

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE PAGE OF JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

Translated from the French by S. A. C., with the author's permission.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE MOUNTAINS.

After an hour's hard riding our travellers found themselves in the midst of a bare and sterile country. Immense moors stretched away on either side, and the wildness of the scenery and the dwarfed appearance of the scanty herbage showed them that they were nearing the mountains.

"In a couple of hours we shall be at the Black Gorge," said Shell at last, breaking the silence; "but do not let us waste time in the hamlet we are now approaching."

"Why?" asked Francis. "Our beasts have had a night's rest, and are quite able to carry us thither."

"Your horses, my young lord, are very good," answered Shell; "but, nevertheless, they are not fit for the journey that still awaits us."

"I think you undervalue my steed, Master Shell," said Francis. "Yesterday he went sixteen miles without a halt; yet look at him now—he is as fresh as ever."

"I can clearly see," replied Shell, "that you are an excellent horseman for the purposes of ordinary travelling, but your journey during the next two hours or so will be of a very different character. We shall be riding up stiff and rugged mountain-paths. Now, your rugged horse, which is not accustomed to this climbing, would cover ground at a much slower rate and at greater expenditure of energy than common ponies which are used to work."

Silence now fell on the little party until they arrived at the hamlet where the change of horses was to be made. Whilst Shell and Moses attended to the horses, Francis looked curiously at the collection of miserable cottages, whose inhabitants, more wretched than even their dwellings, drew a meagre subsistence from the flocks which they led to pasture in the mountains. His experience of Scotland hitherto had been restricted to large cities or rich and well-peopled villages, and poverty like this filled him with surprise and compassion.

An old woman stood near him on the road, holding on either side of her a ragged child, who stared in amazement at the traveler. Francis held out to her one of the gold pieces given him by the King, but the old woman regarded the coin with indifference, and made no effort to take it.

"She does not know what gold is," said Shell, who had noticed this incident; "but if you offer her a small coin you will see how pleased she will be."

Following this advice, the youth held out to the old woman a common coin of little value, which was at once gratefully accepted. The young page was lost in wonder, and stood gazing at the poverty-stricken scene before him, absorbed in thought.

Shell soon, however, roused him from his abstraction.

"Come, come, my young lord! we ought to be at the end of our journey before the sun goes too low. We must hasten on, if you please."

"But I only see two horses. Is Moses to follow us on foot?"

"Moses will wait for you here, sir. It is not that we distrust your servant—far from it; but we need at the Gorge only the eyes and ears of those concerned in the business. Besides, provisions are scarce, and we are obliged to economize them, so we avoid as far as possible having to feed useless mouths. There are already quite enough people with the Shepherd of the Mountains. Will you, therefore, consent to do without your servant, and allow me to act in his place?" added Shell, holding the stirrup for Francis to mount.

"Very well," replied the latter, resigning himself to the inevitable.

Francis was ignorant of the purpose for which he was wanted. Were they really the partisans of the King who had called him hither? In any case, what did all these precautions mean? There was but one man on whom he could rely, and now he was suddenly deprived of him. True, the thought that Shell was with him, who had before saved him from death, calmed somewhat the fears which he could not entirely restrain. But was even Shell to be trusted? He had been the companion before of bandits. If only he knew precisely how matters stood, he would be prepared to act. If he were certain that he was being conducted to enemies, he would attempt to escape by a sudden flight; or, if necessary, by attacking Shell; but to adopt either of these alternatives in his present state of knowledge might prove prejudicial to the interests of his master, as those awaiting him in the Black Gorge might, after all, be loyal subjects of the King who were planning his rescue and needed his help.

He decided, therefore, to remain passive, and allow himself to be led to the place of meeting, whether he was to encounter there friends or foes. So, abandoning himself to his fate, he followed Shell, letting his horse choose his own route: for the animal, as if obeying some unseen influence, went on at a brisk pace, without paying any attention to the bridle by which Francis had at first tried to guide him.

Absorbed in his reflections, Francis took no notice of the road by which they were travelling, until it suddenly began to grow dark, and wild cries were heard around. Thus aroused from his reverie, Francis looked about him. His horse was walking on a narrow path which ran between two high mountains, whose sides, covered with lofty pines, rose almost shut out the light of day. The scene was a wild, and wistful picture of one. Here a gigantic pine growing from the mountain side stretched its branches over the road, and threatened to fall on the traveller who should brave the perils of the way. There was to be seen a huge overhanging boulder, seemingly suspended in mid air, awaiting but a touch. Further on, a deep cavity, worn by the ravages of

time, presented itself to the gaze like a gaping mouth, as if the mountain yawned with weariness in its frightful solitude, while, disturbed by the noise of the horses' hoofs, wild birds of prey wheeled around, uttering their discordant cries, which echoed and re-echoed amongst the mountains.

Francis was much impressed by the wild scene around him.

"Where are you leading me?" he cried. "One would say this was the mouth of the infernal regions."

"Have no fear, sir," replied Shell gaily, somewhat amused to see the effect produced on Francis by the surroundings. "You are only at the entrance of Black Gorge, to which your Honor in your comparisons pays so doubtful a compliment. This is the dwelling of the Shepherd of the Mountains, and he, as you will soon see, is no more than a shepherd."

"What?" exclaimed young D'Arcy, "this man, this Shepherd, how can he dwell in such a place?"

"What displeases you, sir, in this place?" asked Shell, looking round him with a complacent smile, for its aspect was familiar to him.

"What displeases me, you ask, Master Shell? I find it frightful!"

"Sir," said the man, but this time in a serious tone, "he who dwells here would be ungrateful if he were to pronounce a severe judgment as you have done on this spot; and when you see this person you will agree with me that he has reason to call this place beautiful, to which he owes his life: for it is precisely the ruggedness of the road, the risks to those that traverse it—for at any moment those overhanging rocks might fall and crush the traveller—all, in fine, that you style frightful—that keep away the curious and insure the solitude, and consequently the safety, of the Black Gorge."

"But," added Francis, who could not contain his impatient curiosity, and who hoped at last to get some information concerning the extraordinary being whose residence he was now approaching, "has this man been well acquainted with the King, or has he reason to call this place beautiful, to which he owes his life: for it is precisely the ruggedness of the road, the risks to those that traverse it—for at any moment those overhanging rocks might fall and crush the traveller—all, in fine, that you style frightful—that keep away the curious and insure the solitude, and consequently the safety, of the Black Gorge?"

"It is—it is—a person," answered Shell, with hesitation, "whom you will now see, sir, for we have only to turn the next corner and we shall be at his dwelling."

Francis, astonished and overawed by his surroundings, divided between the fear of being entrapped and the desire of doing something for the delivery of the King, on hearing that he was actually arrived at his destination, and the Mountains, was seized with a sudden feeling akin to fear, and his heart beat quickly. At that moment Shell reined up his horse, and exclaimed:

"Here we are! If your Honor will dismount and wait for me an instant, I will go and get further orders."

Francis obeyed, and Shell, leading the horses, disappeared from view behind some rocks.

Left alone, our young hero looked carefully about him, but no trace of a house was visible. The spot where he stood was circular in shape, above which, at a great height, towering lofty mountain-peaks, which, inclining inwards, formed a kind of dome, through which daylight penetrated with difficulty. He was, so to speak, at the bottom of a precipice. In vain he tried to still the beating of his heart. Was he friend or foe to whom he was being conducted? A few minutes would decide the question.

Shell now re-appeared, and, addressing Francis, said: "The Shepherd of the Mountains awaits you, my young lord; and as he spoke the man bent a scrutinizing glance upon the youth, as if to judge of the effect of his words, and an involuntary smile hovered on his lips. Francis observed it, and owing to his present state of mind it seemed to him so full of sarcasm and mockery that he no longer doubted as to his fate. He had surely fallen into the hands of enemies, and the man he had trusted had unworthily betrayed him."

"Ah!" he said to himself, "I will take courage, nevertheless, and they shall see how a Frenchman can act, though he is still but a stripling." Having braced himself up with this little effort, the page of James V. replied with a firm and steady voice, preceded by a deep sigh: "Lead the way, I follow you."

For about thirty paces along a narrow path between the rocks. Here Shell came to a standstill, and pointing out to his companion an excavation hidden by creeping plants and dry brushwood—saying as he did so, "This is the place; I will announce your arrival"—disappeared behind the trailing of green, to reappear, however, almost immediately.

"Enter, my young lord," he said, holding back the curtain of creeping plants, and Francis, passing through, found himself in a square apartment, which, remembering the situation of the place, he knew must be an excavation one would never have supposed it could be so. The four sides were hidden by tapestry, the ground was covered with thick carpets, and the whole richly furnished. It is easy to imagine the surprise of Francis, as he gazed at the unexpected profusion of luxury revealed to him by the wax lights, which were burning in great numbers.

"Here dwells the Shepherd of the Mountains," said Shell, after a moment which long interval of silence, during which he had enjoyed the amazement of the boy, "and you will now behold him." Still smiling, he bowed, and once more left our young hero.

The page was mystified. "Was it not all the illusion of a dream? Could these costly articles have been brought to such a wild place? Surely it was not a reality, but the effect of imagination. However, he soon became convinced that it was not so, for each piece of furniture he touched spoke more eloquently than all his reasonings as to the truth of what he saw. Once more he asked himself, "Who can this Shepherd be, who in a rock like

this has made for himself such a princely dwelling?"

A curtain at the end of the room was at that moment lifted, and the mystery at length was solved. A man of tall and graceful figure stood before him, and the dress he wore of handsome countenance, for he was clothed from head to foot in sheepskin. Francis looked in astonishment at this mysterious figure, who had occupied all his thoughts since the preceding evening. But hardly had he glanced at him than, in spite of himself, he cried out, "My Lord Chancellor!"

"Silence, foolish child!" said Cardinal Beaton, for it was none other, "Chancellor Beaton is no longer in Scotland; that prelate, deprived of all his dignities, crossed over to France at least, such was the general belief, and that time has not yet come to undeceive people."

"For the last six months, my lord, we have believed you to be on the Continent."

"And I have lived at the Black Gorge under the name of the Shepherd of the Mountains. Yes, Francis; and it is from here that I am watching over the King of Scotland, and working to set him free. But we have no time to lose, poor conspirators that we are."

"Conspirators!" exclaimed Francis in astonishment.

"Yes, my son—yes conspirators. We are obliged to conspire in the dark to restore to our King, and we, who would serve our King, and we, who hide like criminals. Yes, yes!" he went on with bitterness, "see what these Douglas have done for Sir Scotland. May God pardon them!"

"Oh, my lord, how pleased the King would be if only he knew!"

