

The Catholic Record.

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

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A BEAUTIFUL MONOPOLY.

Many Christian Scientists assembled in Boston recently to attend the dedication of the new Christian Science church. Men of every walk in life—not all of them, we presume, adherents of the movement—gathered either to do honor to Mrs. Eddy or to see what was taking place. To many non-Catholics these men were victims of what Scripture calls "strong delusion that they should believe a lie." But it would be difficult for them to prove this with any degree of certainty. Mrs. Eddy draws her system from the Bible; the sixteenth century Reformers drew their creed from the same source. Mrs. Eddy calls upon her followers to accept her interpretation of the Lord's word; her opponents scout the idea and put forward their interpretation of the Lord's word as the one to bow to. Which is the true belief? Mrs. Eddy is fallible: so are her opponents. The reformers declared they were raised up by God to purify Christianity; Mrs. Eddy of this century says that with the Bible as the only text book she has come to preach the pure gospel of Christ. Who, then, is to say what true doctrine is or false doctrine is. Is it not absurd to think that God should send His Son with a message and give to none any authoritative power of interpretation? It is strange that men should pin their faith to the utterances of a self-constituted prophetess. We should be accustomed to this by this time: but the phenomenon is always startling, especially when we consider that the adherents of this or that system, dealing with things which exceed the grasp of human reason, and championed by a woman who may be mistaken, are wont to move circumspectly and to get expert advice when in doubt about things of mundane import.

We must say, however, that some of Mrs. Eddy's recipes are very useful in cases of physical discomfort. Take a boil for instance. Instead of poulticing it say to yourself:

"A boil is painful? Impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain through inflammation and swelling, and you call this belief a boil. Now administer mentally to yourself high attenuation of truth on this subject and it will soon cure the boil."

Very simple indeed! It avails nothing to go to a chemist, for matter is naught. The only real things are the divine mind and the idea. This is not very clear. If you have a boil, then, the divine mind and the idea are suffering. As they are the only realities who will cure them? All this is trivial in the eyes of the followers of Mrs. Baker Glover-Mudd Eddy, who owns as beautiful a monopoly as this world has ever seen, and who, however she may disbelieve in the materiality of the body, believes in the materiality of hard cash when one wishes to purchase her "Science and Health."

AMONG THE LEADERS.

The Calendar of the University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., indicates that an ever increasing prosperity accompanies this admirable hall of learning. Its professors are well equipped for their work, and its graduates have shown indubitable proofs of the training given them by their Alma Mater. The clergy and laity may be well proud of it, and cannot but feel that God has rewarded them for their self-sacrifice and zeal which prompted them to support their Right Rev. Bishop in his labors to provide a Catholic college for the diocese. And despite the fact that within its halls the rule "that no man can be the client of science who does not love justice and truth: but there is no truth or justice without the light of the knowledge of God," St. Francis Xavier keeps step with heavily endowed secular institutions, and is reckoned among the great educational forces of the Maritime Provinces.

JUST A COMMENT.

It is instructive to watch the career of the men who make history. One day in brave finery, with medals flashing and the plaudits of the populace in their ears; the next shorn of their splendor and derided. Some of them indeed come into port smiling and with their wounds hidden. But it would be more instructive if before they crossed the bar they would tell of their thoughts, of their appraisal of the world. With the "silent land" near and the "black box with the gilded nails" waiting for

the body they would echo the words of Israel's king, "vanity of vanities and all is vanity." Fame and dignity bid him farewell: relatives and friends go with him to the tomb: his good works journey with him to the judgment seat. And we, convinced of the shortness and uncertainty of life, hover around the devil's booth, where all things are sold. It is well to remember, in the words of St. Jerome: "that he who led an evil life cannot have a good end."

INCONSISTENT.

The cynical must be amused to see oftentimes, in papers for the family, admonitions to young men, and aside them advertisements of choice wines and liquors. A legitimate business—this saloon-keeping! Certainly—and the keepers are advised to consider how many and how great are the dangers which surround their avocation, however licit in itself this avocation may be. A great many are making a living by drink. Yes, too many: and a great many also are losing their living through drink. The saloon keeper is not pleased at such remarks. But it would be well for him to consider that his influence is not so potent as formerly.

His benefaction to this and that cannot make us forget that most of this money represents misery and poverty and disgrace—the rain of lives, the blasting of youth, obstacles in the way of the Church. His avocation though licit is the lowest that can enlist the energies of man. It adds neither brawn nor brain to a community. It is associated with all that is ignoble. It is cursed daily by those who suffer from it. It is a menace to the happiness of Canadian homes. It needs nothing that any self-respecting man may be proud of, for success. Whoever, says Archbishop Ireland, understands the force of public opinion among Catholics will easily read the signs of the times, and perceive that among Catholics in America the saloon is a doomed institution, and saloon-keeping a disgraceful business from which Catholic instinct will shrink. Let us waste no words on the saloon, in so—on the possible or ideal saloon. It will be time enough to discuss it when it will be discovered.

"SPONGERS."

The captious are disposed to quarrel with the young men who take no interest in parish organization. We have, of course, the "old guard" ready to hold up at all times the hands of their pastor. But in hot weather criticism is unduly exciting. And what more pleasing than young men amusing themselves and decorating the landscape with expressions culled from a vocabulary which makes up in energy what it lacks in both quantity and quality; what more pleasing indeed than our hopes—the aforesaid young men—manifesting in play the joy of innocent hearts. They seem by the way to have an inexhaustible supply of joy. What mystifies us is their facility in getting and spending money. "This remark is impertinent," says a critic. Without venturing to doubt the correctness of the judgment of our friend, who exhibits the credentials of modern day gentility—creased trousers and immaculate linen—we have a suspicion that some of the spectators at ball games "sponge" on their parents. We may be wrong in this, but dress and the little incidentals to the career of the would-be imitators of the man about town, leave little of their income for household expenses. The young man, however, who looks upon his home as a species of "free lunch counter" has much to learn in the way of Christian manliness that is necessary for good work.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

Speaking a few weeks ago at Charlestown, Mass., Coadjutor Archbishop O'Connell of Boston said he believed that no man who simply calls himself a Catholic should have, from that claim alone, a right to public office. He believes that some men who call themselves Catholics at election times have practically little right to that title. He believes that it makes for the strength and harmony of good government to listen to the reasonable and legitimate demands of every class of citizens.

We have tried to say this at different times. We are of the opinion that the charge that we are lacking in public spirit could be buried forever by worthy citizenship displayed in all things that concern the weal of our community. We can hark back to the past ages, turn on the lime light and summon the generations to behold and to admire. But the man who helps us and his

fellows—citizens is the man who directs Catholic principles to the solution of present day problems. This means time and trouble—and, not willing to pay it, we say "Anything for a quiet life; keep silent and wait for miracles."

ANOTHER VIEW.

A correspondent deprecates caustic treatment of controversial topics. We know that we catch more flies with honey than with vinegar; but on occasion we aim to kill not to catch. And we hazard the remark that the gentle saint whose suave methods won many a victory for faith would wonder at hearing himself quoted by those who catch nothing save an approving glance now and then from gentlemen who believe in the "don't wake the baby" policy. In regard to the non-Catholic he is protected so far as we are concerned by the cause of social amenities and Christian charity. But we cannot brook gross vilification of the Church, and say so mayhap in a manner to disturb the individuals, who, however the winds of accusation blow, are unmoved and prudent. If we gave more evidence of the truth and love we claim to have, there might not be so many prejudices against us. True it is that books packed with calumnies are in circulation and with the sanction of publishing firms devoted, they say, to Christianity; but the fact that bigotry is becoming vulgar and out of date should embolden us to render service to truth. As a sign of the times we quote the following, which appeared in the Lamp, a Protestant Episcopal paper:

"Nearly the whole of our June issue is devoted to St. Peter. We need make no apology for this. The son of Jonas is the keystone of the Arch of Unity. To be the foundation rock of His Church Christ called him and gave him the name of Peter. The pure divine jurisdiction of the Pope, as the successors of St. Peter, must be again recognized as in the centuries before schism rent the kingdom of God, ere there can be once more one fold and one Shepherd."

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

The Rev. Father Mullan, of the diocese of Limerick, now visiting the old world for the first time, sends some very interesting letters to a few of his friends at home.

By the kindness of one of these friends we are able to give our readers the following letter, and we hope to give others from time to time. In the meantime our readers will join with us in wishing Father Mullan a very pleasant journey and safe return:

Since announcing to you our safe arrival in Ireland, we have been enjoying the cool invigorating air of the "Green Isle," with good results. Nothing has happened to cause us any trouble, and we find everything much as we expected. Ireland, at this season, is green—O, so green; the climate is just right, and the people show us their traditional good nature and respect.

After enjoying the beauty of nature for a while, our thoughts are waited back to our friends at home, reminding us to send them tidings of our welfare. Our journey from London to Montreal was rapid. We stayed in the latter city some time, to revisit the scenes of our ordinary days, and noted more carefully many things of interest in the greatest of Canadian cities to be the better able to compare them with such matters in the Old World.

At 3 o'clock Thursday morning, June 21st, our steamer commenced to move from her moorings, and slowly tarrying into the river, headed for the Eastern World. We stood on deck, looking back on Montreal, as the early beams of the dawning mid-summer day, glistened from tower, steeple and dome, driving the mist from the crest of "Mount Royal." "Good-bye, fair Metropolis of British America; Good-bye our home in the Western World!"

Our staunch turbine plows her way down the river, passing in review the beautiful panorama of the St. Lawrence during two days of fine summer weather. As our vessel drifted past the heights and battlements of Quebec, the tender came to transfer passengers and mail. Soon the beautiful falls of Montmorency came in sight and then the village and church of St. Anne de Beaupre. The writer had visited this sacred shrine and received much benefit in years gone by, and now once more in sight of the holy spot where the shipwrecked sailors once landed in safety from the perils of the deep, had raised the first monument to her name, in thanksgiving for their rescue, he sent a fervent prayer to the good St. Anne, asking her intercession for himself and companions. At Rimouski the last transfer of passengers and mail took place after which we steamed down the St. Lawrence, noting no unusual sight until we approached the Straits of Belle Isle, where banks of snow and ice covered the northern shores of Newfoundland and coast of Labrador.

Our vessel veered its course to enable us to note the size of the floating iceberg, at one of which the passengers discharged a shower of missiles, all falling short of the frozen mountains. Passing Belle Isle we plunged into the

dark, deep, and trackless ocean, and for four and a half days did not sight land again until the northern coast of Ireland greeted our longing eyes; and on Thursday morning, June 28th, the green fields and mountains of Donegal were distinctly visible. At noon we stood on Moville at the Mouth of Lough Foyle, where we debarked, while passengers for Liverpool remained on board.

From the deck of the "tender" we got, for the first time, a proper view of the steaming monster that had brought us across the Atlantic, all her decks crowded with passengers, who with outstretched hands and waving signals bade us "good-bye," as we slowly moved apart on the peaceful waters of Lough Foyle. Another eighteen miles and we were welcomed in Londonderry. This is a handsome and picturesque city of forty six thousand inhabitants, twenty four thousand of whom are Catholics. It is built on the inside slope of a vast amphitheatre, formed by a circle of mountains, around the head of Lough Foyle, and was the home of St. Columba, in the sixth century. The grand chancel window in the handsome Cathedral shows in stained glass, the story of St. Columba and his companions departing from Derry on their exile to Iona. The strong walls and fortifications still show the marks of the assault, made at the famous "Siege of Derry" in 1689.

The history of Londonderry, like that of the whole of Ireland, is always interesting and at times appalling. We were shown a fine stone church built where St. Columba's monastery once stood. It was endowed by the English Government at the time of the American War of Independence, to conciliate the Catholics of the North.

The writer celebrated Mass in this sacred sanctuary the morning after our arrival in thanksgiving for our safe journey, nor did we forget friends at home. We visited the pleasant town of Port Rush, in Antrim county, in the extreme north, where the cool waves of the Atlantic are beaten into white foam on the rock bound coast. The "Giant's Causeway," a few miles farther, is a wonder of nature—not beautiful, but marvellous, with its wrought pillars of stone, unequal in height and in short sections, crowded together, in upright positions on the shore. In this romantic place we had the pleasure of meeting a party of Bishops and priests from Australia. Our way to Dublin brought us through the green fields, rolling mountains and lovely valleys of Tyrone, Fermanagh, Monaghan, Louth and Meath. Farmers could be seen cutting and stacking hay in the fields, and the quantity the ground must yield twice as much as the soil of Canada, at its best. We crossed the Boyne River, unlike William, Prince of Orange, and soon came in view of the fated battle field of 1690. At Drogheda, at the mouth of the Boyne, so many ruins of abbeys, churches and towers telling their mournful story makes one shudder, recalling "man's inhumanity to man," on the sad eventful day of Cromwell's visitation.

Ascending the tower of the Hill of Slane, one can see the heights of Tara, the ancient residence of the monarchs of Ireland; and what Irishman does not rejoice in the name, recalling St. Patrick's visit of ages ago. From Drogheda we whirled along the shores of the Irish Sea, to numerous towns and villages, alive with people, reaching at last the Capital of Ireland which ought to be wealthy as it is always "Dublin."

ENGLISH CATHOLIC BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Catholic Emigration Association, of England, whose headquarters in Canada are at St. George's Home, Hintonburgh, Ont., (a suburb of Ottawa), have placed, on either for apprenticeship or adoption, during the last twelve months, about eight hundred children, the boys on farms and the girls in domestic service. Their records show that of the children placed during the past five years, of whom absolute detailed particulars are filed and tabulated, only four per cent. of the boys and seven per cent. of the girls, turn out unsatisfactory. This term is adopted to designate those who change their places a number of times and are difficult to settle, and does not mean that their characters are necessarily bad. Where a boy or girl shows a bad or depraved character he or she is deported rather than retained in the country, to be a menace to the good name which others are endeavoring to keep up. This being so, the association is persistent in enforcing the fulfillment of the obligations assumed by an employer, of one of its wards, and also requires that the child shall receive proper treatment.

While the association recognizes that all children are not equally unsatisfactory, they require an employer who may have an unsatisfactory child in his care to return such child to the Home, when they will replace the same at their own expense, rather than subject it to treatment which might be construed into cruelty or undue harshness.

Recognizing that during the time elapsing between the annual visits to every child, some may be receiving unnecessary hard treatment, the Catholic Emigration Association welcome information which may be furnished them on these matters, and treat with strict confidence such communications, at the same time taking immediate action upon the same.

Forms of application, containing full information for the guidance of those applying for children, are readily sent, on application to Mr. Cecil Arden, St. George's Home, Hintonburgh, Ont., and full enquiries are made regarding each application, before a child (boy or girl)

is committed to their care. The association has always a number of boys to place out, but fewer girls, though their applications for girls exceed by some two or three hundred per year those for the boys.

THE POLITICAL CREED CATHOLICS SHOULD HOLD.

ARTICLES DRAWN UP BY ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL FOR HIS OWN USE AND READ AT A PUBLIC BANQUET.

Speaking recently at the annual banquet of the Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown, Mass., which has grown to be the principal feature of the yearly celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill, Coadjutor Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, dwelt upon the price Catholics should occupy in public life. He said:

I believe we must hold up to young men who are aspiring to office a certain political creed, and we must hold them to that creed if they wish to represent us.

I enter public life on his own merit, but the man who professes to represent Catholic interests, and who asks for our votes on that ground, must take his stand openly and honestly. He is free to do what he wishes, but if he asks for our suffrages on those grounds then let me read these articles which I have drawn up for my own use and you are free to accept or reject them as you wish:

1. I believe that while in this country there is no union of Church and State, nevertheless the State respects that it is to her own interests to respect the Church and her legitimate rights.

2. I believe the State has in the Church the best and firmest defense of good government, and the greatest safeguard of civil order.

3. I believe that the principle of the Church, to recognize in the established legitimate authority the authority of God Himself, is the greatest bulwark against anarchy.

4. I believe that that principle is most adequately and universally declared and maintained by the Catholic Church.

5. I believe that every true and consistent Catholic obeys habitually all the laws of the country, State and city in which he resides, and shown respectful deference to the representatives of law whatever be their creed.

6. I believe that no mere profession of faith is sufficient for the election of any man to public office.

7. I believe, consequently, that no man who simply calls himself a Catholic should have, from that claim alone, a right to public office.

8. I believe that some men call themselves Catholics at election time who have practically little right to that title.

9. I believe that such men bring little honor to the Catholic name.

10. I believe that the Church is often held unjustly responsible for the public action of such men.

11. I believe that every Catholic man placed in office by the people should be held responsible for the good name and reputation of the religion which he professes.

12. I believe that it makes for the strength and harmony of good government to listen to the reasonable and legitimate demand of every class of citizens.

13. I believe that at times such representation on the part of Catholics has been unjustly ignored.

14. I believe that when a disposition to ignore common rights is manifested by a public official, the plain duty of those offended is to steadfastly endeavor by lawful means to remedy the injustice.

15. I believe that Catholics want no unjust favors, but only their rights and just privileges, and these they should endeavor to obtain by every peaceful, legitimate and orderly effort.

16. I believe that all honest people imbued with a spirit of our democratic institutions will always applaud such action.

17. I believe that religious controversies achieve very little lasting good to the public.

18. I believe that religious strife is an injury to the peace of a country.

19. I believe that antipathy to Catholics is due mainly to ignorance of the true Catholic position.

20. I believe that it is the duty of Catholic men in public office to conquer antipathy by honesty and patience; by strict loyalty to Catholic principle and by the frank courage of their honest convictions.

21. I believe that we have many such men, that their influence is becoming more and more felt and that they will ultimately prove by their actions and lives that honest, clean politics is not only possible, but will soon be the only kind possible amongst us.

Wealth Rightly Used

"Wealth rightly used," says the Catholic Advance, "is a power for good not to be lightly estimated; the rich man and woman who accept their obligations nobly and live up to the teachings of the Church—pious, faithful, regular at prayer, liberal to the poor, giving of time and thought as well as money, unselfish, pure in character, upright, sober, modest—bearing, in a word about their daily lives, the marks of their Christian profession, exert an influence for the betterment of the world scarcely to be estimated. For the heaven of pious works downward, and because of their very position, the example of the great ones of this earth exert a much more powerful influence either for good or bad, than the example of the obscure."

THE FIRST HALIFONIAN TO BE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

The official confirmation of what has been considered substantial rumor during the last week, now makes the appointment of Rev. Dr. McCarthy to the Archbishopric of Halifax, a certainty. It is an appointment received with general satisfaction throughout the Diocese of Halifax, especially rejoices, and is proud of being the birth place of the new Archbishop. Here he played as a child, and went to his first school.

One who remembers Dr. McCarthy as a boy, recalls a bright, obliging lad, devoted to his mother and sister. At that early age, the same one says, there was something which made you single him out from the other boys, as extremely likeable. It was probably, the sunny, genial nature, which was, later in life, the secret of his popularity with all classes.

At the next stage of Dr. McCarthy's career, we find him in the Sulpician Seminary at Montreal, where his record during a four years' course, was worthy of the high office destined for him later; being distinguished for his splendid memory, clear reasoning powers, and eloquent defence of the thesis. At that early part of his career Dr. McCarthy possessed a ready mastery of language, which later developed into the forceful, convincing eloquence of the pulpit orator. For several years he has been considered the first preacher in the diocese.

