital and Labor, the scandal of the divorce courts, many other evils are all born of infidelity, or result of indifference to religious teaching. We are a Christian nation, at least such is our proud boast, but practically we are pagans, worship the golden calf and offer incense to the demon of lust.

But why this decay of Christian ethics and Christian truth? The foundation upon which Christianity rests is as strong in its appeal to man's reason today as it was when it converted pagan Rome. Christ challenged the world to point out a single act of His that was not good, and when appealing to man kind to have faith in Him, he gave His reason by referring to His works. "If you believe not Me, believe My works." "They bear testimony of Me."

If unbelievers study the authenticity of the gospels and the harmony existing between them and the prophecies made from five hundred to a thousand years before, how in these prophecies the entire life of our Lord from Bethlehem to Calvary, even in the minutest details, is portrayed. His glorious resurrection, the peace which He brought on earth to men of good will, and the diffusion of His gospel throughout the universe are all described. Then came the fulfillment of the prophecies which He made of Himself. Any unbeliever denying His mission of Messiah, and studying all these motives of credibility, will find that the Christian faith is not a mere superstition, but a religion consistent with himself. It is no light matter to throw aside Christianity. To be a professed unbeliever requires a greater effort of the mind and will than it does to say, "I believe in God."

Unbelievers, to justify their abnormal state, will ask for an explanation of mysteries, so that they may be content to reason. But faith has the right to ask them to explain or destroy the proofs which clearly demonstrate the existence of such mysteries. If faith be unable to explain the nature or composition of a mystery, neither can infidelity or rationalism destroy the proofs of its existence. There is an impossibility then of either sides. The infidel's impossibility is more detrimental to reason.

Christian mysteries, which pertain to the heavenly sphere, the supernatural order, cannot be explained because they partake of the nature of the Infinite; but the proofs of the existence of said mystery pertain to the world—that is, human knowledge. Therefore it devolves on the unbeliever to destroy those proofs given in favor of Christian mysteries, since they belong to the tangible order.

A Christian may be unable to explain the great mystery of the Blessed Trinity, so that the unbeliever could see it as he does some natural fact after it is explained. Why? Because it is a mystery, essentially partaking of the Infinite. If it could be explained it would not belong to the religion of God.

The man of faith has the right to ask the unbeliever to explain, in his sense, the harmony that exists between the Mosaic narrative and science, the prophecies and the gospels, the institution and growth of Christianity, the person of Christ, for these are living visible and tangible facts, facts which have been rigidly tested in the past, which still survive, and will yet remain when all the criticisms of the Twentieth century are lost or forgotten.

They cannot explain them; their existence is certain. The point at issue is so serious, namely, infinite happiness, that the unbeliever should study the question seriously and humbly, that his might reach the goal of the doubting

Thomas who first proclaimed the divinity of Christ. "My Lord and my God." Truth does not exist if there be no truth in Christianity. If Christianity cometh not from God it destroys the very idea of God.—Intermountain Catholic.

MODERNISM DYING.

The future of Modernism? A few months ago it might have been difficult to say, but the situation is growing every day clearer. The heresy has been condemned by the Church and by every Bishop in the Church; the periodicals that favoured it have either ceased to accept the Catholic teaching or have disappeared, or have utterly lost credit; non-Catholic organs like the *Giornale d'Italia* have found that it does not pay to exploit the heresy and are gradually changing their tune; Protestant organs like the *Review* have grown tired of putting little men on big pedestals, and now at last the anticlerical and Jacobin *Mess* or *Paris* has told the *Abbe Loisy* and his followers in very plain language that they have ceased to be interesting and have become tiresome. M. Geruit Richard writes about them as follows in this organ:

"I would not like to say anything unkind about any body, but the Modernists are becoming extremely tiresome and it is impossible to feel sorry for them or to side with them against the Pope and the Bishops who condemn them. Let us urge for all come to an understanding as to the character and quality of religions, whatever they may be. A Catholic remains a Catholic only on condition that he believes everything taught by his Church. The day he begins to sophisticate about the dogmas, or to pick and choose among them, accepting this one and rejecting that, that day he ceases to be a Catholic. Why should we retain the name and appeal to the principles of Catholicism? This is what the Modernists are trying to do. They prove by their writings that the greater part of the miraculous accounts of the Gospel are false, and thus they repudiate the very essence of the faith, and yet they remain priests, monks, confessors, canons, professors of seminaries, and so on!

