

The Catholic Record.

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

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Feast of the Assumption.

“A NIGHT-PRAYER.”
Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set; the day is dead;
The Feast has fled;
My eyes are wet with tears unshed;
I bow my head;
Where the star-fringed shadows softly sway
I bend my knees,
And, like a homelike child, I pray,
Mary, to thee.

Dark! Dark! Dark!
And, all the day—since white-robed priest
In dawn's first ray—begon the Feast,
—I, the best—
Thy least, and last and lowest child,
I called on thee!
Virgin! didst hear? my words were wild;
Didst think of me?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Alas! and not! The angels bright,
With wings as white,
As a dream of snow in love and light,
Flashed on thy sight;
They shone like stars around thee! Queen!
I knelt afar—
A shadow only dim the scene
Where shines a star!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
And all day long, beyond the sky,
Sweet, pure and high,
The angels' songs swept sounding by
Triumphantly,
And when thou hast filled thy ear,
Rose round thy throne,
How could I hope that thou wouldst hear
My far, faint moan?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
And all day long, where altars stand,
Or poor or grand,
A countless throng from every land,
With lifted hand,
Winged hymns to thee from sorrow's vale
In glad acclaim,
How couldst thou hear my lone lips wail
Thy sweet, pure name?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Alas! and not! Thou didst not hear
Nor bend thy ear,
To prayer of woe as mine so drear;
For hearts most dear,
Hid me from thee from that bright Feast day,
Rose round thy throne,
Wilt hear me, Mother, if in its night,
I kneel and pray?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set, the day is dead;
Thy Feast has fled;
My eyes are wet with tears I shed;
I bow my head;
Angels and altars hailed thee Queen
All day, all night,
To-night what that has ever been—
A Mother to me!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Thy queenly crown in angels' sight
Is fair and bright;
Ah! lay it down; for, oh! to-night
Thy smile is dear,
Shines not as the tender love-light shines,
O Mary! mild,
In the mother's eyes, whose pure heart pinns
For poor, lost child!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Sceptre in hand, throned high and low
From ear and eye
In angel land; but, fair Queen! pray
Lay it away,
Let thy sceptre wave in the realms above
All day, all night,
But, Mother! fold in thine arms of love
Thy child afar!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Mary! I call! Wilt hear the prayer
My poor lips dare?
Yea! be to all a Queen, most fair,
E'en, gentle, dear,
But look on me with a mother's eyes
From heaven's bliss;
And wait to meet me from 'neath airy skies
A Mother's kiss!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set—the day is dead;
Her Feast has fled;
Can she forget this sweet blood shed,
That evening—“Woman! behold thy Son!”
Oh! priceless right,
Of all His children! The last, least one
Is heard to-night.

FATHER RYAN.

A BRILLIANT ARGUMENT.

Rev. Dr. Brann's Admirable Address on the Christian School.

The following admirably pointed and brilliant address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Brann, rector of St. Agnes' Church, New York, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on June 25. The occasion was the annual commencement of St. Francis' College. Dr. Brann's words addressed to the graduates are worthy the attention of every intelligent person. The able speaker's argument presses the friends of Christian education in an inextinguishable position—a position which the wily infidel will find it impossible to successfully assail. Rev. Dr. Brann said: “Young Gentlemen: You stand here the product of a system that is bitterly assailed by the enemies of Christianity throughout the world. You are the graduates of a Christian school. Upon that school infidelity, whether it be the result of education or of apostasy, in the press, from the rostrum, from the professor's chair, in the halls of legislation and even from the pulpit, wages unremitting and unjustifiable warfare. Fear and impotency, it is true, limit modern infidel hatred. But it goes as far as it can with impunity. It has the cunning and cowardice as well as the malice of Julian, the apostate (L), who was afraid to put the Christians of his time to death, but nevertheless excluded them from all civil and military offices and forbade them to teach in the Public schools or to establish schools of their own. Denying the divinity of Christ, infidelity, with a hatred so superhumanly malicious as to be a proof of the existence of a personal devil, still strives, as it has striven since the crucifixion, to destroy Christ and whatever tends to promote or propagate His doctrines. Infidelity never builds up. Its purpose is to ruin, and Apollyon, the destroyer, is its idol.”

HOSTILITY OF SO-CALLED CHRISTIANS.

“We are not astonished, therefore,

at infidel hatred of Christian education; but we are surprised at the hostility of certain so-called Christians. Why should they oppose Christian schools? They believe, as Catholics do, in the inspiration of the Bible, in the divine origin of the Ten Commandments, in the divinity of Christ, in the necessity of Christian faith and morality for the salvation of mankind, as well as for the temporal happiness of the individual and of the family. They know also that national prosperity and stability depend on respect for the laws, for the rights of persons and property and for the sanctity of oaths. If there be a general contempt of the laws of the land anarchy must follow.

If there be no respect for individual rights, the worst forms of socialism and communism will ensue; if there be a general disregard for the sanctity of an oath, universal distrust and perjury will ensue, the destruction of commerce and trade and the impossibility of obtaining justice in the courts of law. But without God and religion how can there be any obligation or sanction to law, to right, or to an oath? God is the sole source of this obligation, and religion its greatest sanction. How can any Christian, therefore, believe this—as every Christian must—and not favor the inculcation of Christian principles? How can any Christian patriots insist, as so many pretended patriots do, in putting God into the Constitution of the State while putting Him out of the school? Or how can any Christian hold the extraordinary opinion preached even by Christian clergymen, that religious teaching is necessary in the college and university, but unnecessary in the primary school?—as if religion were good for the rich, but useless to the poor—necessary for the classes, but unnecessary for the masses!

“These Christians know that whatever tends to check or diminish crime is a safeguard of the family and the State. They know that no one who believes the doctrines and practices the precepts of Christianity can be a criminal; that crime among Christians is an anomaly, an abuse of free will—the sad result of human passions rebelling against the law, and that the teaching and the influence of the Church are opposed to every species of crime. Why, then, deprive the growing generation of the restraining and elevating influence of religion at the most susceptible period of their lives?”

CASES IN POINT.

“A few years ago the director general of the prisons of France said ‘that the progress of crime was in direct proportion with that of irreligious education.’ Ravachol, who a few months ago made Paris tremble with dynamite outrages, when asked by the judge who tried him if he believed in God, answered: ‘If I believed in Him do you think I would do what I have done?’ Valiant, who lately threw the bomb into the halls of the Legislative Assembly of France, refused the services of religion before his execution. Henry, who killed the inmates of the Cafe Terminus, declared that he repudiated the principle of authority as an old remnant of faith in a Supreme Being; and added, ‘I recognize only one tribunal—my conscience.’ Caserio, the murderer of Carnot, and Lega, the would-be murderer of Crispi, became anarchists and assassins after throwing away their Christian faith. In these and in all other cases the crimes of infidels are the logical consequence of their infidelity, while the crimes committed by Christians are contrary to their convictions.”

“The position, therefore, of any Christian who opposes the Christian school is inexplicable. To oppose it on the ground of patriotism betrays ignorance of Christian teaching and of history. The greatest patriots, the best soldiers and sailors that ever lived were trained in Christian schools. In them they learned the sacred character of duty. In them they were taught that if false to their country they were false to God. Says Mgr. Satolli, the illustrious and learned delegate of our Holy Father, Leo XIII: ‘Religion indeed is precisely the best and surest basis of every civic virtue. Therefore our youth learn precisely in the Christian schools that *conversatio bona*, those virtues which are the ornaments of every good citizen. The reproach that our Catholic schools are detrimental to the development of a truly national spirit, or at least do not promote it, is simply incomprehensible and can only be ascribed to complete ignorance or prejudice against the salutary influence which religion exercises in every sphere of social life. Such a reproach would be doubly unintelligible when coming from a Catholic.’

A DESPICABLE LIE.

“Of all the lies born in hell and propagated by the devil, the most infamous in its purpose, the most cowardly in its origin, the most shameful in the face of history, is that lie which charges treason on the Christian school and lack of patriotism in its pupils!”

“How despicable a lie it is, young gentlemen, you know; for you know the patriotism of your Church and of your Christian teachers. They do not belong to that class that shouts for ‘the flag and an appropriation.’ They are loyal to the flag, although they get no appropriation. They represent the

convictions of ten millions of our best citizens, who, by their unwavering adherence to the cause of Christian education, and by their generosity in sustaining it, show the difference between true Christianity and its counterfeit. Because they truly love their God and their country and wish to preserve the faith and morals and thus save the souls of their children, they bear the burden of double taxation. The condition of Catholics in this respect in the United States proves that the accidental majority of a republic may be as unjust and as despotic as a Czar or a Sultan.”

“Whatever others may say, you know that your teachers are noble Christians and exemplary citizens. They make the greatest sacrifices without the hope of honor or emolument. Bound by sacred vows which shut them off from all the ambitions and pleasures of the world, they spend their lives in the arduous labor of the Christian school-room.”

“When they die no marble or granite monuments mark their lowly graves. But the angels are preparing for them thrones, and they shall live forever with God and His saints. ‘The just shall be in everlasting remembrance.’ Psalm iii, v. 7. The memory of these devoted teachers shall be cherished by you also, young gentlemen, and the older you grow the more you will realize the debt of gratitude you owe to them.”

PROF. HUXLEY.

Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*:
Dear Sir: In your issue of the 6th inst. you make some remarks on the late Prof. Huxley, which are in the main correct. But let us surely be grateful to him for having awakened in us a greater interest in natural science. Even as late as forty years ago the intolerant spirit, which endeavored to crush Galileo, was very rampant among us, and only for Huxley's trenchant pen it might have succeeded in binding us to Darwin's great discoveries. If any of your readers doubt what we say, let them read an article by the Catholic scientist, St. George Mivart, entitled, ‘Modern Catholics and Scientific Freedom,’ which appeared a few years ago in the *Contemporary Review*.

CATHOLICUS.

In estimating the value of a man's life-work we must take it altogether and weigh and compare the good and the evil, the error and the truth of his teaching, and strike a balance sheet. Measuring Huxley by this rule we find by what we say, so far as his influence went, that he has done more harm to the world and to society. He supplied the world with some information in natural history which it could get on without did get on without—but he devoted his most strenuous efforts to rob mankind of that which it never has and never can get on without—religion—the supernatural. His popularity among a certain class depends, not so much on his discoveries in natural sciences as on his atheistic, materialistic, philosophical speculations. It is for these that he is lauded, and it is not for the Christian to seek something good or indifferent that he did, in order to join in the infidel chorus. Julian, the apostate, did some good things; so did Tom Paine and Voltaire, but owing to the evils they did the Christian is not called upon to magnify the former and minimize the latter, and thus hold up bad examples for the admiration of society. Benedict Arnold was a brave man, and did some good work, but the patriot finds brave and true men enough in the history of his country for his admiration without emphasizing the bravery of a traitor. It is the same with the Christian. He has enough to praise and admire without burning incense to gift-bearing Greeks.

Modern pantheism, under the form of atheism and materialism, has endeavored to appropriate science to its own special use, and to make it the handmaid of infidel propagandism. To this end it has labored to place Christianity in a false light, as antagonistic to science. No one did more of this devil's work than Huxley, and all that he has done in the natural sciences should not blind us to the fact. Here is his view of the purpose of science:

“The progress of science means the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity.”

This, according to Huxley, is the province of science, and in this sense,

it is needless, to say that Christianity, always has been, and always will be, opposed to it.

If the interest said by our correspondent to have been created by Huxley in natural science, was created with a view of banishing from the regions of human thought what we call spirit and spontaneity, we, as Christians, owe no gratitude to him.

The quotation we give above from Huxley proves that he was not a scientist in the true sense of the word. The object of science is truth, and the object of natural science, that is, physical science, is to discover the facts and laws of the physical order. When he goes beyond this the scientist ceases to be a scientist and becomes a philosophical speculator and a meddling in metaphysics, a domain beyond the natural sciences. Huxley assumes that there is no such thing as spirit and spontaneity, assumes it without a shadow of proof, and then makes the progress of science dependent on a successful demonstration of what he assumes. All nature must be so interpreted as to work to that end. The true scientist takes nature as he finds it, or rather tries to find it as it is, and not as he thinks it ought to be, to prove his preconceived theory. Huxley was first of all an atheist, a materialist, and could see nature from no other point of view.

Every fact he discovered must tell against himself or it was immaterial. If he discovered that a ray bird had its longest toe behind he must exploit the fact in a way to disprove the cosmogony of Moses. Such was the tendency of his mind.

It was just such opinionated scientists as Huxley that gave Galileo all his trouble. The professors of the old system saw that if the Copernican system advocated by Galileo prevailed, their occupation would be gone, and they did everything in their power to prevent its acceptance, even endeavoring to compel an ecclesiastical decision.

There was nothing original in Huxley's materialism or in his philosophy of the origin of knowledge. The latter he drew from Descartes, whom, not understanding, he misrepresented. Except some facts of animal life, he added nothing to the store of human knowledge, while he did all he could to destroy the validity of all knowledge.

When our correspondent speaks of Darwin's great discoveries, he refers, we suppose, to the theory of evolution. We must remind him that Darwin was not the discoverer of that theory. If he refers to his theory of natural selection, we must remind him that that theory has not been established, and his theory of the origin of life has been rejected, even by Huxley himself.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH NEVER PROTESTED AGAINST THE POPE.

A late number of our Protestant Episcopal contemporary the *Living Church*, has an abstract of an address by the Bishop of Glasgow on ‘The English Church before Henry VIII.’ which repeats the assertion, so often made by English and American Episcopalians, that ‘The Church of England had a previous history of many centuries before the Reformation, and during that previous history she had been continually resisting the encroachments of the Church of Rome.’ Now, it may not seem a gracious thing in us to flatly contradict a gentleman who enjoys the distinction of being a Bishop, but the truth of history compels us to assert, positively, that the Catholic Church in England never protested against the Pope's supremacy before the Reformation, and what may seem more strange to those not familiar with the real facts of the case, the Catholic Church in England did not protest against the Pope's supremacy even at the time of the Reformation. All the documents recently published from the public archives go to show that the so-called Reformation was forced upon the nation by the will of tyrannical princes and their satellites, against the wishes and constant protest of the Bishops and the mass of the people.