After ordination by Archbishop Connolly, which took place in the convent chapel of Mount St. Vincent in 1876, the young priest was sent to Kentville as curate to the late Father Holden where he remained for five years, during which time the young curate and pastor worked together in the greatest harmony, a bond of sympathy springing up between them which lasted throughout their lives, and ended only with the death of the senior priest, a few months ago.

Dr. McCarthy's first appointment was to the parish of Chester. Twenty five or thirty years ago a parish priest in the country district of Nova Scotia was a misnomer. He was purely and simply a missionary, laboring under all disadvantages to be encountered in a scattered parish, consisting, in many cases, of half a dozen outlying stations covering an area of fifty miles or more; where the only mode of conveyance was by horse and wagon. In those days there was no South Western Railway.

A priest was often obliged to drive twenty five or thirty miles on a sick call, not, infrequently, in the night time, in storms, of thunder and lightning, rain or snow, according to the season of the year.

Dr. McCarthy labored for twenty years among the country parishes of Nova Scotia. He had been resident priest in Yarmouth for fourteen years at the time of his appointment to the parish of St. Patrick's in Halifax, ten years ago, and came to the city, only because it was the wish of his Archbishop.

"I loved my people, and I like the country," he said afterwards, "and I had hoped to end my days as a simple country priest." An almost sensitive modesty made Dr. McCarthy shun honor and high place; he went his way of duty, beloved by all who learned to know the worth of that kindly heart, and generous open nature. No one in distress or necessity ever had recourse to Father McCarthy but came away with the burden if not entirely lifted, with a lighter heart, from the wise counsel and ready sympathy.

The late Archbishop O'Brien recognized the sterling nature and exceptional gifts of the pastor of St. Patrick's and at the death of Monsignor Murphy called upon him to fill the responsible position of the Rectorship of St. Mary's Cathedral. A last proof of confidence and recognition of his Rector's administrative ability was the fact of His Grace appointing Dr. McCarthy his executor.

The Suffragan Bishops of Nova Scotia recognized Dr. McCarthy's fine qualities, and when they looked for a successor to the late Archbishop O'Brien they did not need to take their glance from Halifax. Here was a man of mature years and experience, sound judgment; of brilliant parts. All had heard of the esteem and respect in which he was held among his parishioners. His name was sent to Rome as "most worthy" of being successor to the late Most Reverend Dr. O'Brien. To not only the Catholics of Halifax belongs the honor of having the Rector of their Cathedral chosen to be their Archbishop—for we feel the citizens generally will join them in heartily congratulating the new Archbishop—proud to think that the dignity had fallen upon a Halifax boy.

In 1812 the city of Berlin, Germany, had a population of 193,700, of whom 6,157 were Catholics. In 1900 the population was 1,888,748, of whom 187,846 were Catholics. The proportion of Catholics has increased from a little over 3 per cent. to almost 10 per cent. There are nine parish churches in Berlin and fifteen chapels of ease, served by forty-two secular and ten Dominican priests.

Mr. George West, formerly an Episcopalian clergyman of New York City, was solemnly received into the Catholic Church by the Benedictine Fathers at Nueva Gerona, Isla of Pines, Cuba, on April 26. A year ago he purchased a lovely estate on that island, where he devoted most of his time to the study of the Catholic religion. Although in his fifty-eighth year, Mr. West intends entering a seminary in the United States to study for the priesthood.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

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

THE CROSS EXAMINATION.

At the close of the conversation reported in the preceding chapter, the two speakers had reached the door leading to the priest's apartments. There they found the landlord of the Golden Rose waiting to inform them that he had taken the liberty of preparing breakfast for them in an adjoining room. He felt sure that Mr. Bartholot must have left Aix too early to take anything before his departure.

"True, I had only time for a cup of coffee before starting," the magistrate replied, "and when our inquiry is ended, I shall be happy to avail myself of your invitation. But we must get forward with our work; that telegram to Aix cannot be despatched too soon," he added, to the mayor. However he allowed himself to be persuaded to take a glass of Madeira and some cold chicken, whilst Susan and old Jim were summoned.

The old man declared he had only come to ring the Angelus at noon, and had gone away immediately after he had had nothing to do with anything unusual. He had seen nothing of the sacristan, and would take care how he did his work for him again, if it was to get him into trouble with the police.

Susan had to be brought up between a couple of policemen, and on first appearing before the magistrate not a word could be got from her but tears and sobs. All at once, however, she dried her eyes, and was voluble in her abuse of the mayor, the magistrate and all the officers of the law. "What right had they, or any one to send the police for her, an old woman of seventy, against whom not a word could be said, as if she were a common thief. Perhaps they were going to accuse her of having murdered the poor old lady? No wonder if they did, if they could do such a crying wrong to a good and holy man like Father Montmoulin, as to charge him with the crime. Times were indeed changed! It all came of having a man set over the community who did not fulfil his Easter duty, and who—well let them ask his wife what sort of a man he was! The old woman, having spent her wrath, relapsed into sobs and lamentations.

The magistrate could scarcely repress a smile at this personal attack upon the mayor, and he made a sign to the latter to let it pass. He then reproved the police for having been discourteous in their treatment of so respectable a person. He told her that it was in order to clear the priest from suspicion that he had for her master's sake she must answer the questions addressed to her. This pacified her somewhat, and she told her story with some tolerable coherence: how the knife had been missing the first thing in the morning, that her master had told her before 10 o'clock that he was unwell, and would not want her any more that day; that as she was going out of the house she saw her mother coming in, and met her, and saw nothing of her till evening, when her little maid came running in to say her mistress had not returned home.

"What did you answer the girl?" "I exclaimed, 'Good heavens, some misfortune must have happened to her!'" "What made you say that?" "Because his Reverence had told me she was coming to fetch a large sum of money for the new hospital."

"Did anyone else know that Mrs. Blanchard was going at that time to fetch the money?" "No indeed, do you imagine that I am such a tattler? I did not say a word about it to any living soul."

"You say you met Mrs. Blanchard coming to the Convent. What time was it then?" "The clock had just struck 10. She said good morning to me, and asked if he should find Father Montmoulin alone. I said yes; his mother had just left, and no one was with him."

"Had his mother a basket or bag in her hand, when she left?" "Yes, she was carrying a little bag which his reverence had given her, I think it contained some linen that wanted mending."

"Was the bag heavy or light?" "I cannot tell. I wanted to carry it downstairs for her, but she would not let it out of her hand."

The magistrate and the mayor exchanged a knowing glance.

"Do you know perhaps where the reverend gentleman's mother lives?" "Yes, in the Rue de la Colombe in Aix. I do not know the number. She has a little shop for woollen wares near the market."

The magistrate made a note of the address. "You are sure that your master was alone in the Convent when Mrs. Blanchard went to him, the sacristan was not there?"

"No the sacristan took himself off on Sunday evening, and has not been back since."

"Well, Susan, what is your opinion; if Father Montmoulin was the only person in the house when the old lady met her fate, on whom does the suspicion fall?"

"How should I know? Certainly not upon his reverence, there is not a better or more saintly man than he! I would sooner believe the devil did it himself, or sent some rascal to kill the old lady in order to bring this trouble upon a good priest, and then carried him off."

Everyone present smiled at the old servant's very original alternative, certainly not in keeping with modern ideas. But she was highly displeased: "What is there to laugh at in that?" she continued. "Everyone knows the devil has his own instruments, and it is nothing wonderful for him to carry anyone off. It should make a good Christian tremble, instead of laughing. And you take care, Mr. Mayor; you may profess not to believe in the devil, but I should not be surprised if he came to fetch you one day!"

"Ha, ha, well done, Susan!" exclaimed the stout doctor, who had

entered the room during Susan's peroration, and caught her last words. "Well done! Give it the old sinner hot and strong! I would not have given you credit for such eloquence! The clerical ought to return you to Parliament. I believe you would like the devil to carry off all these scamps of Liberals!—All in good part, gentlemen. I have the honor to place my services at the disposal of the representatives of the law."

"This is our medical practitioner, Dr. Corbillard," said the mayor by way of introduction to strangers present, while the witness was told she might withdraw. "I think, doctor, you might have had the civility to come a little sooner."

"Not a single moment! I always act on the principle: first see to the living, because you may do them some good; it does not matter to the dead how long they wait. Just when your message came I was called to see a sick man four miles away among the hills; I have only just returned and am at your service."

The post-mortem examination then took place. Father Montmoulin's knife was found to be the instrument with which the wound was inflicted. The wound, which the wound was inflicted, as will be remembered, let fall in his fright at the sight of the skull and crossbones, was found and recognized as the property of the priest. This the magistrate considered as a corroboration of his theory that he had lured his victim down the sacristy under the pretext of the money being there, thinking the winding staircase would afford the best facilities for the execution of his hideous project.

"Now we have the whole connected chain of evidence," he said with no small satisfaction. "We will let the accused feel all the force of it at once, and I shall be very much surprised if he does not confess forthwith."

So saying, Mr. Bartholot re-entered the priest's sitting-room and taking his seat at the table with the clerk, he ordered the accused to be brought before him.

Father Montmoulin slept the sleep of the worn out until, soon after day-break, he was roused by the unusual commotion outside the convent-walls, caused by the concourse of villagers who had locked thither in ever-increasing numbers. When first he opened his eyes he thought he had had a bad dream and was thankful to think it was over. But the next moment he caught sight of the constable who sat watching him, and of the basin of water in which he had tried to cleanse his cassock, and he knew that it was no phantasm, and the preceding night crowded in upon his mind—Loser's confession, the search throughout the house, the discovery of the body and the blood-stained knife. The future then rose up before him in darkest colors. He had been taken into custody under strong suspicion of having committed a horrible murder with robbery, presently he would be taken to prison like an ordinary criminal before the eyes of all his parishioners. He already heard their voices below his window. What a terrible scandal! what a disgrace for him! Then he went to do anything except assert his own innocence of the crime which he had not dared to hope that such would be the case. The jury would pronounce his guilty, and the judge would pass sentence upon him. And then the guillotine stared him in the face!

Father Montmoulin would have been more than human had not this fearful prospect affected him profoundly. "If this terrible doom would fall on me alone," he said to himself, "I could bear it, but my mother and my sister will be involved in my shame, and what sad scandal it will give in my congregation, and far beyond the narrow limits of this parish."

Again he went over all in his mind, Loser's confession, although inspired by nothing but fear, was yet, as he could not but admit, made with the object of obtaining sacramental absolution, and consequently a confession which he was bound under all circumstances to keep secret. He dare not even let it be known that Loser went to him to confession the evening before, for that, under the existing state of affairs, would almost amount to an accusation against him. He had, it was true, seen him before he knew that he came with a view to confession, and the mere fact that he had seen him had nothing to do with the confession. Besides, it was evident that if he were to declare that he had seen Loser it would be a strong evidence in his own favor. But Father Montmoulin had already been asked whether he had seen the man since the afternoon of Sunday, and had answered in the negative, because, as he told himself, Loser had only come to him for the sake of confession, and to admit that he had been there at all seemed to him likely to endanger his sacred obligation to preserve silence. Therefore he decided since he could not well retract his statement without indirectly giving rise to the supposition that Loser had been to confession to him, and everyone would suspect what his confession had been.

All the various grounds of suspicion which told so strongly against him lay heavy on Father Montmoulin's heart. He knew that the embarrassment which he had been unable to conceal on the occasion of the mayor's entrance and the discovery of the body, must place him in a very unfavorable light. Could he not explain this unfortunate circumstance by saying: Yes, I knew of the crime that had been perpetrated, but only through the confessional. So long as no particular individual was brought under suspicion, or into a position of difficulty, this could not be a violation of the seal of confession. Yet it might lead to it. No one except Loser had been to confession to him, or had been near him at all, after the murder, and if through the inquiries of the police, or by any accident, the fact that Loser had been to him that same night were discovered, his admis-

sion that he had heard of the crime from the lips of a penitent would be equivalent to an accusation against the man; the only penitent who came to him, the only person he saw in the convent was Loser, therefore he was the murderer. No, there was no doubt; nothing in the world should induce him to exculpate himself by saying that he was told of the fatal deed in the confessional. Thus no means of escape was left him.

Another idea occurred to him. The sacristan had come upon him by surprise whilst he was counting the money on Sunday afternoon. Might he not at least mention this fact to the magistrate, since it was wholly unconnected with the confessional, and it was certainly calculated to throw suspicion on the right person. If Loser had not been to confession subsequently, Father Montmoulin would certainly have spoken of the circumstance, but now he deemed it more advisable not to give this hint as to the real criminal, justifiable as it undoubtedly was. "After all," he said to himself, "it may be conjectured that I was able to detect the criminal. No, I will do nothing that will cause him to be suspected, lest I should even in the remotest degree occasion doubt to arise as to the inviolability of the seal of confession. I would rather die than appear not to have guarded the most faithfully!"

Such was the heroic resolution the confessor formed, and when all hesitation was at an end, peace returned to his soul. He calmly recited his morning prayers, and then took up his breviary and began to say the hours.

The constable whose duty it was to keep his eye on the priest, was not a little astonished to see with what tranquillity and resolution he performed his duty, while from the courtyard below the uproar grew louder, and some voices openly denounced the priest and called for his death. "It is an odd thing," the man said to himself, "if I had not seen that bloody knife, I should declare the fellow was innocent. However I have often heard it said that the clergy are all of them consummate hypocrites." So saying he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and proceeded to fill it afresh.

About 10 o'clock Father Montmoulin was summoned to appear before the magistrate. He was received courteously, and given a seat opposite to his interrogator. After the usual questions as to name, birth, etc., which the clerk was not allowed to ask, the magistrate said: "It is unnecessary to say a word about the unfortunate occurrence which obliges me to examine you, reverend sir—you are only too well acquainted with the circumstances already. I have the preliminary investigation which whelming evidence against you, which brought you before me, and which have led to your charge being brought against you, from which I do not see how you can clear yourself. Let me advise you in your own interest to make a clean breast of it—it is the only means of escaping a capital sentence."

Father Montmoulin politely thanked the magistrate and assured him that he was innocent of the crime imputed to him.

"It will avail you but little to assert your innocence in the face of the facts we have here," Mr. Bartholot continued sternly. "It is proved that Mrs. Blanchard came to you yesterday about 10 o'clock, for the purpose of fetching a considerable sum of money that was in your hands, when she was fully murdered at a table when there was no other person under the roof with her besides yourself. How do you account for this?"

"Is it proved that I was the only person under the roof with her?"

"Undoubtedly. The only person who could have disturbed you was your servant, and you know the precaution of dismissing her, saying that you did not require her services until the next morning."

"I was not well."

"One would imagine that to be a reason for wishing her to remain in the house."

"I was tired out, and only needed rest."

And yet you were up and about between 10 and 11 at night! But we will let that pass. At any rate the woman was not here at the time of the murder. Nor was the sacristan, since you granted—or perhaps offered?—him leave of absence the evening before. You yourself allowed that he did not come back to your knowledge."

The answer? "He might have come back without my knowledge," rose to the priest's lips, but his fear of even approaching the secret he had to keep, prevented him from uttering this perfectly justifiable reply. Instead of that he contented himself with the vague remark that some one else might perhaps have gained admittance to the building.

The crime is not one which any tramp could have committed," pursued the magistrate. "The criminal must have had an accurate acquaintance with the house, and above all, must have known that Mrs. Blanchard was going at an appointed time to fetch a large sum of money from you, and that she would go down that dark winding staircase with it in her possession, unaccompanied by you—that is, if your account of the matter is correct; I take the liberty of imagining the facts of the case to be somewhat different. Now tell me: How could a stranger possibly have obtained the necessary information? Did you tell anyone that the lady would go out that back way between 10 and 11 with the money in her pocket?"

"I did not know it myself," the priest exclaimed.

"And you would have me believe some stray tramp knew it! or have you grounds for suspecting any individual?"

If Loser had not been to confession to him, Father Montmoulin would probably have replied that the sacristan might very well have come back from his pretended journey, laid in wait for his victim, and struck her down. He did not dare to mention this now lest he should be thought to be violating the secrecy of the confessional. So he

only remarked that he would not venture to bring an accusation against any person in particular.

"And how can you explain your knife, your handkerchiefs—both stained with blood—and the poor lady's basket found in your kitchen? You there in order to cause you to be suspected. But he would have attained his end had he merely made use of your knife, and left it lying by the corpse. A stranger would hardly think it safe to carry a knife, cloth and basket up to your kitchen, where you or anyone else might have caught him, instead of making off instantly with his booty."

"I cannot explain why, but certainly it was done."

"You cannot satisfy justice with these evasive answers. Now look here; do you know where this candlestick comes from?" And Mr. Bartholot suddenly produced the candlestick which poor little Charles had let fall. "Certainly I do," Father Montmoulin answered. "It is one of the candlesticks that I use at Mass; I missed it yesterday morning."

"Just like the knife! Perhaps you do not know where that was found? Under the body of the murdered woman?"

Father Montmoulin turned pale. He felt that the weight of evidence against him was heavier than he had supposed. His eyes grew moist, and he could scarcely control his voice as he answered: "Appearances are indeed against me, that no one can deny. Nevertheless I am innocent of the crime; God is my witness."

"It would be far wiser on your part to make a full confession of this fatal act, as I told you before, instead of attempting to impose on me by maudlin and posturing," said the magistrate angrily. "I hate scamps; once more I ask you, will you acknowledge your guilt or no?"

"I can only repeat that I am perfectly innocent. My God! Whatever do you imagine would have induced me to commit such a crime?"

"That is a psychological problem, of which perhaps the solution is not so very far to seek. Why, you are poor, you are in want of books, as the poverty-stricken appearance of your bookshelves testifies, as does the order for the bookseller which was found lying on your desk. You wanted to buy books, and I hope you will make both ends meet; here is an opportunity to help her, and perhaps others too, and the temptation was too much for you. You see the idea that you did it for your mother's sake, that is in itself a dreadful crime, and I promise you, that every extenuating circumstance shall be urged in your favor, and your mother's, and you shall not suffer the full rigor of the law, if you will frankly confess your guilt."

"My mother!" Father Montmoulin exclaimed. "How can my mother possibly be implicated in this affair?"

"I feel convinced that your mother carried the money with her, if we fail, she will find it concealed on these premises. At all events, your mother will be arrested as accessory to the deed."

"For Heaven's sake have pity on her! It will be her death," cried the priest. But the magistrate showed no sign of relenting. "Confess your guilt, and your mother shall be treated with the utmost consideration. Otherwise I shall order her to be arrested. And you too shall be taken in a closed carriage to Aix; but if you persist in asserting your innocence, you will be dealt with as a common criminal. Do you imagine that your profession will entitle you to any indulgence; a clergyman who can perpetrate such a deed deserves to be put to public shame ten times more than a vulgar murderer."

"I can do nothing more than assert my innocence, and leave the rest to God," Father Montmoulin responded calmly. The magistrate shrugged his shoulders and passed the protocol, after it had been read over by the clerk, to the accused for signature. The unfortunate man felt as if he were signing his own death-warrant. Then Mr. Bartholot called in the police and gave him into custody. The prisoner held out his hands without a murmur, yet he could not restrain a shudder as the handcuffs closed on his wrists. He raised his eyes to the crucifix, and was enabled to maintain outward composure. The mayor and the other Government officials then re-entered the room.

"Our task is ended for the present," said the magistrate. "The police officers, with the assistance of the mayor, to whose prompt and sagacious action we owe the speedy discovery of the murder, will complete the search of the house, and take possession of the prisoner's papers. He shall be removed at once to the prison at Aix, and we must see that his mother does not escape the hand of the law. It is not necessary to provide a closed conveyance for the prisoner; he certainly is not deserving of such an attention, and it is just as well to show that the law is impartial in its treatment of the clergy."