They are like the shop man who would say to the customers: 'Everything sold here is rubbish and old books not worth two pence, and the proprietor is robbing you of your money.' Any proprietor would put such a shop man at once outside the door, and nobody could say that he was wrong." The language is cynical, but the logic is plain enough to strike even a Modernist.—*Rome*.

THE PAPACY AND CHRISTENDOM. IS THE PAPACY AN OBSTACLE TO THE RE-UNION OF CHRISTENDOM? Archbishop Ireland in North American Review.

Under the above caption and in answer to a query—"Is the Papacy an Obstacle to the Re-union of Christendom?" there is in the January number of the North American Review a controversial article from the pen of the Most Reverend John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. His contribution to the question is a most able presentation of the claims of the Papacy.

"The Papacy," says Archbishop Ireland, "is a stupendous fact in history; none can ignore it; all must feel interested in what may be said of it by friend or foe. Peter alone is the rock; Peter alone feeds lambs and sheep; Peter alone confers (strengthens) the brethren. All who are in the Church, apostles included, are built on Peter."

"The grants of power made by Christ are of two kinds, each different from the other. There is the grant of the Apostolate to the whole Apostolic body; and there is that of the Prince-bishop to Peter alone. All apostles are teachers; all bind and loose; but, except Peter, none teach, bind, or loose independently; the brethren of Peter teach, bind, or loose under his guidance; Peter alone is independent and unfettered, having a commission peculiar to himself, given to himself alone. Peter is Bishop and apostle; so are all the other members of the body; but, Peter also is the prince, master and governor. In other terms, the Pope is Monarch of the Church."

Referring to the powers of the Pope, the Archbishop writes: "It is not to be supposed that Catholic faith allows the Pope to alter or transform the Church, or anything in the Church that is of divine ordering. Nor can the Pope alter or transform the official teachings of the ecumenical Councils or of his own predecessors; this would be to deny the doctrinal integrity with which Catholic faith holds those official teachings to be endowed. In matters of practical administration the Pope is not infallible. Hence, most loyal subjects of the Papacy may take, and not seldom do take, the liberty to offer counsel to the Pope, or to make respectful remonstrance. Counsels or remonstrances are no denial of authority, and imply no refusal of obedience."

"The Bishop of Rome is the Monarch of the Church, the centre of Christian unity. I have indicated in what sense his authority may be limited—limited by the divine teaching of the Scripture, the unanimous consent of the Christian Fathers, the divine order established in the Church, the dogmatic decrees of councils and previous Pontiffs; limited, also, by the natural law of justice and equity."

"How great the need of the Papacy in the Christian world is evidenced to-day as, perhaps, never before during its history. How little time it would take, even within the Roman Fold, to hurl into a similar chaos 'people and ministry,' were the Papacy to cease or to suspend its teachings, is made evident by the recent rise, even there, of those errors against the faith, which the Encyclical of Modernism in religion has so severely rebuked. The Roman Communion is saved from the dogmatic chaos in which Protestant churches are so hopelessly engulfed because in it the Papacy reigns and teaches."

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CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE MODERN WOMAN.

"The world is governed more by ideals than by ideas; it is influenced more by living concrete models than by abstract principles of virtue. Mary is the pattern of virtue, alike to maiden, wife and mother. She exhibits the virginal modesty, becoming the maid, the conjugal fidelity and loyalty of the spouse and the untrifling devotedness of the mother.

"The Christian woman is everywhere confronted by her great mother, Mary's portrait gazes down upon her from the wall. Her name is repeated in the pages of the book before her. Her eulogy is pronounced from the pulpit and altars, and temples are dedicated in her honor. Festivals are celebrated in her praise. In a word, the Virgin Mother is indelibly stamped on the intellect, the heart, the memory and the imagination of the Catholic daughter.

In the moral elevation of women can hardly be over-estimated. She is the perfect combination of all that is great and good and noble in womanhood, with no alloy or degradation. Here is exquisite beauty, but a beauty more of the soul than of the body; it delights, without intoxicating. The contemplation of her excites no inward rebellion, as too often happens with Grecian models. She is the mother of fair love, devoid of sickly sentimentality or sensuality. In her we find force of will, without pride or imperiousness. We find her moral strength and heroism, without the sacrifice of female grace and honor—a heroism of silent suffering rather than of noisy action."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

THE CAUSES OF UNBELIEF.