"He shall know, my son—yes, and soon too, I hope. You shall see for yourself just now what kind of soldiers the exiled Beaton has gathered together for the King; you shall judge by its leaders of the value of the army of James the Fifth. But first listen to me, my son. Since I placed you with the King, I know that not for a moment have you failed in what I expected of you. I know this, I say, for from this lonely place I have kept my eye upon you, and that you have proved a faithful and devoted companion to our poor and feeble monarch. But that is not enough. The mission I am now about to entrust you with will be a perilous one. Have you, young as you are, courage enough to undertake such a difficult enterprise?"

"Speak, my lord, command! My courage will not fail, and if I need must die to see the King again at liberty, I should lay down my life with joy, if it were for the King's sake."

"That is well, my son—well. You show yourself what I judged you to be. Now, come, follow me."

The Cardinal raised the curtain that hung before the door by which he had entered, and drew Francis into another chamber much larger than the first, and in which were assembled all those whom Chancellor Beaton had spoken of as the heads of the party of James the Fifth.

CHAPTER XVII.

MELROSE BRIDGE.

The appearance of the large reception room in which the Cardinal invited Francis was certainly calculated to excite further surprise in one who knew that it had been improvised in the midst of the wild mountain solitudes. It was formed out of a space between two rocks, and was roofed over with cloth, whilst the ground was covered with carpets laid one upon another, thus effectually excluding damp and cold. Upright posts had been driven into the ground at certain points to support the sailcloth which formed the walls of this hall wherein the Cardinal had gathered together the partisans of James the Fifth, or to speak more precisely, the enemies of the Douglas. A large table loaded with viands ran down the whole length of this tented chamber, and Francis, more and more astonished at the luxurious display in so wild a spot, might have believed himself transported to Edinburgh, if the half savage appearance of those there assembled had not recalled him to the true state of things.

In this gathering, which consisted principally of the chiefs of the different clans, Sir Walter Scott, head of the powerful clan of Buccleuch, was conspicuous, both on account of his martial bearing, and haughty countenance. He had joined the Cardinal's party less from political conviction than from the personal hatred of Sir Andrew Kerr Cessford, the chief of a clan at enmity with his own. It will be remembered that Sir Andrew had not long since attached himself to the Douglas party, and that it was he whom Angus had entrusted with the work of putting Francis out of the way. Sir Walter, delighted to have in the event of war being declared an opportunity of encountering his enemy, threw himself heart and soul into the cause upheld by Beaton, and the other chiefs, recognizing his superiority, had in joining him consented to hold a secondary rank in the affair now meditated. Nevertheless, not all whom the Cardinal had invited were from the mountain districts, for he had drawn to himself several of the Western lords, and other Scotch nobles, who, either from jealousy of the supremacy assumed by Angus, or from a desire of revenging private wrongs, longed to see with the Douglas humbled. Among these latter, the most remarkable was young Lennox, a member of the house of Hamilton, and therefore a connection of the Cardinal's. Of all his family Lennox was the only one who had not been beneath the sway of the Douglas and abandoned the Cardinal in his hour of need. Beaton, on his side, felt for Lennox all the kindness of a father, and had such confidence in his courage and talents that he considered him as the soul of the enterprise they were about to undertake.

The assembled guests awaited with impatience the return of the Cardinal,

who had left them to receive Francis. In Scotland no conspiracy was ever well organized without feasting, and the Cardinal was too familiar with Scotch customs to ignore this fact, and had therefore desired that the banquet prepared for his adherents should be worthy of the undertaking for which they had assembled. Notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring provisions, he had succeeded in gracing his table with the most delicate viands, and the sight of the noble joints of venison and the choice rare fish, which diffused around a savory smell, whetted the appetites and excited the enthusiasm of at least all the secondary chiefs of the enterprise.

"His Eminence the Cardinal never coming back?" asked a mountaineer chief, eyeing greedily the well-spread table.

"Why does he pay such attention to a little page?" remarked the impoverished Corder who very rarely partook of such a feast. "It were better to let him wait than us."

"What a misfortune!" added a third. "By St. Dunstan! the meats are getting cold, and will lose half their flavor. A malison on the page."

These and other observations of a like nature circulated amongst the guests. One group alone, standing apart, seemed to have forgotten the feast in the more serious conversation of the conspirators. Amongst them were Lennox and Buccleuch, the two natural chiefs of the enterprise.

"What folly this is!" impatiently exclaimed Sir Walter, "what can the Cardinal be thinking of bringing hither this young spark of a page? Of what use can he be to us?"

"Who knows, Sir Walter," replied Lennox, "but that we may find this young spark, as you call him, of service to us?"

"And in what way, my lord?"

"In this way: if you reflect upon our plan, you will see that in order for it to succeed we need an intelligent person near the King. Remember, Sir Walter, that you, with your mountaineers, are to occupy Melrose Bridge, opposite the castle in which Lord Douglas has imprisoned our young King."

"I have not forgotten that, my lord, and that that you have proved a faithful and devoted companion to our poor and feeble monarch. But that is not enough. The mission I am now about to entrust you with will be a perilous one. Have you, young as you are, courage enough to undertake such a difficult enterprise?"

"Stop a moment, my dear Walter!" cried Lennox. "You reckon without your host. First, who has told you that Angus will rally out? And who has assured you that, even should they do so, the victory will be yours?"

"Who has told me, my lord? My own courage and the strength of my clan."

"Far be it from me, Sir Walter," rejoined Lennox, smiling, "to doubt either one or the other; but we must take every precaution to insure success. Every man that we can muster must be there, and each section of fighting men must have its own particular task. You, with your mountaineers, must occupy the bridge. I and my lords—and he indicated with a gesture of his hand the Border chieftains—"must camp at Kirkliston, and from there threaten the capital. So if you give way to your private feelings, and challenge the Douglas to a contest, you will compromise the whole affair. What you have to do is to feign an attack upon the castle, and here it is that the page will be of use; for whilst you are giving the Douglas a tangle to unravel, the page, with his servant and two or three trustworthy men we have in the castle, will conduct the King through a postern door—the key of which is already in our possession, or shortly will be—and escort him to our camp at Kirkliston, whence we will take him in triumph to Edinburgh. A signal will acquaint you with the King's escape; and as your object will then be accomplished, and your aim, please to remember, is nothing but to cause a diversion, you will have no further business with the King, and you will be at liberty to do as you please."

"Yes, truly, my lord, and I think the plan a very well-arranged one. There is nothing left for me to do but follow it out in all its details and play at a feigned assault."

"Which may soon enough become a tragedy," replied Lennox; "for the Douglas will defend them selves stoutly, and blood will be shed."

"By my knightly word!" cried Sir Walter, "I accept the augury, my lord."

At this moment an exclamation of satisfaction was heard among the waiting chiefs, and the little group of Scotch lords broke up at the sight of the Cardinal, who entered followed by Francis.

"My lords and gentlemen," cried the Cardinal, presenting Francis to the company, "salute in the person of this young man the friend and companion of our captive King, and see in him a faithful and devoted adherent to our cause."

A murmur of approbation went round the assembly, and the Cardinal then gave the signal for the banquet to commence. It was noisy and animated. Toasts were proposed in honor of the King. They drank to his deliverance and to the happy result of the enterprise. Glasses were clinked to the overthrow of the Douglas, and all rose from the table full of ardor and enthusiasm.

Francis, who had been placed at table near the Cardinal, soon became aware that his opposite neighbor was looking fixedly at him. At first he did not pay much attention to the matter, but seeing the persistence of the scrutiny, he became uneasy. Then he, on his part, returned the gaze of his neighbor, and after a few moments felt

convinced that the face of the man was not unknown to him, and that under different circumstances he had certainly seen him before, though in another dress.

"How very strange!" he thought. "That man's face is familiar to me, and yet I cannot recall where I have seen him."

"My lord," said Francis to the Cardinal when they rose from table, "who is that mountaineer? Do you know him?"

"As much as I know most of those here," replied Beaton, "and that is very little. He arrived this morning with the mountain chiefs who formed the suite of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, but I am ignorant of his name. But why, my lord, do you ask these questions? Have you any doubts about him—any suspicions? Speak!"

"No, my lord—no; I know nothing. I seem to recall his features, but I see I must be mistaken," replied Francis quickly, fearing that he might excite groundless suspicions against the man. Nevertheless, he added to himself: "It is very extraordinary: I feel almost certain I have seen him before."

Francis was still trying to recall the circumstances in which he had seen the man, when, in the midst of the tumult occasioned by the breaking up of the party, he heard a voice whispering in his ear: "Take care, Owen; Douglas has an eagle eye and a vulture's claw."

Francis turned quickly round, but saw nothing but a falling curtain, and a mountaineer's plaid disappearing behind it.

"How very strange!" thought young D'Arcy; and he determined to mention the matter to the Cardinal, but the tumultuous departure of Sir Walter Scott and his adherents from the Black Gorge had entirely driven it out of his mind when at length he was summoned by the Cardinal.

"My child," said Beaton as he perceived the young page enter, "come and learn what is to be the part as played by you in this bold undertaking," signed you in this bold undertaking, my lord, replied Francis with warmth. "I am ready, as I said before, to fulfil the mission, even should it imperil my life."

"Good, my son," answered the prelate. "I doubt neither you nor your young courage. Listen, then. You have just witnessed the departure of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch. In three days he and his clan will be at Melrose, and will attack the castle."

"Oh, my lord," interrupted Francis, "may God preserve us from such a misfortune! The castle is impregnable, and well defended, both by its position and its well-trained garrison. Sir Walter will never take Melrose."

"I know it, my child," replied the Cardinal, smiling. "What! you know it, my lord, and you do not hinder such a useless attempt!" cried the boy in surprise. "Do you not know that after this attempt the captivity of the King will be more strict, and that all hope of flight will become impossible?"

"Yes, impetuous youth, if we wait until Sir Walter has taken Melrose, and the Douglas has had time to make his preparations. But if we profit by the first surprise to deliver James V. from his prison, what will it signify to us whether Melrose is taken or not? We shall have the King, and with him power, and on you all this depends."

"How, my lord? I do not understand."

"Here is a key, Francis, which opens the postern on the side of the castle away from the river. I have had this key made from a waxen impression of the real one which your servant Moses took for me."

"Moses!" exclaimed Francis; "and he concealed it from me?"