"I am quite of your opinion sir," replied the mayor, with a low bow. He then gave the required orders to his subordinates. In vain the good-hearted Dr. Corbillard endeavored to obtain some relaxation on behalf of the prisoner. "I am no friend of priests," he said, "but I must in common justice testify that our pastor here has always shown himself most kind and charitable in regard to the sick, and I find it very difficult to believe in his guilt, strongly as circumstances witness against him. Besides, his guilt is not yet proved, and until it is, he ought not to be treated as a convicted criminal."

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to leave it to me to decide what treatment is to be received, and whether his guilt is to be considered as proved or not," the magistrate replied haughtily.

"That is what it is!" rejoined the doctor, in a tone of annoyance. "This is but a fresh manoeuvre in the plan of campaign against the Clerical party. Hear the people outside shouting: Down with the priests!"

The others retorted angrily that it was no such thing, and declined making any alteration in their arrangements.

The doctor turned to leave the room, muttering under his breath, just as he got to the door, he paused, and addressing the prisoner, said: "I have not attended your sermons, Father, nor have I troubled you in the confessional; yet I have always respected you as a kind and good man, and I do not believe you to be capable of any wickedness. Keep up your courage! If that is a God in heaven He will interfere in your behalf."

"Thank you, doctor," Father Montmoulin replied. "He will make my innocence clear as the day before His own judgment seat, if He does not do so before an earthly tribunal."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HER SON.

A train of three coaches drawn by two engines toiled up the steep Rocky Mountain pass. Below, a shining track showed whence it had come; above, another—far up the mountain—foretold where it would go. How it was to get there no man could tell.

Mrs. Etheridge sat drinking in the glory of it all. Her unstinted enthusiasm touched the pride of the local passengers. The train glided over a trestle and a vista opened on the other side. Mrs. Etheridge was on her feet instantly. The Colorado woman opposite leaned toward her.

"Your first trip over the pass?" "Yes, isn't it magnificent?" "The woman took her traps and moved back of the other."

"I'll give you my seat, too," she said, in the kindly Western fashion. "The view's on both sides." It was easy afterward to fall into conversation. "Going far?" asked the Colorado woman. "Oh, into the mining district."

"Yes, to visit my son." "Aha! Is he married?" "No, I sometimes wish he were." "I don't know," said the woman thoughtfully. "It will be an awful trial to you when you have to give him up. I know. My eldest son was married last year. It nearly killed me. And I've got my husband and two children left, too."

"And I should have nothing," said Mrs. Etheridge softly. "My husband is dead." "The woman shook her head. 'I hope he won't marry. He'll never be the same to you.' Her eyes were full. 'I feel as if I've lost mine.'"

It is strange how we sometimes drop into heart talks with strangers. Possibly the very fact that they are strangers makes us freer to lay bare our inner life. They know nothing about us, not even our names, perhaps; our paths will not cross again; for once we may say just what we think.

"You ought not to feel that way," said Mrs. Etheridge. "Try to feel instead that you have gained a daughter. It was one of those sweet plaudits with which people who have never had a scar try to mollify gaping wounds. 'I haven't gained a daughter. I've lost a son.' The emotion had proved an irritant. 'You'll feel just as I do some day.'"

"I hope not," Mrs. Etheridge spoke earnestly. "I've been schooling myself all these years to meet this thing: I want my son to marry—when the right woman comes." "The right woman, yes! But suppose your son should marry a woman that you didn't like, and couldn't?"

"My son would never love anybody that I would not take to my heart as a daughter," said Mrs. Etheridge. And she confidently believed it.

Her companion looked at her with kindling eyes. "You're a good woman," she said. "You deserve a good daughter-in-law." "But I hope he won't marry, just the same."

The club through the mountains was a glorious one. Mrs. Etheridge felt lifted up spiritually. "With Robert and these mountains," she thought, "I can give up the rest."

She had not seen him for four years. After he graduated in mine engineering he had an offer in Silver Crag. The separation wrung her heart, but she made no sign. "I will never be an obstacle in the way of Robert's success," she had said. She did not know it, but Robert's success was dearer to her almost than her hope for heaven.

It had become the ruling thought of her life. He had said to her at parting, "I'll send for you, mother, when I get a start. We'll have a home together yet." She had lived on that thought for four years. But the message had not come.

A month ago the high school in which she taught was burned. Mrs. Etheridge did some figuring that night. She had been teaching twenty-three years. It was a long time! She could see now the black-robed figure going to school that first morning, holding tightly by the hand the little five-year-old who looked up to her as such a tower of strength—she who was in reality so faint-hearted. He never knew. He always thought she was strong.

Her thoughts sped on through the grammar school days, when she was still the leader; to the high school, when she began to study to keep up with him. They were companions through it all. And then—why, then he went away from her—went as far as the great ocean on the east. Only that? Nay, but he went sailing into the unknown waters of higher mathematics and physical science, and her little bark must keep close to the shore. She might go further with him. Well, if only Rob should make a success, an abundant success of life, she would be content.

Those years had been so very long! Somehow the student of technology seemed further away from her than the little lad who filled her stockings. She closed the book at last.

"I'm going to Robert. I'll give myself one year of rest." In her heart she was saying, "I will never leave him again. I will make a home for him."

Mrs. Etheridge met his mother at the train. He was a handsome young fellow. No wonder she was proud of him. They walked up to the boarding place. It was but a step, and she wanted to see the town. Such a queer looking place! It lay in a canyon, the walls of which were the sloping sides of the mountains. The canyon stream ran through the town and the main street was beside it. Other streets were dug out from the mountain side and the houses ranged in tiers one above the other.

"How I shall enjoy all this!" Mrs. Etheridge exclaimed, stopping to survey the town. "How did you happen to give up your place, mother?" her son asked as they started on.

"I couldn't stay away from you any longer, laddie! But I did not give it up permanently—I could go back next year if I wanted to. Do you disapprove of it?"

"Oh, no. Only the times are so hard out here that we feel when one has a good place he'd better stick to it. But you can go back next year, you say?"

"Yes, I can go back—next year." She did not herself notice the change of tense. They walked on a little distance and then Mrs. Etheridge stopped.

"How different the effect upon one of being right in the mountains," she said. "At a distance they are so inspiring. But here—they seem to shut one in. Do you notice it, Robert?"

"It's the altitude. You are a little short of breath." "I think that must be it," she said slowly. "Yes—I'm sure that it is."

At the door of his boarding house Robert Etheridge stopped to find things that you mustn't expect to find things here as they are back home, mother," he said uneasily. "Mrs. Skidmore is a plain woman, but they have been kind to me."

"If they have been kind to you, laddie, that is enough!" And Robert hopefully ushered her in.

Mrs. Skidmore was sitting in a red and gold plush rocker in agitated consideration of a blue album of the same material. She ran to pluck. Her red hands were just from the dish water, and her conscious manner belied the studied leisure of her attitude.

Robert Etheridge presented his mother. "Pleased to know you," observed Mrs. Skidmore with some stiffness. Mrs. Etheridge shook hands cordially. "My son has told me of your kindness to him, Mrs. Skidmore, and I feel that I know you already."

She could not help seeing in one comprehensive glance the tawdry furnishings, the starting family photographs (enlarged) in cheap white frames, and the inappropriateness of Mrs. Skidmore's dress. But gratitude is like charity, it covers a multitude of inharmonious colors and kindness to one's self in a strange land is more to be desired than immaculate taste.

Mrs. Skidmore looked more at ease. "Thanks," she said. "We've tried to make him feel at home, and I guess we've succeeded pretty middlin' well; ain't we, Rob?"

Mrs. Etheridge drew within herself as swiftly and silently as a turtle whose outstretched head discovers within uncomfortable distance an alien to his kind. She felt convicted of over-efficiency. He had probably paid his board! "Rob," indeed!

In her room she took herself to task. What did she expect? Robert had told her they were plain. In her heart she was protesting. "She is not just plain. Plainness can be forgiven. She is vulgar and—familiar."

A supper she met the daughter, who came in after they were seated. She wore a sweeping tea gown trimmed with cheap lace. Mrs. Etheridge had seldom seen a more radiantly beautiful face.

"Miss Skidmore, Miss Etheridge," pronounced the mother, and Miss Skidmore responded in the family formula. "Pleased to know you," adding succinctly in an aside to Robert, who greeted the smart gown with a low whistle. "Oh, shut up!"

Mrs. Etheridge's spirits dropped to zero during that meal. Was this the atmosphere that Robert had been in for four years?

stood at the window and watched them. The moonlight flooded the valley. It brought out the mountains in bold relief against the blue Colorado sky. She looked at them a long time. Then she drew a labored breath. "Strange," she murmured, "how these mountains settle down on one!"

The days that followed were an hourly crucifixion to her. She had not been in the house twenty-four hours before she knew there was something between her and Skidmore and her son. What it was she could only conjecture, but when conjecture is turned loose in a jealous woman's soul it is a ravening wolf, rending at every turn. She had little to base it on. She had seen them one day in the hall as she stood on the landing above. He was holding her hands and talking in a low tone. She had not seen her. She went into her room and sat down wearily.

Robert! Robert!

As the days passed she was torn by conflicting emotions. One hour she would say, "It is only my foolish imagination!"—the next, she would wring her hands and whisper, "Oh God!"

Does this seem melodramatic? Remember, he was her only child, the light of her eyes, the hope of years. She knew that whatever this thing between them was it meant the blighting of his life or the undoing of the girl's.

She came upon them one morning on the street—an hour after he had gone to his work, pleading hurry. They started when they saw her. She made some casual remark and passed on, the several devils of jealousy tearing her soul. She would end this tonight! She would know the truth!

When they were alone that evening she unfolded a plan for housekeeping. She had thought out every detail. A woman of no mean executive ability was Mrs. Etheridge, and the stakes were high.

He listened in silence. Then he said: "Mother, it wouldn't pay to go to housekeeping for the little time you will be here."

It hurt her cruelly. There was no reason why she should not be here always if he wanted her. Then she laid pride, too, on the altar.

"I don't want to teach again, Rob. I'd rather have the little housekeeping we've planned so long." She laid her head on his shoulder—all woman now. She had been father and mother both so long!

"I don't see how we can manage it, mother," he said wearily. "I'm afraid we'll have to give up the little housekeeping." Her sacrifice had been rejected.

"I'm a good deal troubled about my business," he continued. "The mine shuts down soon—so it's rumored."

Mrs. Etheridge sat up and thought rapidly. This calamity might prove a door of escape.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "let's go away."

"I've had an offer here," he began tentatively.

"With another company?"

"No. To go into business."

"What business?"

"The grocery business."

There was silence in the room for the space of a minute—a silence that might be felt. Then Mrs. Etheridge spoke with incisive distinctness:

"Do you mean to tell me that you think for one moment of giving up your profession—a profession that cost you four years of your life? (she did not mention her own sacrifices) for one reverse and—a grocery store?"

"Oh, well," he said sulkily (he felt that he had been called names—coward, dolt, poltroon, a man's got to live. And with silver down to—"

"Who made you this offer?"

"John Skidmore, Mrs. Skidmore's son."

"Robert," she said suddenly, and without relevance, "do you care for this girl?"

"What girl?"

"Idella Skidmore."

"I think a good deal of her—yes."

"Would you marry her?"

There was no escaping her searching directness. It was the same tone she used to take years ago, when she would hold him by the hand and say, "now tell me the exact truth," and he would feel that he had to do it. He felt so now.

"A man might do worse," he answered defiantly.

"Where?"

"Oh, well, mother, he said, angrily, 'you've never done these people justice. Because they are not up to your standard of grammar you think they are worthy of it.'"

shouldn't I?" he asked doggedly. "Oh, love," she cried impatiently. "This is not love. Love must have some foundation. You are infatuated, that's all—infatuated with her beauty. When that is gone, what will be left? She is hopelessly your inferior. She will be a clog to you always. And think of the folly of it, Rob. You happen to be here at a time when young men think of marriage. You are young accidentally with this girl. Because you have the stirrings of passion within you you think you are in love. Conquer it, Robert. It would mean misery to you both."

"I've promised to marry her, mother. Would you have me break my promise?"

Her very lips whitened. But she would not give it up.

"Yes," she said resolutely, "I would. Better a broken promise than two broken lives. This marriage would wreck both. She could not hold your love. You would make her wretched. Tell her plainly that it was a mistake. And then—"

"Mother," he said rising, "we may as well end this. I have resigned to this girl for a year. We are to be married at Christmas. If the mine shuts down I'll have to go in with John Skidmore. I have cast in my lot with these people."

She sat perfectly still. She felt always as if he had struck her. His choice was made. It was for this she had spent her life.

"I should have told you before, mother, but—"

"Yes, dear," she said gently, "I know. We won't talk about it anymore now. Good night."

When he was gone she looked the door and went to her trunk, tossing things about with nervous haste and bringing from the depths of a box of old pictures—the faded kind that are nearest our hearts. She turned them over eagerly, almost frantically, until she came to a tintype with a pinkish mat around it. A sweet child face with curly hair and great solemn eyes looked at her.

She threw herself on her knees and sobbed over it—the bitter sobs of middle age that rend the soul. She kissed the lips with passionate tears, she touched the curls and patted the baby cheek as if it were a living thing—and knew.

"This is the one I worked for," she whispered brokenly. "This is the one that loved me. He's dead now! My little lad! My little lad!"

Weeping endured for a night; with the morning came, not joy, but joy's best substitute—a settled purpose.

Through that vigil Mrs. Etheridge faced the thing that loomed before her, turning it often and viewing it from every side. As the belated dawn struggled over the mountains one conviction cleared itself before her spiritual vision. This infatuation was a madness of the blood. He had fallen under the spell, not of a wicked woman (even in her anguish she was just), but of a weak and beautiful one. He would wake from it some day bewildered, but in his right mind. It was awakening could only come before it was too late!

In her despair of the night before she determined weakly to give it up, to go home, and leave him to work out his own destruction. Now she shut her lips together and spoke sternly to that cowardly self. "No! I have stood by him in every emergency of his life, and he needs me now as he has never needed me before. I'll save him in spite of myself."

When she appeared at breakfast she was her own well-possessed self, as Robert saw with unspoken relief. Admiration rose within him to see how she held herself in hand, with what dignity she accepted defeat. And with admiration came a surging back of his old boyish love. It had been hard for her, harder than Idella or her mother could ever understand, and he glanced from one to the other with swift, invidious comparison.

When they spoke about it again she said only, "She is not the woman I would have chosen for you, and you are sure it is an everlasting love, I will receive her as a daughter and do my best."

And Robert kissed her, feeling somehow less jubilant in this acquiescence than one would suppose.

The next morning she followed him to the door.

"Robert, would you object to me asking Helen Marsh to visit me while I am here? I had asked her when I thought we might go to housekeeping. It is rather lonely for me—no, do not misunderstand—I expect you to spend your time with Idella, but it throws me back on myself more than it does for me. If I could have Helen for a month or so it would help me out."

He hesitated. "No—o, I don't object—only—well, mother, and the old defiant expression came back, "I may as well understand that I am not going to spend any time on Helen Marsh."

"Certainly not, I expect you to spend your time with Idella. It is right that you should. I will explain the situation to Helen when I write."

"That is hardly necessary," he said, wincing as he thought of Helen Marsh's ringing laugh. "She'll soon find it out, I suppose."

In his heart he did not want her to come, but he had been eliminated from the case so neatly that he could hardly object.

"Certainly. And she will feel just as I do about your allegiance."

He frowned. Like most men he did not like essays on allegiance.

That very day Mrs. Etheridge began her preparations. "What will be up one room in this house that will be a constant reminder of his old life," she thought as she sought Mrs. Skidmore.

"Of course, I let her do it," said that lady to her daughter. "That room hasn't been papered since your father died. Besides, she offered to pay for it if I'd let her select it. Yes, you bet I did!"

When that room was ready for the coming guest it presented a striking contrast to the plush clad family photograph gallery below. Mrs. Etheridge had brought some dainty furnishings to Colorado with the unspoken hope of the "little house-keep-

ing." They found a place and a work to do of which she had not dreamed. As Robert Etheridge stood on the threshold he found old memories tugging at his heart.

The faded carpet of yesterday had been consigned to some domestic limbo and rugs covered the stained floor. Soft folds of Madras replaced the cheapest of Nottingham lace, familiar pictures—good ones—hung on the harmoniously colored walls, books (not of the blue plush variety) were everywhere abundant, and new music was on the open piano. Mrs. Skidmore had remarked that for her part, with one instrument in the house—referring to the wheezy cabinet organ—she couldn't see no use for another, further observing, "But let her go to it, Idella. All them things will be yours some day," and Idella, stimulated by the preparations upstairs, had gone into the manufacture of paper flowers for their own parlor.

"Do you like it, Bob?"

His mother turned brightly from the mass of wild columbine she was arranging. He had just come from the paper roses below.

"Like it? Why it looks so like home it actually makes me homesick."

And her heart gave a great throb. As he sank into the big leather covered chair that had been brought as his special trap Idella appeared with a blue plush rocker in tow.

"We can spare you this. Your things look kinder tony and this will brighten 'em up. Don't you want some paper flowers?"

"Heavens, no!" cried Robert. "Can't you see?"

"Robert?"

When Idella with her head up had withdrawn his mother reconstituted. "They meant it kindly. You will have to be most careful about such things, my son."

So Idella had come in, wearing her tea gown, the newest thing she had, looking a very Venus for beauty and a Sphinx for dumbness. And yet Mrs. Etheridge tries hard to introduce her into the conversation.

"That Marsh girl ain't very pretty."

Idella said deprecatingly to Robert when he came down to her, and he replied half angrily, "Idella, why don't you try to talk?"

"She don't know any of the people here to talk about," said Idella.

Helen Marsh was an accomplished musician, and Robert Etheridge was hungry for music. He got out his violin, and they played duets—in the midst of which Idella at the organ below would execute "The Sweet By and By," sometimes with the loud pedal on.

"I can't in common decency neglect my mother's guest," he said impatiently when she reproached him with leaving her for Helen. "Don't be silly! Then his conscience smote him and tried to make up with Idella, who sulked, as Venuses sometimes do.

You know how it went.

If only Helen had not been so bright and full of the joy of living it might have been different. If only Idella had been less exacting and fretful under it, it might have been different. If his mother had been less conscientious it might have been far more different, but she goaded him to madness by her jealous championing of his future wife.

"It isn't right, Robert," she would say. "Your time belongs to Idella. I think we ought to tell Helen."

"Oh! hang it all, mother," he said at last, "let Idella take care of herself; she is abundantly able to do it."

But he always had in his mind's eye a picture of a man and a woman sitting at a table, and would sit beside his betrothed listening to Helen's music above and finding fewer and fewer subjects of conversation.

One day there was a change in Idella's tastes. No more sulking, no more reproaches, but a mysterious air that piqued Robert's curiosity. She sat no more in the plush parlor, nor played "The Sweet By and By."

Robert Etheridge walked home one night with a letter in his pocket and a lump of lead in his breast. The letter offered him a position in a neighboring mine. It was one that he coveted, because it was a distinct rise in the line of his profession. In his grasp today it turned to Dead Sea fruit. It made his marriage possible, but his awakening had come.

"I'll take the offer and go," he said to himself doggedly at last. "At Christmas I will come back for her as I promised. I've been a fool but I'll not be a scoundrel."