Gibbon the author of the well written but unreliable "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," a title, by the way, taken from Montesquieu's earlier work, tells us that after his conversion to the Catholic faith at the age of sixteen, the age of his innocence and still uncorrupted purity, his father "threatened to banish, disown and disinherit his rebellious son;" and then inflamed with Anglican hate of the true Church sent him in exile to Lausanne, in Switzerland, to live in the house and under the tutelage of a Calvinist minister named Pavillard, where in "exile and a prisoner, after some irregularities of wine, of play and of idle excursions," he lost his faith and became a Calvinist, to end his career as was natural, in infidelity. Thus hatred of the Church by the father, a typical eighteenth century Anglican, brought the son into the quagmire of unbelief. But his hatred of the Catholic Church still lives and acts in many a so-called Christian heart. "Let him be anything, Unitarian, deist or infidel, but not a Papist!" is the cry of many a modern Gibbon senior in dealing with his children. And consequently many of them prefer to be infidel and take their place in the army of hate of everything Catholic.—*The Monitor, Newark*.

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A Little Sermon on Saving. Most young men are ambitious enough and sensible enough to want to have some money laid by for emergencies...

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"We do not advise the saving of money merely for the selfish gratification of spending it. That would not be worth while. We urge you to save now that you may be spared the humiliation of slavish dependence later on."

"Great inventions have been lost to the world for lack of a very little money. Some of the world's greatest spirits have lived miserably and died in despair because they could never learn to keep the money that came to them."

"When you do get a little money together, put it in the bank. Don't be led into schemes. Don't buy anybody's watered stock. Let no trust mining scheme or other large hearted swindle lure you. If those things ever pay, they shake out the little men first."

"Get enough money to free you from worry, and don't let anybody get it away from you. Don't put it into any scheme. Let it simply enable you to change your employment, if you see a better chance. Let it make you secure against poverty in old age."

"Don't give up your little certainty. It comes very slowly; let it go out even more slowly. Begin now to save. Be one of those that are free, that have something."

"You will never know what real independence is until you are independent of any man's pocket book save your own."

We are exhorted by Christ to lay up our treasures in heaven, and if we fail to do this, the most important duty of all—our saving, all our scheming and planning, all our possessions of earthly riches, are of no avail. But our nature is two fold. Our life on earth has two sides, and the laying up of treasures in heaven does not preclude the wise forethought and thrift which bids us lay up some of this world's treasure for a rainy day. To be occupied altogether with worldly interests and affairs, to have one's thoughts continually on the dollar or the dime or the nickel—all this is disastrous to our higher nature and our eternal welfare. But we owe a duty to ourselves and our neighbors in the matter of saving our money. It should be the desire of each and every one of us to be so situated that we may not, when misfortune comes, be a burden on anyone. The only way for the most of us to accomplish this is to get into the habit of saving a little when we are young. This means self-denial, of course. It means the loss of a reputation for being a good fellow. But it means a help toward the building up of a reliable character. It means being in a position, later on in life, to help others.

The spendthrift is no good to himself or any one else when the hour of trouble comes. He can neither help himself out of a hard place, nor have the satisfaction of helping another who may happen to be in straitened circumstances. He must live helplessly on when someone whom he loves very much, perhaps, and whom he would like to help, is in sore need of assistance. He is compelled to see his children take inferior positions in the world because he has never had the ambition or the strength of character to save his money for their sakes.

All this is very hard and humiliating to a man of generous impulses, and all this waits in the future for almost every spendthrift, and to-day can be avoided by the young people of our day only by acquiring the habit of saving their money.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. POPWICH IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Greatly as Michael Popowich was disturbed when the letter reached him from Bernadette, containing full accounts of Johnny's escape from school and the sad starvation and cruelty which had led to it. Michael was a good-hearted man, loving well his religion and his priest, and he could not think it possible that all was true; yet there was the letter—and the details were all given, and he could scarcely think that Johnny had invented all. He scratched his head many times, and lay down his tools and scratched again, and I am afraid that he scarcely earned an honest afternoon's wage for work fairly done. He lay awake at night and thought it all over. Yes, Father McReady was a priest, and a kind, good gentleman, he had heard; and surely it could not be; yet the image of his poor little blue-eyed Johnny all pale and worn with fasting and ill-usage haunted his bedside.