"I know, and it was by my orders that he did so," said Beaton. "Once master of this key, which I now entrust to you as the most valuable instrument in the delivery of the young King, you must take advantage of the tumult occasioned by the departure of the garrison of Sir Walter before the castle to hurry away the monarch, who will for the moment be left unwatched, as all will run to the castle walls at the tidings of the assault. You must leave the castle by this postern, which, I undertake to say, will be but poorly guarded, as Sir Walter will be attacking from the river and trying to carry the bridge, so as to draw everyone to that side. Once out of the castle, you will find horses and men waiting to escort you to Lennox at Kirkliston, who will at once proceed with the King to Edinburgh, where he will be in the midst of his people. This, then, is what we expect of you. Set out now, and return to him whom you will shortly liberate. Have you clearly understood the instructions, my son?"

"Yes, my lord, and it will not be my fault if your plan does not succeed."

"See out, then, child, but first kneel." Francis knelt before the prelate, who, in a solemn voice and with eyes raised to heaven, thus addressed him: "May the blessing of an old man protect you from the dangers you are exposing yourself to for our young King! Noble and courageous young man, I bless you!"

Francis rose, much moved, and the Cardinal affectionately embraced him, adding in a trembling voice: "May God protect these and grant thee success!"

"Amen," responded the young page, and a few minutes later, accompanied by Shell, he set off at a rapid pace towards the hamlet where Moses awaited him.

"We must now, dear readers, leave Francis to pursue his return journey to Edinburgh; we must also leave the Cardinal and Lennox to arrange the further details of the projected enterprise. We shall not even delay to visit Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, who, with his clan, was making preparations for the expedition, but return at once to Melrose to the young King, with whose welfare so many of his devoted subjects are at this moment occupying themselves. The absence of Francis had left the young monarch friendless in the midst of his gaolers. The poor

Prince was sad and uneasy, and time hung heavy on his hands in the absence of his friend and companion. He had whiled away the first day by reading some of the books which, as we know, Sir Parkhead had delivered to him. The second day he had every moment expected his page to reappear. By the third day he had grown very impatient, and when the fourth day arrived, and Francis had not yet returned, he became seriously uneasy.

"How could this be?" our readers will exclaim. "From the time Francis left Melrose to the moment of his departure from the Black Gorge hardly twenty-four hours had elapsed, and we saw him set out at a rapid rate, so that the pace he was going twelve hours would have sufficed to take him back to Melrose. Yet here he is the fourth day, and he has not yet arrived. What does it mean? Has any misfortune overtaken him on the way?"

These are questions, dear reader, which we cannot now answer. All that we can affirm is, that by the evening of the fourth day Francis had not returned, and that the following day Sir Walter Scott was to appear before the walls of Melrose. It is impossible for us to inform you as to the whereabouts of Francis, for we know not, any more than the young King, what has befallen him, and we are no less uneasy as to his fate than he is. Some few facts, however, we can acquaint you with.

On the evening of the very day on which Francis left the Black Gorge, a man clad in a mountaineer's dress arrived at Melrose. He had evidently ridden hard, for his horse was covered with foam and sweat. He demanded to speak with Count Angus, and was at once admitted to his presence. On the following day Sir Andrew Kerr Cessford entered the castle with a small band of followers. Lord Angus gave him an audience, and the first words he addressed to him as he entered were: "Ah! well! The knight Sir Andrew has made words. 'It is done, my lord, and this time I have made sure.'"

"Good," rejoined Angus coldly, and, as if speaking to himself, "Thus shall the turbulent be punished. As to the old fox, we will unearth him when the visit we may expect in a day or two is over."

This is all we know at the present moment, and what can we infer from it? Is the man in the mountaineer's garb one of Angus' spies, and the same that Francis had noticed at the Black Gorge? Do Cessford's words, "and this time I have made sure," refer to the young page? There is nothing to prove it. Nevertheless, Angus appears to know that Sir Walter Scott is to arrive shortly at Melrose, and that Beaton is hidden in the mountains. Cessford's words, too, would seem to bear allusion to the affair at the Pine-branch Inn. How can we solve our doubts? What are we to think? How, in short, can we ascertain what has really happened to our young king, and whether he is alive or dead? This is precisely our difficulty. Nevertheless, let us make an effort. Let us stroll about the castle. Perhaps if we were to mingle with the soldiers and servants who are talking together, we might here and there catch a chance word which would put us on the right track. Ah! here is just the opportunity we are seeking, for there, in the midst of a group of curious servants, who are playing him with questions, is the man in the mountaineer's dress.

"By St. Dunstan!" he exclaimed, "I was not sorry to be able to repay the bath he made me take in the lake at the Morass of Dunsie at the time when my father was river-keeper to Sir Home of Wedderburn."

"So he was a false Douglas, then?" asked one.

"Perfectly false," replied the man. "During the month I had been in Sir Parkhead's service I had very often seen the young page, but I happened to be in Edinburgh, and on looking at him I thought I recognized him as the son of Sir D'Arcy, the French gentleman who was Governor of Dunbar before Sir Home revenged the death of his kinsman by killing the Frenchman at the Morass of Dunsie. I owed the boy a grudge for the ducking he gave me in the lake, and as I believed I had covered him in the so-called Queen's name, I ran at once to Sir Parkhead to make known to him my suspicions. He listened very attentively, and, bidding me wait where I was, went to take counsel with his cousin Sir George and the Earl. After some time they sent for me, and Lord Angus said to me: 'A particular circumstance that I now recall gives a certain coloring of truth to your assertion. It is possible that young D'Arcy may have been rescued from drowning, and it is very probable that the page is he. Follow him wherever he goes. Do not lose sight of him for an instant, and if it turns out that your conviction is true, go to St. Andrew Kerr Cessford at Edinburgh and deliver this letter to him. It contains my orders,' saying which the Earl handed me a sealed letter. I then set out in pursuit of the young page, and as I rode the best horse in the stable, I soon caught him up, and as I watched him, I was fully confirmed in my suspicion, for I recognized in his servant a peasant lad from the village of Wedderburn. Bah! Moses! he is no more Moses than the young page is a called Harry," replied the soldier.

"He is called Harry, and, though he is much grown since I last saw him, I knew him at once. This was another exciting circumstance, for I knew the little clown had left Wedderburn the day that Sir D'Arcy's son had been shut up at the Pine-branch Inn. As good luck would have it, during the month I have been here my work kept me out of the way of the young page and his servant, or the latter would certainly have recognized me: for he was in the habit of following me in my walks along the lake, and was with me on the day I took the bath in question. But, to be brief, I followed them close to the castle, when I suddenly lost sight of them. Night had come on, and I wandered about the country till day-

break. In the morning near the mountains, and where my horse, who was discouraged, I began to lose my patience. I should have expected, when suddenly I saw my young friend, longer accompanied by his servant, to be acting as if he seemed very odd, I thought watching them enter the hamlet to pursue their way, horse could go no further, sight of them, and walk amongst the mountains, until he heard a noise, which seemed to be the sound of a troop advancing. I hid myself and saw a tall man pass. 'I will thought I to myself, they are going to the Frenchman is bound for here. What? Here chance came to the band had lagged behind, appeared dragging him, difficulty, so tired was quite spent, he seated on the very rock behind hidden. To ask him how impossible; he would them to me; so I thought by force, him, pierce. He uttered a faint cry. It was a crime, I saw, and I soon learnt desired to know."

"But who were they? Why were they there? Did you hear? The man showered upon the man. 'Things that don't pertain to me, the Earl's letter, Francis,' he went on, 'I had not heard of it, but I had heard of D'Arcy. That was all, after eating my share of meal, and having done page's mind by some in his ear without letting mounted the first horse hand and hastened to the Earl's letter Cessford. That is all."

"But the young Douglas what has demanded the eager as to that I have given you my word. You dare."

But no one felt objection the ferocious question a few more excite. "It is very extraordinary, a false name? He must plans," etc., the group going off to his usual As for us, we know for certain that he have been made known we do not yet know Francis only Sir Angus on this point, and that, like the audacious reluctant to quit as that never he band and talking with a help himself, who is held an enormous pot of be. Let us get on matter what you say. I shall see Cessford with tending a conversation. 'He had had no other had him gaged started from his horse even drink a glass was done. For if I was a few cups too much inn, that scoundrel have hoodwinked me. Saying this, he strode and passed it by, and he continued, striking with his fist on the table was sitting: 'The like that I shall I know? On my word should be to crac but I shall not be bated Shell has been I'll find him any day he added, as if to prediction made to rather, that phan on the road!' A of himself, he said: 'Don't let us think drink.'

He then went to neighbor's hands, and he had drawn himself down in the middle of the Alas! what we leaves no room for Francis is dead misunderstand the ble chiefain.

Let us now return is sadly ill at the moment to see his news as I watch him, I reached him. He too trembled to see of his window every sound, and the footsteps of faithful companion of the river his were excited, and exclaimed: 'That must be Francis! He falls died away, and would again say: 'My God! I exclaim. 'Is it him? Shall I not service; he has him so dearly.'"

It was now 2 o'clock, and still James was heard from immediately. That no one might not asleep, the

...and time in the absence of him. He had been reading by the light of a lamp as we know, and he had been reading every moment of his time. By the very arrival of the messenger, he had been reading every moment of his time.

...dear reader, answer. All that had been done in the evening of the day Sir Walter had been reading every moment of his time.

...the very day on which Black Gorge, a captain's dress he had evidently worn was covered with mud and blood, and was as white as snow.

...at the present we infer from it? The captain's garb was the same that the Black Gorge had worn at this time.

...replied the man who had been in Sir Walter's room, but I happened to have heard the day he left on looking at him, and I sized him as the son of a French gentleman of Dunbar before the death of his father.

break. In the morning I found I was near the mountains, quite spent, lay down, where my horse, quite spent, lay down, where my horse, quite spent, lay down.

...the lights in his room, and thus it was possible for him to keep watch without being himself observed. His eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, and he could distinguish easily the different objects beneath him.

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BEYOND THE "BOURNE."

And you mean to tell me seriously, Lee, that you, an enlightened man of the twentieth century, really believe all this rubbish about disembodied spirits and the rest of it?

Philip Lee paused in the act of lighting a cigarette and fixed his calm gray eyes upon his friend's mocking countenance.

"Most certainly I believe it," he answered. "It seems to me perfectly natural, given the fact that there are other worlds, and that man is possessed of an immortal soul. That seems to be the only way in which we can explain the things that we see."

"There is a third alternative," remarked Philip calmly. "Purgatory." "Oh, come, old chap, that is just a little bit too thin. You don't mean to tell me that you swallow that with all the rest of your quaint beliefs?"

It was November, "the month of the dead," and London was wrapped in a mantle of thick fog. It was barely 3 o'clock in the afternoon but the electric light was already turned on in James Darrell's flat in Victoria street, and he himself was seated at his writing table.

and yet so utterly congenial to one another, talked "horse" and other kindred topics until it was time to return to the hotel for table d'hôte. It was only when they were parting for the night that James Darrell referred in any way to their conversation of the afternoon.