It was the lust and greed of the best Henry VIII, who cared for neither God, nor the Devil, and who was bent upon the gratification of his inordinate passion, cost what it might, that first caused the rejection of the Pope's supremacy and led to all the untold evils of error, heresy and schism which followed that reckless, astorically and tyrannical act. There had indeed, been conflicts with the Papacy in England before the Reformation, but it was men of similar character to the bluff Hall that brought them about. They protested not against the spiritual authority of the Pope, which they really feared, but they sought to get possession of the temporalities of the Church and to have a hand in its government, especially the appointment of Bishops, for their own selfish purposes.

Among the instances which the Bishop of Glasgow cites in confirmation of his position is that of William the Conqueror, who refused to do fealty for his kingdom when demanded of him by Gregory VII. This famous monarch is not a very favorable instance for the Bishop's purpose, though he was, perhaps, as good as any. He was, in fact, a prototype of Henry VIII. He was a cruel tyrant who, in

the commencement of his reign, bestowed some favors upon the Church, but in the end he was careful to affect a tremendous interest on his benefactions.

Washington and Mark Wilks, in their interesting volume, ‘The Three Archbishops, Lanfrance, Anselm, A.B.C.K.E.I.’ say: ‘The Church had, unquestionably, received great privileges from William the Conqueror, and the authority of Rome had been fully acknowledged at least until within ten years of his death, but at the same time no king ever did so much to reduce it below the secular power, and to make it yield a revenue to him in return for what he had bestowed upon it.’

That great and holy prelate Lanfrance, resisted these encroachments and passed a canon which orders that no clergyman in town or country pay any service for his ecclesiastical benefice but what he paid in the time of Edward.’

The Protestant historian Gardiner, in his ‘Outlines of English History,’ says:

“Worse thing even than this were said of him. The king and the head men loved much and ever much covetousness on gold and over much covetousness on gold and over much covetousness on gold. It was gotten if only it came to them.” Did we not say truly he was an archetype of Henry VIII? Yet, in one remarkable respect he differed from that monarch—he allowed the collection of Peter's pence in his kingdom, which does not look much like the anti-Pope of more modern times. He differed from that monarch, too, in another important particular. On his death-bed he gave orders for the restitution of what he had unlawfully seized from the Church. The Church of England in his day, with the great Lanfrance at its head, was loyal to the Pope.

So was it in the time of his successor, his son William Rufus, who was even worse than his father, and who, but for the heroic efforts of that other great and holy Archbishop, Anselm, would have anticipated the great Reformation (?). Unfortunately, Anselm had to contend not only with the monster William but also with a lot of obsequious clergy who were cowed by the tyrannous exactions of the greedy monarch and were ready to cravenly yield the rights of the Church.

When required by the king to promise on oath never to appeal to Peter, Anselm heroically answered: ‘You command that, as your security for the future, I promise never again on any account to make appeal in England to Saint Peter or his Vicar. I say that no such command should by any means come from you who are a Christian. To swear thus would be to forswear Peter; and there can be no doubt that he who forsavors Peter forsavors Christ who sets Peter as chief over his Church. When then, sire, I shall at your bidding deny Christ then will I not be slow to expire at the judgment of your court the offense I have committed in asking leave to go.’ And when, at the Council of Rockingham, the obsequious Bishops showed a disposition to yield to the king the untitled gentry, the third estate of the realm, who had previously been cowed, took courage from the example of the heroic Anselm and one of their number came boldly forward, knelt to the Archbishop and assured him of the loyalty of the laity of England to him and to the Church, which the tyranny of their king was striving to keep in bondage.

This is a fair sample of the opposition which it is claimed has always existed in England against the supremacy of the Pope. It is the opposition of wicked princes, of selfish, ambitious, unscrupulous rulers who would subject the Church and become spiritual as well as temporal rulers while the mass of the people remained faithful to the Church.—*Catholic Review*.

DERELICTS.

One of the greatest perils of the sea is an abandoned vessel floating at the mercy of the wind and the waves. It is a menace to navigation. It defies the lookout of captain and pilot. Nobody knows where it will drift next.

The derelict vessel is a type of a large class of minds which drift helplessly upon a sea of religious speculation. At least half the unbelievers in religion are of this character. They have no mind of their own. They are the victims of the last glib tongue or the last plausible book. A mountebank like Ingersoll can make them believe that the moon is made of green cheese.

Church history records that the pagan philosophers made the Roman populace believe that the Christians were wizards and enchanters, who, at will, made the Tiber overflow its banks, that they ate roasted young children in their nocturnal orgies and that they worshipped an ass's head for God.

How many persons in this country believe just as absurd calumnies against Catholics and the Catholic Church? Such people are to be pitied more than blamed. They are, in fact, weak minded, and they do not know it. Facility of believing every yarn without investigation is a sign of either

torpor or imbecility. If one puts sense into such heads they ache.

But as they are open to good impressions and to bad equally, Catholics may do them some service, not by reasoning or by arguing with them, but by showing them a good example. It was thus that the primitive Christians converted many heathens. Julian, the apostate, called the attention of the Romans to the kind services which the Christians showed to their persecutors. Let Catholics be friendly and neighborly and prompt to help such people in need and distress. A friendly act or a kind word is worth a bushel of arguments, which these people cannot understand. As they will read a good book quite as readily as a bad one, we should give them occasionally a Catholic work. This should be chosen not for its controversial but for its devotional force. Or we should invite them to attend our service, which never fails to make an impression upon even the most prejudiced and skeptical minds.—*Catholic Times*.

THE OUTLOOK FOR IRELAND.

The Parliamentary election returns are nearly all in, and show a Tory majority of 80, or, with the Unionist members, of 150. Lord Salisbury has a clear working majority, even without the aid of Chamberlain and his followers, although the latter can be counted on to support the Government on almost any question.

Contrary to general expectation, and in spite of sore disension in the ranks, the Irish Nationalists have not lost numerically in the struggle. The Parnellites have won two or three seats, but the Tory Unionist alliance gains nothing substantial thereby; far, apart from the heat and exaggeration of pre-election speeches, there is neither sense nor patriotism in accusing the followers of Mr. Redmond of being less devoted than their rivals to the cause of Home Rule. They have nothing to gain by offering their needless aid to the Tory majority and there is no just cause for impeaching their loyalty to Ireland.

Now is the time for Irishmen of every party to prove their devotion to the common cause of all. Let the miserable cry of ‘faction’ be stilled forever. The Irish representatives in the House of Commons are a factor not to be ignored by Tory or Liberal, no matter how powerful either party may be for the time.

We Irish-Americans are credited with being experts in the science of politics, whereas we are only apt pupils. But we have learned, if we have learned nothing else, how to look at public matters and public men dispassionately, and to subordinate personal prejudice to public or party welfare. Moreover, we have, in common with all Americans, got over the habit of calling names—partly, but not wholly. There are still, in this country, partisans who would solve a grave and abstruse economic problem by calling their adversaries ‘gold-bags,’ or ‘silver lunatics,’ but, for the most part, we rely upon better arguments.

On the other hand, we may justly lay claim to a loftier standard of discussion than that which prevails in England, and not, we are glad to note, in Ireland. We do not pelt our candidates with mud or rocks if their principles do not happen to please us. In Ireland they do not employ any missiles more injurious than nicknames; but even those are illogical and offensive, and have never yet converted anybody.

Ireland will have a full representation in the next Parliament, and it rests with her representatives to see that her rights shall not be ignored. A Parliamentary majority is a great power, but it is not omnipotent, so long as the world knows that a minority exists and represents a national idea and aspiration.

Irishmen, unite. Let the dead past be dead. The sentiment of the world is with the right, and right cannot fail if those who stand for it only stand together.—*Boston Pilot*.

Modernism.

“There has been,” says the *New York Sun*, “in all Protestant Churches a tendency to make up in an increase in Christian works for a declining faith in their special dogmas or theology.” For ‘Christian’ read ‘philanthropic,’ or ‘benevolent,’ and the statement will be true. This is precisely what thinking men among Protestants who still believe in the supernatural life are protesting against—this turning of religion into social clubs and schemes of purely natural benevolence. The Rev. W. B. Hale, an Episcopal minister, has pointed out the alarming extent to which this is being done in New England. ‘Social intercourse and philanthropic work are, of course, good; but they are not Christianity. An unregenerate Pagan might readily join in much of the Church work of the sects nowadays without any change of status; and many so-called Christians would consider it horribly ‘narrow-minded’ to assert that such a man could not at his death go straight to Heaven.—*Anti-gaioish Casket*.



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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER VI.

Roquelare! — the word seemed to have burned itself into Margaret's brain. It started before her at every turn. It peered at her from dim corners. It assumed a startling distinctness even in the noonday glare. It danced fantastically before her when she would have put it farthest from her thoughts. It imprinted itself on the very faces of those to whom she vainly would have spoken gayly. It gave her no peace but goaded her from agony to agony till she cried out in utter desolation of soul: "Oh that I were dead!"

Hubert gave no outward sign of his mental suffering, even to Margaret. Again he sternly commanded that no reference should be made to his guilty secret during their Sunday morning walk to church. That walk was not once omitted, and though Hubert and Margaret both cast keen, suspicious glances at every one they passed, he who had given that strange card met them no more.

Charles Plowden became a frequent visitor at the Bernot mansion, and Miss Delmar circulated among her friends that Miss Calvert was the attraction. He did not always see Margaret when he called, owing to her devoted attention in the sick room — an attention which no persuasion from Madame Bernot could induce her to remit.

"Do not press me further, aunt," she said; "I have already gone more into society because you wished it; I go frequently to the Delmars and receive them when they call, and to gratify Hubert, I have promised to accompany them to a fashionable ball next week — do not ask me to do more."

But the handsome, courtly man was careful to betray neither in his manner nor by his words aught that could alarm in the least her maidenly reserve. His attentions, while seeking to be devoted, were never warmer than those which might be dictated by the very highest opinion of true womanhood, and the charm of his conversation that drew all within its circle, frequently caught her also, and sometimes even banished from her mind for a second, the ever present scorching memory of Roquelare.

Did Hubert Bernot attend his mother as closely as Margaret did, she would have discovered in him more evidence of failing health — owing to the self-torture which he continued with little intermission — than she discerned in her pale-faced niece. His strength was failing, his breathing frequently labored, and he often placed his hand on his heart as if he suffered from intense pain there; although he rarely

evinced it before beholders. Margaret's sharp eyes detected it more than once. She strove to speak to him, to make another appeal to him to have mercy on himself, but he waived her back, and she pressed her hands on her own heart, and cried when alone: "Lost, lost for all eternity!"

One afternoon, three days before the great ball to which she and Hubert were to accompany the Delmars, her cousin rose from a late dinner without having tested the tempting viands. To ally Margaret's anxiety he said he had lunched a short time before with Plowden, but she followed him to the dining room door with imploring eyes.

"Don't follow me; I am quite well," he said; but she continued to look until he had ascended the topmost step of the stair. He went slowly and with a stooping gait, pausing once to press his hand heavily on his side.

Margaret, with what calmness she could assume, turned back to attend to some little detail of her daily duties, and then she hurried to her room pausing on the way at his door, for any sound which might form a pretext for her entrance. But everything was still.

She had fancied she would gain repose in her own apartment, but the air seemed to stifle her, and hurriedly donning her out-door costume, she rushed abroad. The sunshiny thoroughfares were little better, and she turned into an unfrequented street, and lifted her veil that the crisp, frosty air might touch her face more briskly.

A lady approached her — a lady wrapped in costly furs, and with ample velvet skirts sweeping the walk. Margaret turned to effect a rapid retreat, for she recognized Louise Delmar in the extravagantly dressed girl; but Miss Delmar's eyes were as sharp as her own, and in a moment Miss Delmar herself was down on her with a kiss, and, for the street, a too loudly spoken:

"Where in the world are you going my little pale bird?" By a desperate effort Miss Calvert forced back the vexation which was fain to find vent in tears, and she murmured some confused reply about taking a walk.

"Then I shall accompany you," said Miss Delmar, "because it isn't often I can have you so entirely to myself."

Margaret sought desperately for some pretext by which she might escape from her provoking companion, but she could find none unless, indeed, she wound up the young lady's feelings; and that, even when agony pressed heaviest on her sore heart, the gentle girl would never consent to do. So the two pursued the same course, and Miss Delmar dropped at once into the light gossip which seemed to form part of her nature.

Margaret wanted to put her fingers in her ears, to cry out, to do anything rather than be compelled to listen to conversation which treated only of silks and laces, and the newest modes for the hair. It was additional torture to be obliged to reply to the frivolous remarks; for Miss Delmar, not content with the music of her own sweet voice, insisted on an answer to each one of her observations, and then she glided into the topic of Margaret's dress for the approaching ball.

"I had a peep at it yesterday, at Madame Dijon's. You cunning thing; not to have told me that it was going to be white maure."

"Indeed, I did not think about it," apologized Margaret, "and I simply chose the first material which suggested itself to my mind."

"That is always the way with you," returned Miss Delmar, "you are the queerest girl I ever met. Do you know, Maggie, she sometimes employed the diminutive as a mark of particular affection — that to use one of my old nurse's expressions, I think there is something uncanny about you. You talk to people, and exert yourself to be agreeable to them — anybody can see that — but, then, all the time you look almost as if you didn't belong to this world, and you couldn't be everybody acknowledges him to be delightful, has something so spiritualized, and so unfathomable about him, that I never can tell, when he is talking to me, whether he is in earnest or only making fun of me. Then, there is your aunt; all sorts of odd reports are out about her illness. What is the matter with you all, Maggie? — what is the secret which makes you so unlike ordinary mortals?"