He could bear it no longer. He left work in the morning and went off to

Lawyer Sharpe, who had the best reputation as a lawyer in the country town, to show him the letter and ask advice. But the good Attorney had not yet reached his office, and Michael was received by a youth of some eight years, with a bright eye and a laughing face who was already perched at his desk with pen in hand.

"Well! young gentleman!" said Michael. "I suppose you'll do. It's only a little bit of advice I want about my boy at school. The Misus says they've been ill-using of him; and of course that can't be right, can it?"

"Certainly not," said the youth; "where is he at school?"

"Down at Thornbury," said Michael. "Father McReady's place."

"Thornbury!" echoed the lad; "May I see the letter?"

As he read the letter, his face bore a more and more amused look, and at last he fairly burst out into a roar, and shook with laughter.

"Well, young man," said Michael at last, "I don't see exactly what there is to laugh at. Maybe you wouldn't like your own head cut open and salt rubbed into the wounds?"

"Don't be angry with me, Mr. Popowich," said the lad, "I mean no offence; I know Thornbury School and Father McReady well. Do I look terribly starved? Fearfully thin, ain't I? Signs of a galloping consumption about me?"

"I can't say exactly as you do, young man," said Michael, gazing at the face before him, bright with happy spirit and strong health. "You're a credit to your vicar, and all those who gave them you."

"Well! now, Mr. Popowich, sit down while I tell you a true story. Ten years ago about," and the lad's eyes filled with tears as he spoke, "there was a poor little boy, some seven years old, brought down to Thornbury School by his father. He was full of disease and dirty and neglected, picked up from the gutters. And he led him, promising to look after him and pay for him, and went away—and never came near him again."

"Had he never a mother, poor lad?" said Michael.

"His mother was dead, at least I think so, I hope so," said the youth, with quivering lips; "if she was alive, she also never came near him."

"Father McReady was in a pretty way, I take it," said Michael. "Father McReady was father and mother and all to the poor lad; clothed and fed him, and taught him; and the lad was not ungrateful, and did his best to learn; and the priest gave him an education fit for a gentleman."

"And got no money for him?"

"Never a farthing; and at last when he was old enough, he got him a good place in the office of a Catholic lawyer in a country town."

"Is this true? Did you know the boy?"

"Know him? Yes, Mr. Popowich, and you see him now. I was that poor neglected, forsaken boy. Do you think it likely, Mr. Popowich, that the man who brought me up so tenderly would rub salt into your boy's wounds? Go home, Mr. Popowich, and take your boy back to school. He has been writing falsehoods."

"Go back!" screamed Martha Popowich that evening as Michael strongly announced his resolve. "Go back! to have his poor head cut into shreds, and salted as if he was so much meat! Go back! It must be over my dead body then! There Michael."

"Yes, well! Martha," coolly answered Michael. "I should be sorry to lose you, my dear, but if so be your dead body's in the way I suppose he must go over it; dead body or no dead body, back he goes tomorrow as sure as my name's Popowich."

And back went Johnny next day sure enough, and Martha's body still lived.

CHAPTER XVII. THE ROUGH NURSE. This time Johnny was flogged.

"It won't do," said Father McReady, when the gentle Placidus was pleading for him, "there's no cruelty like softness. All love and no fear, all mercy and no justice, is not Catholic doctrine; why, Placidus, you'd be having your week all Sundays and no Friday, and your year full of Bank Holidays and no Lent."

"But, Father, don't boys sometimes get worse after floggings?"

"Yes, my son; and don't men very often get worse after illnesses? Does it follow that the world would be better if there were no illness, or that boys would be better if there was no birch? Human nature can misuse anything. It seems to me that schoolmasters are often expected to do more than God Himself, and make boys good against their will. The most they can do is to be a sort of outward grace-giving light to the mind by teaching, and aid to the will by command and advice and reward and punishment; but grace can be resisted, and so certainly can the utmost efforts of a schoolmaster. If, however, we don't use the means in our power, then we lay down our office and the fault is ours."

"Oh! but the parents make such a row in these days about floggings!"