When he got home Helen Marsh sat on the porch with a book. She did not look up though he was sure she saw him. In the hall Mrs. Skidmore put her head out of a door and then quickly withdrew it. He could see that she had been crying.

His mother met him at the door. "My son I have bad news. Idella is gone. She has run off with the man that keeps the fare bank. She left this note for you."

He read it in silence. It seemed to him that the whole rocky Mountain system was slipping from his shoulders. When he had finished he drew a long breath, took his mother's face between his hands, looked steadily into her eyes, and smiled. Then he went to Helen Marsh.

At bedtime he came to his mother again.

"Mother, I've told Helen all about it. I wanted to start right, for I am sure this is the everlasting kind. I—I think I must have been possessed."

"You were," she answered, her eyes shining, "by the devil of propensity."

When he was gone she laughed softly.

"Some problems," she said, lapsing into school talk, "are worked out by comparison: some by elimination and substitution. In life the two may be

combined."—Caroline A. Stanley in the Tatler.

KEEPING POISON OUT OF THE WELLS.

The most important consideration in education is to keep the young and impressionable minds from being influenced by opinions and supposed statements of facts that are not founded on truth. Prejudices once acquired in this way can scarcely ever be eradicated, no matter how much their possessor may wish to be rid of them. Bigotry is, after all, founded upon supposed truth acquired when young and ever afterwards influencing all matters of thought. Hence the necessity for guarding school books from the intrusion of what is untrue. Long ago Josh Billings said that "it is not so much the ignorance of mankind that makes them ridiculous as the knowing so many things that ain't so." History, unfortunately, has in many respects come to be a patchwork, a true crazy-quilt of things that are not so. At least we must not permit Catholic children to receive mental bias that will last all their lives because of certain conventions that seem to accept such crazy-quilts as not very ugly things to look at after all.

Every now and then, however, some supposed historian, or at least writer of history for schools, must be called to account because he has not realized the changes that have come on the face of history among English speaking peoples during the last twenty five years. The flagrant example of the history written by a superintendent of education in the Philippines is yet vividly before all minds. There are not wanting examples of similar nature in our own midst, and in the last number of the Messenger Rev. John Scully, S. J., has called Mr. Edward P. Cheney to account for the errors, omissions and worse of a Short History of England (Ginn & Co.) As Father Scully says, it seems almost impossible for an un-Catholic authority to write unbiased history of events concerning Catholics and their Church.

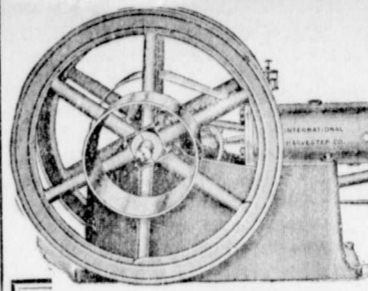
Some of the errors in this school history written by a member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania are almost amusing in their lack of appreciation of the Catholic standpoint in history. For instance, the author, following a discredited theory, says that the bishops in Ireland and Scotland at least were only priests filling somewhat higher functions, just as if there were no distinction between episcopal and priestly orders. It is interesting to know that the Rev. Mr. Todd, to whom the world owes the invention of this theory, is also the man who needs to be sent to school as an Englishman; no one else would ever present such a lack of humor—who thought that he had proved that St. Patrick was a Protestant (save the mark).

Most of the errors which Father Scully has found it necessary to point out are of a more serious import than this with regard to St. Patrick and Ireland. Mr. Cheney still continues to teach the old Protestant tradition that the monks were all ic's and the people were glad to be rid of them. This tradition is due to the vile charges made against the lesser monasteries by Cromwell's agents, who were, as Dom Gasquet shows, "as truculent and filthy libelers as ever disgraced a revolutionary cause." Canon Dixon, himself an Anglican clergyman, in his History of the Church of England, says that no proof of deep corruption has ever been made good against the clergy of England. As a matter of fact, the Rev. Mr. Jessup, a non-conformist English clergyman, who wrote on "Parish Life in England Before the Great Pillage" this is his straightforward name for what has been so much more euphemistically but less truthfully called the English Reformation, says that England before the Reformation presents a picture of piety and morality unsurpassed in any age and very rarely ever equalled, certainly not in Protestant England.

We could fill several columns of quotations of these corrected mistakes in a history written for school children. It must not be forgotten that the whole character of history has changed in the last few decades. Just a hundred years ago the Comte De Maistre said in his *Solaces of St. Peter's* that history for the past three hundred years has been a conspiracy against truth. Curiously enough the editors of the Cambridge Modern History, in their preface to this monumental work, issued only a few years ago and still unfinished, said that recent investigations in history had shown that many accepted historical theories were the expression of a conspiracy against the truth, and that in order to get at the truth of history present historical writers had to go behind all the classical writers and consult original documents once more.

Is it any wonder that the danger of the child imbibing such untruths which is so frequent in the case of secular schools should make Catholics insist on having our children educated in such a way as will not pervert their intelligence and give them bias and prejudice against the great truths of their religion? The worst of it is that the writers of such text-books do not intend to be deceivers nor perverters of truth; as children they themselves imbibed certain prejudices in the matter of historical opinions which conscientiously or unconsciously influence all their later life. They are quite surprised when their errors are pointed out. It is from such unfortunate states of mind that we want to preserve our children. We want them to know the truth, the whole truth, and above all we want them to know nothing but the truth—Catholic Union and Times.

In the anticipation of death men provide by a last testament for the distribution of the monies they have accumulated. Every beneficiary is a designation of special affection. How, then, are we to measure that testator's love for God who falls to name God as one of his beneficiaries?



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THE HEDGE SCHOOLS.
In Irish poetry we are told of the condition as to education for Catholics in Ireland during the penal laws of the eighteenth century.

"When crouched beneath the sheltering hedge, Or stretched on mountain fern, The master and his pupils met— Ecstasically to learn."

This is no mere poetic exaggeration was noted by Right Rev. Mgr. Molloy in a speech recently at the Golden Jubilee celebration of the Catholic University School of Medicine in Dublin, in which he said:

"Mr. Chairman, when we look back on the history of our country, we are proud of the old hedge-schools of a hundred and two hundred years ago, and we glory in the spirit of our fathers, who, forbidden by law to build schools, went out under the canopy of heaven, and trusting to the shelter of a hedge to protect them from the cold blasts of winter, gathered their young flocks about them, and kept alive that love of learning which is one of the brightest characteristics of our race. The hedge-school, then, of Irish song and story was no myth, but a real institution and it turned out excellent scholars too, though in those days it was by British law felony for a Catholic in Ireland to teach or be taught."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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London, Canada

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

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

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

The matter and form are both good; and as the Catholic spirit pervades the whole, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believing you and wishing you success, Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Ladvas, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 18, 1906.

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE ELECTION OF OUR HOLY FATHER, PIUS X.

A MESSAGE FROM HIS EXCELLENCY, THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE, TO THE SOVEREIGN PRINCE, AND THE REPLY.

It is a great pleasure to us to communicate the following to the numerous readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, knowing how deeply interested they are in everything pertaining to the great Pontiff, now so happily ruling the Church of God.

On the occasion of the third anniversary of the election of the Holy Father, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Donatus Sbarretti, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to Canada, sent a cablegram to His Holiness, expressing the homage and devotion of Canadian Catholics to his august person and imploring for them the Apostolic Benediction.

His Excellency received the following message from the Cardinal Secretary of State.

Rome, August 4, 1906.

Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa.

The Holy Father accepts with keen appreciation the affectionate homage which you tendered him, and from his heart grants his blessing.

(Signed) CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

We venture to say that in no part of the world will the Holy Father find more loyal children than the Catholics of Canada. Many a fervent prayer will ascend to the Divine Master asking Him to protect His vicar on earth and to grant to the gentle Pius X. many returns of the anniversary of his election to the Papal chair.

ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

The vacancy in the Archbishopric of Halifax because of the death of that distinguished Prelate, Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, has been filled by the appointment of Rev. Dr. McCarthy of the Cathedral staff. We have reason to believe that the choice has been received with glad acclaim by the priests and people of the Maritime Provinces, more particularly of the archdiocese of Halifax.

It is recognized that the mantle of the great Archbishop O'Brien has fallen upon worthy shoulders, and that the distinguished priest now raised to the dignity of Archbishop will continue his lifework for the advancement of the interests of the Church in the same whole-hearted and capable manner which has been his attribute in the priesthood. We call the attention of our readers to the article concerning his appointment—published in this issue of THE CATHOLIC RECORD—taken from the Suburban, of Halifax, N. S.

The CATHOLIC RECORD joins with its contemporary in offering sincere congratulations to His Grace of Halifax. May he live long to adorn that time-honored and important portion of our Lord's vineyard.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER AND JAPAN.

World-Wide, a periodical issued from the office of the Montreal Daily Witness, gives in its issue of 21st July an article from the Manchester Guardian which is merely a fantastical account of the work of St. Francis Xavier in Japan, the occasion of this short piece of pseudo history being the fact that the fourth centenary of the great saint of the Jesuit order occurs in the present year. The writer states that

"The history of Christianity in Japan is rather painful reading because it affords one of the few instances in which the defects of Christians impelled a Government to stamp out their detestable superstition after nearly a century of toleration. Still the failures of the Portuguese and Dutch traders to prove that Christianity was a desirable religion does not affect the merit of Xavier in attempting to establish it among the Japanese."

The most curious feature in his Japanese mission is the story of the way in which he made himself acceptable to that singular people. At first he travelled, according to the Jesuit rule, as a pilgrim vowed to poverty. He appeared among the Japanese as a man—to use their own language—'so abhorred of the earth, that the very vermin which crawled over him loathed their wretched fare.'

This was not the way to appeal to one of the cleanest as well as the most beauty-loving of races. Xavier soon changed his policy, and appeared before the Daimio of Bungo resplendent in green velvet and golden brocade, with all the pomp that retainers loaded with gold and precious stones, marching beneath awnings of Chinese tapestry and silk flags, could lend to his mission. In this shape he achieved a speedy success.

Buddhism had declined into a commercial system of prayers and masses curiously like that which Luther soon after attacked in Europe. The priests of Rome came with crucifixes in their hands, eloquence on their lips, and with rich dresses, impressive ceremonies, processions, and mysteries, out-dazzled the scenic display of the Buddhists.

They preached the doctrine of an immediate entrance into Paradise after death to all believers—a doctrine which thrilled their hearers to an uncontrollable pitch of enthusiasm. Buddhism was beaten with its own weapons. For more than one generation it looked as if Christianity had taken firm root in Japan. But it was not to be."

The writer of the above falls into numerous glaring errors which prove completely that he is most untrustworthy, whether by design or through ignorance of the subject with which he deals.

The Dutch Lutherans trading with Japan were merchants, and had no thought of teaching the Christian religion to the Japanese. It was indeed nearly a century after St. Francis Xavier left the country in 1551 that the Japanese monarchs determined to exterminate the Christians, the persecution of Christians having been begun in 1590, and terminated in 1642, leaving only a few who succeeded in escaping death. These, however, kept up the Christian teaching, recognizing the Pope or the "great chief of the Church at Rome," and administering those sacraments which, when a priest cannot be had, may be administered by laymen. When Japan was opened to Europeans, and partial liberty of religion was established, the latter being in the year 1877, numerous descendants of the old persecuted Church presented themselves to the Jesuit missionaries who came to the country to re-establish the Catholic Church.

The Dutch, so far from endeavoring to assist in the establishment of Christianity in Japan, as the writer in the Manchester Guardian asserts, lent their cannon to the Japanese Government to exterminate the Christians and thus obtained the favor of being admitted to trade with the Japanese, while all other nations were excluded from the country; and, moreover, by their readiness to aid the persecutors, they proved to the heathenish Government that though they were Christians of some sort, they were not at all of the same Christian faith as were the disciples of St. Francis Xavier; and this was further confirmed by the fact that they were ready before entering the country to trample on the cross as an evidence that the heathen religion would be held in respect by them, while no effort would be made to introduce the religion of Christ into the country.

In regard to the statement that St. Francis appeared before the Daimio covered with vermin, there is no credible historian who makes such a statement, though it is to be admitted that the Jesuit missionaries appeared in simple garb and showed by their readiness to appear as poor in spirit and in dress, that they were not seeking to amass wealth in the preaching of the Christian religion, but came in poverty, seeking only to save souls for God's sake. This is in substance what St. Francis wrote to his superiors.

It is true to say that they imitated the poverty of their Divine Master, but when they found they could not make any favorable impression on the Japanese, they changed their plan and dressed themselves in fine garments, so that they might be received more favorably by the officials of the country; and in fact by so doing they

succeeded in making many converts. It is stated that within the century during which the Church flourished, the missionaries who succeeded St. Francis had no fewer than four hundred thousand converts.

So far were the missionaries from being regarded with loathing from the time they appealed to the good sense of the Japanese to adopt the true religion, they spent their first years at Cangaxima in the territory of the King of Saxuma, and were received most graciously and honorably. The king freely gave them leave to preach the Christian faith to his subjects. Then being able by means of his constant and careful study to speak the Japanese language fluently and elegantly, St. Francis was obliged to leave the kingdom of Saxuma, because the Portuguese had transferred their trade from that kingdom to Firando, and on this account the king in his vexation became a persecutor of the Christians. Francis then went to Firando, where he succeeded far better than he had done at Cangaxima, as he baptized there more Christians in twenty days than he had done at Cangaxima in a whole year. Among these converts were several members of the royal family.

The assertion that the Buddhists had a commercial system of prayers and Masses similar to that of the Catholic Church is a gross misrepresentation of the sacred rites which have been handed down from the early ages of Christianity, and their substance as used in the Catholic Church comes from the Apostolic age, and was substantially the work of the Apostles.

The Buddhists of to day have indeed a God, Krishna, whose name resembles that of Christ, and whose history is somewhat like that of Christ, but this has been shown to be merely a parody on the life of Christ as recorded in the Gospels. This was evidently compiled in order that the heathen worship might not be abandoned by those who received with joy the announcement of a Saviour.

The Catholic Church does not teach that all will go to Paradise (heaven) who die members of the Church, and as St. Francis Xavier never taught anything contrary to Catholic faith, he and his assistants certainly did not teach what World-Wide thus attributes to them through this article of the Manchester Guardian. You may find indeed, among Baptists, Presbyterians, etc., every sort of variety of teaching, but not in the Catholic Church, which teaches everywhere "the faith once delivered to the saints."

THE ANARCHISTS.

It is difficult at any time to set to work the whole machinery of the Government of one nation, and, of course, it is still more difficult to get several nations, with their diverse aims and interests, to work toward the attainment of one end, however laudable that end may be. And yet there is no denial that there are some matters in which the entire population of the globe have a living interest, so that during recent years we have witnessed at least one hearty union of Western nations for the attainment of one end, and on this occasion the troops of all nations fought side by side, namely, to prevent the Chinese from taking up a permanent anti-foreign policy of murdering all foreigners.

But a few days ago the Emperor William of Germany gave an interview to a representative of the Matin newspaper of Paris, in which the Kaiser told the newspaper man that the yellow peril is not the only peril threatening the world, for there is also the red peril, and this peril does not threaten merely monarchs or monarchies, absolute or constitutional, but also republics; and the heads of all States are in hourly danger of their lives.

"President Fallieres," said the Kaiser, "runs the same risk as the Czar, and President Roosevelt the same as King Alfonso. Those aiming at the abolition of all authority and order as maintained by Governments are well aware of the difficulty which lies in the way of getting two or three or four Governments to agree upon the measures of general self-defence which the Governments of the world should take to suppress bold anarchy."

It could scarcely have been suspected, and until recently it was not suspected that there could be an association of men banded together for the purpose of assassinating those who wield the highest authority in a nation, and endeavor to use that authority justly; but it is now seen perfectly well that such associations do exist, and that their members are perfectly reckless as to what may happen to themselves. With these men, after perpetrating the evil deed which they have set out to do the desire of self-preservation becomes paramount, and they endeavor to conceal themselves from the indignant people who are shocked by the atrocious deed, and who are invariably ready to

tear to pieces on the spot the diabolical perpetrator, if he can be caught; and usually he is caught, but he is protected by the law so that he may not be punished as he deserves, without a fair trial being accorded him. But when the crime is brought home, punishment is sure to be inflicted on him, but this punishment is according to law, as a rule, inasmuch as the authorities are bound to protect even the worst criminals against punishment in passion. The Anarchists seem to rely upon this fact for a chance for life; but often they find themselves so entrapped in the meshes of the net which usually surround them so closely as to make escape from the punishment they deserve impossible, and they commit suicide if they can, as in the case of the scoundrel who attempted the lives of King Alfonso, and Queen Ena, now Victoria.

It seems to us that under such circumstances, the Governments of the world should agree to punish those who preach or advise assassination, equally with assassination itself, as Anarchy is so vile a doctrine that even those who advise it are as bad as the dupes who put such advice into practice. It should be punished with the utmost penalties of the law, even when it is only maintained in a speech, or printed in a paper, or advised by one anarchist to another. There may then be hope to crush the doctrine out of the world, but not till then.

THE CHURCH AND THE VERNACULAR.

We read in the Roman Breviary for the English provinces that King Lucius of Britain sent messengers with letters to Pope Eleutherius requesting him to send ministers of the Divine Word (to Britain); and that the Pope acceded to his request and sent Fagatius and Damiannus, two priests of the Roman Church, who baptized the king, all his family and most of his subjects. This fact is confirmed by Bede, who says—both in his history and chronicles—that Lucius, a British prince, sent messengers to Rome to Pope Eleutherius for instruction in the Christian faith.

This event took place probably about 180 A. D., for Butler in his life of St. Alban asserts that Christianity was brought to Britain as early as this period, if not before. It is not unreasonable to believe that there were Christians in Britain at a very early date, since from the intercourse between the Romans and the Britons, it is probable that some Roman Christians might be found in Britain, while those of the Britons who were in Rome, on becoming acquainted with the Christians, some, in all probability, yielded to the entreaties of the latter and embraced the faith.

In Butler's life of St. Dunstan we read the following foot note: "The West-Saxon kings exceedingly enriched the abbey of Glastenbury, as may be seen by their charters extant in John of Glastenbury, etc. But it had been famous in the times of the Britons, and its Church was the oldest in Britain, founded by those who first planted the faith of Christ in this island; which happened about the end of the reign of Tiberius, says Gildas, though few at first embraced it, as he adds. Meta phrases quotes a passage from Eusebius, importing that Saint Peter preached in Britain, Fortunatus, Sophronius, etc., affirm the same of St. Paul. It is at least certain from Tertullian, Theodoret, Origen, Eusebius, etc., that the light of the gospel had diffused its rays into Britain soon after the dispersion of the apostles."

There is also evidence that a knowledge of the gospel was not confined to that part of Britain which was subject to Rome, for before the close of the second century it had penetrated among the tribes of the North. Tertullian says that there were places in Britain which, though inaccessible to the Romans, were nevertheless subject to Christ, *Britanniarum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo vero subdita*. However that may be, it is certain that Christianity was known in Britain in the second century. Before the close of the third century a regular hierarchy was established in Britain, for in one of the most early of Western Councils, that of Arles, we find the names of three British Bishops, viz., Eborius of York, Restitutinus of London, and Adelphius of Lincoln. Yet with these facts before us, to try to determine the date when the Scriptures were first translated into the vernacular tongue of Britain would be nothing better than guesswork.