"Supposing one of us were to die, Lee," he said suddenly, "is our mutual, mental sympathy sufficiently strong, I wonder, to enable the survivor to be aware of the fact without previous knowledge?"

Philip smiled quietly to himself in the moonlight. "You are beginning to recognize the existence of a soul, then?" he asked. "If, say, my body died there would, according to your tenets, be nothing left to communicate with your mind. Yes, Darrell, I believe that the sympathy existing between friends, such as we are, will not cease with the death of our bodies but will retain its vitality to all eternity."

There was a moment's silence broken only by the splash of oars in the silvery waters at their feet. "I want to believe, Philip," broke out James Darrell passionately, "as you say I used to, but for the last fifteen years or so that which I suppose you would call my soul has been wrapped round by a thick fog, and now believe in anything approaching the supernatural has become a physical impossibility."

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lit room, to the glamor and the witchery of an Indian spring. He retraced in his mind, as accurately as he could, the discussion he and his friend had held upon the immortality of the soul, and he smiled a little to himself—the tender smile with which one listens to the folly of a child—as he recalled Philip's words: "Although you have no faith in the efficacy of prayer," he had said to him, "I have, and I am going to see what it will do towards getting you that proof you hanker after."

"Philip, old chap, where on earth did you spring from? I never heard the door open. You must have come in like a ghost," he added with a laugh. "Can't you speak, old man? Come along over here, and give an account of yourself? I was just wishing you would turn up."

Philip Lee made no reply. He stood there calm and smiling, and it seemed to his friend that there was an entirely new expression in his eyes, the look of a man who is utterly bewildered at his silence, a sudden shiver seized him, and a feeling of half awe and reverence, half fear, shook his very soul.

Among the vices that are most rampant in our days, there is none so widely diffused than that of profane swearing. When we consider the nature of it, we would be inclined to think that only the low, the vulgar and the uneducated are addicted to the degrading habit.

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BYRNISM AND SPIRITISM.

C. J. Cronin, D.D.

The most difficult and mysterious of all the subjects which natural science has within its province to examine and discuss, is undoubtedly man. Through out the ages the human nature has been the most fascinating, the most tantalizing, the most insoluble of the natural problems which the intellect has to solve.

The possibility and the fact of the production of extraordinary phenomena in human beings, of anomalous effects, referable to none of the known physical principles of human activity or even tendencies of the human organism, were well known from very early times.

Hypnotism indeed lends itself very readily to fraud, but there can be no doubt of phenomena which are attested by scientific men whose good faith cannot be called in question. The authentic facts of Hypnotism, however, have no relation with the preternatural; they are all explicable by natural causes.

Spiritism is something very different from Hypnotism. The only real analogies which can be said to exist between them are: 1, that neuropathic subjects, by reason of their susceptibility to external influences, can with equal facility become hypnotic patients and spiritualist mediums; 2, that in both Hypnotism and Spiritism the phenomena are abnormal, and 3, that they lend themselves with almost equal readiness to imposture and charlatanism.

What then is this preternatural power? The facts show that it is intelligent, free, and immaterial; consequently a spirit; and as the nature of the cause may be learnt from the effects, we must interrogate the phenomena in order to discover what kind of spiritual being produces them.

still suffering in Purgatory, are in a like impossibility. There remain then only fallen angels and lost human souls. And here we must strongly dissent from the view of Dr. Laponni, who would seem to acquiesce in the claim made by Spiritists that the spirits with whom they communicate are really the human souls they declare themselves to be.

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that marvellous spectacle, in a sordid age, of the entire episcopate and clergy of the French Church surrendering everything they possessed for the sake of principle.

SOCIALIST SCOFFERS ARE EXPOSED.

FAIL IN ATTEMPT TO DISCREDIT MIRACLE OF THE LIQUEFACTION OF ST. JANUARIUS' BLOOD - ALLEGED REPRODUCTION A BLASPHEMOUS PARODY.

The Monitor and New Era, of London, prints the following communication from a Rome correspondent who was an eye-witness of the proceedings described: The infidelical pretense of reproducing the miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood by chemical means had only one effect, and one very different from what was intended, namely, that of furnishing another proof of the miraculous nature of the occurrence at Naples Cathedral.

Every body knows that St. Januarius was Bishop of Beneventum, in the fourth century; that he was martyred, and that his body and some of the blood shed at his martyrdom were preserved by the Christians, and finally deposited in his cathedral of Naples about the year 400 until the present.

The liquefaction itself is an undoubted fact. Nobody denies that it happens: it has been witnessed by believer and unbeliever for fifteen hundred years, and is still witnessed by thousands every year. Friends of my own, Protestants, told me they were present two years ago, were quite close beside the relic, and saw it bubbling, decoloring, and boiling up in a wonderful manner, as if it were but just recently liquefied.

For our present purpose we may put out of account the theory of deceit and trickery on the part of the canons and priests of the Cathedral, for at the anticlerical meeting with which we are concerned the speakers distinctly disclaimed any idea of attributing bad faith to the ecclesiastical authorities.

do, moved the phial up and down very close to the candles. This he said was necessary, so that when the miracle does not take place it is entirely owing to the want of the needed heat.

RACY FRENCH NOTES.

Canon Clemenceau! That is almost as odd a combination as 'Abbe Combes' and this is how it has come before the public. The arch-priest of Nimes was summoned the other day for the crime of saying Mass in his own church.

Some of these letters of French cures are particularly interesting just now. The Cure of Fremainville was also summoned and wrote a letter to the Commission of P. lice which ends in this way: "There is a case in which I promise you beforehand, that in which for the right of appeal, that in which for the crime of saying Mass, just as for murder or robbery, I should be condemned to prison - the law of 1881 which is cited against me gives you the right. Oh! in that case, M. le Commissaire, I will do my term without recrimination."

The conversion to Catholicity of the northern countries of Europe is only a question of time, said Archbishop Farlow in the course of an address at a meeting of the New York Convert's League.

The Archbishop gave a brief account of his recent trip through Europe and the impressions derived from study and observation in Norway, Denmark and other countries which he visited. His knowledge of Scottish history, he said, was supplemented by a visit to Glasgow.

My purpose in going there," remarked his Grace, "was to see the one and only cathedral in that country left standing by John Knox and his followers. It was agreeably surprised to learn that it was saved from the attacks of those men by devoted and public spirited Catholics, who banded together and sent word to Knox that any attempt to destroy or raze the Catholic or lay violent hands upon it would be resisted to the utmost of their ability. The edifice was left untouched from that day to this."

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ST. JOSEPH.

The month of March is dedicated by the Church, through her holy Pontiff, to the honor of great St. Joseph, virgin-spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary and foster-father of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

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TRIBUTES TO THE CATECHISM.

The famous—or infamous—Diderot, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, displayed such furious hatred of religion, really esteemed it, and could not refrain from glorifying it. This is clear from an incident related by M. Baunze, of the French Academy.

A similar tribute was paid by that arch infidel, Voltaire himself. A lawyer of Besancon introducing his son to the Philosopher of Ferney, assured him that the young man had read all his works. "You would have done better," replied Voltaire, "if you had taught him the Catechism."

Easter Decorations Now Ready.

Last Easter our flowers decorated over 100 altars and by keeping in touch with New York and Germany, we have added new flowers to our large list, including Point Settias and Wastacia, which makes a very pretty altar decoration.

THE PONTIFICATE OF PIUS X. A VERY IMPORTANT ARTICLE ON THE VETO.

The following article which we take from Rome, a new Catholic paper published in the Eternal city, will show that the old and bitter fight which Our Lord predicted would always exist between the world and the Church.

And those who fixed their gaze on my face that day could not fail to see my anguish—I was pale for amazement and alarm, and looked more like a corpse than a living man. The words were first used by Anselm and were quoted by Pius X immediately after his election to express the consternation he felt during the conclave. We saw the traces of it still on his face when he was borne through St. Peter's over the heads of the people to be crowned. And what wonder!

Yet the very first act of the Pontificate of this humble, shrinking man, was an act of extraordinary courage and power, which even to this day is hardly known to the public. To understand it fully we must go back again to the memorable conclave of August 1903.

THE ABOLITION OF THE "VETO."

The Senate of the Church of God, sixty-two Cardinals chosen for their learning, sanctity, prudence, were gathered together in the Vatican to elect a successor to Leo XIII; they were bound by a sacred oath to select the most worthy person in the world for the supreme office of Vicar of Christ; they were literally cut off from the rest of the world and the rest of the Vatican that there might be no possibility of external interference with them; they constantly invoked the Holy Ghost to enlighten them in making their choice. They had already voted three times, and had just given almost half their suffrages in favour of a Cardinal eminent for his wisdom and virtue, when one of their number made a statement, which may be paraphrased thus:

"Princes of the Church, chosen especially for this office by the wisest of Pontiffs, now gathered here in the centre of Christendom from France, Belgium, America, Ireland, Germany, Spain, Portugal, to elect a head for the Universal Church under the guidance of the Holy Ghost:

"I regret to have to inform you that in spite of the assistance of the Holy Ghost, in spite of your prayers for light, in spite of the wisdom, virtue and prudence for which you have been chosen from the whole world for this high office, I regret to inform you that my master positively forbids you, forbids you, I repeat, to elect the one on whom you have set your hearts. My master, as many of you are aware, happens to be the figure head of one of the more backward provinces of the Catholic Church; he is an old man whose intellectual faculties are perhaps not so vigorous as they were thirty or forty years ago. He has little or no power over his own little district—he cannot even legislate; his interests are, I grieve to say, bound up with those of a Protestant and an anti-Catholic prince, who are not able to speak for themselves in this gathering, but who can speak through him. But, illustrious colleagues, notwithstanding his obvious, nay, I will admit, his ludicrous incapacity for passing an opinion on your verdict, my master positively forbids you to elect as head of the Church the one for whom thirty of you have just voted. It is true that there are here present nearly forty Italian Cardinals, and that nobody has the right to intrust any of them with such a prohibition; it is true that Cardinal Logone, the descendant of St. Patrick and the representative of the most Catholic nation in the world, does not claim—nay, would shrink with horror from—claiming—any such thing. Cardinal Goossens, of Belgium, the most progressive of Catholic countries today, never even dreamt of vetoing anybody in this august assemblage; that Cardinal Gibbons speaks in the name of the millions upon millions of Catholics in the United States, yet would be scandalized if it were suggested that he should interfere with your liberty of choice; it is true that both France and Spain have abandoned their own absurd claims, but my master my old master, with one leg in the grave and the rest of him seated on a throne which is not worth five years' purchase, forbids you to choose the Vicar of Christ as you think best. And he has no reason to allege for his prohibition—he simply says you must not elect such a one, sic volo, sic jubeo; and you, the Senate of God's Universal Church, have no choice but to obey. Thirty of you have already cast your votes in favour of him to whom my aged and unfortunate master objects. It would not matter in the least if the sixty-one of you, or indeed the sixty-two of us, wished him to be Pope—my master has still the right to veto him. The 'right,' I say, for though the custom began in a gross usurpation centuries ago, my master and his predecessors have used it on every possible occasion. Fathers of the Conclave, I am thoroughly ashamed of the utter degradation of my position before you at this moment, but unfortunately I am only a court Cardinal, and I must obey."