For one instant it seemed to Margaret that her heart ceased to beat, and that every drop of blood in her veins rushed in one mad whirl to it, leaving her as cold as though she had been suddenly frozen. But even in that moment she had sufficient sense to make no outward sign, and Louise Delmar rattled on, unconscious that the form beside whom she walked was suffering in describable mental torture.

But after a little, when Margaret became calmer, she felt convinced that it was not any knowledge or suspicion of Hubert's guilt which had prompted Miss Delmar to speak of a secret — that it was simply the impulse of her frivolous thoughts.

"And society says other things about you, Maggie," the voluble young lady continued; "it is breaking its heart to know when your marriage with Mr. Plowden will take place, for it is said that your cousin quite favors the match."

Margaret paused abruptly and looked her companion full in the face — a look of such astonishment that Miss Delmar hastened to say: "I hope I have not hurt you by repeating this rumor?"

Margaret shook her head.

"What right has society to say such things about me?"

Her voice had taken a slightly indignant tone, and her face had become suddenly flushed.

"Why, Maggie, what a sensitive little thing you are! Society talks because Mr. Plowden is such a constant companion of your cousin, and he has paid you such marked attention. Forgive me if I believed the rumor."

"There is no truth in it," said Margaret, and she turned to resume the walk.

But it was impossible to continue longer with her companion.

Such burning thoughts were crowding upon her, she felt that she must be alone to battle with them. When they reached the corner of a street which wound in an indirect way to Margaret's home, she said to her chatty companion:

"Pardon me if I leave you now; my walk has been sufficiently long, and I am anxious to return to my aunt."

"Certainly, my dear; and now I suppose I shall not see you until Thursday. Madame Dijon said your dress would be at our house by 7, so see that you come over early; it will give me a chance to superintend your toilet. Au revoir!" Having bestowed a very fond embrace on her inwardly recoiling friend, Miss Delmar swept majestically away.

Margaret darted in an opposite direction, running rather than walking, as if she thought physical exertion might assuage her mental agony. It had been sharper than any pain she had yet endured, to hear that Hubert favored Mr. Plowden's suit, if indeed Mr. Plowden had such a thought. Was Hubert, for whom and with whom, she had suffered — Hubert, for whom she had forsaken her God — was he willing, nay, anxious, to resign her to another; for if it were not so, how could society discuss this topic so glibly? O God! she was rightly punished. And the fever leaped more fiercely in her veins, and the flush burned more brightly on her cheeks as she continued her way — anywhere; she cared not whether it led her so that it did not bring her home. She could not return there yet.

The bright afternoon had waned, and the lamps were lit in the streets. But she did not heed the flight of time; she was not even aware of the sharp looks with which passers by surveyed her.

The strains of an organ floated out from a church which she was in the act of passing. The cross on its spire and surmounting the iron gate which stood open told of the Catholic Faith. The music, slow, solemn, sweet, arrested her steps; for there seemed something in it which echoed the cry that came up from her passionate heart. She entered the building and hurried to an obscure corner where no curious eye might rest on her.

The priest was already on the altar, and the solemn, soothing evening service had begun.

The congregation seemed composed entirely of people in the lower walks of life, but a humble devotion was visible in the demeanor of all. Willingly would Margaret have flung her position in society, her wealth, her beauty, her education, to the winds, and have taken up the life of a mendicant, had she but been allowed to do so. He could such a renunciation have brought her the peace which was so visible in the faces of the kneeling congregation.

Just before the Benediction the officiating clergyman turned and said a few words of exhortation. Divested of every argument of terror, they breathed but the love of the Crucified for penitent souls, full of tenderness and pity, for which the speaker's appearance and voice seemed peculiarly fitted. The words opened the flood-gates of Margaret's soul, and scalding tears rolled down her cheeks. "My God! my God!" she murmured, "that I have forsaken so long!"

But, beside the image which the clergyman drew of the compassionate Saviour, there would arise another image in Margaret's mind — that of Hubert Bernot.

It thrust itself in front of the Divine face she sought to behold. It extended its hands to her with the despairing cry she had twice heard; it clung to her; it would itself about her, until, weary and faint from the struggle to resist it, she leaned back in the pew and gave herself up to it.

But even then the struggle did not cease; and when the Benediction had been given, and the last strain had floated solemnly away in the misty distance, Margaret sought to acquire peace by resolving that, on her return home, she would tell Hubert of her desperate struggle with what she deemed to be her duty.

Mr. Plowden was ascending the marble steps as Margaret reached the stoop of her home, and a second glance having assured her of his identity, she turned away to pace the streets until sufficient time should have elapsed for his departure.

She could not meet him in her present excited state. But the fates were against her that night, for, on her return, just as she entered the hall, Mr. Plowden and Hubert were descending the stair, having come from Hubert's room.

She would have hurried to the servants' hall to escape a meeting, but her cousin sternly called her. She shuddered as they approached her, and dropped her eyes.

"You are out late, alone," said Hubert in the same stern voice, while Mr. Plowden extended his hand, and murmured a graceful salutation. She replied in a confused manner, and felt the blood rushing into her

face under their searching look.

"We shall not detain you," resumed Hubert, sternly still, but with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"No doubt your late errand was an important one," with a peculiar emphasis on the last words that Margaret sought vainly to understand.

Mr. Plowden again extended his hand with a few more lowly-spoken, graceful words, and turned to the door, accompanied by Hubert.

Margaret did not keep on her way to the servants' quarters, but retreated to a part of the hall where the shadows lay deep enough to conceal her from view, and there she waited until the adieus were exchanged, and her cousin turned to ascend to his room.

"Hubert!" she called in a half passionate, half supplicating voice, and he paused as if waiting to hear further.

"I must ask you something tonight. Will you listen to me?" She had reached his side, and was excitedly whispering the last words into his ear.

"Yes; for I also have a question to ask of you. Come to the library."

When both were within the apartment, and he had locked the door — an absurd precaution, for no one ever entered without knocking — he said, sternly:

"Mr. Plowden saw you enter a church to-night. Have you gone to confession because at last you have satisfied your conscience by determining to inform upon me?"

She looked at him, startled and amazed; how had he discovered that struggle of which she had been often on the point of telling him, but still had never told? And he, seeing her alarm and amazement, and understanding well their cause, said in tones which had quite lost their recent sternness:

"Have you never thought, Margaret, that suffering as sharp as mine is, would enable me to divine your suffering and your struggles — yours have been only too apparent in your face at times — and knowing from our long association how sensitive your conscience is, was it not natural for me to suppose that my secret must cause just such a struggle in your soul? It was this supposition that made me extort from you the oath I did; and, watching you when you little dreamed it, I discovered sufficient to tell me that you also absented yourself from confession. But, now, my poor child, I shall not hold you longer to this bond of suffering. I release you from your oath, and if your conscience cannot be otherwise satisfied, denounce me to the authorities. I am so weary of this life of mine, Margaret, that shall I thank you for it?"

A wild burst of tears answered him. Alas for her dutiful resolutions! they were utterly broken before the sight of that pale, grave, suffering face, by the sound of those calm, yet touching tones; had he maintained his sternness, she might have kept her resolution, but his manner now had changed all. His very release from her oath, but bound her the more to keep it and she continued to weep with all the wild abandon of a woe that could know no comfort.

"Why weep?" he continued in those same tones which were like dagger thrusts to her heart, "is it because I have divined your decision a little sooner than you yourself would have told me?"

She found voice to answer him, but it was a voice broken with sobs.

"I have not gone to confession, and by my struggle what it may, it shall never make me denounce you."

He was touched by her grief. "Forgive me, Margaret; I have judged you too hastily. Mr. Plowden said he saw you enter a church an hour before he came here and that you seemed excited. He would have spoken but you entered before he could reach you. I knew it was unusual for you to go to church save on Sundays, and my mind at once reverted to all that I have told you. Then, also, remember, Margaret, the miserable man who speaks to you, and forgives the cruel things he may say, for he is goaded by demons that give him no peace."

She answered: "And yet you shut me out from your suffering, I who would bear all for you if I could. You give me no help in my sorrow. You strive to take from me the only object for which I now live — that object is to allay your pain, to contribute to your happiness."

She covered her face with her hands, for maidenly shame was sending up an indignant protest in the shape of burning blushes for her unaimed speech.

Hubert did not answer, as if surprised, or sorrow, or both kept him silent.

And she, after a moment, flinging her hands from her face resumed: "You trample on the very aid I proffer. You fling me to scorn when you favor, as report says you do, Mr. Plowden's suit for my hand."

Her cousin started and then he smiled bitterly: "So society has already busied itself with our affairs," he said ironically, and then resuming his former tender tone he continued:

"Suppose society is correct in its conjecture, — for this report is only the conjecture of fashionable gossip — I think I should be right in so doing. Charles Plowden is a good and gifted man. He loves you as man loves but once in a lifetime. In the shelter of his pure heart you could forget the secret you hold, and fling off forever the burden which a murderer has imposed on you."

A cry, half-smothered, but still so

heart-broken, came from her white lips that Hubert shuddered.

It was as if the last chord in her overstrained heart had snapped; and she clasped her hands together and looked at him in a manner which seemed to say:

"Speak on! the last blow has been given. You are powerless to hurt me further."

What emotions were working in his own soul — how he longed to snatch this girl, who was only strong in her passionate love for him, to his breast, and to tell her that every heat of his guilty heart was a heat of love for her! But the bloody image of his murdered victim stalked between, and Roquelare in glaring letters danced before his eyes. He had forsown love and even the delights of human friendship, so far as he might do; he had promised in the sharp moments of his remorse to deny himself every consolation, that by so doing with the physical torture which he inflicted on himself, he might help to atone for his sin.

What, then, had he to do with love? Repressing the passionate impulse which urged him to tell her that even as she loved so was she loved in return, he said calmly, but with an indescribable sadness:

"Margaret, you do not yet comprehend the extent of my suffering. Would you, if the choice were yours, unite your life to one whose course must be always in darkness and agony? Would you have your eyes become accustomed to see the bloody image that is always before mine — your ears to hear the cries and the wrangling of demons which I hear, and which often make me cry out in my sleep? Would you have your heart harrowed by the fear of detection which so constantly harrows mine? Would you feel that he to whom you were mated was living continually in some unseen presence which, sooner or later, would lay its iron hand upon him and bring him to justice? Would you be the wife of a murderer, the widow of a felon who was hanged, when another and a happy home is open to you — when a good and pure man is waiting to shelter you in his love? Contrast the pictures well, Margaret, and say which you choose."

He folded his arms and receded a pace as if to contemplate her while she decided.

She did not wait an instant, but, rushing forward, she threw herself at his feet, and said, passionately: "A murderer's agony, a felon's doom, I will gladly share all with you, Hubert."

He stooped and raised her, quivering to press her once, just once, to his aching breast, — the bloody image forbad.

"It may not be, Margaret. I have sworn that no wife shall ever clasp my red right hand; no child shall ever call me father; no love such as you proffer ever bless my existence."

"I do not ask to become your wife," broke forth the trembling girl; "I ask only that you permit me to comfort you as best I may; that you unburden yourself to me when your agony presses so sharp; that you let me enter into your sufferings as closely as I can; that you do not ask me over to marry another."

"Oh, wonderful depth of woman's love!" Hubert said, and then he averted his head for a longer look into those passionate eyes, into that uplifted pleading face would have drawn from him an avowal as earnest and thrilling as Margaret's own had been.

"Be it so," he said at last, without looking at her; "when my agony is sharpest I shall tell you. I can promise no more now. Good night."

He extended his hand, still without looking at her, and she went mournfully forth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Church's Maternal Love.

Like unto a mourning dove, the beloved Spouse of Christ, the Church, never interrupts her sighs and prayers for the faithful departed until they have arrived at the port of eternal bliss. She renews, in Holy Mass, our Divine Redeemer's sacrificial death, offering it up to His Heavenly Father; she invites the Church triumphant and the Church militant to join in persevering prayer for the Church suffering.

What a reassurance for the living to profess a religion so comforting; consoling to the dying, who though cleansed from all mortal sin by the holy sacraments, yet are uncertain whether they shall be found sufficiently pure and worthy of heaven, but rest assured that the Church triumphant and militant will come to their aid after death; comforting for their surviving friends, because they continue to show them their affection in case they should stand in need of their assistance in the purifying flames. Hence we can never be sufficiently thankful to God for having called us to a religion whose maternal care, charity and zeal go beyond the confines of our earthly pilgrimage and follow us even after our eyes have been closed in death.

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" asked Macbeth. Certainly, my lord; the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are "the sovereignest thing on earth."

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Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cures.

A Dream.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

O it was but a dream I had
While the muscians played—
And here the sky and here the wind
Old ocean kissed the glad—
And here the laughing ripples ran
And here the roses grew
That threw a kiss to every man
That voyaged with the crew.

THE NUNS AT THE CRIMEA.

A Brief Record of What the Sisters of Mercy did There.

It was during the Crimean war in 1854 that the Irish Community of the Sisters of Mercy was for the first time allowed to pursue its mission of charity upon the battlefields of England.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, in the first instalment of what promises to be a most interesting contribution to the new Australian Catholic Record, relates how, at Bishop Grant's request, five Sisters of Mercy, from Bermondssey convent, were soon en route towards the East, under the guidance of M. Mary Clare Moore, a Dublin lady whose privilege it was to be one of the first founders of that community.

Miss Nightingale joined these Sisters in Paris, and accompanied them during the remainder of the journey, and they continued to be associated with her throughout the whole campaign.

The presence of the first Sisters of Mercy, as if by magic, wrought a complete change in the hospitals at Scutari. Hence it is not to be wondered at that prejudices at headquarters were soon set at rest; and in October, 1854, the Secretary of War, in an official communication, requested Dr. Grant to provide an additional staff of the devoted Sisters.