The early missionaries of Britain were men imbued with apostolic zeal; that they made known to the people the depth and beauty of the word of God cannot for a moment be doubted. If St. Paul considered it useful to have his letters read to other Churches besides the ones to which they were addressed, it certainly becomes us to plausibly believe that the early missionaries of Britain did all in their power to have the people acquire a sound knowledge of the word of God, and to aid them in this acquirement, that they, as soon as was

convenient, translated the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue. What happened in other countries no doubt took place in Britain also, that when monasteries were established there, the monks occupied themselves translating the acts and teachings of apostolic times, for next to the Church they have always been the faithful guardians of the sacred deposit, while their archives were the arsenals of sacred and profane learning.

Prior to the time of Saint Alban, 278, A. D., Britain was subjected to a fierce persecution, not only by Roman and Danish invaders, but also by the heathen inhabitants of the island. Like all other early Christians, those of Britain were anxious to preserve the sacred mysteries of their religion pure and inviolate, consequently they preferred to trust to the oral transmission of them rather than run the risk of seeing them outraged, and subjected to sacrilegious profanation. It is asserted by some that when this north wave of persecution had passed over Britain, the Bishops made or had ordered to be made a translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue, and that it cannot be argued that, since no copy of this translation remains, therefore it never existed. Tradition, they say, records the fact that the whole Psalter and other portions of Holy Writ were often committed to memory by the faithful, and that even those who could neither read nor write gained a knowledge of them by listening to their daily recital in Church. But these worthy people have forgotten to tell us who and when made the above translation and where it was made. We are not going to deny that the people, at the time of which we are speaking, were somewhat acquainted with the Scriptures, but did they memorize them in the Latin or in the vernacular? Mr. Dore, an English Protestant writer, says:

"In the second century the Liturgy of the Church, and the various books which form the New Testament, were translated from the Greek, in which they were first written, into the Latin tongue, and as that language was commonly known, and formed the ordinary medium of communication in the greater part of the Christian Church, the offices and the Bible were, to all who could read, just as useful in their Latin form as they would have been in their mother tongue."

Now it must be remembered that in those days there was but one form of Christianity, viz., the Catholic; and the Catholic Church, at least in Western Christendom, used and still uses the Latin language in her divine services. And if the people gained a knowledge of the Scriptures by listening to their recital in church it must have been in the Latin language that they acquired such knowledge, especially when it was so universally understood.

It is maintained also that Gildas, who is surnamed the Wise, wrote an epistle in which he embodied a history of Britain. In this epistle he quotes profusely from the Scriptures, but since it is plain that he does not quote from the Vulgate it is concluded that some vernacular translation must have been in use in Britain of which not a single copy remains. Now Gildas wrote his epistle or history in Latin, and since there were several versions of the Bible in Latin in the time of Gildas he could very easily have quoted from some one of these versions which did not agree with the Vulgate in all particulars. But we cannot argue from the fact that since Gildas wrote in Latin and quoted from some other Latin version besides the Vulgate, that then there was a translation of the Bible in the vernacular of Britain in his day. And those that would maintain that there was must prove the highly improbable thing that Gildas translated the vernacular version into the Latin, the language in which he wrote his epistle.

Adhelm translated the Psalter into the Saxon tongue in the year 700, A. D. About the same time also and at the suggestion of Adhelm, Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, translated the four gospels. This brings us to the time of the Venerable Bede, who, we are informed, quoted much from the Sacred Scriptures, which he had learned from the monks at Jarrow. In that monastery he spent sixty-two years devoting his time to his own improvement as well as to the improvement of others. The Abbot Cuthbert said of him: "It seems to me to be only right that all the Angles in all the provinces, yes, wherever they may be found, should render thanks to God for having raised up in their midst such a wonderful man." Fuller, speaking of the Venerable Bede, says: "He expounded almost all the Bible, translated the Psalms and New Testament into English and lived a comment on the words of the Apostle: 'shining as a light in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.'" Bede, speaking of himself in his history, tells us that when he was fifty-nine years of age he had compiled several books for his own use and that

of others. He gives a list of forty-five, of which thirty—and many of these are divided into several books—consist of comments on the Old and New Testaments. On his death-bed he finished the translation of St. John's gospel, for Cuthbert tells us that when Bede was informed by his disciple Wilberth that there was still one sentence that was not translated the saint answered "write quickly." The young man answered, "It is now done," and Bede replied: "You have well said; it is at an end, all is finished. Hold my head that I may have the pleasure to sit, looking towards my little oratory where I used to pray: that whilst I am sitting I may call upon my heavenly Father, and on the pavement of his little place sing, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.'" Thus praying he breathed his last. That Bede translated a considerable part of the Holy Scriptures into the vernacular is certain, but we have no historic evidence to assure us that he translated the whole Bible.

When King Alfred, surnamed the Great, ascended the throne in 871 A. D., he found learning at a very low ebb, owing principally to the frequent invasions of the Danes, but he soon set to work to remedy that evil. He desired that all those whose circumstances would allow them should learn to read and write, while those who were designed for civil or ecclesiastical employment should have a knowledge of the Latin language. He made it known that none need aspire to receive favors at his hands if they were not indited with a desire for knowledge. He set the example to all, for he gathered around him the most distinguished scholars of his own and foreign countries, and often regretted that the illustrious scholars who once flourished in Britain had not translated into their language the learned works of other nations. But he was not the man to sit and whine and spend his time bewailing the inertness of others, for, as we are told, he set to work and translated four books into the vernacular tongue, viz., the Ecclesiastical History of Bede, the Epitome of Noster, the Consolations of Philosophy by Boetius, and the Pastoral of Gregory the Great. It is said that he was also engaged in a translation of the Psalms at the time of his death, but history would lead us to believe that the above-mentioned translations were the only ones made by the king. It is, however, universally believed, both by Catholics and Protestants alike, that King Alfred is the author of at least a partial translation of the Psalms. A translation of several books of the Old Testament, viz., Pentateuch, Joshua, Job, the Judges, Ruth, part of the books of Kings, Esther and the Maccabees was made by Elfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 995, A. D. We have positive proof that translations of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue existed in the tenth century, for the Lindisfarne manuscripts in the British museum cannot by any possible sophism be set aside or contradicted.

It is not maintained that Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the eleventh century, made any translation of the Bible, but he has the reputation of having been a profound student of the Scriptures, and it is also maintained by some that he was the first to divide the Bible into chapters and verses, while others attribute it to Cardinal Langton or Cardinal Hugo de Sancto Caro. But whoever did it we may be allowed to conclude from the fact, that since the names of Lanfranc and Langton are mentioned as probable authors of the division, that Catholic England was not behind either in the study, the simplifying, or the popularizing of the Scriptures.

Both Protestant and Catholic authorities affirm that there was a complete version of the Bible made in 1290, A. D., and also that three manuscript copies of it still exist. One of these is attributed to Richard Rolle, a Yorkshire hermit, who said of his own translation, "In this werke I seke no strange Yuglys, bot lightest and communest, and swilk that is most like unto the Latyns, so yt that that knowes night ye Latyns be the Yuglys may come to many Latyns wordes. In the Translation I felogh the letter als mekille as I may, and thor I syne no proper Yuglys, I felogh ye wit of the wordes, so that thai that shall rede it them thar not drede errynge. In the espownynge I felogh holl doctors; for it may comen into some envious manes honde that knowys not what heuld say at will; says that I vist what I sayd, and so do harm till hym and tyll ether." Rolle died in 1349, A. D., just about the time that John de Trevisa translated the whole Bible into English. Hence we see that there were two complete versions, and at least five partial translations of the Scriptures in English before Wycliffe made his heretical translation in the fourteenth century.

The Blessed Thomas More, speaking of the Scriptures, says:

"The hole byble was long before Wycliffe's days by virtuous and well

learned men, translated into the English tongue; and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read."

In Strype's Cranmer we read:

"It is not much more than a hundred years since Scripture hath not been accustomed to be read in the vulgar tongue within this realm, and many hundred years before that, it was translated and read in the Saxon's tongue. And when this language waned old and out of common usage, because folk should not lack the fruit of reading it, it was translated again into the newer language whereof yet also many copies be found."

Now all these translations of the Scriptures, together with a goodly number of commentaries, were all made by Catholics in pre-Reformation times, and yet it has been the proud boast of the Reformers and their adherents to trumpet from the house-tops that they were the first to unlock the wells of divine wisdom, the first to rescue the Bible from that oblivion to which the Catholic Church had so wantonly consigned it, the first to give it to the nations in their vernacular tongues. Vain boast!

It recalls to our mind the story of the daw with the borrowed feathers; and while it excites our pity and laughter, it truly merits our contempt. We say nothing new when we affirm that the Bible was translated into English, Irish, German, French, Italian, Polish, Spanish and Slavonic long before Luther had conceived in his brain or hatched in his bosom the hydra of the Reformation. Was it not from the Church that the reformers received it, or rather was it not from her that they stole it and then corrupted it? Who transcribed and translated it before the art of printing was invented? Who through all the vicissitudes of fifteen hundred years safeguarded and prevented it from being destroyed like many another sacred and profane book? Who was the first to have it printed? And who first could say that the book thus compiled and printed was, to the exclusion of all other books, the inspired word of God? The only answer that can come from the lips of unprejudiced and enlightened men is that the Catholic Church did all this and that only she could do it. And yet, with all this historical evidence in her favor, she is accused of having concealed it from the people!

We are aware that certain words change their meanings with the latitude and longitude of places, but we have never yet heard that the verb "to conceal" had so completely lost its original signification as to mean "to publish or make known." And yet that is the meaning which the enemies of the Catholic Church must give it, if they wish to be regarded as honest and truthful. There is no reason why the Church should conceal it, for there is nothing in it that is in the least derogatory to the Church's claims, and if there was what was to prevent her from tearing it into shreds and scattering it to the winds, or reducing it to ashes? She had nothing to fear from it, for she well knew that the Holy Ghost who inspired it was that same Spirit of Truth who, according to the promises of Christ, was to "abide with her forever" and, through her, teach the way of salvation to a fallen race. God is not like man that He should lie. He cannot contradict Himself for He is the God of truth, truth itself, eternal, subsistent. In inspiring the Holy Scriptures He must necessarily have permeated them with His own divine breath; it is it that gives them life and interest; without it they would be dead and uninteresting; with it they are full of divine life, divine truth and beauty. It was that same God who inspired the Sacred Scriptures, that said to His Church: "Go teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, behold I am with you all days till the end of time . . . the gates of hell shall not prevail." Now the greater part of what Christ commanded the Church to teach is contained in the Bible, and He has sworn by His Godhead that He, the Way, the Truth and the Life, will be with her, guiding and directing her, teaching and expounding His commandments with her till time shall be no more. He promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church; but if anything in reality could be found in the Scriptures contrary to the Church's claims, then Christ would have contradicted Himself, He would cease to be God, the powers of error and darkness would have triumphed, the Bible would possess no more interest for us than the Zenda Vesta or the Koran, heaven would lose its beauty, hell its terrors, and all would be chaos.

But we know and believe otherwise, for we know and believe that Christ is God, and that His word remaineth forever. The Eternal Father predicted in the garden of Eden the coming of the Redeemer, and this prediction became more fixed, more bright as time went on. The prophets who stood on the mountain-tops of vision sighed to see the coming of the Promised of the eternal hills, but it was not granted to them. They sang it in psalms, hymns and canticles, while priests celebrated it with all the splendor of sacrificial ceremony. When the fullness of time had come, the Eternal Son of Glory appeared above the horizon and dispelled the awful darkness of that long and weary night that preceded His coming. He the Eternal stood amongst men clothed in their own mortality, but full of grace and truth, the latchet of whose shoe no man was worthy to loose. By the banks of Jordan the heavens opened above His head, and the voice of the Eternal Father rang out, proclaiming Him His own divine Son, and commanding all to hear Him. "This is My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him." It was He that founded the Catholic Church and commanded all to hear and obey her, "He that will not hear the Church let him be as the heathen and the publican." He promised that He would be with His Church till the consummation of ages, and He demands for her that respect and veneration which become the representative of God on earth, for He tells us that he who would despise her would despise Him and the Father Who sent Him. It is clear then that the Church is the representative of Christ, that she is His mouthpiece; her accents are His, her voice is the voice of God, for He has supernaturally endowed her with it. Then truth cannot be in contradiction to truth, the inspired word cannot contradict the infallible Church of Christ; and should they apparently disagree, we should, with St. Augustine, attribute it to our own lack of understanding or to the negligence of some copyist. "I would not believe the gospels," says the same Augustine, "only on the authority of the Catholic Church."

It is nowhere stated, neither is there the shadow of an insinuation in the whole New Testament that the Church should be judged by it, while on the contrary it is emphatically asserted that obedience to the Church is an absolute condition of salvation for all those who know her to be the true Church of Christ. She is the veritable ark of the covenant and is pledged to protect it from all the foul machinations of an infidel world. She applies to herself the words of St. Paul to Timothy, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust," and well and faithfully has she kept it, not only from physical destruction but from a far more dangerous enemy—heretical corruption. She has always and in every age been solicitous for the purity of God's message to men, and whenever and wherever erroneous interpretations spring up, she never hesitates to assert that she alone is the supreme teacher and the divinely appointed interpreter of the inspired word of God. To guard that word and to make it known to men and have them incorporate it into their daily lives is the very object of her existence. And never for a moment has she neglected to fulfill this her duty since that first Pentecost when the Apostles went forth filled with the Holy Ghost to preach salvation to the nations, and to teach men the wonderful works of God.

And ever since for the last two thousand years, she has been sending missionaries to every land to preach as Saint Paul did, Christ crucified, and to bring the good tidings of the gospel into every home. Often it has been necessary for them to seal their faith with their blood, and willingly did they pour it out, even to the last drop. Persecution after persecution, like wave on wave, rolled over her; the dark clouds of sorrow hid for a time the beauty of her countenance, but like the sun in the heavens she burst forth again in all her meridian splendor. And to-day, after twenty centuries, she is as young and vigorous, as enthusiastic and zealous as when St. Peter preached in Jerusalem, when St. Paul preached in Athens. In every land and in every clime her priests are to be found offering up a clean oblation to the Lord of Hosts from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. Her churches, schools, colleges, universities and other religious institutions, which exist in every quarter of the globe, are noble monuments of her zeal, and they bear eloquent testimony to the victory of the Cross. All this is evidence enough that the Church did not hide the word of God under a bushel, but that, on the contrary, she instilled it into the minds and hearts of her children in every word and deed.

Her Liturgy is nearly all taken from the New and Old Testaments. Extracts from them may be found in all the public services of the Church, as well as in the administration of the sacraments. The Mass, which is the principal office of the Church, is mostly taken from the Scriptures; it begins with the Old and ends with the New Testament, while both permeate it, like our muscles permeate our bodies; and as these, without the soul, the principle of life, would be dead and useless, so in like manner the Scriptures in our divine services, without

the presence of Christ in our tabernacles, would be purposeless, lifeless and to no advantage, for He is their warp and woof, their very soul, marrow and substance. Destroy the belief in the Eucharistic Christ and in an instant the grand fabric of Christianity would be in ruins. It is He that makes the Church's ceremonial so beautiful, so attractive, so superhumanly grand. There is a depth of pathos and music in it that so overwhelms the mind of man that in its presence human tongues grow dumb, human lips become sealed, while the hand that would pen it in all its beauty would be paralyzed in the effort. The beauty of our Catholic ceremonial is so divine that it never fails to impress even the hearts of the bitterest enemies of the Church, and, for the time being at least, makes them feel the spiritual starvation from which they suffer and the rich inheritance they have lost. Protestants and infidels alike have praised in no uncertain tones the beauty and grandeur of our ceremonial, and they have left behind them periods as eloquent as touching as ever fell from the lips of Catholics. "Admirable Ceremonial," exclaims Count Von Loeben, a German Protestant. "Admirable Ceremonial replete with harmony! It is the diamond which glitters on the crown of faith! Whoever has a poetic spirit must feel a tendency to Catholicism. The Catholic Church, with its ever open door, with its undying lamps, with its joyful or mournful strains, its hosannas or its lamentations, its hymns, its masses, its festivals and reminiscences resembles a mother who ever holds forth her arms to receive the prodigal child. It is a fountain of sweet water around which are assembled multitudes to imbibe vigor, health and life." Compared with it all other ceremonials dwindle into insignificance. There is neither music nor poetry in them: they are like bodies from which the soul has fled; they chill, they are uninviting, they repel, for there is no heart nourishment in them. The very architecture and ornamentation of Protestant churches are manifestations of a lifeless ceremonial. On entering them we have always felt a sensation similar to that which an inhabitant of the tropical regions would experience were he suddenly transferred to the Arctic pole. We have seen the Sunday services of all the respectable Protestant denominations, and we must confess that there is more spiritual life in the little mortuary chapels in our Catholic cemeteries than there is in the proudest temples of Protestantism.

Now in all this, in her liturgy and ceremonial, the Church is constantly teaching the Holy Scriptures to the people, and it would be as impossible for her to exist and not teach them, as it would for the sun to be in the heavens and not shine, or for man to live and not breathe. And although to teach mankind the Divine Revelation, that is the written and unwritten word of God, is part and parcel of the very nature and constitution of the Church, wishing to impress that fact more deeply in her mind and heart, gave her a positive command to do so. "Go, therefore," said He to her, "teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, behold I am with you all days till the end of time." Hence we cannot accuse the Church of having at any time neglected to teach the word of God to man, without at the same time, accusing Christ of having neglected to fulfill His promise. But to assert that Christ would not or could not fulfill His promise to the Church, is downright blasphemy, and requires more audacity than the powers of darkness care to claim. But it has been said that the Church prohibited the reading of the Bible and that consequently she is inimical to the Scriptures. This conclusion is a non sequitur, for with equal reason should we accuse a physician of being adverse to viands, though excellent in themselves, just because the condition of his patient would not allow him to prescribe them or forced him to interdict them.