His Eminence did not—at least it is to be supposed that he did not—use these exact words, but what he said amounted to this: "effective? Yes and no. No—for the Fathers of the Conclave solemnly repudiated it by increasing the vote in favour of the Eminence Cardinal in question; yes—for the Sacred College would not have elected one whose Pontificate would have begun with openly declared hostility from one of the European powers. And no again—for the Holy Ghost had set his seal on our glorious Pontiff, Pius X., whom the whole world already reveres and loves, though he has been but a few years at the helm of the Bark of Peter.

But Catholics everywhere will rejoice to know that neither kings, nor emperors, nor politicians of any rank or hue will ever have another opportunity for the exercise of formal impertinence in the election of a sovereign Pontiff—and for this we are indebted in some measure to the recent "veto," with all its unspeakable stupidity. The "veto" is vanishing into the domain of history—let us have a parting glance and a parting kick at the foul thing as it flies.

As far back as fourteen centuries ago Pope Symmachus, with the Council summoned by him, was obliged to protest against the encroachment of civil power in papal elections. The Roman Emperors of those times claimed a "veto" of their own—to wit, that a papal election should not be considered valid until it had received their confirmation. A third of a century later the Emperor Justinian went so far as to nullify the election of Pope St. Silvanus, whom he exiled and starved to death (537). Pope St. Martin, for not begging the confirmation of his election from the Byzantine Emperor, suffered a long agony in the prisons of Constantinople; his successors until Gregory III. (731) were forced to apply for the imperial placet for their election. When the Lombards replaced the Byzantines as rulers of Italy they inaugurated their domination by endeavoring to place a layman on the Chair of Peter. This happened in 767, and the legitimate Pontiff, Stephen III., two years later, proclaimed aloud in a solemn decree that "no layman has a right to take part in the election—the function of public officers and magistrates is limited to being present at the proclamation of the elect and signing the legal acts of the election."

Charlemagne, the great benefactor of the Church, allowed full liberty to the clergy in the election of the Pontiff—although his mighty name was used some centuries later as a forged bull which alleged that Pope Adrian gave him and his successors the right to elect the Pope and to confer investiture on all Bishops. Everybody now recognizes that this document is spurious, but its existence is an interesting proof of the tenacity with which emperors have clung to their usurpations. Charlemagne's son, Louis the Debonair, in 817, recognized that he had no right to interfere in papal elections, but he sent that legation should be sent to announce to him the accession of a new Pontiff. It was not much, but it was the thin end of the wedge. His son, Lothaire, made a similar admission, but their descendants began to drive the wedge home by degrees until they came to insist on the old claim to con firm the election. But Pope Adrian III, in 884, issued a decree which proclaimed that "henceforth the Pontiff shall be freely consecrated without the intervention of the imperial ambassadors." During the ninth century the different political factions used such violence during papal elections that Pope John IX. was obliged to make a decree that "for the future the election and consecration of the Pope shall only take place in the presence of the deputies of the Emperor, who will see to the preservation of liberty." The thin end of the wedge again, and introduced at the beginning of the disastrous tenth century, during which papal elections were continually a prey to the violence of the civil factions which agitated Rome and Italy. In 963 the German Emperor, Otto the Great, gathered together some refractory Bishops, made them depose John XII, and elect an anti-Pope; and when John died the following year the same Emperor took his successor, Benedict V, away to die in prison in Hamburg, while the anti-Pope issued a decree granting to Otto and his successors "the right of choosing a successor for the kingdom of Italy, of establishing the Pope and giving the investiture to Bishops, so that without his consent there can be no election of Pope, Bishop or patrician, under pain of excommunication, exile and death."

And this outrageous decree actually had force more or less for a whole century. In 1059 Pope Nicholas II, counselled by the famous Hilbrand, who was afterwards to become the great Pope Gregory VII, issued the celebrated Bull in Nomine Domini, which substantially removed the usurpation of the emperors, though the notorious Henry IV, sought to evade its provisions by electing a whole series of anti-Popes. In 1159 Frederick Barbarossa began another series of anti-Popes, his teeth too, were drawn when Pope Alexander III, by a constitution promulgated in 1180, at the third Lateran Council, decreed that a papal election made by two-thirds of the Cardinals should be valid in spite of the whole world.

It was the thin edge of the wedge once more. France was too much occupied with her own troubles for a century to devote much thought to papal elections; the German Emperor had the Turks and Germans very much on his hands, and paid very little attention to what was being done in Rome; but Spain kept up a running fire of "recommendations" at every conclave and every successive "recommendation" became more and more of a positive command until King Philip II., at the death of Pope Sixtus V., drew up a list of seven Cardinals from whom the new Pope was to be chosen—thus brazenly excluding fifty others from election! The Fathers of the Conclave were thoroughly shocked, but Philip was a powerful and unscrupulous monarch, and the Cardinals were obliged to yield by choosing the best of the seven.

France and Germany, or rather Austria, now awoke to the importance of the Papal elections and each sought to counterbalance the influence of the two other powers; yet none of them yet ventured on claiming a formal veto against any member of the Sacred College. The king or emperor conveyed his ideas to the Cardinals who might be considered more or less under his control, and not to the Sacred College as a whole. It was in 1605 that in a moment of excitement a Spanish Cardinal, seeing that Cardinal de Medici was about to be elected, cried out in the presence of the whole conclave: "The king objects to him."

He was too late, for the Cardinal had just been elected, but he inaugurated the formal exercise of the veto. In 1644 the Cardinals who elected Innocent X. fearing that the sovereigns would still further increase their encroachments on the liberty of the conclave, declared to the ambassadors that they formally refused to permit more than one "exclusion" from any of the three. Meanwhile at this and the subsequent conclave held the following year the Cardinals debated among themselves on the advisability of submitting to the veto, and agreed that for these two special occasions and by reason of the circumstances of the time it was better to do so. Thus formal vetoes were proposed by France and Spain, and reluctantly accepted by the Cardinals throughout the seventeenth century.

In 1691 Austria appears vigorously on the scene with a formal veto against Cardinal Barbarigo; in 1700 the emperor vetoed the election of Cardinal Paoletti; in 1721 against Cardinal Paoletti; in 1724 against Cardinal Paoletti and so on throughout the eighteenth century. Austria began the nineteenth century by excluding Cardinal Gerold in 1800; in 1823 at the next conclave it vetoed Cardinal Severoli, who required only seven votes to be elected; in 1829 it vetoed Cardinal Gregorio, and again in 1831; in 1846 Austria was prepared with its veto, but the prelate to whom it was entrusted arrived five days too late. The object of the veto in this case was no other than Pius IX. himself! In 1878 Leo XIII. was elected so quickly that the powers had no time to make up their minds about vetoing him had they so desired. And now Austria has interfered again in the first conclave of the twentieth century.

But it is enough. Pius X. had not been a week on the Throne of Peter before he summoned the Cardinals of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, and directed them to take immediate measures for the complete and definite abolition of the monstrous anachronism known as the Veto. When the Cardinals enter the Conclave to elect a successor to Pius X. they will know that the severest pains, including excommunication, are abated if anybody who dares to intrude a veto from any person or power into the election of the Sovereign Pontiff. Thus did Pius X. begin the restoration of all things in Christ.

SCIENCE AND FAITH.

During the past year a number of tributes have been paid to the discoverer of the means of preventing the spread of yellow fever, which he enabled this government to assure the Cubans of their safety from that scourge, if only the proper safeguards were put into effect. The successful campaign for the prevention of yellow fever was organized by Dr. Walter Reed, a surgeon of the United States army, who was in charge of sanitary matters at Havana in the Marine Hospital service six years ago. His discovery that if mosquitoes could be prevented from reaching yellow fever patients, the disease would no longer spread, though hitherto it had been thought to be of extremely contagious character, revolutionized all the medical ideas with regard to this important disease, which had practically made certain parts of the American tropics uninhabitable for those who were not acclimated. Dr. Reed died two years ago and several memorials and tablets have been erected to his memory as a medical scientist who did more to prevent suffering than almost any other in the nineteenth century.

Under these circumstances it is

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rather interesting to realize, as is pointed out in a recent number of The Messenger, that Dr. Reed, in spite of the tradition which makes medicine lead men away from orthodox thinking was a faithful Christian who found his main consolation in life in considering that he was fulfilling the purposes of Providence. He wrote to his wife that he thanked God that Providence had enabled him to do so much to lessen human suffering. He even declared that he was ready to shout for very joy that heaven had permitted him to establish this wonderful way of preventing yellow fever. "The prayer," he says, "that I might be permitted in some way to do something to alleviate human suffering has been granted." One is not surprised to find that as a young man he wrote to his fiancée, "Do we not arrive nearer to true happiness in striving to accept what divine wisdom allots to us, doing all we can to assist our fellow-men in being happy and submitting uncomplainingly to the will of Him Who gave us birth, ever remembering that He that humbly himself shall be exalted."

The greater the man the simpler he is, and if he has been brought up a Christian, the deeper his faith and devotion. It is the little man who becomes materialistic.—Buffalo Union and Times.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday in Lent. "Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost." (St. John vi. 12)

ECONOMY.

Here is a lesson, my brethren, in economy which it would be well for us all to consider this morning, for many of us will, I fear, have to answer to God for the willful waste not only of spiritual goods but also of temporal blessings.

There is, I know, a false economy, better called stinginess, and which comes from a miserable spirit, and this is certainly very displeasing to God. There are some, and thank God they are few, who are foolish enough to starve themselves and live in meanness and wretchedness while their money is stored away in bank. But the not uncommon fault which we have to meet, and which with all the energy of our soul we deplore, is the wasteful, negligent, unthrifty spirit which among many of our people, I am afraid, is not very far from the mark. People, indeed, who while the sun shines, and then are unwise enough not to gather it in and lay it aside for a needy day.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," says the man who in the spring and winter months makes three or four dollars a day, lives like a prince, eats the best and drinks the worst—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." "I know winter will come and with it no work for me, no bread for my children, and the cold shouter from among my friends; but no matter, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' I have money now, and to-day I will eat, drink, and be merry."