"For shame, Placidus; and so we are not to do our duty because parents make a row? Are we the mere hirelings of parents, or are we the trainers of youth in the name and with the power of God? It seems to me that this fear of parents is ruining education. Such a boy is not to learn Latin, and instead of saying boldly 'we teach Latin, and mean to teach it, and if you do not wish it, take your child away, we whisper humbly 'Oh! certainly not; but any instead, or the violin.' Such another is delicate and must have a raw egg beaten up in goat's milk at eleven, and instead of saying 'if you make your boy a simpleton we shall not help you,' we buy hens and a Nanny to carry out the whim. We are no more the Professors and the masters of our art. But education has become a trade, and the school a business by which men may live if they please their customers; and so in the

sacred work of creating minds and training them, we must study the whims of each boy and of his father and mother."

"Yes," said Outthbert, "and his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

"Well!" said Father McReady, "until we cease to be parent riders, we shall never educate well. I am no lover of the School Board system but this good will do. It will get rid of many places where children are looked upon merely as money-bringing ware, and it will set up a strong educational authority with no mean standard of attainment, external to the home and independent of parental whims. Meanwhile poor little Johnny Popowich must be flogged."

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THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF APRIL 4.

SOLUTION BY DISSOLUTION.

How long the plateau itself was in use, or when the lodges were first set up within the enclosure, is a matter of conjecture. That European workmen would not tolerate the presence of families, with their troops of children in so close proximity, as long as the more active operations were in progress, it is but reasonable to suppose. The lodge fires burned on the hilltop but a few months at most, and the layers of ashes left were necessarily thin. On the other hand, all around the brow of the hill, the soil had been loosened and turned up, and before it could have time to harden, or even before one spring could begin to protect it with a covering of sod, the whole village with its lodges and palisades was utterly destroyed. The down-pours of summer and the drizzling rains of other seasons began then in turn to accomplish their work of obliteration. The hydrates of potassium, lithium and ammonium, contained in the ashes, were, during the long lapse of years, from 1619 to the present time, washed into the ground. The minute particles of carbon remain on what Mr. Andrew Hunter aptly terms "the breezy summit" were dispersed by the four winds of heaven, and carried down by the water to the lower levels, until a new forest growth had time to spring up and cover the plateau.

Where, on the contrary, villages had stood for eight, ten or fifteen years the conditions were different. The fires of the several families within the lodges were adding continually to the thickness of the ashbed, which, trodden down by the inmates into a more or less compact mass, formed a dry, warm flooring in winter and a hygienic one in summer. It was only when the accumulation became inconveniently high that the redundancy was transferred to ash heaps. When the village community moved elsewhere, the ashbeds of the old site were undisturbed. The surrounding surface had been hardened, and the sod quickly forming around the beds, prevented the wash away of the minute particles of charcoal, while the salts in the ashes, dissolved by the rains percolated through the soil.

Such is, in a few words as possible, the reason why we cannot expect to find such debris on the plateau of the "Martyrs' Hill," the site of old St. Ignace II, though they exist in profusion at many other sites and are sufficiently plentiful on the first lower level at the very foot of the hill.

THE "PARABLE" RECALLED.

Recalling once more our "Parable of the Green Veranda and the Red Hollyhocks," I would ask the first comer, when John had found a house with a green veranda, the only one in the settlement where his uncle certainly resided, was he acting the part of a reasoning mortal in concluding that the house must be his uncle's residence, though there were no red hollyhocks in sight? The answer would certainly be yes. The absence of the hollyhocks might be explained in various ways, but the disappearance of the veranda could not be accounted for so easily. It was something more essential to the house in question than were the hollyhocks in the front yard. The yard might have been dug over and sodded that spring and before the flowers were set out the fern hands might have been cut and elsewhere. Meanwhile, to give the shoots a start

ly throughout northern Simcoe county. Turn now to page 11 of Mr. Andrew Hunter's Monograph on Tivy, and you will find an excellent cut of one of the old French axes stamped as above described. But you will find more and on some farms in this neighbourhood, many iron tomahawks of early French pattern have been found. The triple fleur de lis always to be seen on these French hatchets is a sign of the country whence they had origin, not less certain than the ubiquitous "Made in Germany" of our own day. "The blades themselves should be labelled 'Made by Mr. Andrew Hunter,' lest there should be any mistake about 'whence it had its origin.' The veriest school-urchin could put his finger on the fleur de lis emblazoned on the armorial bearings of the Dominion. And this is the 'competent person' who tells you, Mr. Editor, 'such oblique (i. e., of spurious and mistaken origin) can always readily be detected as to their make and alleged place of (fading by any one expert in such matters.' Now this is a matter of archeology, and a very simple matter. It is sad to think how the mighty have fallen.