The Church has never put any restriction on the reading of the original texts or of the Latin Vulgate; in fact reliable editions of these texts have always been recommended by ecclesiastical authority, and it can nowhere be found that the Church ever prohibited absolutely and universally the reading of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongues. It was the heretical excesses of the Cathari that forced the Synod of Toulouse in 1229, and that of Tarragona in 1233, to issue for the first time decrees restricting the reading of the Bible in the vernacular. But those who are acquainted with the law of the Church know very well that these decrees had no binding force outside the jurisdiction of these Synods. In like manner the translation of the Bible made by Wycliffe into which he has engraved his errors, necessitated the Synod of Oxford in 1408, A. D., to pass a decree restricting the reading of the

Scriptures, but it also had only a local force. TO BE CONTINUED. PRESS DESPATCHES last week informed us that another very notable miracle took place at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. One of the pilgrims approached the altar on crutches and a short time after reciting his devotions he left the crutches on the altar steps, and walked out of the church apparently cured. This took place in the presence of a congregation of five thousand people. One of our subscribers in Montreal advises us that she has gained a very particular request by making a novena to the Infant Jesus of Prague. PRIEST SCORES "MISSIONARIES." THEY KIDNAP NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE CHILDREN, FATHER CURRY SAYS, USING THE TICKETS OF A FREE ICE FUND AS BAIT. At each of the six Masses celebrated in St. James's Catholic church in James street, near Chatham square, last Sunday morning, the Rev. James B. Curry, the pastor, came out to the altar railing to score members of Protestant missionary societies of the neighborhood who, the priest said, were using the tickets supplied to them by a newspaper's free ice fund to aid the missionaries to "kidnap" the Italian children of Father Curry's congregation. Incidentally the pastor drew an oral picture of the Rev. Madison C. Peters "wringing tears as well as funds" from a fashionable congregation at Atlantic City recently to further a work that in Father Curry's opinion is debasing rather than uplifting. The pastor maintained that the missionaries are pauperizing the poor and making "beggars and grafters" of them. "These societies," said the priest, "see their workers down here to kidnap your children. Wherever the Irish or Italians are gathered on the East side you will find the neighborhood teeming with societies whose avowed purpose is to wean the little ones away from us. You do not hear of the Jews doing this—they're too loyal to their own religion. Catholics do not do it, but you see it done on all sides by Protestant societies to which money has been left by earnest, sincere persons, who, I am sure, would be sorry to learn how the money is abused. "Some of this money, it is true, comes from brokers—stock gamblers, if you will—who have squeezed it from the poor. When they have made enough, or when they come to die, they leave a certain amount of their fortunes to these so-called charities to ease their consciences. Some of the charitable organizations are deserving of much praise. There are 'fresh air funds' and 'sick baby funds' established, for instance, by other newspapers, and these societies I have found to be run by a competent corps of physicians and laymen and no attempt at sectarianism is present in their methods. The free ice fund established by a newspaper which, I understand, many well-meaning people help to support, issues tickets that fall into the hands of these missionary societies, and it is against the way the tickets are later used that I complain. "The other day a noted divine of this city drew tears as well as funds from a congregation at one of the summer resorts while picturing the pale and wan among our tenements. How emaciated their bodies! How trembling sick with the fever they lay in their tiny rooms panting for a bit of ice! "But come with me to the corner of Oliver and Henry streets between four and six o'clock in the morning and see the crowds getting the free ice with the tickets supplied by the missionary. There in the line you will find strong men and women, well-clad and comfortable looking, and all yelling like Indians for their share. Where are the poor? They are home, hiding their poverty, for the worthy poor do not parade their condition. And the fever stricken are home, too, lying on their sickbeds. Down the street, then, is carried the ice by able bodied men, some of which I know goes into the ice cream freezers of the shops of the neighborhood, some into the iceboxes of small grocers and butchers and a great deal of it is sold. "None of that ice comes to my poor. Not a single ticket is given to St. James, and consequently any of you that do get the ice must get your tickets from the missionary societies. "Do these people strive to kidnap my little ones because of their love of children? If so, why do they persistently refuse to have children of their own? If they would assume the responsibilities of the married state they would find work enough to do at home in looking after their own children. Why should they come down here after feeding bonbons to their puppies to tell my people how to live? Would it not be better if they remained on Fifth avenue to preach the gospel to their own and let mine alone? Let them erect a gospel tent uptown, where they might preach fidelity to the marriage vows, cleanliness and decency, and instead of giving their time to evangelizing Cherry Hill let them begin with Murray Hill instead. "They say their object is good, yet they try to make my children do that which is against their consciences in forcing them to attend services in churches other than their own. They are helping to demoralize you. Their efforts only pauperize the poor and make of you beggars and grafters. The lazy father soon learns not to look for work when the missionary sister will feed and clothe his children. Instead of saving a little from his earnings to pay his rent the dimes will go to the saloons when he learns a minister will pay his rent. "I warn you to drive these people from your apartments. As a Christian I would not tell you to throw them down stairs, or pitch them from the windows, but I do insist that you close your doors upon them. And I close

you, parents, even more than the missionaries for permitting your children to accept these favors from them under the circumstances. You are responsible first of all—a responsibility you cannot shift to my shoulders—for the grievous mortal sin of letting your children drift a way from the Church of God. I feel this morning that I am doing my duty, and now I want you to do yours. "These missionaries know," said Father Curry to a reporter after he had left the church building, "that the result obtained by them is not proportionate to the money they expend. Still, they go ahead building Protestant churches for the Italians on which they never forget to place a cross, even though they will not put crosses on their own churches. I should not object to their work were they to come down among my people and honestly present their arguments to the grown Italians, but their practice of dodging the adults and trying to kidnap my little ones is contemptible. "They do get hold of some of the children in this way and all goes well for a short time. Then one day they make the mistake of preaching to the little ones against the adoration of the Blessed Virgin and the veneration of the saints. If you had lived in Italy as long as I have you would not have to be told what happens when the children come home with those stories. I know, too, that most of their work is done among the children of the better class, while they overlook the very poor. But if some of the very estimable persons that contribute to this ice fund could see the way it is used, as we see it when we get up to say our early Masses, the contributors would stare, to say the least."

AN EVENT OF PECULIAR INTEREST. An event of peculiar interest in the history of conversions was the celebration of the first Mass of Rev. Stephen W. Wilson at the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, in Cleveland, a few Sundays ago. As he stood at the altar for the first time to celebrate the divine mysteries, there were grouped about him a number of converts. The celebration had just been ordained, after his four years of seminary course at St. Mary's, Baltimore. Before his conversion, Father Wilson had been pastor of the neighboring Episcopal Church of the Redeemer. He was known as an earnest, zealous young preacher, and it was with surprise and dismay that his congregation accepted his resignation when they learned that he had determined to become a Catholic. Shortly after his own conversion both his mother and his father followed him into the Church. They, too, were present at the Mass. Gathered in the church were a large number of Father Wilson's old parishioners, many of them with strong leanings toward the old Mother Church. Alongside Father Wilson, as his deacon, was Rev. Alvah Doran, of Philadelphia, also a convert from the Episcopalian ministry and doing admirable work in the priesthood, and finally the subdeacon was Mr. Marchand, who is now studying for the priesthood in St. Mary's, Baltimore. Events like this mark the onflow of the great stream of converts, and they are at the same time a measure of the volume of that stream.—The Missionary.

TALK WITH DR. LAPPONI, THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN. In reply to the question, Did not Dr. Lapponi advise the Pope to have a change of air? The Doctor replied that he had not and does not see the necessity for it and to the complaint of this forced enclosure? Lapponi replied at length, "He does not complain of it," he said, "but it is natural for the sentiment of liberty is an instinct in all men that he should speak of it sometimes." He said one day to the Father Provincial of Monte Cassino: "Who knows that sooner or later we may not be down there? And if any one speaks to him of his Venetian Pius X. becomes strangely stirred and imagines that he is able to take a sail in a gondola to the Lido. But that he should think of interrupting a tradition which lasts now for thirty six years, and that the impatience of re-acquiring personal liberty may be stronger in him than what seems to him his bounden duty, this is absolutely false. For the rest, I desire it with my whole heart—and I have no need of changing air and surroundings. Even in these summer heats Pius X. preserves an enviable good humor and that beautiful serenity which attests to the moral equilibrium of his whole being. "Thus all that is true and requisite to be said concerning the actual state of health of Pius X. has now been said by his doctor the one authority who is best acquainted with it. The true story will not put down the wild flights of imagination which have delighted the sensation loving readers of the papers; but it may be believed in by more sober and serious people who wish to learn the true state of affairs. On Thursday evening the Vigil of St. Peter's Day the Sovereign Pontiff accompanied by a few members of the Pontifical household descended into St. Peter's. It was a solemn spectacle the great empty basilica in the gloom of the summer evening, and the white robed figure of the Pope proceeding to the Confess beneath the High Altar close to the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. There Pius X. knelt in prayer for a considerable time and performed the function of blessing the Palliums of white wool that are placed on the tomb of St. Peter and bestowed upon certain Archbishop and Sees throughout the Christian world. Yesterday the feast of St. Peter's one of the hottest days of the season so far beheld again that great movement of the people to the grand Church of Rome and the world whose "wondrous dome" overshadowed the ashes of the

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first Pontiff Peter the fisherman of Galilee. The egg shaped emblem of a net formed of myrtle and cloth of gold, which hung above the central gate of the vestibule of St. Peter's is particularly fitting to the occasion. Today as well as all such days the notion that the Church is a net which contains fish of all kinds, was well borne out by the character of the crowd which thronged the vast nave and aisles and transepts of this church during the morning and the afternoon. All sorts and conditions of men, from the peasant to the prince rubbed elbows in that great gathering place of humanity.—Roman Correspondent Dublin Freeman.

CONVENT TRAINING. MISS REPLIER SPEAKS ON CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Miss Agnes Replier, successful essayist and story writer, a graduate of the Eden Hall, the Sacred Heart convent near Philadelphia, was a speaker before the Philothen Society of New York a few days ago. She discussed methods of education for girls, and said in the course of her talk. "I am often questioned about the convent system of learning as compared with other methods in vogue in my youth. It is a difficult question to answer. It was so long ago and education then was not the blistering process it is now. I realize when I look back that among all the branches well and thoroughly taught we learned to read aloud with expression and intelligence and to compose a note with some degree of precision. We were taught to be polite, always polite to older persons, and to regard all religious things with a refined spirit of reverence. "When I think of the five friends who made up my schoolgirl life, I feel it can be said that they have in no way missed the ideal of a thorough education, for all are now women of intellectual prominence in various parts of the world."

In introducing Miss Replier, who is from Philadelphia, to the society, Miss Helena T. Coessman, chairman of the executive committee and a well-known lecturer, said: "Only a short time ago one of our most gifted religious writers said: 'When I hear the comparisons made between our non-Catholic colleges and our Catholic institutions, in the sense that the latter are not as advanced and thorough in their work as the former, I say, "Well, the few writers who are sending the best English to-day to our American literary market and dedicating the genius of their pens to a pure literature are the Catholic convent-bred women, Agnes Replier and Louise Guiney."

TO MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC. Dr. Heuser, in his American Ecclesiastical Review, offers these suggestions in the conduct of the propagation for the Church:

1. That we deal with the present rather than with past, both in the matter of exposing errors against the faith and in matters of history illustrating Catholic truth. Let there be less of condemning the errors of Protestantism and more of Christian action; less of Luther and more of Christ. 2. That in explaining the Catholic position we hold more of the simple statements of revealed religion, and also to sound reason based on the manifestation of God's mind in the nature as well as in the positive divine law, than to the testimony of authors and to statistics. 3. That we deal more with truth than with error, to the extent even that we admit the historical evidence which makes against the responsible administrators of the Church, at the same time strictly distinguishing between these and the Church as a divine institution. 4. That where it is necessary to explain errors in order to set forth truth, we confine ourselves to the erroneous statements and not digress to an analysis of the character of the erring person, since the latter trespass is both unsafe and even if true is offensive.

Dr. Heuser, in his American Ecclesiastical Review, offers these suggestions in the conduct of the propagation for the Church:

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. GRATITUDE.

My brethren, we have had a word to say before this about the vice of ingratitude, and of how mean a vice it is, especially in a Christian. Now let us consider the opposite virtue—gratitude. It is, to be sure, one of the little virtues. Yet how can we call any class of virtues little? No doubt there are, strictly speaking, grades of merit very much higher one above the other. But that is not so much from the action done in each case as from the motive that inspires the action. One saves a man's life for the love of money; another gives a glass of cold water for the love of God. The glass of water is nothing compared to a human life; yet the glass of water will be rewarded for all eternity, and the saving of the human life is paid for as we pay for a load of coal. Brethren, beware of thinking there is anything to be called little that has to do with God and eternal life; and always bear in mind that, by practicing little virtues with an earnest purpose to please God, your merit is according to your heart, and not according to your hand.

I do not intend to speak specially, just now, of gratitude to God; but between man and man gratitude is one of those gentle virtues that increase our fondness for each other. Gratitude is a short cut to sincere and lasting friendship. And if a supernatural motive inspires one's gratitude to his friends, then a holy friendship is the result. Some people complain that they have no friends. I think they are most to blame themselves. Have they never had a favor done them? Why, every one of us has had a score of favors done him every day of his life. Those who bear it in mind who watch a word of hearty thanks, who watch a favor done him in return, never forget it; but at any rate never forget it. Feel grateful at least; say a thankful word; offer up a prayer for your benefactors now and then. The best use we can make of our memories is to remember our benefactors. Favors done and favors gratefully remembered are the two halves of a happy life. It would be only simple justice if we looked on gratitude as we do on a just debt; for gratitude pays debts, first in good-will, and before long in a more substantial manner. You know that an honest debtor will always try to save a little from day to day to pay his debts. So we can do a little from time to time by way of instalments, so to speak; we can say a daily prayer for our benefactors, write an occasional letter, pay a visit now and then, often praise them to our friends.

Of course, those who have done us the greatest favors are entitled to the deepest gratitude. Now, who has done so much for us as our parents? Certainly, next to God, our parents stand first on the list of our benefactors. Yet many, especially after they have married and settled down in their own families, are wanting in gratitude to their parents. Married persons who are badly treated by their own children should sometimes ask themselves if it be not in punishment for their forgetfulness of their own parents. Of course, when we are in middle life, what was done for us in childhood seems very far away; it was diffused over many years; it was a regular habit and course of life; it was bound up in our parents' own happiness. But let us bear in mind, all the same, how true and deep the love that inspired it; how unhesitating the patience; how self-forgetful the devotion of our parents, and let us seek every chance to make their last years happy.

Brethren, shall I say a word about gratitude due to us of the sanctuary? Has not some priest done you a favor; converted you by a sermon, inspired you to perseverance by his advice in the confessional, soothed your sick and weary heart, or reconciled you to a dreary burden? If so, you ought to pray for him, and especially for your benefactors.

But gratitude to God is, of course, the first and best of all. From Him we have received all, and, having forfeited every favor, again and again received them back from the divine bounty.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

THE SACRAMENTS.

We have all heard and have learned that "A sacrament is an outward sign of inward grace instituted by Christ to carry grace to the soul." To meet an objection that some make we must know that external Sacraments depend upon a visible Church. There could be no Sacraments without the Church, and we can hardly imagine or realize a visible Church to exist without Sacraments or something like Sacraments.

It has pleased God to make His Church a visible Church, a corporate body—a city upon a hill—"a fold" in which His sheep are gathered together. It follows as a necessity that in this Church, the spouse of Christ, there should be Sacraments. The "city upon the hill" and the fold implies that a number of men are bound together into a corporate body by external signs obvious to the senses.

Our idea of a body of men is a corporate body of men united by some external, visible sign. If this body of men be united together by a covenant which God has made with them, they must be united by something which is an external sign of God's covenant.

There were great rites in the Old Law which united God's people into one body and which, at the same time, signified God's covenant with men.

The New Law, therefore, could not be expected to be without rites or without special means of salvation since our Lord says: "By Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and go out, and shall find pastures."

The Sacraments are as a bond which unites the members of the Church. They have a common spiritual birth in

baptism. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

The Sacraments are not merely the signs of grace, but they are the instruments of grace by the direct institution of Christ. It is an essential condition of the Sacraments that they should be "ordained by Christ." He alone has the right to appoint the channels by which grace is conveyed to the soul. He alone has the power to convert into instruments of grace the inanimate creatures which are used and the words and actions of man which constitute the external part of the Sacraments. The Church may exercise her power to institute rites and ceremonies which will impress and edify those who receive or who are present at the reception of the Sacraments.

If we will bear in mind that it was our Lord Himself who instituted the Sacraments all difficulties regarding them will be explained. Persons may sometimes ask: "How can these significant external acts produce such wonderful effects? How can a few drops of water, or an anointing with oil, produce or carry with them such priceless treasures?" Because of the unseen or internal minister, our Lord, who is working therein. St. Augustine gives a view of this when he says: "He it is Who baptizes in the Holy Ghost; let Peter baptize, He it is Who baptizes, He it is Who baptizes; let Judas baptize, He it is Who baptizes." So it is of all the other Sacraments.

This fact is not recognized as it should be, otherwise our love and reverence for the Sacraments would be greater. Were we to imagine in the confessional that it is our Lord who is there seated, waiting to receive us, how different would be our feeling in confessing to Him and in hearing from His lips: "Be thou made clean; thy sins are forgiven."

The Sacraments always give grace to those who receive them worthily. It is well to know that there is a marked distinction in the way that prayer and the Sacraments produce their effects. The grace that comes to us through prayer is given to us in a manner through our own exertion and in a sense in proportion to such exertion. We are directed "to ask," "to seek," "to knock." St. James says: "You ask and you receive not, because you ask amiss."—iv, 3. Then again we are told: "He who soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he who soweth in blessings shall also reap of blessings."—ii Cor, ix, 6.

In the Sacraments we draw water with joy from the fountains of our Lord. We must go to these fountains with proper dispositions. Like the woman mentioned in the 4 Kings iv, 5, we must bring vessels to receive the sacred oil of God's grace, which is miraculously passed out; but it is not the labor which pours it out. It would seem that in the Sacraments our Lord says to us as God said to the children of Israel: "The Lord will fight for you, and you shall hold your peace." (Ex. xiv, 14.)

Yet there must be diligent preparation for the Sacraments since the Lord "fills the hungry with good things," and "the rich He sends empty away." Those two great instruments of grace, prayer and the Sacraments, must be used together.

When the Israelites marched out of Egypt through the desert to the promised land, they came upon fountains of water now and then as they journeyed on. As they came to these places of refreshment with the green palms growing there they "encamped by the waters." As the Church Militant is painfully marching through this world, the Sacraments are the fountains provided by the roadside to impart strength and consolation that the soldiers of the faith may be enabled to stand the labor and the heat of the day. These fountains are at all the turns and the difficult places on the road of life.

The Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist may be likened to the daily manna and the fountain of purification.—Catholic Universe.

THE WORLD FORGETS.

"When a man dies his friends often say of him, in praise of his diligence, energy and concentration: 'Well, he lived simply to carry through that important line of railway; or, his only object was to extort from the Government a more scientific education for the people; or, he devoted himself to the cause of Free Trade; or, he was a martyr to his exertions in behalf of that public work.' It was his one idea—it grew with his growth; he could think of nothing else; he spared neither time nor expense to advance ever so little his favorite cause, and the interest which he had wedded; it was his monomania. He did his work in his day, and he did it well, because he was heart and soul in it; and the world is in debt to him for it. Now, why should I not be said of us: 'Well, he is gone; he was a man of one idea; he cared for nothing but that God's Kingdom should come, and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven. He was eaten up with this; waking or sleeping, it was always upon him; nothing daunted him; he spared neither time nor expense for his hobby; and when neither time nor money were at his disposal, he besieged heaven with prayers. He took no interest in anything else; it was meat and drink to him, and it quite mastered him; and now he is gone. Yes, he is gone; but whereas the other man left behind him his railway and his cheap bread, our friend has taken all his love and pains and prayers away with him to the judgment seat of Jesus; and what they have done for him there, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor man's heart conceived.'—Father Faber on 'The Missions.'"

Men are constantly complaining of man's ingratitude to man. The world is full of it, there is no mistake. But what does it amount to, after all, in comparison to man's ingratitude to God, concerning which men are never heard to complain?



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TRAINING THE CHILD.

From a sermon by Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. The formation of a child's character is to be looked to before all else. On this point, consider first what qualities you want to develop; and, secondly, the means which you must employ. The first of all moral qualities is truthfulness. Its importance in moral training cannot be exaggerated. Truth is the love of light, without which there can be no real good, no real lovingness in life. After truthfulness comes obedience for the child well taught to obey may be trusted to unconsciously grow perfect in the other virtues of a child. The special moral qualities to be desired in a boy are the pluck that will face danger or difficulty, the decisiveness that will enable him to make up his mind like a man, and the industry that will make him turn out afterwards as a strong, sturdy worker in the world. The special characteristics of a girl should be, with an exquisite maidenly modesty, thrift, tidiness and taste.