Brethren, it is to such as these that our Blessed Lord would say this morning: "Take care, be saving, gather up the fragments. Be more economical when the sun shines; lay aside a dollar now and then of the fragments; save those fragments you spend in the saloons on Saturday evenings; save those fragments you waste in gambling; save those fragments you squander in useless and needless amusements; gather them all up lest they be lost, and in the day of need you be found penniless."

And for those upon whom God has bestowed an abundance of temporal favors the lesson is as grave and important. For among such there is a wastefulness, an extravagance that is often deplorable in its results to their own spiritual good. People of means who smile and turn up their noses at the suggestion of being prudent and economical about the fragments they are warned to gather up lest they be lost. Oh! how many fragments are lost to the poor! that needless extravagance in dress, that willful and useless expense, those fragments of every whim and every selfish desire gratified, which might not be lost if properly gathered up and given to God's own, the poor.

Brethren, the lesson is the same for us all, whether we are rich or poor; all the blessings we receive come from God, they are His and we are only His stewards, and the practical lesson He would have us learn from His Gospel to-day is this: In the day of our prosperity, whether that be great or small, we should avoid all willful, criminal waste, we should learn to gather up the fragments that remain after ordinary and necessary wants are supplied; gather them up carefully lest they be lost. Then, if we have lived honestly and demands on our generosity are made, we shall be able to meet them up; and if poverty through hard times overtake us, we shall have the consolation to know in our distress that we have not wasted or squandered the blessings God gave us in the day of our prosperity. Remember the lesson—gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost.

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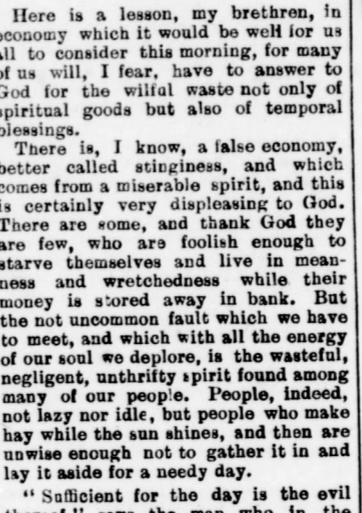
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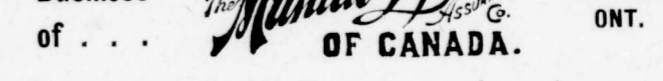
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The Business of . . .



for 1906 shows substantial increases over the previous year, as may be seen from the following figures:

Table with 4 columns: ITEMS, 1905, 1906, Gains over 1905. Rows include Assets, Income, Surplus, Insurance in force, and Expense ratio to income.

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CHATS WITH YOU

By the natural as we law we are forbidden to of our fellow men, and commands us to love The world, however, as for many are found with their neighbor, their hearts. Experience there are, comparatively few in the world of truly said, "There is that," Such court when we happen to enjoy prosperity, but when we under the crushing weight they are conspicuous by To find so called friends no particular need of want them when we like easy and common he is happy who finds a prosing excitement happy who finds no to try his friend.

Wise men deliberate they consecrate a friend their impartial judgment worthy, they receive certain him wisely, another seeker, wisdom, however, suggest imaginary line between friends. Friendship means always far apart. People should be friends and slower in old friend for a new one. Holy Writ says, "A faithful friend is a true friend, even if he had all the world can give. The poor, the old, the sick, all seek and a fact man is so content with true friendship and renounces wilderness. If we good friend by good blessing which imparts good blessings fall, ended by sufferings the office of a true man's greatest prize true friend's greatest cite one another to warn, encourage, another in the practical. Such friendship them, even the plan that remains a sacred becomes all the more friendship deepens. Death itself does not strong barrier to friendship's interruption soul a friend takes nity! When our portion as we loved them. To lighten go in spirit with wholly of the earth.

THE MAKING OF A FRIEND

It costs nothing and at all times a stance we should such, if we would. We have no right our home or our by unworthy conduct the man, and not make the gentleman the garb of honor and civilization of land, where a spring and unclo, be, if you make ideal home your happiness and society of his will show you me the boy the kind father a him will show you, for the order by someone created at home. Resolve to body, and who of life are enough found among whom fame a do your duty. The world of one the world titled to you, for example, you in your choice are true to faithful to the will of God, that is due and brighter La Vega Cle

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

By the natural as well as the divine law we are forbidden to hate any one of our fellow men, and Christ expressly commands us to love our enemies.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Apple-Paring Silk.

"You children don't remember your Grandfather Nye," said grandmother, as she smoothed the lustrous fabric that our rummaging had brought to light.

"Not that your grandpa was mean or cross—he was a dreadful good provider; but there was one thing he wouldn't do, because he said he didn't believe in it, and that was to buy 'gow-gaws and flummiddies' for his young folks."

"Well, this time I'm speaking of I'd got his things all packed in the afternoon, so he could make an early start next morning. I was going to have hot biscuits for supper, and while the fire was burning up I thought I might as well peel some apples for sauce."

"About once a year he used to go to Boston on business. Traveling wasn't so quick and easy then as it is now. He went horseback, and he carried his change of clothes and such like in his saddle bags."

"He didn't say anything for a spell. When I looked up at him I saw he was watching me. All of a sudden something seemed to strike him funny like, and says he, 'giving a kind of a chuckle:'

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Rachael, he says. 'To-night, when I sit down to smoke my pipe, you get an apple and peel it, and just as many yards of peeling as you make off from one apple, mind you—just so many yards of silk I'll buy you in Boston.'"

"He took his hat and went outdoors again, and I could hear him chuckling all the way down to the barn."

"He hadn't more'n got out of sight before I was practicing on those apples. I got my little penknife and I peeled just as thin and narrow as I could. You'd be surprised to see how narrow a peeling you can make when you try."

"As soon as I got my sauce on cooking I went down cellar and overhauled the barrel and picked out the biggest apple I could find. It measured eight on to fifteen inches round, and with the practice I'd had I calculated I could make out quite a string of peeling."

"After supper your grandpa filled and lighted his pipe, and then says he: 'Bring along your apple, Rachael.' So I went into the pantry and got a pan and my penknife and the big apple."

"Hunted up a whopper, didn't ye?" says he.

"I believe there wasn't anything said about the size," says I.

"That's so," he says. "Go ahead." "So I sat down beside him, and I peeled and peeled, and I felt pretty sure your grandpa was watching that peeling as it kept on piling up in the pan."

"When I was done, clean up to the stem end, your grandpa didn't say anything, but he laid down his pipe and took the pan, and we stretched the peeling along the sitting-room floor and through into the bedroom. Then your grandpa took out his rule, and measured it."

"I measured seven yards and a quarter, near as he could figure. I was pretty certain he was surprised, but he didn't say a word."

"I didn't calculate at all on your grandpa's getting the silk for me. I didn't know how much of the whole thing was a joke and how much was his earnest. But the first thing he took out of his saddle-bags was the package this was done up in."

"Well, Rachael, girl," he said with a laugh as he tossed it into my lap, 'here's your apple paring silk!'"

"Youth's Companion."

Christine Lennox had been ill a fortnight. "I can't see that there's much the matter, she told the doctor. 'I believe you are keeping me abed just to make me rest,'" and she laughed up at him.

The physician was the cheeriest of men, but now he had no smile of response. He had been the girl's friend since her babyhood, and he looked at her tenderly.

"Christine," he said, "I have never lied to you, and I am going to tell you the truth. You are not so well as you think."

evening will be a good time." The man's face darkened. He and his brother had not spoken for five years.

"You'd better send a note." "I'd rather you'd take the message—please."

"All right, I'll tell him," and the girl felt a tear on her cheek as he stooped to kiss her.

"I only I could see them friends before I go!" she whispered to herself. Her longing was granted. At her bedside the barrier of years was broken down and the two were brothers again.

Christine's favorite cousin was in the college. He was not making the best of himself, and friends were anxious. A note from her brought him home for a parting visit.

"Theodore, do you know the meaning of your name?" she asked. "No. Something I'm not, I presume."

"Something you can be," the gentle voice replied. "It is 'powerful among the people,' and I think it is beautiful. Only one cannot be that, you know, unless one is master of himself and is true to the best, to the highest. I wish you'd think about it when I'm away."

The boy did think, and he became a power for good among his fellows. So full were those ten days! Through the influence of the dying girl two estranged lovers were reunited, a home was provided for a desolate cripple, a church contention was resolved into harmony and a despairing woman found peace and joy.

Besides this, there were uncounted deeds of love that lived in many hearts long after the door of them had passed from sight.

Ten days! They are waiting just ahead. One by one they will come into the grasp of all of us. Shall they be filled with frivolities or blessed by deeds of love and Christian service? Shall those days which are to be dedicated to God be only the last ten days of life, or shall they be the next ten days, and every ten that follow them? —Youth's Companion.

Three Things. Three things to be—pure, just and wise. Three things to live—courage, affection and gentleness. Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct. Three things for which to fight—honor, home and country. Three things to cherish—the true, the beautiful and the good. Three things about which to think—life, death and eternity. Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness. Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to love—the wise, the virtuous and the innocent. Three things for which to wish—health, friends and contentment. Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power. Three things to attain—goodness of heart, integrity of purpose and cheerfulness of disposition.

CARDINAL TO "IMMORTALS" The first appearance of Cardinal Mathieu, Archbishop of Toulouse, in the French Academy on Feb. 7, as the successor of the late Cardinal Perraud was noteworthy on account of the Church and State separation issue. The general applause bestowed on his address, which was a plea for the preservation of the old ideals as against the materialistic tendencies of the present time, showed he had the sympathy of the majority of the "immortals." He said:

"From one end of Europe to the other we hear the cries of class hatred and the rumbling menaces of destruction. Religion cannot be defied. Duty tells us and interest commands us to respect it. Nothing has been proved

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against it except a desire for its suppression, while the ancient virtues of charity and purity which my ecclesiastical predecessors defended retain all their force."

A Beautiful Incident. A beautiful incident is related by the Rev. James Walsh, of the archdiocese of Boston, who learned it last summer from the lips of the venerable and venerated Abbe Christian Brontenieres, superior of St. Francis de Sales college, Dijon, France. When his illustrious brother, a martyr for the faith in Corea, was nine or ten years old, he brought a rosebush from his mother to the Sisters of Charity at Dijon. For twenty years it never blossomed but the sisters cherished it as a memento of the angelic boy, who meantime had become a missionary in Corea, and would not permit the gardener to destroy it. In the spring of 1866, about the time of Father Brontenieres' heroic martyrdom—he was beheaded after enduring frightful tortures—two buds appeared and developed perfectly. The bush lived on but never blossomed since then.