As the convents were too few in England to supply a sufficient number, he at once wrote to the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and to other Irish prelates, soliciting their aid in this great work of charity.

Lord Napier was one of those who bore testimony to the fidelity with which the nuns observed the rule of non-interference with the Protestant patients.

have a few words with the nuns. "Please, sir," they would say to the chaplain, "do send a couple of us on an errand to the hospital to get a sight of the nuns."

The Sunday after the nuns departed the men who went to the chapel sobbed and cried as though their hearts would break.

Two Sisters of Mercy were summoned to their crown from the hospitals of the East. One was English, a lay Sister from the Convent in Liverpool; she fell a victim to the cholera which raged with extreme violence at Balaklava.

The few months spent at Balaklava by the devoted Sisters witnessed a repetition of the deeds of heroism which had achieved such happy results at Scutari and Kouli.

The position which the Church holds regarding cremation was defined in the case of a deceased member of the cathedral parish in Philadelphia, Pa., a short time ago.

THE CHURCH AND CREMATION.

The position which the Church holds regarding cremation was defined in the case of a deceased member of the cathedral parish in Philadelphia, Pa., a short time ago.

"The ritual of the Christian Church," continued the chancellor, "comes down to us from old times. It is planted in the hearts of the people and the Church won't change her laws for every new fad that arises.

One of the Sisters writes: "We have not a cross here with anyone. The medical officers all work beautifully with us. They quite rely on our obedience."

are customary laws, like the common law of England — the force of custom passing into law.

As the time for the nuns' departure approached the cordial manifestations of respect and kindly feeling were only the more multiplied.

A FOUNDATION TO BUILD ON.

Fifty Things that Every Practical Catholic Should Know.

One of the best summaries of the primary knowledge of his faith which every Catholic worthy of the name should possess, is made by the Rev. James H. O'Donnell and published in the Connecticut Catholic:

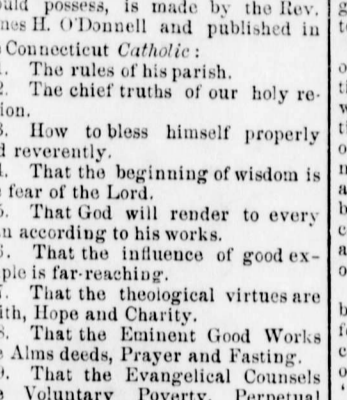
- 1. The rules of his parish.
2. The chief truths of our holy religion.
3. How to bless himself properly and reverently.
4. That the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord.
5. That God will render to every man according to his works.
6. That the influence of good example is far-reaching.
7. That the theological virtues are Faith, Hope and Charity.
8. That the Eminent Good Works are Alms deeds, Prayer and Fasting.
9. That the Evangelical Counsels are Voluntary Poverty, Perpetual Chastity and Obedience.
10. That the four Cardinal virtues are Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance.
11. That it is improper to gaze about in church while the sacred mysteries are being celebrated.
12. That, if late at Mass, he should enter the church and take his seat as quietly as possible.
13. That it is proper to rent a sitting in church and to pay for it regularly.
14. That to absent oneself from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays or Holy Days of obligation without sufficient reason, is a grievous sin; and that grievous or mortal sin makes the soul an enemy of God.
15. That the Sacraments are channels of divine grace instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and are seven in number, viz.: Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Holy Eucharist, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders and Matrimony.
16. That the seven deadly or Capital Sins are Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy and Sloth.
17. That the virtues contrary to these are Humility, Liberality, Chastity, Meekness, Temperance, Brotherly Love and Diligence.
18. The Ten Commandments of God and the six Precepts of the Church.
19. Some pious aspirations and ejaculations to utter from time to time, especially in moments of temptation.
20. "The Angelus," a beautiful prayer recited three daily in honor of our Immaculate Mother.
21. Some prayers to be said before and after meals; that gratitude for benefits received should prompt him to be faithful to this exercise.
22. The Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, or "Hail Mary," the Apostles Creed, the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity and Contrition and the Confiteor.
23. That the Four Last Things to be remembered are Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. "In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin."
24. That the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost are Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety and Fear of the Lord.
25. That the Sins which cry to heaven for vengeance are, Willful Murder, the Sins of Sodom, Oppression of the Poor and Defrauding Laborers of their Wages.
26. That the Sacred Scriptures are the inspired Word of God and are worthy of our profound respect and reverence.
27. That honesty is the best "policy" in spiritual as in temporal matters; but that "policy" should be synonymous with conviction, enlightenment and strengthened by conscience.
28. That the Ten Commandments are reducible to two, and that upon these "depend the whole law and the prophets."
29. That marriages are not solemnized from the first Sunday of Advent until the Epiphany, and from Ash Wednesday until Low Sunday; that Low Sunday is the first Sunday after Easter.
30. How to say "No" with emphasis when asked to transgress the laws of God, or of the Church, or of the land.
31. How to say "Yes" promptly and cheerfully when invited to assist in any good work, as the bestowal of alms, visiting the sick, teaching in Sunday-schools, etc.
32. The duties of his state of life; that, if a superior, he should be just and merciful to those under him. If a subordinate, that he should faithfully discharge his allotted duties; that diligence, honesty, sobriety and veracity should be his chief traits.
33. That the twelve fruits of the Holy Ghost are, Charity, Joy, Peace, Patience, Benignity, Godliness, Longanimity, Mildness, Faith, Modesty, Continnence and Chastity.
34. That the secret organization most hostile to the Catholic Church in the United States is composed prin-

cipally of an American Americans and Orangemen.
35. That the corporal works of mercy are seven: To feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to harbor travelers, to ransom prisoners, to visit the sick and bury the dead.
36. That the seven spiritual works of Mercy are: To give good counsel, to instruct the ignorant, to admonish sinners, to comfort the afflicted, to pardon injuries, to bear wrongs patiently, to pray for the living and the dead.
37. That there are nine ways of becoming accessory to another's sin: By counsel, by command, by consent, by provocation, by praise and flattery, by concealment, by silence, by defense of ill done.
38. That the six sins against the Holy Ghost are: Despair of salvation, presumption of God's mercy without amendment of life, to impugn the known truths in matters of faith and religion, envy at another's spiritual good, obstinacy in sin, final impenitence.
39. That any person, man, woman or child, not only may, but should, baptize an infant in great danger of death, when a priest cannot be summoned in time; that in such cases a certain order of precedence should be observed, namely, a woman must not baptize if a man be present. The person who best understands how to perform the ceremony should be chosen. Fathers and Mothers should not baptize their own children, if it can be avoided.
40. That, in order that baptism may be valid, the ceremony must be performed as follows: While pouring common water on the head or face of the infant, pronounce the words: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."
41. That there are six week days in the year when he is obliged to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, unless legitimately prevented: New Year's day, the Feast of the Circumcision of our Lord; Ascension day, or the Thursday forty days after Easter; the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 15; All Saints' day, November 1; the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, December 8; the Nativity of our Lord, or Christmas December 25.
42. That good books and papers are necessary adjuncts to every Catholic home.
43. That, save in case of necessity, he should not leave the church before the sermon, or after the Communion; but that he should remain until the priest has left the sanctuary.
44. That in these days it is necessary to be equipped with the weapons that always successfully repel the attacks of Ignorance, Infidelity and Indifference, namely, firm faith, knowledge of the Church's history and doctrines and holiness of life.
45. That we Catholics have behind us nearly 2,000 years of glorious history; that the history of the Church is the history of the world from the beginning of the Christian era.
46. That the Catholic name is inseparably connected with the early, intermediate and present history of this republic.
47. That the loyalty of Catholics to the institutions of this land is questioned only by those who are themselves disloyal.
48. That the footprints of Catholic discoverers and explorers, many of whom were priests, are clearly visible everywhere on this continent.
49. That the Catholic Church is the greatest moral force in the world to day, the uncompromising foe of anarchy, the unflinching champion of the oppressed.
50. That the above forty-nine "things" do not constitute the sum of what every Catholic should know.

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When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to cure rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer? Hood's cures others, why not you?
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Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

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Become overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and dreadful humors.



Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller, Londonderry, Vt.

More, the worst on my ankle. I could not step. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health. Mrs. C. H. FULLER, Londonderry, Vermont.

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London, Saturday, Aug. 10, 1895.

THE IMPERIAL ELECTIONS AND HOME RULE.

The contest between the two great parties in Great Britain for the control of the kingdoms for five years is now over, and there is an opportunity calmly to consider the result, which is, certainly, what no one, even the most sanguine among the Tories, expected.

It has been well understood that a general election could not be long deferred, and as is usual under such circumstances, the political prophets applied themselves to the task of predicting the result.

The London Times, which views all questions through Tory spectacles, and is peculiarly hostile to Ireland, would be expected to put the most favorable face on the Tory prospect, yet a few months ago it predicted for that party a majority of only 31.

A little later, and on the very eve of the election, the Tory prophets did not presume to set the majority to be expected at more than 50, while on the other side there were not wanting some equally confident, who declared that the policy of reforming the House of Lords would give the Liberals a small majority.

The obstinacy of the Lords in rejecting measures which are still believed to be popular, made many think that the cry for restriction of the legislative powers on the hereditary chamber would give edge to the sword of the Liberals and enable them to secure the victory.

In addition to their other sins, the Lords, as their most recent act of defiance, vetoed a bill for the relief of Ireland by granting municipal reform.

This is so much needed that it was passed by the House of Commons by a majority of 60 at a moment when the late Government could reckon on a majority of only 10.

It was one of the staple Unionist contentions that the Parliament at Westminster is quite ready to deal justly with Ireland, and to give her such legislation as she needs, and that, therefore, an Irish Parliament is not a necessity.

The futility of this contention was shown by the result. It is true that the Commons showed a newly born interest in Irish affairs; but the Lords were as obstinately deaf to the demands of the Irish as they have ever been.

Might it not have been reasonably expected that the masses in England, Wales and Scotland would have resented the superciliousness of the Lords in regard to Irish needs? Yet fresh upon this evidence that Ireland need not expect any measure of justice from the representatives of landlordism, the people of England have sustained them in their doggedness.

The majority of Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists returned by popular vote is three times larger than was predicted by the most sanguine supporters of Lord Salisbury.

The only seat not heard from is that of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, which will probably, as heretofore, return a Liberal. Assuming this to be the case, the Conservative majority in the new House will be 152, there being 411 Conservative members to 259 Liberals.

Among the latter we include 70 Irish Nationalists and 12 Parnellites.

It will be seen that the Irish Nationalist party has held its own, and stands even in a better position than in the last House. The gain, however, is not with the Nationalists proper, who stand just as they did before, but with the Parnellites, who have three seats more than they gained in 1892.

As the Parnellites are in accord with the Nationalists on the leading Irish questions, it will be seen that Ireland adheres as strongly as ever to her demand for a Parliament in Dublin.

The result of the election shows that the people of England are not yet prepared to grant that demand, but Ireland will continue to insist upon it as strongly as ever, and we are satisfied that in the end it will be granted.

We are sorry to have it to say that dissensions among Irishmen were a potent factor in restoring to power the

greatest enemies that Ireland ever had. The English people, whom Mr. Gladstone succeeded in educating up to scoring one great victory for Home Rule, could not be expected to take so deep an interest in the paramount question, when they witnessed the deplorable sight of the hatreds and discords which separate the so-called Nationalists into three contending factions; and these dissensions, which have survived the ordeal of two general elections, may yet last a long time, unless some powerful leader of men succeed in bringing them once more to form a united phalanx.

We have not given up hope for Ireland, if she be true to herself. The English people have shown that they are amenable to reason, and when the reasons for Irish autonomy were set before them by Mr. Gladstone, they showed themselves ready to give him their support.

Such great reforms are not won in a day, nor by one electoral contest. Hence, notwithstanding that the present Conservative victory is so sweeping, we are confident that Ireland will yet have her day. The day has been postponed by the present election; but the Liberals have never yet given up in despair on account of one or two reverses, and we are satisfied that, with a proper leader, they will yet secure a brilliant victory for Liberal principles and Irish Home Rule.

Mr. Gladstone's personal magnetism was undoubtedly a powerful force in securing the victory in 1892. That force is no longer available; but a leader will yet be found who will reverse the verdict just rendered, through convincing the people of Great Britain that the only way to make the empire truly strong is to pass such a measure as will fully satisfy the people of Ireland, and of Wales as well; for the latter will certainly not rest satisfied until they obtain the disestablishment of the Church of England in their principality. The elections have put off disestablishment, equally with Home Rule.

DANGEROUS CHAMELEONS.

Appropos of the school question, the Canada Presbyterian of July 24 states that the position taken by Catholics in Canada, in reference to the Manitoba school laws, in contrast with that assumed by Mgr. Satolli in reference to the schools of the United States, is an evidence and "striking illustration of the facile and chameleon-like character of Rome," because

"While Mgr. Satolli in the United States professes acquiescence with the Public school system, and allows Roman Catholics to send their children to Public schools, the hierarchy in Canada would rather endanger Confederation than allow their children in Manitoba to attend schools of the same kind."

None are so blind as those who will not see, and this appears to be the condition of our contemporary; but our contemporary is not alone in taking this view of the matter. Mr. Dalton McCarthy has frequently made use of just the same argument in order to show the unreasonableness of the Catholic attitude in regard to Manitoba, and a considerable number of the anti-Catholic organs of the press have done likewise.

Is there any inconsistency, then, between the attitude of Mgr. Satolli and that of the Canadian Catholics on the school question? We say, decidedly not.

It is perfectly well understood by all who know anything of the attitude of Catholics, that there is no absolute condemnation of Public schools by the Church, such as would prevent Catholics from making use of them in either country, when they cannot better themselves. In this case, Catholics are bound to secure the Catholic education of their children by other means, to the best of their ability, and as no one is bound to do an impossibility, this is all that Catholics can be expected to do when their circumstances are such as we have described.