Again, in the second place, we have to consider the means by which the moral qualities may be developed in the child. At once, to your mind, it will occur that patience and gentleness are needed in order to foster the child's growth in good, while firmness is required in order to prevent waywardness from becoming warped into willfulness or bent into obstinacy. But nagging, as it is called, frustrates the very end which it aims at, while neglect leaves the character to grow rank. But the most fatal fault on the part of parents is injustice or cruelty. No child will ever forget a cruel punishment wrongly inflicted, and this few children will ever forgive. Now, all the means by which the young life is to be brought up well and worthily, may be practically merged into one, and that is love. Many children are spoiled for want of love; no child was ever spoiled by too much love. One only condition limits kindness so as to be excessive. That one only condition is that the child obey. If the child be obedient, no kindness is too much, no love too great.

Ah! let me plead the cause of the child's love. When that Angel Spirit, God's mysterious gift robed in living clay, which yet shrouds from the sight of heaven, begins to look kindly forth through phantom forms and images of sense upon this strange exile earth, its wistful glances seek for something which it has not learned to know, but in a mysterious way it gropes towards an undiscovered spring, it gravitates towards a hidden bourn, for it feels the imperious yearning of an infinite thirst, and it feels the divine impulse of an eternal energy until, dimly conscious of an absolute need and of a restless power, it turns to those to whom it owes its human birth, to beg of them the one great boon of all its life, their love, and to offer to them the one great boon of all their life, its love. Ah! that little child heart is starving for your sympathy, yet it is almost breaking with the precious burden of this tenderness. Open wide the fount and freshest fountains of your sympathy. Love your child, and let your child love you. Thrust it not back upon itself by cold reserve, nor make it shrink forever back within itself by the cruel word which your hard word or harsh deed dealt it when all the fresh fervor of its impulsive affection was straining forward to cling to you. Nay, calm by many an endearing title or pretty name that timid little soul. By many a fond caress, with most affectionate forethought, soothe the frightened fluttering of that little heart which needs your love and wants to love you. Let your love entwine itself around every aspiration, round every impulse of your child, that it may grow in its heart knowledge of your love; for thus

GOD FIRST.

No business is a legitimate business if it shuts out God. We say that the real estate or grocery business is proper. That depends. If the one engaged in the business has no time for God, or but a slight time at most, he is conducting an illegitimate business; or more correctly speaking, a legitimate business in an illegitimate manner. God must come first in every one's life. He will not object to a good business, whatever it may be, so long as it follows an interest in Him. He will take a second place in one's heart. He is either first or not at all. Many are the mistaken ones who have thought that they could shut Christ in some back room of the heart, and at some spare moment rush back for a hurried peep. But they find that he has vanished. Christ is very quick to recognize slights. He can tell whether His company is really desirable much better than can you or I with our associates. He will not force himself on any acquaintance or thrust Himself into any home circle where He is treated as a stranger. But "If a man will hear His voice and open the door," prepare the best seat in the house for Him, and

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shall the child best learn this most sacred lesson of life, the true although reflected likeness in father and mother of the love of our Father in heaven.

THE CHARACTER OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

Of all practical problems with which the Catholic Church has to deal, perhaps the most serious is that involved in the training of the secular priesthood. It is the most serious, because it affects wider issues than any other. "Like priest, like people." The character of the Church's children—their methods of thought, their attitude, interior and exterior, towards life and faith—all depends, under God, upon the character, method and attitude of their pastors.

It is also the most intricate of all problems, since, to the making of the ideal priest, there must go as many elements as there are needs of the flock to which he has to minister. He must be a spiritual man, able to deal with every conceivable spiritual need in solitude, and dignity among the crowd; he must know how to hold the ancient faith without displaying either ignorance or contempt towards modern thought; he must be ready to adapt himself to the standpoint of each member of his flock; he must not truckle to the rich nor patronize the poor; he must be slow with the stupid, and quick with the talented, and sympathetic with all. And, above all, he is never of duty.

Now, it may be confessed, without undue complacency, that, considering the elaborateness of the problem, the Church's practical solution is surprisingly brilliant. The very accusations of her enemies are the greatest testimonies in her favor. Her priests, it is said, are both impractical, seminary-bred visionaries and brist' men of the world; both ill-placed and solemn, given to sharp practice and utterly unbusinesslike; medieval and fond of novelties; pliable and unbending; with all the faults of the professional and the frailties of the amateur. In other words, priests at their best are very much what they ought to be.—Dublin Review.

ST. FRANCIS AND OUR TIMES.

Professor Tosco in the great Italian magazine, Rassegna Nazionale, says of St. Francis as an exemplar for the age: "It is not given to all to exhibit that miracle of love and self-abnegation which was revealed in the Saint of Assisi. . . . But if that ideal is unrealizable and impracticable, even we, in the most tragic and agonizing moments of our lives, may be cheered by a glimpse of that ideal which shines upon us like a ray of the sun, which bursts, if only for an instant, through the dark clouds which gather in the sky above us."

How beautiful is the truth here! How powerful the lesson imparted! If greed is rampant from sacrifice and cannon-ading nations would cease thundering and hear the mild lessons of the gentle saint, then would the philosophy of St. Francis school the hour. But alas! the world would now laugh at the simplicity of the blessed one, as did the twentieth century, even though we see the realization of his power and his genius, the result of his sanctity. He taught the poor their dignity by redding himself to "My Lady Poverty." He taught the rich the nobility of sacrifice. He taught labor the worth of sweat, and capital its power for good in generosity; and so he lives still in Italy. He ploughs the fields of Tuscany, for everywhere his habit shows; he mixes the colors on the painter's palette; he nerves the arm of the sculptor; and raises the walls of church and basilica, that like "trozen music," chants his goodness and greatness. If his glorious lessons were learned, and his life studied by men gone mad after wild Utopian schemes they would realize that the Church alone that could create a St. Francis and canonized him, is the only guide to lead a time when good men are puzzled and the bad grow worse.

St. Francis made earth heaven by keeping earthly purposes out of his soul, but as long as socialism will have greed for the manspining of its efforts, the reverse will be true; earth will be a hell, and men will forget its purpose, its only purpose—to be a stepping stone to a better land. From the sacred heights of Mont Alvernia, where St. Francis received the holy stigmata, men, through sacrifice, may touch their heaven.—Catholic Union and Times.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

"I advise every cigarette victim to have his photograph taken every year and put side by side in a frame in his room, where he can see the gradual deterioration in himself from year to year. If this does not startle him, and bring him to his senses, no preaching will ever do it, for the pictures will be a sermon more eloquent than ever came from any pulpit."—Orison Sweet Marden in Success.

A recent number of Success contains an article, written by its editor, on an evil which is slowly draining out the life of millions of youth. Mr. Marden, to illustrate the transition of a healthy boy to ruin, who unfortunately by him self, and we may add, for the nation, enters upon the first step of cigarette indulgence, accompanies his warning against the habit of inhaling nicotine and factory drugged tobacco, with "cuts" of youthful faces ranging from the first stage of cigarette consumption to the last point when health is shattered. The editor of Success discusses, in a fatherly way, the dangers to health and mind induced by indulgence in cigarette smoking. Counseling youth and adults who have formed the habit of inducing death through nicotine-opium poisoning, drawn from cigarettes, he says:

"I leave it to others to discuss the normal side of cigarette smoking. I denounce it simply because it kills the ambition and preceptions, because it destroys the ability to concentrate the mind, which is the secret of all achievement. The whole tendency of the cigarette nicotine poison in the youth is to arrest development. It is fatal to all normal functions. It blights and blunts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it unbalances the mind. In fact the moral depravity which follows the cigarette habit is something frightful. Lying, cheating, impurity, loss of moral courage and manhood, a complete dropping of life's standards all along the lines are its general results."

Medical expert authority declares that the cigarette habit is more to be deplored and more fatal to the stability of the nation than drunkenness. Juvenile Court judges, police magistrates, superintendents of lunatic asylums, all who are engaged in the reformation of young boys, publicly declare that cigarette smoking is responsible for two-thirds of the crime committed in the United States. Police Justice Crane, of New York City, in his condemnation of cigarette indulgence, says:

"Ninety-nine out of a hundred boys, between the ages of ten and seventeen years, who come before me charged with crime have their fingers discolored by yellow cigarette stains. I am not a crank on the subject. I do not care to pose as a reformer, but it is my opinion that cigarettes will do MORE than liquor to ruin boys. When you have arraigned before you boys hopelessly dead through the excessive use of cigarettes, boys who have stolen their sisters' earnings, boys who absolutely refuse to work, who do nothing but gamble and steal, you can not help seeing that a great deal of this boyhood crime is, in my mind, easy to trace to the deadly cigarette. There is something in the poison of the cigarette that seems to get into the system of the boy and to destroy all moral fibres."

Another New York City Police Magistrate agrees with his brother justice, Mr. Crane, in attributing to cigarette indulgence a majority of crime. He remarks:

"Yesterday I had before me thirty-five boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. To-day from a reliable source I have made the gruesome discovery that two of the largest cigarette manufacturers soak their product in a weak solution of opium. Tobacco is the boy's easiest and most direct road to whisky. When opium is added, the young man's chance of resisting the combined forces and escaping physical, mental and moral harm is slim, indeed."

Dr. J. J. Kellogg, a medical expert of New York, states that he found enough nicotine in one cigarette to kill a frog. "A boy," he says "who smokes twenty cigarettes a day has inhaled enough poison to kill forty frogs." In explaining why nicotine poisoning does not quickly kill a boy, Dr. Kellogg says: "It does not kill. It not immediately, but it will die sooner or later of weak heart, Bright's disease, or some other malady which scientific physicians everywhere now recognize as a natural result of nicotine poisoning."

The President of North Western University requested all students of the institution who will not refrain from cigarette smoking to leave. A business college in the East refuses to accept pupils who have formed the cigarette habit. Sixty-nine business firms in Detroit, perhaps more, have agreed not to employ cigarette users. In the Detroit Free Press composing room a notice is posted warning employees against the use of cigarettes while at work. Marshall Field and Co. of Chicago; the Morgan and Wright Tire corporation, and thousands of other industries will not permit cigarette smoking by their help during working hours.

The cadets of the United States Military and Naval academies are forbidden to indulge in cigarettes under penalty of expulsion. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when President McKinley made a call for volunteers, the majority of the rejected men were cigarette fiends. E. H. Harriman, a high official of the Union Pacific railway, declares: "We might as well go to a lunatic asylum for our employees as to hire cigarette smokers." The New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the Lehigh Valley and Burlington railroads have issued strict orders against the use of cigarettes by employees while on duty. The Tobacco Trust spent \$50,000 to defeat the anti-cigarette bill introduced into the Michigan legislature, last year. Some who voted to defeat the measure have boys themselves, but what does a

man without honor, who is in the game of politics for all the grat that there is in political life, care whether his own son, or some other citizen's son, is permitted by law to commit slow suicide, through cigarette poisoning, when the Tobacco Trust resists legislative aid? The gigantic monopoly of tobacco is responsible for the wreck and ruin of health and mind of the nation's youth. Every member of the next legislature of Michigan should be pledged to vote for a bill to save youth from cigarette poisoning. It is only a question of time when the Federal Government will have to take steps for the suppression of the evil, which is more destructive to life than intoxicating drink—cigarette indulgence.—Michigan Catholic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. AN UNTALENTED GIRL.

"It seems too bad that such a girl as Beth should be simply buried alive in a little town like this! Why, with such talents as she has, it does seem as if she ought to be making herself felt in the world!"

Beth's friend, Alice, spoke with girlish enthusiasm and unbounded local admiration. "Just think of her music, to begin with—dear me! Wouldn't I feel too happy for words if I could play and sing as she does? You'd think that was talent enough for one girl's share, but that isn't half what she has! Her essays at school were so fine we always said she had a future before her in that way—sometimes she'd be making herself famous as a writer. And, as if that wasn't enough, what must she do but have a real, marked talent for sketching and painting, too! Why, Aunt Minnie, when our class went to the zoo and we tried drawing some of the animals from life, hers were so far ahead of the rest of ours in the same day with hers. She's really the brightest girl I know."

"She's a remarkably gifted girl, I haven't a doubt," smiled Aunt Minnie; "but I know another girl who isn't excelled by anybody in one way at least, and that is in a generous feeling for her friends. I believe you are as proud of her talents as if they were every one your own."

"I'm so clumsy and commonplace beside her!" Alice snuggled up a little closer to her aunt. "I haven't a talent in the world—positively I haven't!"

But Aunt Minnie smiled as she put her arm around the girl's form. "I'm not so sure of that," she said. "Alice, Alice!" It was her brother, Gordon, calling in stentorian tones through the hall.

"Oh, Gordon dear, don't wake mamma!" Alice went toward him hurriedly. "I just persuaded her to lie down for a little while—she was up so much in the night with Benny! But I don't believe you've wakened her," she added reassuringly.

"Say, Alice!" Gordon's voice was dropped now to a stage whisper, which gradually waxed louder and more emphatic as he proceeded. Alice rose to shut the door, but so quietly that he hardly noticed the motion. "Do you know I can't get anybody to play the tunes for us for Friday night—those gleees, you know we thought we'd have at our entertainment? It does seem as if folks ought to help us out when we've worked so hard to get it up, but we've asked everybody we know who's any good at music, and they all have an excuse ready. So I told the boys I guessed I could count on you, at a pinch."

And Alice carefully suppressed a smile. Gordon spoke so ingeniously and with so little notion of the unconscious slight offered her musical powers.

"Why, of course you can, Gordon," she said. "I'll do the best I can, anyway. Let's see—how much time is there before you boys give your entertainment? Just a week?"

"Yes; you see we thought we could surely get somebody else, or we'd have given you more time. I expect you'll have to do some practicing, won't you?—seeing you can't read much at sight, if that's what you call it."

Aunt Minnie's arm rested with involuntary tenderness on her untaunted niece's shoulders, as she looked into the sweet, self-forgetful face.

"Oh, and say, Alice!" Gordon went on, eagerly. "We find it's going to cost like evergreen to get our printing done. I don't see how we're going to have a cent left for posters. It'll swallow up the profits like anything to get the tickets printed and that 'ad' in the paper. We thought Bert Anderson would probably help us out. I tell you she knows how to make money ready to both hands with that than she was with the music. I suppose she's set out for such an affair as we're getting up, but she might do it, seeing her own brother's so interested. He felt real cut up about it. He'd been bragging about what a lot of talent she had, and she refuses as coolly as you please."

"Really hadn't time!" Well, all the artistic girls we know 'd didn't have time to bother with it. I told the fellows perhaps you'd try to get up something for us. Do you suppose you could, Alice, even if it isn't anything very fine and fancy?"

makes the possessor of it, a most delightful person to live with. "Why, auntie!" said Alice. But a little, pink flush of pleasure rose in her face as it bent over Gordon's outline.

WHAT ARCHBISHOP MESSMER SAID

Some papers which contain large liquor ads, grasp at every opportunity to belittle the total abstinence cause and to endorse the drink habit. This class of journals so garbled a paper of Archbishop Messmer's, which was read before the Anti-Galloon League of Wisconsin, as to create the impression that he had disapproved of the total abstinence movement and saw no greater harm resulting from intoxicants than from ice cream. The Archbishop, it is true, laid down the Catholic principle, which is, or ought to be, familiar to our members, that there is no sin in drinking in moderation. The Archbishop, however, comforting a few extracts from his paper, may have seemed to the blind liquor organs, gave expression to views which may not please them so well. Some of these are embodied in the following paragraphs, quoted verbatim:

"On the principle that every man is bound by natural and divine law to avoid the danger and near occasion or cause of sin, just as he is bound to avoid the sin itself, we maintain that whenever and wherever the moderate use of liquor becomes for any one a danger or occasion of inebriation, he is bound, under divine sanction, to abstain altogether. We may go further still. Where the moderate use of drink by one person would cause another to indulge to excess, the first man would be bound by the law of Christian charity to forego his pleasure in order to save his weaker brother."

"Intemperance interferes with the intellectual as well as the moral eye, even the physical life of the individual. It injures his mind and will; it weakens his energy of action and his power of endurance; it interferes with the faithful discharge of his duties; it often makes him a pauper and a burden to society, and usually leads to other vices and crimes. Who has not heard of the havoc it wrought in families, the misery endured by wife and children? Intemperance in high society exerts, moreover, a most disastrous and degrading influence on the moral sense of the community, and where common among the lower classes it retards their intellectual and spiritual progress no less than the efficiency of their work. Who cannot see the result would be the deplorable result, in religious, moral, intellectual, social, political and even purely economical fields, when intemperance has once been allowed to grow to such dimensions that it may be justly called a common vice of the people? Nor can we overlook another most important feature in this connection, which has not always received the consideration it so imperatively demands. I mean the dire consequences in hundreds of cases resulting to the yet unborn generation, conceived of a germ poisoned by the evil spirit of alcoholism. It is a cry full of woe and horror that we hear resounding from our numerous and ever growing institutions for the insane, the deaf and dumb, the feeble-minded, from our hospitals and orphan asylums. God forbid that I should designate all their unfortunate inmates, whose misery calls for our deepest sympathy, as victims of intemperance, personal or parental. But if we may trust the testimony of physicians and physiologists, the proportion of such victims is simply amazing. Nor is this all. Our police courts, the statistics of our charitable organizations, tell a further story of intemperance and its woeful work. In view of all this, are we not justified in saying that at the present time this vice has become a danger to society? That, consequently, society is not only justified, but bound to protect itself against that danger? In other words, that public authority is bound to regulate and control the manufacture, traffic and use of alcoholic beverages that all danger to society may be as much as possible averted."

"Where and in as far as the public welfare and the higher interests of society demand it, public authority, or the State, may limit the personal liberty of its citizens, even when there is no question of intrinsic wrongs. The material, mental and social progress of a nation does not depend so much on public measures by the Government, but far more upon the sentiments and the activity of the people at large. Unless public measures express the nation's mind and find a hearty support on the part of the people, they will remain dead letters. * * * It is here where the men and women of our country are bound, according to their positions, and the duties of religion and Christian morality, to promote the cause of temperance. Great and noble is the work they can accomplish by their good example and personal endeavor among friends and acquaintances. But who can tell the good we may accomplish by uniting our forces in large associations, unions or leagues? Think of all the temperance societies in these United States! What splendid and effective work they can do in educating the people on this question of alcoholic drink, its use and abuse; in forming a sound public opinion; in preparing and shaping wise temperance laws in State, county and city; in giving strong and persevering support to the enforcement of sound temperance laws and regulations; in reforming the drinking habits and customs; in breaking up that abominable treating habit; in destroying the silly prejudices still so widespread against total abstinence, and in a hundred other ways. Their power and influence must, in the course of time, prove to be absolutely irresistible, if only they proceed upon correct principles and combine in well organized action. No matter how sincere the intention, how strong the purpose and how energetic the effort of each individual organiza-

tion may be, I am free to say that unless our temperance societies combine their efforts and loyally assist one another, it will be impossible to stem the current of intemperance devastating the land."

His Grace, in conclusion, urged that the appeal to Christians should be made on a religious basis and to the vast unchurched population of America on other lines.—Catholic Abstainer.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

It is to those at the top of society we must look for the principles and the deeds that will hold society together. As the great generals lead the soldiers to victory, so the leaders in the affairs of everyday life are, assuredly, in need of such, for the good or evil of society—as per the course they lead it. "Knowledge is power," and it is the mind that a man has that influences his fellows, though in some cases it is will power and personal magnetism that accomplish the same end.