But Mr. Andrew Hunter must be skilled in interpreting old-fashioned abbreviations, at least the simpler ones, which occur so often in any document, or on any map of the seventeenth century? I thought so too, but on page 21 (Mon. Tiv.) I had: "the scattered village that we have just finished describing may have been the mission marked Kaotia on DuRoi's map." But it is not marked Kaotia on that map but Kanotia, for the bar over the "o" would tell any one with any knowledge of the antique that an "n" is omitted. This same mistake is to be met with on page 29. But could not this be the printer's mistake? The thing is possible, so let us take an instance, where the thing is certain, openly acknowledged and persistently maintained, and in a matter of the greatest consequence for those who have at heart the successful reconstruction of the map of Old Huronia.

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THE LITTLE FOLKS CAN HELP MOTHER WASH. The best washer is always the easiest to work. A child can run the "1900 GRAVITY" WASHER. Wash a tubful of clothes in six minutes and the garments will be cleaned better in that short time than a strong woman could do it by hand in an hour or more.

they might have been planted behind the barn; or if the seed had been sown late, after the sodding it had not yet had time to sprout. Or, who knows how many other explanations might be found.

Of course the red hollyhocks, in the parable are the ashbeds, etc., of the reality; the green veranda, the physical features or conformation of the ground at St. Ignace II, something far more important than the ubiquitous ashbeds in distinguishing one position from another, and which cannot be explained away, no more than could the disappearance of a mountain. Farville, at the proper distance and in the right direction from John's home, stands for the whole region, with reasonable limits, within which area the Haron village must be found, if the distances given in the old records are at all to be considered. I say "with reasonable limits" for as the distances were not measured by the missionaries with the rigid exactness of a survey, and seeing that the figures given were qualified by them as "about" "not more than," "thereabout" a certain reasonable elasticity of measurement must be allowed.

Of course also (the green veranda) is found, it is for the historian to find a reasonable explanation found on historical facts for the absence of ashbeds, (red hollyhocks) on the crown of the hill, and their presence on the lower levels of fertile land at the very foot of the plateau. This has been done, as may be seen in what goes before, and is a great piece of deduction to Mr. Andrew Hunter's very superior knowledge, am I not justified in concluding that the position of the Martyr's Hill is the correct one, and that it stands on the very ground once occupied by St. Ignace II? I think, Mr. Editor, your readers will admit that this has been established above, by irrefragable proof, and that every objection urged against it has been shown to be either fallacious, or easily disposed of by explanations founded on historical data.

May I presume now, think you, Mr. Editor, to give a word of advice to Mr. Andrew F. Hunter—but I fear it may perhaps be a word better to formulate it in general terms.

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A WORD TO THE WISE. The owl has always passed for a very wise bird. This judgment of mankind is based not so much upon what it ever did say but rather upon what it did not say, coupled with that exterior of wisdom and reserve so characteristic of its species. Not having ever spoken, it has never had anything to unsay, and has never had to deplore any blunder committed, which the craft and unscrupulous Tallyrand denounced as worse than a crime. Now when a man is not well up in any particular matter, he can do no better, when that subject is broached, than imitate that dignified fowl, give a blink or so perhaps, but maintain on the whole a discreet silence. Then nobody will be the wiser as to the true state of affairs.

When an unassuming man, a diffident man, a man who does not know too much so as not to be able to learn a few things more, when such a man makes a mistake, people will think very little of it, and will be inclined to pass it over unnoticed, and forget. But when a man assumes the air of an intelligent expert, and haughtily passes judgment on the competency of other men, let such a censor beware for he will find few outside his "very own" little circle to condone any ridiculous mistake.

A FEW GEMS. To give an instance of what I mean. Let any one take a small cork, gauging, say, a quarter of an inch, and on the end cut at right angles two shallow incisions diametrically across its surface, rub lamp black on it, and take the impression; he will have one of the familiar-shop-marks for which the French blacksmiths stamped the iron axes, found so plentiful-

Rejoice, therefore, O thou who hast known what it is to suffer; and be comforted under the suffering which thou art still to be called upon to endure. Welcome the suffering souls who come to thee as sent to thee by the Redeemer; welcome them as those for whom thou hast learnt and suffered and labored; listen to the story of their trials and answer them out of the fulness of thine own heart.

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