But we all know, and Mgr. Satolli knows, how difficult it is for Catholic parents generally, and how frequently impossible for them, to supply adequately Catholic instruction to children when it is not given in the school. Hence, when Catholics cannot do otherwise, they may send their children to schools where there is no religious teaching, supplying the religious teaching in the way we have mentioned. Where they are able to support Catholic schools it is their duty to do so. On this point, Mgr. Satolli is perfectly in accord with the Canadian hierarchy, so that the "chameleon-like character of Rome" is a mere phantasy of the Canada Presbyterian and

its allies in the warfare against Rome. We maintain, and we have constantly maintained, that Catholics, in fact that religionists of any hue, have a right and a duty to safeguard the religious education of their children. It is therefore an absolute injustice to tax them a second time for the education of other people's children if they are willing to educate their own in accordance with their conscientious convictions. This is the injustice which the Canada Presbyterian wishes to impose upon Catholics, but which shall not be imposed if our voice shall avail in aiding to prevent it.

The Presbyterian tells us "endanger Confederation" by our advocacy of Catholic schools. Be it so. If Confederation is to be preserved only by Catholics submitting to have all the guarantees whereby liberty of conscience is secured to them swept away, it is not worth preserving; but let us remind our religious contemporary that it, with its allies, also endangers Confederation by endeavoring to destroy those guarantees. Which is the more blameworthy conduct? To endanger Confederation by maintaining the compact under which Confederation was established, or to endanger it by grossly violating the terms of the agreement, as our contemporary desires to do.

We have shown already that the Catholic attitude in regard to schools is perfectly self-consistent. But what are we to say of the attitude of our contemporary? It is desirous of abolishing religious education as far as Catholics are concerned; but in the very issue in which it advocates that this should be done, it tells us that it hopes "the time may never come when this last alternative"—the abolition of religious instruction from schools—"must be accepted and carried into practice." That is to say, deprive Catholics of the religious education they demand, but keep for Presbyterians and other Protestants the kind of religious education they want.

Does not this show a chameleon-like character in Presbyterianism? And does it not endanger Confederation thus to propose a different measure of justice for Catholics and Protestants? Yet it is just on these lines that, with the exception of the Baptists perhaps, all the Protestant presbyteries, conferences and synods which have pronounced against granting justice to the Catholics of Manitoba, have issued their manifestoes. It is just on these lines that Mr. Dalton McCarthy leads on his forlorn hope. He too has pronounced in favor of religious education, but he is bitterly opposed to such education when given to Catholic children.

The Presbyterian says that the Public schools of which Mgr. Satolli spoke are just such schools as those established by the Manitoba Legislature. This is not the case. The Public schools of the United States have this in their favor, that they do not as a rule attempt to force upon their pupils a religion in which they do not believe; but those of Manitoba are truly Protestant schools. This fact has been denied, but it has been demonstrated by the late Archbishop Tache, and more recently admitted by the Hon. Joseph Martin, who declares that when he introduced the Manitoba school bills into the Legislature he was quite aware of the injustice he was perpetrating on Catholics by forcing Protestant schools upon them—for Protestant schools he admits them to be. Surely the father of the unjust school laws knows the characteristics of his own bantlings.

Though containing only a few lines, the article of the Presbyterian already referred to has another nonsensical proof of Rome's mutability, in the fact that Italian Catholics are under mandate from the Pope not to vote at the elections, whereas in France Catholics are recommended to give their votes to the best men. Does it not occur to our contemporary that the circumstances are widely different between the French Republic, now firmly established by the will of the people, and the kingdom of Italy, set up and still preserved by open robbery and spoliation? This is why the Italian Catholics are told by the Holy Father not to give their adhesion by an oath of loyalty to the present condition of affairs, as they must do if required, before their votes will be accepted?

But the Presbyterian says the Pope takes this course through motives of self-aggrandizement. Surely the maintenance of the Pope's authority and his right to the patrimony of St. Peter is a matter of more than personal interest. Does it not affect the welfare of the two hundred and fifty millions of

Catholics throughout the world? How, then, can it be called a matter of mere personal interest or aggrandizement? Is it a matter of personal aggrandizement of the Presbyterian Moderator of the United States that he and the General Assembly have been endeavoring unsuccessfully to obtain control of New York Union and Cincinnati Lane Theological Seminaries? Or does it concern the general interest of the Church? The restoration of the Pope's temporal authority is of far wider importance than anything which concerns so local an institution as a Presbyterian Church, having a comparatively small and insignificant membership.

But it is not of mere matters of discipline or local policy that we need speak if we make inquiry into the mutability of Presbyterianism. The Presbyterian Confession declares itself to be the only truth as revealed by God to man; yet at this very moment important changes of its doctrine are under consideration, and some Presbyterian churches have already adopted the changes proposed. Again: marriage to a wife's sister is proclaimed in the Confession of Faith to be forbidden by the immutable law of God, yet only a few years ago the General Assembly of Canada permitted such a marriage, without going to the trouble of erasing the statement of the Confession concerning such marriages! Truly our contemporary need not go so far from home as Rome to find evidences of a chameleon-like nature.

OVER THE CRATER.

The Turk is already experiencing the consequences of his atrocities against Christians in the revolt in Macedonia, which has now been progressing for some time. The Macedonian revolt arose directly out of a murder committed by a Turkish soldier, who, when set upon by the natives, was protected by his comrades, whereupon fighting ensued which precipitated an insurrectionary movement which has assumed considerable proportions.

The murder which occasioned the rising is by no means a solitary instance of the barbarity with which the Christian people of Macedonia have been treated. The Turkish troops have all along considered themselves the privileged representatives of Moslem domination, entitled, on the slightest pretext, or even without pretext, to plunder or kill the Christian inhabitants, whom they regard as no better than dogs, and indeed it is quite a common thing to speak of the latter by this name. They are Christian, or "unbelieving dogs," and to kill them is a meritorious act, which makes the Turkish murderer the more acceptable to God and His prophet Mahomet.

The Macedonian revolt is a consequence of frequently-repeated outrages—though not of any on so vast a scale as those recently perpetrated in Armenia. It is stated, however, that the present insurrection has been encouraged by positive acts of Russia, and color is given to the statement by the fact that among the prisoners taken in Macedonia by the Turks, several are known to be Russian officers. Other assistance has also been forthcoming from Russia, though not openly with official sanction. Fully armed and equipped soldiers and officers are daily passing through Bulgaria to Macedonia, just as occurred before the last Russo-Turkish war in 1876, after the atrocities committed in Bulgaria.

The Porte, it is said, intends to send certain documents found on their prisoners to the powers, to prove that Russian agents and money have brought about the uprising. If this be really the case, as is not improbable, it may not be long before Russia will openly declare for Macedonia, especially if this province should need active assistance.

The provincials are traditionally brave. They are the descendants of the soldiers who enabled Philip and his son Alexander the Great to extend their Empire over a great part of Europe and Asia over two thousand years ago, and the Turks may not find it an easy task to subdue them in their mountain fastnesses. A great success of the Macedonians is already reported, as they have captured the town of Menlik, after a sharp conflict with a strong Turkish force which garrisoned it.

The people of Bulgaria sympathize with the Macedonians, and can scarcely be restrained from giving them their active assistance. Already many individual Bulgarians have volunteered their services and are fighting in the Macedonian ranks, and the lively sympathy of the Bulgarian people has been manifested at Sofia,

where a funeral was held for two Bulgarian officers who were killed a few days ago, fighting on the frontier for the insurgents. After the service the President of the Macedonian committee delivered an impassioned address, and the populace kissed the portraits of the officers which were exhibited in the cathedral, and afterwards on the public square. Some Macedonians who were present, and who had been engaged in the fight, were borne on the shoulders of the populace and enthusiastically cheered. Thousands also paraded the streets singing Macedonian war songs.

There is every prospect that this revolt will precipitate the struggle with Turkey to obtain that redress which it has been so slow to promise, and more slow to grant, to Armenia, and if the matter is to be solved in this way, the Christian Provinces of the Empire may all be soon found in arms at once fighting for deliverance from the oppression they have endured for ages.

The Armenians are certainly disposed to fight in this cause. They are few in number, and their numbers have been reduced by the September massacres; but they feel that they may as well die in an honorable effort for liberty as submit to be killed at the whim of Kurds and Turks. Even slight successes of the Macedonian insurgents will encourage them to take up arms; for though communication between the two Provinces would be impossible to enable them to act unitedly, at present, even independent action would be of mutual avail, as it would divide the Turkish forces and resources. At a future stage, if Russia should lend them her open assistance, communication could be established through Russian territory, and the insurgents could then act in concert with each other, and with their powerful neighbor.

The Armenians have hitherto waited very impatiently for action on the part of the three powers which undertook to grant them relief through diplomacy, but, so far, they have waited in vain; and it is very doubtful whether they will ever obtain relief in that way, the interests of the powers concerned being so opposite to each other, but if a general uprising should take place, a war of vast dimensions may be suddenly brought on; and we cannot avoid being of opinion that if this occur, Turkey will be left alone to bear the brunt of the contest, and the powerful combination which may have to bring the Empire to terms will scarcely bring the matter to an end until the Christians are delivered effectually from Turkish control.

The partition of Turkey has been long talked of, but it has never been effected. Perhaps even so small a rising as that of the little Province of Macedonia may be the occasion which will bring it about.

NO USE FOR THE A. P. A.

Omaha has had a trial of Apaisism of which the citizens are heartily sick and tired. The A. P. A. were allowed to gain control of the municipal machinery and the schools, with the result of a reign of boodling, bigotry and incompetence which has astounded the residents. Among the boodling acts, the treasurer of the city was missing, and a letter was left by him intimating that he intended to commit suicide, but search being made for him, he was discovered in the suburbs on a spree. He probably intended to abscond, and a shortage of \$40,000 was found in his accounts; but with A. P. A. officials and judges it appears there is no intention to prosecute or disturb him. A League has been formed to put an end to the present pestiferous condition of affairs. The league is composed of citizens of all creeds and parties, but chiefly of Protestants, and it has adopted a declaration of principles to "secure honest, economical and business-like administration of city and county government." The preamble of the declaration tells the extent of the evil which must be overcome, and is as follows:

"Whereas, the machinery of our local government is dominated by vicious factions of secret political societies, who under the cloak of patriotism and secretarian zeal, have usurped the legitimate functions of government, invaded the sanctity of the judiciary, fomented sectarian strife in the Public schools, bred discord and insubordination in the police and fire departments, and have recklessly squandered the public funds to support their followers and promote schemes of spoliation to the detriment of the community."

The League declares that its members will for the future devote their energies to obtain pure municipal government by non-partizan action such as has been hitherto the ruling issue, and as they are convinced that par-

tizanship has been the cause of the evils they complain of, not only in municipal, but also in national and state government, they declare their intention hereafter to exclude party issues from their consideration, and to give their support to candidates in every case according to their fitness for office. For this purpose they will select for the offices the fittest men among the various national parties, and will give them their support.

The following clauses from the declaration of principles are aimed especially at the A. P. A., in addition to the preamble already quoted:

4. We believe that every problem and every issue to be determined by the ballots of American citizens can and should be openly, publicly and fairly discussed, and star chamber methods of organizing and conducting political campaigns should be frowned upon by good citizens as fraught with danger to free institutions and good government.

6. We believe that all men not incapacitated by law have a right to aspire to a voice and influence in the administration of their governments whether local or otherwise, and we denounce any attempt upon the part of any class or section of citizens whatever to proscribe any other section by reason of religious creed as un-American and unpatriotic.

The first aim of the League will be directed toward municipal reform on these principles. The application of the same principles to State and national issues is to be an after consideration.

THE "OLD CATHOLIC" SCHISM IN SWITZERLAND.

A writer in the Sacred Heart Review gives much interesting information concerning the progress of the Catholic Church in the city of Geneva, which was the home of Calvin, and in which that austere Reformer succeeded, over three centuries ago, in establishing a kind of theocracy over which he ruled with a rod of iron.

We are informed that the city which was so thoroughly Protestantized at that time has now a population almost equally divided between Catholics and Protestants. In fact, the latest census reveals that Catholics have a slight preponderance in the very cradle of Calvinism.

Geneva is one of the few spots where with the fostering aid of the Swiss Federal Government, the schism of the Old Catholics was able to make a short-lived stand. In 1873 those few Catholics who resisted the decrees of the Vatican Council, and declared themselves to be the real Catholic Church, succeeded not only in having Bishop Mermillod and many priests send into exile, but also induced the Government to hand over to them the parish churches of the city, and to instal them into possession. What occurred three centuries ago, when the Calvinists took possession of the Churches, was re-enacted, with the difference that on the more recent occasion the churches were handed over to the insignificant minority, in the hope, entertained by Government, that their recognition as the real Catholic Church would weaken the Church, and in the end, strengthen Protestantism.

In 1878 the priests were allowed to return, though Bishop Mermillod was kept in banishment till a few years ago, when he returned in triumph to his diocese, the Federal authorities being among the foremost to manifest their respect on his return from exile.

Now the Old Catholic movement is almost entirely defunct, though there are a few families still adhering to it, while retaining possession of the churches. The Catholics, however, have built churches for themselves; or have purchased buildings which they use for the purpose. Thus the present cathedral is a building which was used by the Protestants as a church, but was purchased from them by Bishop Mermillod since his return to his diocese.

Persecution has rendered the Catholics more zealous and fervent than ever, and though their churches are for the most part poor, and the furnishings incomplete, they are making great sacrifices to restore to religious worship its former splendor.

The Old Catholics, as they call themselves, are fewer than one-half of what they numbered ten years ago, and many of their churches are closed, some of them having no priests, and others no congregations; and in a few years the whole thing shall have been, as the writer in the Sacred Heart Review says: "only an ugly dream of the past." It is only twenty-five years since the schism was started, and it has already about run its full course.

It (the crucifix) holds a light to time that it may look into eternity and be reassured.—Father Faber.

AUGUST 10, 1935.