As the leader so his following, and thus the great importance of having good leaders. The world-to-day is sadly in need of such, and in our way of looking at it, we cannot consider any one a wise and safe leader unless he lead according to the principles and teachings of the Christian faith. Men may be well disposed and direct others accordingly to their natural lights, but soon they must go astray, for the blight of sin has darkened by the blight of sin in Adam and it needs divine revelation and guidance to keep it from straying into error. See all the weighty problems in science, all the abstruse questions in justice that can only be understood and applied with the help of divine light as given through the ministrations of religion. We have to go back to God, the first Cause of all things, if we would reach up to true final effects. Religion, the ore true religion, is the means we must take. It is in the Catholic Apostolic Church alone that we can find the truths and principles that can make the true and safe leader for society. So it is to our Catholic educated laity we say, "No noblesse oblige."

Go forth, ye sons trained in our Catholic schools and colleges, and be the true leaders that the world needs to keep it from the depths of darkness. Lead it by your faith and your virtue into the ways of light and into the paths of peace and prosperity. All good comes first from God, the Eternal Good, but as regards society, men and women are its channels. It is through hearts and minds united with God, eternal and infinite just God, that these same virtues can live and last in society. It is by following the example of Christ Who made men learn of Him that we can be the exemplary citizens that the world needs for its purification and preservation. But the means of this union with God and the perfect life that follows it is grace which gives to those asking it of Him through the merits of Christ His divine Son. It is thus that our divine Lord is the Mediator and the means of our every grace and perfection, and so, speaking of Himself, He said, "No one comes to the Father but through Me," and He told His apostles, and therefore all men, "I am the Vine and you are the branches" and made it plain that if men were to do any good they must be united, mind, heart and soul, with Him.

It is through religion, the true religion, that this union is to be had and maintained, and it was to establish a religion that Christ took the apostles and sent them forth as fishers of men to preach His doctrines and principles and lead mankind to God Who made it. They were the leaders of their day and their successors have lead and do lead in their respective ages.

So it comes that the Church is the divinely constituted teacher and guardian of truth and morals and her faithful children are to be the leaders in all that is great and good for the welfare of society. So we say "Noblesse oblige," and bid Catholic men and women of every grade and walk of life be a benefit to society around you by living faithfully to the teachings and principles which your holy religion instills. Thus by the attitude of conduct you will be factors in making the world better and happier for those living in it. Yourself faithful to God and His holy law, you will be supremely blessed, and have peace, plenty and prosperity sufficient and you will contribute much to bring the same to others who will earn for themselves the same in considerable degree by copying your virtues. While it is true that society is led from those who hold high places in it by their knowledge and their personal magnetism it is also true that the success of their leadership depends on the mental and moral dispositions of those in the substrata of society. Hence, for the leadership that will be good for society, namely Christian leadership, they need that the masses themselves be good.

This is what the Catholic Church is doing through her system of religious education. She has her universities and colleges and academies for the training of leaders, noble and high minded men and women who will take the high places and to whom all can look up for direction and example; and she has her parish schools where the great masses are trained, on whom the influence of their better educated and prominent co-religionists will work with good effect, for such is the power of the good over the hearts of the good.

Again, too, every circle has its own centre whence radiate the virtues it contains, and in this sense good fathers and mothers are good fathers and mothers for the children. Every Christian family is the centre whence radiate by its good influences, holy and blessed influences, to other families around it. Every Christian community in this same way sheds blessings to all around it.

This is as God would have it. We are all to learn of Him as portrayed in the life of Christ, that we may in turn teach and influence them, for such is the mission given every man and such ought to be the lay apostolate of every Catholic man, woman and child. We all have the means to do good for society, because we have the faith and



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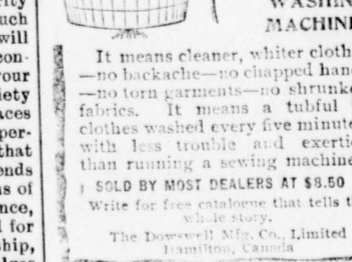
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8 BY THE DISOBEDIENCE OF ONE MAN.

From The Lamp (Anglican). In the book against Luther which obtained for Henry VIII, the title of the "Defender of the Faith" occurs this remarkable sentence: "Wherefore, since Luther, hurried along by his hatred, casts himself into destruction, and refuses to be subject to the law of God, setting up his own instead, let us on the other hand, the followers of Christ, be on our guard lest, as the apostle says, by the disobedience of one man many be made sinners." (The Pope. By Mgr. Capel, 3rd. ed. p. 110.)

In the light of his subsequent action, how eye-colic in its destructive force this forecast of the future becomes! This book was published in 1521, and ten years later Henry out-Luthered Luther and launched upon a career of passionate self-will and violent rebellion against the authority of St. Peter's successor which ends in sweeping the whole English people out of Peter's ship into the sea of schism.

We question whether in the whole history of the Catholic Church since St. Paul in his epistle to the Romans penned the words quoted above, they have ever had a more striking illustration than in the person of Henry VIII, "by the disobedience of one man many were made sinners."

EXPLODED FALLACY. The account of the English Reformation so long current among Anglo-Americans to the effect that the Church of England reformed herself and eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded her by Henry VIII to shake herself free from the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities "has been shown by the more recent researches of our own Anglican historians to be a baseless fabrication, which the real facts of the case flatly contradict. Dr. James Gairdner's book "The English Church from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary," does not leave the time-worn tradition of the "Blessed English Reformation" a leg to stand on. A review of this book published in 1903 says:

"The historian has made it clear that the Reformation was not the work of the English nation as a nation. At the accession of Henry VIII. the position of the Church, under the jurisdiction of Rome, seemed as secure as it has ever been. It was not the nation that chose the Reformation, it was the court party that forced the Reformation on the nation. The Church of England was left under the absolute control of Henry. The nobles lost their independence, the common people were powerless without a head, and the Church within the kingdom was not only bound and shackled, but terrorized and unable to speak out. Englishmen were dragged out of their religion by the king, an adulterous murderer; and by the nobility gorged with Church plunder, and by foreign mercenaries." (p. 267.) This fact is proved by repeated surrections of the people throughout the length and breadth of the land, indignant uprisings of an oppressed nation, which Dr. Gairdner details with unsparring impartiality; in 1536 in Lincolnshire; in 1537 in Yorkshire; next in the whole north from Westmoreland to Lincolnshire; in 1538 in Cornwall; in 1549 in twenty-one counties together. Given a leader for the people the Reformation never would have happened. Papal supremacy the English nation as a nation, never sought to cast off. There were indeed grumbings—it is an Englishman's birthright to grumble—but "one thing is to be noted. What little was said was very far indeed from a repudiation of the actual jurisdiction of the Church and the existing headship of the Spiritual Head, wholly and solely because the Holy See would not violate the moral law and give him a dispensation 'for either bigamy or divorce.' The nobility, bribed by Church property, were interested to maintain the revolution. The House of Commons was packed and then brow-beaten. If the people resisted, the king 'butchered' them. If they tried to give expression to their grievances, he gagged them. Whosoever refused to perjure his soul by swearing to the king's spiritual supremacy Henry brutally dispatched."—Lord Chancellor More, Cardinal Fisher, the Earl of Kildare and his five uncles, the Abbot of Jerusalem, Fountains, Glastonbury, Reading, Colchester, Sawley, Whalley and a host of other distinguished men, including Prior Houghton and his saintly Carthusians, "on whom the dreadful sentence was carried out with even more than usual brutality, for they were ripped up in each other's presence, their arms torn off and their hearts rubbed upon their mouths and laid upon the altars of the gods." By such sweet methods did Bluff King Hal dethrone the Pope in the hearts of the English people!

WHO INSPIRED HENRY? What can be more evident than that it was the devil, who employed Henry VIII, as his tool to ruin the Church of England and not God Who used such a vile "instrument to regenerate and up-lift His Church?" By all means let us give the devil his due and we shall the sooner see in what direction lies the redemption for the Anglican Church and the remedy for those ill which nearly accomplished her annihilation and from which even now at her best she has only partially recovered, with a terrible danger of a relapse into a condition where her last state would be worse than the first. It is an insult to God to lay at the door of Divine Providence the action of Henry in forcing the English Church into schism with Rome and the rest of Catholic Christendom for the ignoble ends he had in view. The Holy Spirit does not guide men to behave as Henry did that good may come to the Church of Jesus Christ. And pray what good did accrue to the English Church through the agency of this usurper of the Supreme Headship, which aforesaid had been exercised by the Successor of St. Peter? Look at the dreadful facts and if there has been anything in the subsequent history of "the captive daughter of Zion" to rejoice and be glad about; it is on a par with the

bright ray of hope, which shone through the rifted darkness of Adam's expulsion from Eden, the precious prophecy, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Over against the sentence "By the disobedience of one man many were made sinners" atoning Love has set the promise of redemption, "so by the obedience of one man many shall be made righteous."

THE DAY OF REDEMPTION. In Henry and Elizabeth the child of his sin, the devil triumphed for the expulsion of the Ecclesia Anglicana from the Eden of Catholic Unity, but the day of the Lord's vengeance is nigh at hand, and the seed of the woman nursed in the bosom of the unhappy Church that Henry made to sin, will yet bruise the serpent's head, and the cry of the Catholic remnant in our State-ridden and Protestantized Church has already come up into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth: "Look down from heaven, and behold from the habitation of Thy holiness and of Thy glory: where is Thy zeal and Thy strength, the sounding of Thy bowels and of Thy mercies towards us?" Are they restrained? Doubtless Thou art our Father though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer. Thy name is from everlasting. O Lord, why hast Thou made us to err from Thy ways, and hardened our heart from Thy fear? Return for Thy servant's sake the tribes of Thine inheritance. The people of Thy holiness have possessed it but a little while: our adversaries have trodden down Thy sanctuary. We are Thine: Thou never barrest rule over them they were not called by Thy name." (Isaiah, lxii 15-19.)

AN ANGLICAN CATHOLIC PARAPHRASE. Could fitter words be chosen to voice the prayer of the Catholics in the Anglican Communion to-day, who travail in anguish of soul to undo the work of Henry, Edward and Elizabeth and to see our beloved Mother freed from her long captivity, purged of all Protestantism and heresies, and Bishops sitting once more as in ancient times not in 'Anglican insularity' at Lambeth but with their brethren of all nations in councils truly apostolic and ecumenical, presided over by the legates of the Holy See. We have indeed the witness with us ourselves, the "sub-consciousness of the Anglican body," that we are Catholic, "though (the Father of the Faithful) be ignorant of us and Israel (the Catholic Church in communion with Rome) acknowledge us not." When we think of the long wandering of both the Anglican shepherds and their sheep in the far land of Erastianism and dissent from the Vicar of Christ, almost submerged in the long centuries in Episcopal Protestantism well may we ask with Isaiah, "Why hast thou made us to err from Thy ways and hardened our hearts from Thy fear?" And then longing for unity with our Catholic brethren throughout the world we pray: "Return for Thy servants' sake the tribes of Thine inheritance. The people of Thy holiness have possessed it but a little while, our adversaries have trodden down Thy Sanctuary, We are Thine (the Catholic remnant). Thou never barrest rule over them. Henry and his progeny have been rebels against the authority of the Catholic Church since the days of Cranmer and Cromwell. Wolves in sheep's clothing they have ravaged Thy flock, bring us once again, O Thou Good Shepherd, under the rule of him to whom Thou hast committed Thy whole flock, saying: 'Feed My lambs; shepherd My Sheep.'"

What hope is there of the Catholic remnant gaining complete possession of the Anglican Sanctuary and driving out all heresy and heresy in high places say by "looking unto the Rock" whence we are hewn and to the hole of the pit whence we are digged." (Isaiah li, 1) in other words to the Church of Rome?

ICHABOD. From that unhappy day when Henry listened to the counsels of Cromwell and broke with Rome date all the ills which have made the Church of England to be like the "man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, who stripped and wounded him and left him half dead." While Rome on the one side and Constantinople on the other, passed us by as outcasts from the family of Catholic Churches, who among us can be so blind and shortsighted as not to see that since by the disobedience and rebellion of one man all this has come upon us; the remedy is to become as one man in obedience to the authority which Henry repudiated, that the glory which departed in the sixteenth century may return to the English Church in the twenty fifth and be labelled no longer be written across the page of her history. If we will but repent and return to our ancient allegiance to the Holy See God's love for us is so great that He will not withhold from us anything that is for our highest good, and redeemed Anglicanism will glisten as a fair jewel upon the brow of the Catholic Church.

But someone will say that the tide has changed in favor of the Anglican Church more than seventy years ago and that she is gaining in importance and dignity among the Churches of Christendom every day.

Yes, it is true a tide did set in about the year 1833, which floated the Church of England off the rocks that threatened her destruction, but in what direction has that tide borne the Church of England in spite of the resistance of the majority of the crew? Beyond all question in a Romeward direction. The Benedictine scholar, Dom John Chapman, in his reply to Bishop Gore's "Roman Catholic Claims," makes an observation which hardly admits of dispute: "The Church of England as a whole (apart from the Broad party,) is moving steadily and corporately Romewards." In the summer of 1904 at the annual meeting of the English Church Union its venerable president, Viscount Halifax, spoke as one inspired of God, and the closing words of his address ought to command the enthusiastic assent not only of the English Church Union, but of the Catholic portion of the entire Anglican body.

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"We are resolved that the work be done by God's mercy among us shall, God helping us, be carried to its predestined end, which whether in union with the State or not, shall be nothing less than the spread and maintenance of the Catholic faith and of Catholic practice in England, and the eventual reunion of all those who love our Lord in sincerity and truth in one visible fold under one Shepherd, when if the right of the Primate of Christendom be fully acknowledged on one side, the right of the Catholic Episcopate shall be no less fully recognized on the other."

Those of the Anglican Church who would earnestly contend for the "faith once for all delivered to the saints," cannot afford any longer to ignore the See of Peter. Those who fondly imagine that independent and apart from the Bishop of Rome they can purge the Anglican Church of Protestantism and make her the model Catholic Church of Christendom are simply hugging a delusion. If the Oxford movement does not end in bringing the Anglican Church into the same port where Newman found rest and peace, her end will be to be broken to pieces on the reefs of heresy. There are but two roads for Anglicans to travel—the Catholic road leads to Unity, the "Broad way" leads to destruction;—at the termination of one is Rome, at the termination of the other is Ruin.

AN EXTENSION OF THE ATONEMENT. That a party of corporate Reunionists should exist in the Anglican body is, we think, a part of the mystery of the Atonement, which God is ever re-creating. Just a few lines above we likened the Anglican Church to "the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." To carry the application of the parable a step further, it is our Lord Jesus Christ Who comes to our rescue in the character of a "Samaritan." Now the Samaritans in our Lord's day had their temple and altar on Mount Gerizim separate from and even in rivalry of the true temple and altar in Jerusalem. Christ in spirit and truth could, of course, never be a schismatic, yet when the whole human race was in schism, cut off from the Beatific Vision through sin, He incarnates Himself in the race. He calls Himself repeatedly the Son of Man and glories in the name. He identifies Himself with us. He even "became sin for us," that He might make an atonement for sin and thereby "reconcile both (Jew and Gentile) unto God in one body by the Cross, having slain the enmity thereby." (Eph. ii, 16.)

The development of the Catholic Church in the world is constantly spoken of as "the extension of the Incarnation" and this involves necessarily the mystical extension of the atonement. If in the first instance Christ could "become sin for us, Who knew no sin," that He might reconcile an alien race unto the Father in heaven, it is not only possible it is most reasonable to expect that He would bring into play the same principle of atoning love to reconcile an alien portion of the Catholic Church to the common Father of Christendom. If we can apply to Henry VIII, the saying of St. Paul in the fifth chapter of Romans, "By one man's disobedience many were made sinners," we naturally look to God to supply the antidote, and because His Son Jesus Christ, as we firmly believe, still resides sacramentally in the Anglican Body forth from the mystical dwelling of the Crucified One issues the saving principle, "so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous."

THE KEY OF EXPLANATION. The due recognition of this principle is the key to the right understanding of the Oxford Movement from the beginning. In the Divine Councils its terminus ad quem has been all along, it would now appear, a return of the Ecclesia Anglicana to unity with the Holy See, and the party which now emphasizes that fact is the crowning development of the movement. It is as Anglo Catholics grasp this truth and in the spirit of obedience correspond to the Divine Will that we shall feel the shifting sand under our feet hardening into the solid rock and into our souls stealing the joy of those who are "follow-workers together with Him." "until we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God and to a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, that we henceforth "be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine." Nor will we have to wait for the day of actual reunion to experience the blessings of interior peace and love. For as Abraham received circumcision as "a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had yet being uncircumcised" so shall it be with the children of obedience and peace in the Anglican Body, actual, visible communion with the Centre of Unity will come at last as the seal and consummation of the righteousness of that faith which we have yet being unnumbered among the sheep

of Peter's Fold. And because we have the faith of Peter and the spirit of Catholic Unity in our hearts in the deep intensity of our love and joy we can say, "Now, therefore, we are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God, and are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone." (Eph. ii, 19-20.)

THE POPE REWARDS TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Providence, Aug. 9.—The National Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America began yesterday. The eight hundred delegates represent a membership of about one hundred thousand in the United States, and are headed by Bishop J. F. R. Canovin, of Pittsburg, as president. A letter received from the Vatican at Rome was read by the Bishop. The Pope expressed the hope that all members of the Catholic Church will become total abstainers, and as an encouragement granted several indulgences. The letter said in part: "We desire to encourage the efforts of the Union by a tender of spiritual gifts, and for this reason we confirm the privileges accorded the union by Leo XIII., of happy memory, and grant especially those which follow: "A plenary indulgence on the usual conditions to each member on the anniversary of his admission; furthermore, those who join the union in the principal feast day of the union, to all present and future members, provided they observe the due conditions. "An indulgence also of seven years and seven times forty days to present and future members on five days in the year, provided each one visits the parish church and prays for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. "We permit all those indulgences to be applied as suffrages to the souls in purgatory. It is our hope that by conferring such abundant favors not only Bishops, but also the rest of the faithful may resolve to bear witness to their regard for the union and become members of it."

PATRON OF MOTORISTS.

Rome, Aug. 9.—By the suggestion and sanction of Pope Pius X., St. Christopher has been created the patron saint of motorists. This came about when the Princess Bianca Colonna, granddaughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay, was presented to His Holiness at the Vatican. "I came from Milan in an automobile," the little princess said, and the Pope, with his never failing interest, had replied: "Then I must give you a picture of St. Christopher in order that you may have a safe return." The following day a soldier of the Papal Guard, in full dress uniform, appeared at the Colonna palace. He was given instant admission and requested the presence of the princess. When she came he handed her a beautiful little miniature of St. Christopher's famous painting of St. Christopher. The princess was delighted, and on her return to Milan took with her the miniature. All Rome soon heard the story. At first the significance of St. Christopher as the patron saint for motorists was not appreciated, but later it was remembered that he has long been the patron saint of travelers.

Is it Worth While.

Ordinary life gives so many instances of the harm that follows intoxicating drink that we should not be seeking for reasons to urge people to become interested in the cause when it is within the power of every one to know these reasons, and, further when they are forced upon them every day without an endeavor to see them. We observe the home broken up, children abandoned, faith deserted and often murder committed. Is it not worth while to try to stop these things?—Bulletin C.T. A. U. of A.

How few there are, in comparison to the many there should be, who pay any particular honor to the Good St. Ann. Yet God could have created a host of St. Pauls and St. Peters and St. Augustines and St. Thomases, but only one Mother of the Blessed Virgin, the Immaculate Mother of His own Divine Son.

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