The Lord is far more tender than a mother. And we know how tender a mother is, and how readily she forgives her child's shortcomings. Did any reproach ever move us so much as our mother's kindness?

There's a good reason why Purity Flour is milled from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat by the most modern milling plant in the world. Besides, it is absolutely dependable in the baking—the one really perfect household flour.

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SURPRISE A PURE SOAP HARD SOAP. ONE OF THE THINGS it is hard to make folks understand is the fact that with "SURPRISE" Soap it is not necessary to boil or scald the clothes.

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Beautiful Lace Pictures. STEEL ENGRAVINGS ASSORTED SUBJECTS. Size 3x4 ins.—30c. per doz.

Various small advertisements on the left margin, including 'Cancelled Postage' and 'The Money'.

Various small advertisements on the right margin, including 'The Money' and 'The Money'.

PLAY ACTING IN BISHOP'S PLUMES.

"ARCHBISHOP" VILLETTE WHO IS TRYING TO FORM FRENCH NATIONAL CHURCH, IS KNOWN HERE.

Archbishop Villette, whose attempt to form a national church in France, has created quite a sensation and considerable trouble for the police, is well known in Montreal. His rank as an archbishop comes as a surprise, however, to most of those who knew him as a student here twenty-seven years ago, although those who met him on his last visit to Montreal, seven years ago, knew that he claimed this rank in the Greek Church.

Rene Villette, a native of France, entered St. Laurent College, in the autumn of 1879, as a student in Latin elements. He was then about twenty-five years of age, of good appearance, and presented the appearance of the typical Parisian. During the year which he spent at St. Laurent, he proved, however, that his talents were all exterior, as he was unable to follow the Latin course, and he was so advised and told it was useless to attempt to complete the classical course, as it was beyond his capabilities to master the Latin and Greek, as well as the sciences included in the curriculum. He applied to be excused to take the gown as an ecclesiastic, but the Fathers of the Holy Cross did not deem him a proper subject, and so informed him.

During the next year, he entered McGill College, where he tried the study of law, but remained only a short time, as that study, too, proved too much for his capacity as a student. He was also a devotee of theatricals, and was never so well satisfied as when he could don long robes and appear as a high personage.

A REMARKABLE DEMAND. He disappeared from the view of his Montreal acquaintances for a number of years, and the next heard of him was that he had turned up at Rome, where he expressed his desire to be consecrated a bishop in the Greek Church, of which he claimed to have been consecrated an Archbishop. He wished, however, to retain his title as a bishop, and to be admitted to membership in the Roman Catholic clergy. A commission was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to examine into his titles as a priest and bishop of the Greek Church. While the Roman Catholic hierarchy regards the Greek Church as schismatic, the ordinations of that church are regarded as valid, though the members are excommunicated. The investigation into the ordination and consecration which Villette declared he had received from the Patriarch of the Greek Church in Asia, failed to prove that he ever received any such ordination. His application to be received as a clergyman into the Roman Catholic Church was, therefore, refused. He was advised to retire into a monastery and there to devote himself to study and prayer, so that his situation might be regularized when he had shown the proper capacity and dispositions. This did not suit his purposes, however, and he proceeded to Paris, where he opened an office and announced his intention of ordaining priests to officiate according to the Greek rite. He remained there but a short time, however, and seven years ago he again visited Montreal.

On this occasion, accompanied by Dr. H. J. Brodeur, of this city, he visited St. Laurent College, where he informed the Fathers of the Holy Cross that he was a regularly consecrated archbishop of the Greek Church, and was proceeding to the United States to look after Greek congregations there. About a year later, Villette turned up in Detroit, and was prominently identified with trouble among a Polish congregation which had revolted against the Bishop. Villette placed himself at the head of the rebellious congregation and assumed to speak for a congregation which he organized from the ranks of the Polish Church. His membership in the Polish Church, however, did not last long, and he was set upon by the very people whom he had assumed to lead. They accused him of deceiving them, and of misappropriating the funds which they had subscribed to further his work among them, so that he was obliged to leave Detroit in a hurry.

Since that time, his old acquaintances in Montreal had lost sight of him, but when he turned up in France and formed an association, called in an accordance with the wishes of the French Government his acquaintances in Montreal realized that Villette was still at his old game, and had found the opportunity to gratify his ambition for dressing in flowing robes and creating a sensation.

HOW TO BE PERFECT.

It is not necessary for everyone to do heroic penance in order to please God. It is not necessary for everyone to become a hermit or an anchorite in order to do God's will; and to do God's will is to live perfectly in his sight. The great majority of us can not become monks and nuns; we must live in the world; we must eat and drink and work and play and mourn and rejoice as those around us. Yet we can lead good lives, say perfect lives. God does not require of us the impossible. He only asks us to serve him perfectly in our state of life. But how can we, amid all the distractions of the workaday world, serve God perfectly? Here is what Cardinal Newman says on this point:

He, then, is perfect who does the work of the day perfectly, and we need not go beyond this to seek for perfection. You need not go out of the round of the day. I insist on this because I think it will simplify our lives and fix our exertions on a definite plan. If you ask me what you are to do in order to be perfect, I say, first: Do not lie in bed beyond the due time of rising; give your first thoughts to God; make a good visit to the Blessed Sacrament; say the Angelus devoutly; eat and drink to good glory; say the Rosary well; be recollected; keep out of bad thoughts; make your evening meditation well; examine yourself

daily; go to bed in good time, and you are already perfect. Here then is a Lenten hint. Surely we can begin this Lent, to do the things of the day well, and so continue to do them henceforth. By so acting we will be doing God's will, and to do God's will, is to live a perfect life—a life that will be rewarded in the eternity toward which we are all, good and bad, perfect and imperfect, saints and sinners, moving steadily, swiftly and surely.—Sacred Heart Review.

GIVE A BOOK.

Here is a charming contribution to the literature of gift-giving from the pen of Most Rev. E. J. McCarthy, D. D., the new Archbishop of Halifax, N. S. In The Suburban, of Halifax, His Grace writes:

"A book from a friend is one of the dearest of gifts. It implies more thought and care in the selection than most gifts. It is a tribute to the soul and the intellect, whereas even the daintiest and rarest kinds of other gifts, at the best, but minister to the personal adornment or the animal appetites of men. And as for children, it is a mistake to suppose that they do not care for books. We know of no more eager devotees of literature no longer critics than children. They pore over every word and every line, extracting meaning and passing comments that would surprise Plato and delight Shakespeare. It is all real to them. They hear the pictured trees rustle in the wind; the waters run and ripple, the water lilies are really afloat; the mischievous elf pranks in the woods or takes their ease on the topmost pinnacles of the swaying reeds and rushes. There is the giant with his terrible club and enormous maw and there is the clever and courageous Jack, ready to outwit and kill the monster in defense of poor suffering humanity. And there is Bethlehem and the stable all full of straw, and a poor little Baby on it—a poor little Baby—and His mother looking down upon Him and St. Joseph; and the air full of angels, and the oxen turning their mild eyes round from the stalls to gaze on the Baby too. Dolls, and railway cars, and tooting trumpets, and gingerbread and Noah's arks are good enough in their way, but they don't last like these picture books as the children call them. When they are tired of them they come back to their books over and over again.

"It is the same with children of a larger growth. When everything else fails, we can read. And taking more than a holiday view of the matter, there is nothing in the world more necessary for us than to read something worth while; to take in information and instruction while we rest and recruit our jaded mental forces. "Those who read good books do a most excellent work, and confer a lasting benefit on themselves; but those who spread good books abroad do a work of Christian charity as those who spread bad books do a moral injury to society, whose extent and influence it is impossible to trace, as it is frightful to contemplate. We need urge no further on intelligent readers the moral necessity of not forgetting good and useful literature during this blessed season of giving and receiving.

Penny Went to Church.

Dr. Munhall, who recently lost a series of religious meetings at Emporia, Kansas, told according to the Kansas City Journal, an interesting story. The Journal says: "A great many pennies had been put in the offering, and his attention was called to this. One night he held up a silver dollar and a copper penny and gave a conversation held by the two coins. 'You poor little red cent, you; you don't amount to anything. I'd hate to be you,' said the big dollar. 'I know I'm not very big,' replied the cent, 'but the children like me, and I can buy a good many things.' 'Huh! you can't buy anything at all,' said the dollar. 'Just look at me, big and bright and shiny. I can buy a whole lot more than you can.' 'Maybe so,' said the little red cent meekly, 'but I go to Church a heap oftener than you do anyway.'"

THE CELEBRATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

During the very early days it was entirely at the discretion of every priest whether he said daily a plurality of Masses or not. It was quite usual, for example, to say one Mass for the feast of the other for the benefit of the faithful departed. A plurality of Masses, however, was soon restricted to occasions upon which a greater concourse of people than ordinary was gathered by reason of some solemnity. Then in order to afford all an opportunity of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice as many Masses as were deemed necessary could be said, and these even by the same priest. Pope Leo XIII. (ninth century), we are told, said as many as nine Masses on a single day to meet an exigency of this kind. This practice, however, kept gradually falling into disuse until the time of Pope Alexander II. (A. D. 1061 to 1073), when that Pontiff decreed that no priest should say more than one Mass on the same day. The decree was thus worded: "It is sufficient for a priest to say one Mass the same day, because Christ suffered once and redeemed the whole world. The celebration of one Mass is no small matter, and very happy is the man who can celebrate one Mass worthily." This is the present discipline of the Church in the matter. Facilities, however, are granted to priests in charge of two churches to say Mass in each church on Sunday, in order to give the people an opportunity of complying with the precept requiring them to assist on that day at the Holy Sacrifice. But under no circumstances can more than two Masses be said by the same priest on these occasions. Permission to duplicate may be also had for one church where two Masses are required (There is, however, an exception to this generally). Christmas Day is now the only day of the year upon which a

plurality of Masses may be said. On this great feast the Church extends to every priest the privilege of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice three times the same morning, without, however, binding him to celebrate any more than one if he does not wish to do so. According to Darand; this privilege was granted by Pope Telesphorus, A. D. 142. Liturgical writers assign to these three Masses the following mystic meaning: First, the Eternal birth of the Son of God in the bosom of His Father; secondly, His birth in time in the womb of His Immaculate Mother; thirdly, His spiritual birth in the hearts of the faithful by a worthy reception of His sacrament; but, above all, by the reception of Himself in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar.—Father O'Brien's History of the Mass. Grace writes:

FATHER FRASER IN CHINA.

The Fathers Fraser in China write interesting letters. Here is one which came to a relative and has been received as the diocesan office.