THE "CANADIAN BAPTIST" AND MR. PETER RYAN.

In another column will be found a letter addressed by Mr. Peter Ryan, of Toronto, to the editor of the Canadian Baptist, in reply to statements of the editor to the effect that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible.

This is an old and oft-repeated calumny of Protestants, and especially of Protestant ministerial controversialists, and it does not at all surprise us coming from the editor of the Baptist organ, who ought to be better acquainted with the character of his supposed facts before asserting them so positively. It is not among Catholics that disregard of the Holy Scriptures is to be found, but among Protestants of the various denominations, and this has long been the case.

The dispute among the Presbyterians in regard to how Professors Briggs and Smith, who are still teaching the rising generation of ministers that the Bible is an ordinary book, replete with falsehoods, is not yet concluded, and though the General Assembly has in a manner expressed disapproval of such teachings, there is a strong party among the Presbyterians in favor of these professors. The Methodists, both in Canada and the United States, have had similar troubles with their professors. The Baptists have not had in this country so grave a difficulty, as far as we are aware, but the reason is not that they have only believers in the Bible in their ministerial ranks, but because they have not the men among them who are able to command that attention which the Rationalists of other denominations have attracted.

Everyone is aware that the late Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who belonged to the believing section of his Church, resigned his membership in the Baptist (Ministerial) Union, assigning, as his reason for doing so, the universal unbelief of his brother ministers in the truth and inspiration of the Bible. They were moving, he said, on the down grade to infidelity, with constantly accelerated motion, like a rock rolling down a mountain.

It ill becomes a Baptist, therefore, to accuse Catholics of disrespect for the Bible. But the Canadian Baptist, in spite of Mr. Ryan's positive proofs that Catholics may, and do, read the Bible, persists in its statement, and gives certain alleged facts to show that French-Canadians refused to accept Bibles—even the Douay version—from the hands of "our own Baptist missionaries, Bible readers and colporteurs."

What do these pretended facts amount to? If they were true, they would only show that the French-Canadians look with suspicion upon the genuineness of the version which these missionaries, etc., would give them; and they were perfectly justified in entertaining doubts of their good faith, for it is well known that the latter are not accustomed to circulate the Douay version of the Bible. They have a version of their own, generally called the "Baptist Bible," which is worse corrupted even than the King James' version which Protestants generally use, and in which many passages and books are corrupted or expurgated for the express purpose of eliminating Catholic doctrine from its pages. We may besides remark that the Douay version of the Bible is an English, not a French book, and it is not a likely version for missionaries to circulate among the French. It is clear that Brothers Wells and Roberts, who claim to have received their information from most reliable sources, have been deceived, whether wilfully or by mistake, on the part of their informants.

We may add here that the article of the Canadian Baptist in reply to Mr. Ryan endeavors also to sustain its assertion that Catholicism is a degrading superstition. And what proof does it give that this is the case? It publishes a letter from a priest, whose locality is not even mentioned, to the effect that on a certain day a relic of the Blessed Virgin—"a small portion of her hair"—will be exposed in the church. "This relic is a veritable treasure, because it is indeed a portion of the hair of the person of the Mother of God;" so the priest asserts. It is a matter of historical credibility whether or not this relic is genuine;

but there is nothing of superstition in the matter. Only a couple of years ago the Methodists exhibited at Epworth to crowds of admiring visitors the razor with which Wesley shaved off his hair. It was not the hair, but an article which touched his hair! Was that superstition? We are not aware that any one pretended it was. We noted at the time that it was an inconsistency in a sect which had been pertinaciously maintaining that all exhibitions of relics are superstitious and idolatrous, and that it showed the holiness of the religion which would mock God by maintaining this pretence at one moment while making use of relics at another. The Canadian Baptist may apply the moral and show how it can justify its assertion now that the exhibition of a relic is "the worship of a bone or a lock of hair, or even of a statue," and that it is "buying favors and miracles of a dead saint for hard cash or loaves of bread."

We are not aware whether or not the Baptist cites the priest's letter correctly; but this is of no consequence to our purpose. There is nothing in his letter of all the trash which the Canadian Baptist has pretended to find in it. Simply: "the Canadian Baptist grossly misrepresents the matter."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. PRINGLE, of Selby, Ont., some time since wrote to the Globe, calling Mr. J. T. Ewart to task because of his advocacy of the claims of the Manitoba Catholics, and asking him to throw up his brief on account of the Pastoral issued by Bishop Gravel. Mr. Ewart, in reply, proved clearly that the Presbyterian ministers of Manitoba were very much further than the Bishop in the way of interference in the case. In last Saturday's Globe Mr. Pringle has a long letter, nearly the whole of it taken up with abuse of the Jesuits, Mr. Goldwin Smith being quoted to prove that they are no better than they ought to be. We suppose Mr. Ewart will be heard from again. A rejoinder from Mr. Selby will then be in order, in which he will most likely give us his opinion as to the best mode of cultivating potatoes. As a one-sided no-Popery writer Mr. Selby has had a remarkable career. Mr. Pringle's library must be as one-sided as Mr. Pringle. Mr. Pringle is, in fact, the product of Mr. Pringle's one-sided library.

A RECENT Sunday, or "Sabbath," as our Judaizing friends prefer to call the Lord's day, was set aside by many of the United States ministers as "Wheelman's Day," and the subject of the sermon was the "Wheel," or Bicycle. In referring to this, and to the further fact that it is quite the fashion nowadays to take such subjects as the text for sermons, instead of the Gospel, the Christian Work says, satirically: "We trust that in arranging these special Sundays, at least one Sunday a year will be reserved for preaching the Gospel. If two Sundays could be put aside for this purpose, that would, to our view, be better, though we shall probably have to be content with one."

Every day brings to light some new illustration of the absurdities to which the principle established by Luther and Calvin—that every man should make his religion to suit his own fancy—has brought the Protestant world. Canada, however, has not got so far as the United States in this direction, but the time must come, and is coming fast.

A BRIGHT little magazine—the first volume of which is now before us—entitled "Echoes from Loretto," is being published by the pupils of Mount St. Mary's, Hamilton, Ont. A portrait of the Right Rev. T. J. Dowling adorns its frontispiece, and the articles throughout are carefully and cleverly written. Success to the "Echoes!"

THE Ottawa Post, in its issue of July 27, contains the following paragraph:

(The Catholic Record.)

In the headiness to the cable news in the Mail and Empire we read that the "separatists"—meaning the Home Rule Liberals—are gaining a few seats, and the other day the crimes of the murderer of the Pigeon children could remind the Irish hating Mail and Empire only of an instance of Irish brutality. Is this part of the good work for which the Conservative party have rehired the paper?

To all of which we beg to enter the plea of "Not guilty." Will our contemporary be good enough to give us the date of the issue in which this paragraph appeared?

We have received from Mr. Robert Watt, a farmer, of Selton, Ont., a letter which he requests us to publish, wherein he defends himself for having drawn rails on Sunday, 5th May, 1895. He says: "I had con-

scientiously observed the day before, according to the commandment. . . . It appeared to me that when I had worked six days that I had the right to rest upon the seventh." Mr. Watt was prosecuted before the Court of Common Pleas, and was acquitted on the ground that farmers may do their ordinary farm work on Sunday. We do not insert Mr. Watt's letter in full, as the CATHOLIC RECORD is not a vehicle for all sorts of matter. In regard to Mr. Watt's grievance we have to say that, as he was acquitted, he does not appear to have been so very harshly treated that it is necessary the whole press of Canada should be roused to indignation in his regard. Mr. Watt is a believer in the seventh day Sabbath, and observes Saturday instead of Sunday. It is certainly an inconsistency on the part of Protestants, who maintain that the Bible alone, as interpreted by private judgment is the only authority to decide religious controversies, to persecute Mr. Watt for following his own judgment, the more especially as it is certain that the only Sabbath referred to in the Bible is the day Mr. Watt keeps. The change of the Christian day of rest to Sunday was made authoritatively by the Catholic Church for sufficient reasons, but that change is not recorded unmistakably in the Bible. Mr. Watt maintains that he should be at liberty to follow his own interpretation of the Bible, and concludes his letter thus:

"It is because I have been studying my Bible that I work six days and rest the seventh. I have as carefully as I know how searched that book through and through, and find no authority for keeping Sunday as a sacred day. If any of your readers know of a "thus saith the Lord," please tell me where it may be found."

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

Submission Discussed as One of the Essential Elements.

(Free translation of a pastoral letter of a French Bishop by L. H. Sachs, S.J.)

The Holy Scripture has only a short phrase to characterize Jesus in His infancy—He was subject to His parents. Now this phrase contains a deep and vast instruction on the object in which we are engaged.

Submission is one of the essential elements of the family. Without submission and obedience the family presents nothing but the image of chaos and hell. Alas! we know to what an extent this fundamental duty is disregarded. We know what torrents of tears insubordination causes to be shed and all the evils which it inflicts on families. But by what means can we stop the progress of an evil so great and so inveterate? How can we withstand an impetuous torrent which rushes with fury and is continually increased by new tempests? It is to inferiors, it is to superiors, that we are speaking. And we entreat them to consider attentively, and seriously, to meditate, on what we are going to say to them.

And, first of all, you who give vent to so bitter complaints; you who lament and suffer so much from the spirit of rebellion, whose breath is everywhere, even in the air which we inhale, laying your hand on your heart, can you affirm before God and before men that you have nothing with which to reproach yourselves in this matter? Have you considered the education of your children as a most important thing for you and for them? In your conduct towards your children and your inferiors have you been guided by principles taken from divine faith, or by motive merely human and earthly? Have you not sacrificed to flesh and blood the interests of their souls and of their future? Is it not passion—and often a blind and unjust passion—that has directed you in the use of your authority? Have you not, sometimes, disregarded and despised what you were repeatedly told to remind you of your duties in this matter and to induce you to fulfill them? Oh! you should, in due time, have surrounded those young hearts with care, vigilance and love; you should have trained them, bent them as young plants are bent; you should have impressed on them a virtuous motion, a good direction. You did not do it; now you bear the penalty of your fault, and God alone knows when you will see the end of it and all that you will yet have to suffer.

Whatever it may be, the deeper the wound is the more we must hasten to see and heal it. The more imminent is the danger the more promptly we must endeavor to prevent and avert it. You wish, you desire sincerely the happiness of your family; we wish, we desire it more energetically than yourselves, and you do not know all that we would do to procure it. This happiness is not chimera; it is a reality; it exists. Where? You ask. In the Christian family. It is there consequently that we are going to take you. It is there that you will see it with your own eyes, that you will touch it with your own hands. It is there that you will learn how you can introduce it into your own fireside. How beautiful, how great, is the spectacle which is about to present itself to us!

In the Christian family the father, both cherished and revered, commands with meekness and acts with firmness. His word, which enlightens, moves and persuades, is re-

ceived as if it came from God Himself; it meets only wills submissive and full of deference and respect for a power which courts love and not fear. The mother, on her side, is there with her participation and co-operation; she is surrounded with all the kind attention and respect which she deserves. In the midst of her hard duties she multiplies herself and suffices for every thing. When she is betrayed by her failing strength, she is supported by her generous heart. In her language as well as on her face always shines the expression of the most tender, most devoted and most persevering love. There the children—objects of the most affectionate, of the most enlightened and constant care—grow every day like young trees planted in a rich soil and under a beautiful sky. They are still in the budding season; very soon they will bring forth abundant fruits.

In Christian families religious duties hold the first place. There every one knows that Sundays and certain holy days are days of rest, in which the soul has to nourish herself on the truths of faith and to renew her strength by the reception of the sacraments. All the members attend, as far as possible, all the religious services of the parish. They listen to the voice of their pastor and carry into practice all that he says because they know that he speaks in the name of God and with His divine authority. They consider as a great sin and as a source of malediction the work which so many bad Christians perform without necessity in contempt of a holy law which dates from the first days of the world.

In the Christian family no duty of charity is neglected; the neighbor is always treated with justice and kindness. The beggar is a brother, a suffering member of Jesus Christ, who is assisted with readiness and alacrity. There God reigns and governs. He is adored, blessed and thanked for all that happens. A pious idea presides at all the operations of the day, of the week, of the month and of the year. In the evening after having been engaged in labors, sometimes rather painful, the whole family assembles before a pious picture, and the evening prayers, especially during the winter season, pious reading is added to prayer, with the recitation of the Rosary. The pious exercise is at the same time an invigorating tonic for the soul and a useful relaxation for the body.

In the Christian family, far from neglecting what concerns comfort and contributes to temporal prosperity, on the contrary, all the able members endeavor every day by good order and economy, by assiduous labor and by a prudent management of everything, to increase their fortune and patrimony. They repel with vigor those fatal and ruinous temptations suggested by luxury, ambition and the vain desire of appearing superior to others; and by so doing they prepare, even without intending it, a way to a higher social position.

In the Christian family nothing is exaggerated; all rights are respected, all the legitimate wants of nature are satisfied. It is understood that as the father and mother, as well as the children, need recreation and some enjoyment. But the recreations which are taken by them, the enjoyments in which they indulge, have nothing contrary to the law of God, nothing dangerous to morals.

They are pleasures which pure consciences can appreciate and enjoy; they are intimate feasts into which relatives and friends are admitted, and in which everything is done with a most perfect decorum, and the body, the mind, the health and the heart are equally benefited.

In fine, in the Christian family the great reverses, the great calamities which fall sometimes upon men and make them suffer so much lose a great deal of their harshness and bitterness. Persons truly Christian possess the inappreciable secret of soothing all afflictions and alleviating all miseries. They draw from them a greater splendor for their virtue; they change them into titles of glory and reward. When sickness comes, when everything announces to them that they have to quit this world, they do not give way to useless and powerless regrets. They hasten to ask of religion the assistance which she has in store for that great journey, and they await with calmness and confidence the last moment. See that good and tender mother who dies so peaceably; her last words to the dear ones whom she leaves behind—are they not a rendezvous to heaven? See that excellent father; from the couch on which he is about to expire he blesses, encourages, consoles his children, and they, though they feel all the hardness of this separation, dry their tears, because they have the hope of rejoining soon and forever the one whom death is going to take away from their love.

Christian family, real stronghold of our morals and of our faith, happy and exemplary family of which we have described the main features, how worthy thou art of envy and admiration! We are confident that thou dost yet exist somewhere, otherwise everything would be lost. Oh! wherever thou mayest be, whatever thy name, I love thee, I congratulate thee, I bless thee. Oh! if many families in which disorder triumphs, if many families which are perishing or threatened with ruin for having violated all the laws of their constitution, could closely contemplate thee, if they would only obtain and taste a drop of the happiness which thou enjoyest, they would immediately change their ways and follow thy steps; they would make all possible efforts to reach the state in which thou art and hast always been.

Yes, fathers and mothers, heads of families, look attentively around you, try to become acquainted with the number, the extent and depth of your duties. Your children are a blessing, a gift from heaven; such is the view you must take of them. If they are properly educated, they will be the wealth and the glory of your family; but if they are badly brought up, they will be its shame and ruin. In everything give them good example. How can you wish that they be not what you are and that they do not what you are doing? What influence shall you have on them if your actions formally deny the words which you speak to them? You say you love them. Now do you know well what it is to love? To love is to take complacency and delight in the happiness of others. If, then, when a person loves he loves only for himself, his love is not properly love, but selfishness.

The love of parents for their children, when it is true, tender, enlightened, generous, disposes them to make any lawful sacrifice for the happiness of their dear ones. The love of parents for their children is in the heart of the father and in the heart of the mother what the sun is in this world. When the sun rises it immediately chases away the darkness of night, and with its rays and heat it spreads around everywhere elements of life and fecundity. An immense change is effected; the country becomes animated; it covers itself with verdure and flowers and displays all the charms of springtime, and after that comes the time of the harvest—Faithful picture of what takes place among children when they are loved and brought up as they ought to be. You love your children; very good, excellent! But, then, consider, without separating the present from the future, what is required to make them happy. Try to make them understand and deeply impress on their minds this truth: that the Christian's life is the greatest, the most beautiful thing in this world. Continually show them, on the one side, the advantages, the rewards, the glory which accompany virtue; on the other, let them know that regret and punishment always follow vice. Let them learn by holding what you do every day, what justice, what charity is, and fully understand by how many motives, under how many penalties they are bound to respect in their conscience and to practice towards everybody those two fundamental laws. If any of them are called either to the priesthood or to the religious life, fear above everything to put any obstacle in their way. Remember that this vocation is a great honor with which God favors you and that He will not give to you in return, even in this world, a hundred fold for what you have given Him for the altar or for the cloister.

You love your children. Very well. Do not then neglect to correct them, and do it in good time and efficaciously. Be kind to them, be patient with them; but, at the same time, be just and firm. Take them by the heart, study their character, their propensities, their wants, their defects. As far as possible never lose sight of them, never punish them in a fit of anger or on the impulse of the moment, and remember that one always gains more by meekness than by force.

You love your children. Very well, admirable! Be careful, then, not to omit any occasion to inspire them with simple and modest tastes. Accustom them early to be frugal, resigned in adversity and privation. Let them conceive a real esteem and attachment for their condition and a sincere love for ordinary occupations. Instruct them; but teach them only what can be useful to them and not what could be injurious. Let them be good Christians first and afterwards men, but men of common sense and not ambitious men, continually scheming to attain to positions for which they were not suited and running after riches and honors which they will never be able to reach.

ARE CATHOLICS PERMITTED TO READ THE BIBLE?
Editor of the Canadian Baptist:
Sir—In acknowledging my sense of indebtedness for the insertion of my letter on French Catholic Evangelizers, in your issue of the 18th inst., and recognizing your reasonable desire to draw the controversy to a close, I cannot help craving a further measure of your indulgence in order that I may set you, and many of your readers, right on a point wherein so much ignorance prevails. You make the statement that Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures. This you are in no sense justified in saying, for right by my side I have a copy of the Old and New Testament, with the published recommendation of the same to the Catholic people by the Archbishops and Bishops of New York, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, and other prelates, and I shall be much pleased to show the same to anyone desirous of seeing what must be a revelation to many of your Church, who have formed false conceptions of Catholic liberty to read the Bible. On this point let me say that a few months ago Mr. Archibald Blue, a well known Baptist, told me that a minister of religion had informed him that, by the order of an eminent Church dignitary in Quebec, all the Bibles in one or two parishes had been gathered and burned. Mr. Blue had the gravest doubts about the truthfulness of the charge, and was desirous of having it officially contradicted, if untrue. The Secretary of

Cardinal Taschereau very promptly wrote me a denial of the slander, which I gave to Mr. Blue in order that the vendor of the story might be set right. I merely mention this one instance of misrepresentation, and its refutation, in order that your readers may be slower to believe such unwarranted ideas about Catholics and their non-reading of the Bible than they have hitherto been. Firmly let me say that Catholics do read the Scripture, and are as free so to do as are the evangelizers themselves, and even in a Jesuit college, where a portion of my boyhood was spent, the Scriptures were open to the students and they were encouraged to read them as the inspired Word of God.

I will pass by your reference to Catholicism being "mental and spiritual tyranny," and its faith and worship being "degrading superstition," with the remark that you shall have a monopoly, so far as I am concerned, of language that is somewhat wide of good taste towards a body who are far from being uncivilized and which must contain many who are highly educated, refined and intellectual, but I claim one word in reference to your remark that "a religion that does not rest on intelligence and that cannot stand the test of investigation is worthless." This is a bold statement to make by a journal representing a denomination that believes in Christian mysteries. Does the story of the Creation rest on intelligence, or the wonderful account of the deluge, and the inhabitants of the ark, find support from our every day knowledge of zoology and measurement? Or can you, for a moment claim that the Incarnation and Resurrection of Christ will bear the test of investigation from human hypothesis, or the laws of nature, or on what grounds but those of child like and blind faith can any reasoning person be expected to proclaim belief in the Trinity, and so on. Before you or the evangelists attempt to destroy the faith of the Catholic in the supernatural—or what you call superstition—you must, in all fairness, be prepared to give him in substitution a religion void of all that is at variance with nature and nature's laws, otherwise, as I stated in my former letter, you will, in pulling up the cockle, tear up the wheat by the roots.

I rather think it will be hard enough for the various Christian denominations to stem the rising waters of free-thought without wasting their energies in tearing the rival creeds to pieces, for while the quarrel rages within the temple of revealed religion, the scientific schools, with all their learning and wealth and argument, are thundering at the gate. PETER RYAN.

THEOLOGICAL SCALPING DYING OUT.
Father Doyle's Comments on the Organized Movement for Church Unity.

The plan proposed by the League of Catholic Unity, a company of distinguished clergymen of the principal Protestant denominations, which hopes to unite a divided Christendom upon a basis of the four articles adopted by the Lambeth Conference in 1888, has attracted the attention of the Roman Catholic clergy.

Rev. Father Alexander P. Doyle of the Church of the Paulist Fathers said last week:

"I deem the movement a most significant one. When I read the account of the last meeting, and saw who the men are who have identified themselves with it, and remembered their reputation for earnestness, I understood that the importance of the movement could scarcely be over-estimated.

"The least aspect of it is that it shows how the heaven has been quietly working in every Christian denomination. The leaders have had the matter at heart, and have been praying and thinking over it, and, as a consequence, will ultimately work out a *modus vivendi* of Christian unity.

"The days of theological scalping have gone by. The policy to day is no to emphasize our differences, but to reaffirm more and more our agreements. The points on which many Christian denominations agree are many, and those wherein we differ are, after all, but a few, and the less notice taken of those few the closer we shall come together.

"After all, most of our religious antipathies come from not knowing each other. If we were personal friends, meeting frequently, entering into some good work for civic purity or anything else, we would appreciate each other's motives better, and have a higher respect for each other's religious life.

"The sentiment in favor of Christian unity is growing stronger as we near the end of the century. The dawning of the twentieth century will see a reunited Christendom, if not a reunited one.

"Of course I, as a Catholic, cannot think a great deal of any platform which leaves out the Mother Church, but, as I understand it, the League of a Church Unity is designed to unite the Protestant denominations.

"The union of the Protestant denominations is but a step to their union with the Mother Church. The appeal of the Holy Father is ringing throughout the Christian churches, and it will not be listened to in vain."

It was in a great measure through bodily pain that the world was redeemed; and is it not mainly by the same process that we ourselves are being sanctified at this hour?—Father Faber.

Oh, happy are they, did they but know it, who have a visible sorrow always waiting them a little farther on the road.—Father Faber.

GAVE ALL TO HIS POOR.

Pathetic Story of a Simple Cure Who Imitated the Master.

In a poor village of Auvergne there lived, a few years ago, the poorest parish priest who ever traveled on his ministrations through the narrow passes of the Cevennes...

somewhat chill, night air. Marguerite was placing the dishes, on which she had served the frugal supper of her master, on the shelves of the oak sideboard...

to my worthy penitent a new cassock, and also 300 francs, to guard against the contingencies of his philanthropic devotion...

Grande-Fontaine, of the bottom of which were the remains of a granite cliff. Out of that cliff he cut a subterranean temple, similar to that of Albert du Rudolstadt in the 'Consuelo' of Georges Sand...

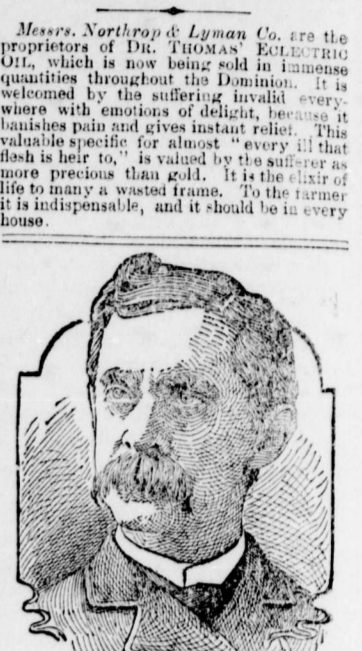
AMONG THE DEVILS.

Lovers of the occult sciences are looking forward to a strange libel case which will shortly come before the Paris tribunal. It is brought by Mlle. Lucie Claraz against a fantastic publication called the 'Revue du Diable'...

Grande-Fontaine, of the bottom of which were the remains of a granite cliff. Out of that cliff he cut a subterranean temple, similar to that of Albert du Rudolstadt in the 'Consuelo' of Georges Sand...

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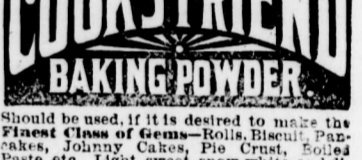
able trials which has ever come before a court of justice, and will, no doubt, attract all the spirits and devils and other occult personages to be found in the Ville-Lumiere...



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Statement of a Well Known Doctor. 'No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action...

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Dr. Woodruff, No. 125 Queen's Ave. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throat.

FIVE-MINUTE

Jesus spoke this passage to people who trusted in their own righteousness. My brethren, Holy Scriptures study these words would cure our...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

DISTRUST OF SELF. Jesus spoke this parable unto a certain people who trusted in themselves that they were righteous.

My brethren, Holy Church, in bidding us study these words of our Lord, would urge on our attention that we are redeemed by the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and not by any merits of our own.

She does this that we may bear in mind, in this season of reparation, that we need to be redeemed, and that without the merits of our Lord we should be one and all a lost race.

"I have trodden the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with me," says our Saviour was done with the mouth of the Prophet Isaiah.

There is no possibility of winning heaven except by the merits of Christ. Adam's fatal sin so infected us with its miserable poison that all human remedies were and are totally worthless to cure us.

Of course we need not exaggerate, as the Calvinists do, the degeneracy of fallen man. We are not by nature totally depraved.

The corruption of the fall is miserably enough; but it has not utterly extinguished natural virtue in man, nor has it made his every action a sin, as our Presbyterian friends once believed, and as some of them still profess to believe.

But when you ask, How is man to enjoy the happiness of heaven? The doctrine of the Catholic Church infallibly teaches the answer: Only by acquiring the merits of Christ.

To trust in your own righteousness, when there is question of getting to heaven, is to rob the Son of God of His office of Redeemer and the Holy Ghost of the office of Sanctifier.

Hence the Council of Trent defined as an article of faith: If any one shall say that a man can believe, or hope, or love, or repent in such a manner that he shall be justified without the inspiration of the Holy Spirit going beforehand, let him be anathema.

And there is no Christian doctrine more plainly taught in Holy Scripture, or more plainly essential to the office of Christ, than His merits are necessary to salvation.

But, brethren, if this is a cause of humility to us as men, it is a cause of wonderful joy to us as Christians. For by the grace of Christ we are made children of God, and are really sanctified with that holiness which the Son of God our Redeemer had and yet has—yes, really and not technically, or fictitiously, or in name, but actually imbued with that infinite love of His Father which made our Lord's lightest sigh of more worth to purchase heaven than all the virtues of all the best and purest of the human race put together.

What the Son of God is by nature that we are by grace; children of the Eternal Father, united to the Godhead by the bond of the Holy Spirit.

When we receive the grace of baptism, especially when we receive Communion, we become united to God by a union so perfect that St. John says we are entitled to be called, we actually are, sons of God.

Our Lord is called by St. Paul (Rom. viii., 29) "the first-born among many brethren." And what did our Saviour Himself say when He bade His disciples farewell? "I ascend to my Father and to your Father."

Now, my brethren, if there are many who need to be warned against pride by the example of the haughty Pharisee, there are some who, like the poor publican, need to be encouraged. There is a true sense in which a good Christian may say, I am a righteous man; it is that sense in which St. Paul spoke when he said, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

As much as to say, my virtue, if I have got any, is none the less mine because I have received it from Jesus Christ, and because by His love I still persevere and hope to persevere to the end in it.