"Feast of the Sacred Heart."

"Dear Father— I write you to day a few lines hoping to catch the mail which leaves Shanghai to-morrow. Yesterday was a day of confessions. I heard 178, which is the most I think I ever heard in one day. It is nice to ever pleasure to the Sacred Heart by a full table of communicants. I am happy to say that devotion to Holy Communion is increasing among the Chinese. Father Basso got the Jesuits to translate the work of M. Le Segur on Holy Communion, into Chinese. It appeared month by month in the Chinese Sacred Heart Messenger, and can now be had in book form at the Jesuit's place in Shanghai. That book has done a lot of good in China already. So you see Father Basso is soon making himself felt. He is heart and soul in his work in Kiachow near Father Asinelli's place. He was telling me he had over thirty chapels to attend. That is the way to convert the Chinese in great numbers. When we get a nucleus of Christians and catechumens we should get up or rent a chapel and place a catechist there to keep the faith alive. That is the reason our missionaries apply so often for aid.

"Father William is keeping well. I send you his last letter. I received 'China's Millions,' (A non-Catholic publication.) All that it contains about our parish and province is of course dictated by bigotry, and I suppose what is said about the Catholic Church in the rest of China is also unreliable. Then to look at their statistics. At the beginning of 1904 all the Protestants together they say had 131,404 communicants (catechumens and children are excluded) at the same period there were in China 3,107 foreign ministers, male and female, and 8,313 native catechists, who have just as much right to be called ministers as the former, making a total of 11,420 Protestant clergymen. Now divide 131,404 by 11,420 and you will get how many communicants for each clergyman, namely: eleven. This is taking their own figures and I do not suppose they have underrated themselves.

"However, we Catholics can learn a lesson. See what the Protestants are doing for their missions. What numbers of ministers they send and support. With the few priests we have, and the few converts we have already, a hundred times over success than the Protestants. What then could be expected from the Church in China if the number of missionaries and funds were increased to equal those of the Protestants.

"Pray to Our Lady and St. Anthony for better times. Remember me to mother and all the family. Oh, how I pray our dear Lord to bless you. Hoping this will find you well, I remain, "Yours in J. M. J. JOHN FRASER."

A man is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

The Inscription on the Coffin.

The inscription "At Rest" should never be seen on a Catholic coffin. It means that the deceased has entered into glory, a declaration which it would be the height of presumption for us to make. The Catholic inscription is "May he rest in peace," that is, may he one day enter into glory. We do not dare ask God to admit a soul to heaven at the moment of its departure from this world; we beseech Him to shorten its term in purgatory, through regard for the prayers of His Church, and especially through regard for His Divine Son perpetuating the sacrifice of Calvary on every altar where Mass is said.

Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.—Faber.

NEW BOOKS.

"Consecranda." Rites and ceremonies observed at the consecration of churches, altars, altar stones, chalices and patens, by Rev. A. Schulte, Professor of Liturgy at Oberbrook Seminary, with numerous illustrations. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Price \$1.75.

CONSTRUCTING FIREPROOF OUTBUILDINGS.

Serious efforts have recently been made, to reduce the frightful loss from lightning and fire on Canadian farms. And not only in securing a thoroughly lightning and fireproof construction, but also in bringing the price down to, and even below, that of the old-time board and shingle barn.

The new plan is to use corrugated galvanized sheets for roofing and siding, and iron bars and iron pipes for framing. And they are very rigid, and make a perfectly strong construction when used over very light framework. No sheeting bars are used at all—only light purlin strips being necessary.

Such buildings are now becoming very common, and users everywhere are finding that "Acorn Quality" Corrugated Galvanized Sheets, manufactured by the Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont., is the most satisfactory material known for the purpose. They are so heavily galvanized that they easily outlast a generation and never need repairs. The firm above mentioned will gladly send to inquirers their interesting literature about "Acorn Quality" Corrugated Galvanized Sheets, and give names of users in all parts of Canada. 46

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DIED.

O'NEILL.—In Montreal at the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame Sister St. Marc, on Feb. 11, 1907, Joseph P. Kennedy to Miss Maud M. Killen.

MARRIED.

KENNEDY KILLEEN.—In Hurley, Ont., at St. Michael's Church, by Rev. Father O'Connell, on Feb. 11, 1907, Joseph P. Kennedy to Miss Maud M. Killen.

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ENGLISH TEACHER WANTED. MALE or female, for Catholic Indian school at Goulais Bay, twenty miles from St. John's. Salary \$300. Apply to Rev. J. R. Richard, S. J., Saint Marie, Ont., 1479-3.

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PRIESTS HOUSEKEEPER WANTED IMMEDIATELY. Must be first class cook. State age and qualifications. Address "A" CATHOLIC RECORD office, London, Ont., 1481-2.

WANTED. COMPETENT HOUSEKEEPER for modern, well furnished parlor rectory. Comfortable home for reserved person, good plain cook. Address P. P. (care CATHOLIC RECORD office), 1481-2.

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In Treaty with Honor—A Romance of Old Quebec, by Mary Catherine Crowley, author of a Daughter of New France, The Heroine of the Street, etc. \$1.50 post-paid. A Little Girl in Old Quebec, by Amanda M. Douglas, \$1.50 post-paid. CATHOLIC RECORD, London Canada

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Archbishop O'Brien. (Man and Statesman) We have now on sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office, this most interesting life of a great Canadian churchman, written by Miss Katherine Hughes. Orders promptly attended to. Price, postage prepaid, cloth \$1.00, paper 65c.

Catholic Order of Foresters

Ald. Chas. S. O. Boudreaux, Chief Ranger of St. Jean Baptiste Court, Ottawa, and Benjamin J. Asselin, Recording Secretary of St. Basil's Court, Brantford, have been appointed Organizers for the Ontario Jurisdiction, and are at work at present, in the interest of Catholic Forestry. If Recording Secretaries in the Province think they deserve the attention of a Provincial Court Organizer, their wishes will be considered, when application is made to the Provincial Secretary or to the Provincial Chief Ranger. V. WEBB, DR. B. G. CONNOLLY, Prov. Sec., OTTAWA. RENFREW, ONT.

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The Catholic Record

VOLUME XXIX. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 16, 1907. PERSECUTION THE CHURCH'S HERITAGE.

The misrepresentation of the P... attitude towards the French Repu... and the shameless championing... by Christian editors, re... us of the words: "If you had be... the world, the world would love its... but because you are not of the... therefore the world hateth you... seems, as said Father Oakley, the... of the most striking marks of heri... in the presence of a noisy and irri... generation, is the fact that she... inheritor of the reproaches hea... her Divine Founder. . . Just... Divine Lord was assailed by... enemies with the most contrad... charges, so is His Church. His... are literally fulfilled: "You sh... hated by all men for My name's... The disciple is not above His ma... REPORTER'S STORY.

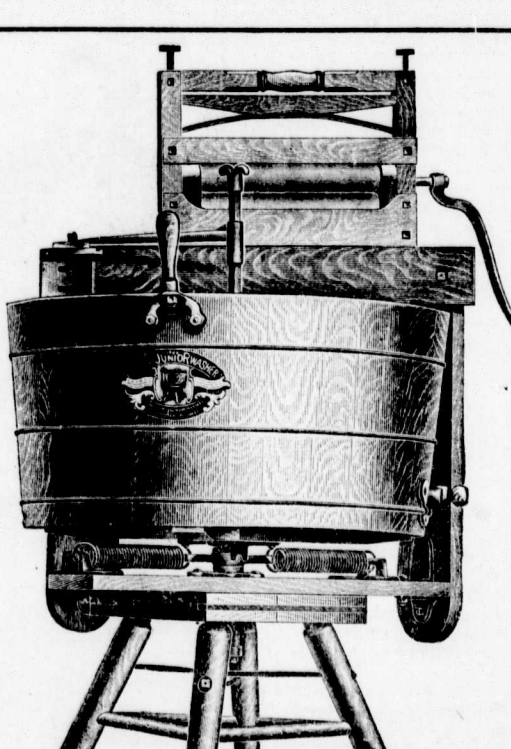
Our readers should not be mis... the writers who aver that some... bishops are willing to accept th... ship associations as planned by C... coea and his followers. This is... a reporter's story. No C... prelate can accept these... for the very simple... constitution of the Church. French bishops are as one wit... Holy Father: they are united... him and among themselves; i... threats of exile, their ranks a... broken. They are but menials... honor for place or pelf. They... has surprised the individuals w... law, but not justice. "It is not diplomatic nor reaso... we are told, "this spectacle o... clerics refusing to accede... requests of a powerful Governm... is absurd at this age to... bishops who scorn to buy in... from insult at the price of... to principle." And the greatest... is to see any Pope at all in th... ad to have a Church which, c... centuries of stress and storm, i... vitality, and is still an uncom... opponent to the pagan prin... State omnipotence.

A JUDGE GONE WRONG The world to-day is a pul... that poses as an impartial... measures and men. In review... events of the religious crisis in... does not manifest the boyancy... city of some of our religious... but it attempts to beloud th... its presentment of facts is not...—in a word, it is no judge, i... taller of the gossip of the anti... correspondent. It begins b... that Pope Pius is a man of a... disposition—and then hastens... his indignant public by remar... the Holy Father is not a st... As proof, he says that the... under the influence of Cardin... del Val, imitating his exam... may say that the editor is a... influence of preconceived ide... standards of statesmanship v... in honor in ward politics—... perchance, a slave of the po... listen to his master's voice an... what it says.

NOT ACCURATE. His statement, that the... Associations have approved... to other religious bodies, is... ste. According to Archbishop... although Protestants and... acquiesced in the provisio... law, they did not do so without... or protest. Several of the... consistories condemned loud... and the chief rabbi of P... Lehmann, used in its regard... ing language: "How could one think... band, that the State shoul... establishments which had be... tled by nearly every consti... 1791 and protected by ever... on the other, by means of th... should seize the property... acquired with its approbati... What we want is that pl... ship should belong to those... built them, and who pray i... that every religious co... should preserve the form... tion which is most conform... traditions and aspirations. IGNORANCE OR MISRE... ATION. The editor's assertion th... process of establishing th... governing religious bodies, found itself related to the

This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well, either. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have been swindled if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Junior" Washer. And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.) So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now I know what our "1900 Junior" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine. When I say half the time, I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes. I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied. Our "1900 Junior" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it does wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump mixer. If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Junior" Washer saves every week, for 10 years—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it. So I don't mind myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Junior" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers. I'm in the Washing Machine business for keeps. And, if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it? So I don't mind myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Junior" Washer what I want it to do. How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save its



whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the "1900 Junior" Washer that washes Clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way: C. B. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it!