Let us, then, be indeed humble when we look at the shriveled nakedness of our own poor, fallen nature; but let us rejoice and be honestly proud when we consider how God changes us into princes of His heavenly kingdom.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How Tony Sold Rose Buds.

He was only a dog, but a very smart dog, indeed. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity.

His master was a little Italian boy, called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy, and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with his good dog.

Now, Tony had grown to be a large dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often while standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, Beppo would feel inclined to cry from loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say: "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody! I'll stand by you."

But, one day, it happened that when the other boys, who shared the dark cellar home with Beppo, went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day.

What to do he did not know. Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist, who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds.

Having filled his basket, the boy went home again and tied it around Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog, and said: "Now, Tony, you are the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safely; and don't let any one steal anything." Then he kissed the dog and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and choose their flowers and put the money in the tin cup within the basket. Now and then, when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely and drive them away.

So that day went safely by; and at night-fall Tony went home to his master, who was anxiously waiting to see him, and give him a hearty welcome. Beppo untied the basket, and looked in the cup; and I shouldn't wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

That is how Tony sold the rose buds, and he did so well that Beppo never tires of telling of it.—Floral World.

Pay Day.

Won't you please call Jessie in, mother? We want to go down by the mill and home by the race, and we don't want to be bothered with Jessie. Netta Grey stood at her mother's open window, holding the little five-year-old by the hand; Virginia waited at a little distance.

"But I want to go too," sobbed the little one. "I has walked to the mills often and osten, and I wants to go too."

"Why don't you take her, Netta?" asked her mother, stopping the whirl of her busy machine wheel to settle this little trouble.

"Oh, she is such a bother," said Netta, fretfully, "she has to be lifted over the fences, and led by the hand, and she is in the way."

"Come here, Virginia," called the mother turning away from the machine and leaning out of the window. "Sit down there on the grass, all of you; I want to tell you a little bit of a story, but it is a short one and won't keep you back long."

"Thirteen years ago there came into a certain house that I know of a wee little pink baby. She was a great joy to everybody in the house, but she was also a good deal of trouble. She was washed and dressed and fed and put to sleep and nursed and rocked and carried around, and nobody ever complained of the trouble."

"In a few years more another little baby came, and then, of course, the mother had her hands full. Then there were two little maids to be washed and dressed and fed and put to sleep and nursed and carried around and played with and sewed for, still no one ever thought of complaining or once called them a trouble."

"When mother and father went to walk, babies went too; their little hands were held, their little feet lifted over rough places, and everything was done to make them happy."

"As the years passed by these two little maids grew strong and tall and independent; while other little ones took their places in the family to be cared for and helped. Now if you had had these maids, my daughters, how would you have behaved to the little ones? Would you have said: 'Go away children, and don't bother?' or would you have tried to pay back some of the care and trouble?"

"Oh, mother," said Virginia, "were those little maids named Netta and Virginia?"

"It is strange, but I think they were," said mother, smiling.

"Come Jess," interrupted Netta, taking this way to answer her mother's question; "it's time we were off on our walk."

And dear little Jessie, who had not been able to make head nor tail out of the story, sprang from the grass with a happy bound, clouds all gone, rain-drops too, and her sun shining brightly.

Nervous debility is a common complaint, especially among women. The best medical treatment for this disorder is a persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse and invigorate the blood. This being accomplished, nature will do the rest.

A DEVOTIONAL RELIC.

Twelve miles from the west coast of Ireland there rises from the Atlantic a ledge of rocks—the Shelgigs—and crowning a fragment of its highest peak an Irish cross is lifted high into the storms and sunshine of the open heavens, says the *Seminarist*. It has stood for centuries, ragged, yet beautiful, lonely and awful yet comforting and strengthening, a witness to the early faith and skill of the nation whose misfortunes it has witnessed, whose standard it has been, whose triumphs it shall yet crown.

It is known as Saint Michael's cross, and marks the site of a monastery believed to have been founded by Saint Finan. Ruins of a church, of two oratories, several cells and crosses and a burial ground still indicate the marvelous industry of the builders. The spot is nearly inaccessible. It is loneliness inexpressible, exposed to the fury of every storm and the rigors of cold, the tortures of the noontide heat. Only for purposes of contemplation and ascetic toil could men have planned and executed such a work, bestowing on it patience, devotion and cunning skill at the very peril of their lives.

It is fitting, indeed, that their monument should be the cross, and that their purpose should daily and hourly look heaven in the face, testifying to the glory of God by this memorial of His Son. Parts of the stern cliffs are named for the stations, leading up to the great cross on the summit. There can be no other way of the cross to equal this in grandeur and solemnity.

The echo of the sea bird's cry, the shrill roar of the winds from off the wild Atlantic, the deep thunder of the ever restless waves do not disturb the contemplative soul; they but add to the majestic awe of time and place. The Catholic spirit of to-day recognizes the inspiration of Catholic Ireland of long ago, and acknowledges with deep gratitude that its faith was founded upon a rock, indeed, "hewn out of a rock, and built upon a rock, and a proof against centuries of persecution."

Travel and study add continually to the glory of Ireland's past. From the cross of Saint Michael, held out to us of the new world in welcome and warning, we make our way inward to north and south, and to the east coast of the Green Island, finding the cross set in worn but imperishable stone upon its face. We find ruins, to be sure, but they are also remains of beauty and of duty fulfilled. Churches, chapels, oratories, bellfries and the rude yet massive sheltering homes of pious men and women, of learning and of charity, have been year by year discovered and exposed to admiring and reverent eyes. New beauties come to them with each year's advance as their deeper meaning opens up to us through the searchlights of learning and investigation.

"Ireland was civilized when England was barbarous," said Montalembert, and his saying is fast becoming the utterance of many. Irish monuments—the tomb stones, the crosses, the very stones of their ruins—have each a voice which deserves to be heard throughout the world, for it testifies of Christ and His Church.

The Modern Priest.

Cardinal Gibbons, during his recent stay in Paris *en route* for Rome, received many French visitors. To one of them he said: "It is my opinion that in the modern world we should change our modes of action. To pray and wait in the dimness and silence of churches was sufficient perhaps when the sound of the bells alone was enough to bring the people to church. But now the people will not come if we remain in the temple. False prophets are in the streets and public places. They even dare to seize upon our grand ideas of charity and social justice in order to deceive the crowd. We in plateaus. We, too, must go into the street. In France the clergy are serious, contemplative and pious, but I think timid. Our century is not one for timid people. It is one for the daring and the valiant. Truly, the eight or ten millions of Catholics in the United States have more influence in the midst of a population of sixty millions than the thirty millions of French Catholics have in a country of thirty-six millions. The Catholics of France do not occupy the place that they should have in their Catholic country. They do not speak to the men of this century in the language of the century. They appear to have come from far off and obscure regions where the changes and fresh needs of humanity had been ignored."

Asked to explain by what means the American clergy had obtained so much influence over the masses, Cardinal Gibbons is stated to have replied: "Simply by mingling with the people and acting with the people, Catholic and Protestant. We go out of our churches, we speak at meetings, in public places and in Protestant schools. Oh! we have absolute liberty! And what a splendid tolerance we meet with on the part of our separated brothers—the Protestants!"

They do not Despair.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parrole's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parrole's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

A Young Girl Rescued From an Early Grave—Pale, Listless and Weak, the Victim of a Hacking Cough, She was Apparently Going into a Rapid Decline.—A Case of Deep Interest to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Cornwall Standard.

It is now a common thing in this locality to hear people acknowledge the wonderful benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is not to be wondered at that the druggists find the sale of this remarkable medicine so large and yet constantly increasing. We could give any number of instances of splendid results following the use of Pink Pills, but so many of these are well known to many of our readers as to need recapitulation. However, now and again a case of more than usual interest arises, and we will give the particulars of one of these for the benefit of the public at large. Some years ago a young girl of fourteen, a daughter of Mr. Leon Dore, a well known and respected resident of Cornwall, began to show serious symptoms, and caused her mother great anxiety. She was just at the critical period of her life, and medical aid was called in and everything done to help her.



Was merely a shadow of her former self.

But it appeared to be useless, and week after week she continued to grow worse, until it was evident she was fast going into a decline. A hacking cough set in, and the poor girl, who was formerly plump and healthy looking, with bright rosy cheeks, began to waste away, and in a few months was merely a shadow of her former self. Her mother had about lost all hope of saving the young girl's life, the doctors being apparently unable to do anything to check the ravages of the mysterious disease. At length the mother's attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she decided to give them a trial. A box was taken, and as the girl did not show any visible signs of improvement, her mother was on the point of discontinuing the medicine when a neighbor persuaded her that a single box was not a fair trial, and induced her to continue the Pills. By the time a second box was completed there was some improvement noticeable and there was joy in that small household, and no more persuasion was needed to continue the treatment. The use of the Pink Pills was then continued for some months, by which time the young girl had completely recovered her health and strength. To day she is the very picture of health, and the color in her cheeks is as bright as it was before her illness commenced.

To those who saw her during the days of her illness and suffering her recovery is a great wonder. Mrs. Dore freely gave the *Standard* reporter permission to publish an account of her daughter's illness and recovery. She said she could not find words strong enough to express the gratitude for the marvelous cure this great life-saving medicine had effected in her daughter's case, and she hoped her testimony might be the means of leading others similarly afflicted to give them a trial.

After writing the above, the reporter again called on Mrs. Dore and read it to her, asking her if it was entirely correct. She replied that she would like to give even stronger expression

Physicians

prescribe Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites because they find their patients can tolerate it for a long time, as it does not upset the stomach nor derange the digestion like the plain oil. Scott's Emulsion is as much easier to digest than the plain oil as milk is easier to digest than butter. Besides, the fish-fat taste is taken out of the oil, and it is almost palatable. The way sickly children, emaciated, anemic and consumptive adults, gain flesh on Scott's Emulsion is very remarkable.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bown, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.



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This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an ornament as well. The size is 12 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, weighs 1 1/2 pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for carriage prepaid; and besides will give credit for one year's subscription to THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The Bible and The Record for a year for Seven Dollars. Subscribers who live where there is no press office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. Please note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.

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to her appreciation of this wonderful medicine. She further said that Pink Pills had greatly helped herself. She had been suffering from the effects of an attack of la grippe, and the Pink Pills had restored her to health. Her daughter also expressed her gratitude for the extraordinary change this medicine had wrought in her health. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system.

Manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. May be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address.

ABOUT PATRIOTISM.

Without it "the Heart of a Nation will be Cold, Cramped and Sordid."

Bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France in its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hands of Goetz has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as his glitters in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons. From the brows hang the banners of the Republic, and, as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their glad land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which, five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri. At Inspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through his quiet, noble land. In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar; his image appears in every house; his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people; and when the sun goes down a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief, whose blood has made his native land a sanctified spot in Europe. Shall not all join in this glorious worship? Shall not all have the faith, the duties, the festivities of patriotism? —Thomas Francis Meagher.

The best is what you want when you are in need of a medicine. That is why you should insist upon Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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In One Application of CUTICURA

SWEEPY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA Soap, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVE (the new blood purifier). Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London. PORTER, DRUG AND CASEY, CORP., 208 FRODO, BOSTON, U. S. A.

E. B. A.

Gentlemen and Brothers - Respectfully I answer the letter of J. J. Nightingale of July 25, I being the member referred to in his correspondence...

MR WILLIAM BRICK.

THE EFFICIENT PRINCIPAL OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, TO REMOVE TO OTTAWA. GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS - I AM PLEASED TO EXPRESS IN ALL QUARTERS...

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Grateful Sanctuary Boys. THE ST. LOUIS SANCTUARY SOCIETY OF ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL, TORONTO, SENT THEIR PASTOR WITH AN ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION...

FROM MATTAWA.

Since my last visit to this thriving town the interior decoration of St. Anne's church, then in progress, has been completed...

FROM NONSUNING.

DEATH OF FATHER GAGNON. I regret to announce the death of Rev. T. C. Gagnon, P. P., Nonsuning, at Pembroke hospital on Sunday, July 23rd last...

Kingston Separate School.

A meeting of the Separate school trustees was held in Dr. Ryan's office yesterday afternoon to consider applications for the vacancies on the teaching staff...

OBITUARY.

MR. NICHOLAS HENNESSY, ST. MARY'S. On Wednesday, July 31st, died from cancer of the stomach, at his residence...

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The Consecrated Will.

[The Poet] reprints the following verses with the question, "Who wrote this beautiful poem?"

TEACHERS' CONVENTION

At St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto. The annual convention of the community of St. Joseph in the archdiocese of Toronto, which was held in St. Joseph's convent, St. Albans street, closed Friday evening, August 2...

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK.

MARA. S. S. No. 7 - At the recent entrance examination Mr. W. J. Hickey, teacher S. S. No. 7, Mara, sent up four pupils, and all passed...

HONOR TO A DILIGENT SCHOLAR.

North Bay Dispatch, Aug. 2. Whatever may be the state of efficiency or lack of efficiency of the Separate schools in Manitoba, one thing is quite certain...

Through English Eyes.

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HOME AGAIN.

Major Henry A. Gray, engineer in charge of Public Works of Canada, Lake District, and Miss Gray returned home to 10 Kensington Crescent, Toronto, on Sunday last...

NEW BOOK.

The Child's Bible History (second edition) adopted from the works of I. Schuster, D. D., and G. May, edited by F. J. Knecht, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Freiburg, is published in the English language, by H. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Aug. 1 - Wheat, 7 1/2 per bush. Corn, 3 1/2 per bush. Barley, 4 1/2 per bush. Potatoes, 1 1/2 per bush.

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Always the Desired Effect. I have suffered a great deal from rheumatism for three or four years, so that I was compelled to give up my position as teacher...

FREE A Valuable Book on Nerve Pain. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Damien, of the Holy Spirit, and is a most valuable medicine...

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