The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1906.

THE BEST POLICY.

Some time ago we told our readers to stay at home was best. A correspondent, however, assures us that across the border opportunity is ever beckoning and incidentally that Canada is "slov." Will our friend make a short sojourn in the United States, and then, after much seeking for work, and finding none, he may not be so optimistic in his views on the facility of obtaining a foothold among the alien. We admit that a few Canadians there are at the top. But what of the many who are at the bottom? We know those who have won, but the many who have lost-they who went from farm and Canadian city to court success, and wedded failure, and had their dreams of preferment dispelled by the facts of poverty and obscurity - these are unknown to us for the most part. Report has it that many of them either toil for a pittance or have acquired the habit of soliciting small donations from Canadian tourists. There is always room at the top for those who have courage and talent and who are willing to work. So writers in Success tell us. But the young man who goes to the big city with its bread line, and its thousands ever on the edge of starvation, will find that it is extremely difficult to get a grip on the lowest rung of the ladder that leads to the top. He may have courage, but so have the hundreds who struggle for a livelihood. Talent he may possess, but that is a drug in the market. Without friends who have a " pull " he will look in vain for the positions which represent money. He may work, solacing himself the while with the thought that genius is but the art of taking pains, and his reward will be a

If the Canadian must move why not go to the North-West-his heritagewhere he can make a home of his own. making his way there, the Americans who are credited with knowing a good thing when they see it are certain that the West's broad acres hold within them a future able to satisfy any rea sonable man.

pittance from either shop or factory.

A "BLUFF KING HAL."

In his chapter on Wolsey, Green tells us, speaking of the despotism which Wolsey had done, more than of those who went before him, to build up that " all sense" of loyalty to England, to its freedom, to its institutions, had utterly passed away. The one duty which the statesman owed was a duty to his "prince" - a prince whose personel and appetite was overriding the highest interests of the State, trampling under foot the wisest counsels and crushing with the blind inopposed him.

Still some historians credit "Bluff King Hal" with statesmanlike qualities. Wife baiter he was too conspicuously to evade detection. A monster of cruelty too, but some would have us look at his deeds of rapine and barbarism through the glasses of the years when he was a good prince and faithful husband. It would never do to divest the chief of a new religion of all worthy attributes and to exhibit him as the personification of ravening lust : and so we have the view that he was a far seeing statesman sternly resolved from the first to free his kingdom from the yoke of Rome.

Mr. Martin Hume in his recently published "Wives of Henry VIII." the second Tudor King was a weak, vain, boastful man, the plaything of his passions, which were artfully made use of by rival parties to forward religious and political ends that ended in the Reformation. "A bluff bully," Mr. Hume's verdict is, " a coward morally, and also perhaps physically : a liar who deceived himself as well as others in order to keep up appearances in his favor."

An Evil and a Remedy.

Sacred Heart Review.

The country is full of cheap and goodfor nothing books and papers. They are scattered everywhere, and thrust into the hands of our children. This kind of reading does a great deal of harm, and the only way to stop it is to get the children interested in good reading, and give them a supply of it.

Let us often dwell upon the thought of Mary's stainless purity and holiness; and let us, trusting to the Holy Ghost, do all we can to correspond to grace, to walk with Jesus in white, and to follow Him whithersoever He goeth.

A VISIT TO LOURDES. By Charles Frederick Butler, M. D.

For several hours before reaching Lourdes we are ever in sight of the lofty range of the Pyrenees. The sum mits of the highest peaks are clothed with spotless snow, and glitter dazzling ly in the bright summer sun. The country which we pass is green and fertile; broad fields of wheat and barley wave in the gentle breeze. Mountain streams dash impetuously along, shaded by rows of straight, ar ificiallooking poplars. The little towns through which the train rushes look clean and prosperous. At the station women in quaint, old fashioned dresses and starched white caps, like the Sisters of Mercy, are selling luscious grapes and juicy peaches. Suddenly, as we and juicy peaches. Suddenly, as we are unsuspectingly looking out at the window, we catch a glimpse of a lofty spire and a vast basilica. It is Lourdes at last — Lourdes, all prepared and awaiting the great annual pilgrimage. From all parts of Europe the pilgrims are arriving. Already, in the early morning, the Waite train has come, direct from Paris, bearing four hundred sufferers. Only half an hour before us the Gray train rolled into Lourdes with its many sick; in half an hour more the Blue train will arrive, then the Green train, then the Yellow train, then the afternoon, the Orange train, carrying its mass of suffering humanity, all longing to bathe themselves in the healing waters of the sacred Grotto.

A long, straight avenue leads from a station directly to the Grotto. cap, are hurrying towards the basilica. Another crowd, on its way to the station, meets us. There are many more women than men, and we notice few people above the peasant class. On either side the broad, shadeless avenue is lined with countless little stores, where are exposed for sale religious articles of every imaginable kind. There are tapers of all dimensions, from mmense candles as big around as a man's leg and correspondingly tall, which will burn two months, to tiny ones costing only a sou; there are prints and photographs of every size and shape, showing the basilica, the grotto and the statue of Notre Dame de Lourdes; there are rosaries, both large and small, ugly and handsome, some of the most primitive kind, others of the most skillful workmanship; there are statues of all the saints in the calendar; there are various prayer bo And if he doubts the possibility of in a hundred different tongues; there are holy water stoups and crucifixes in short, a very luxury of religious articles of every conceivable sort. Business like vendors call out to us in broken English, or in worse German, urging us to purchase of their wares. Refusing all their blandishments, how-

Refusing all their blandishments, however, we follow the leading of the crowd, and soon reach the parish church, which lies half way between the station and the grotto.

Externally, this church is not beautiful, being built of a material resembling adobe, and profusely whitewashed. For a monent after entering, we can see little in the dimness, save a profusion of glittering tapers: then we become of glittering tapers; then we become aware that the large church is crowded to the doors, and we wonder at a constant sound of tinkling bells coming from every side. As our eyes become accustomed to the light, we see that all along the walls of the nave, and close the constant of t together, stand small altars. There must be twenty or thirty of these. Before each one stands a priest engaged in saying Mass. Unceasingly the little gratitude of Fate, the servants who bells ring; unceasingly, from midnight to midday, the Holy Sacrifice is offered up at each one of those altars. Long lines of priests kneel near by, waiting their turn to say Mass. Every few moments a group of people rise, go forward and kneel before an altar. And always, ere they have had time to regain their places, another little bell as given its signal, and another group has given its signal, and another group has knelt before another altar. Except for the constant ringing of the bells, perfect silence reigns. Above, in the tower, the doves are cooing to each other, while the crowd beneath kneels

in prayer. If we are to hear High Mass at the basilica, however, we must be moving onward. We are soon once more in the gay, crowded streets, mingling with the throng of peasants in holiday attire and throng of peasants in holiday attire and hastening with them towards the grotto. The long village street ends abruptly; we cross a foaming mountain torrent and find ourselves within the park which surrounds the grotto. A which surrounds the grotto. A lew hundred yards in front of us, on the summit of a small hill, rises the great basilica, with its lofty, tapering spires and its inposing facade. Behind it, and its i nposing facade. Behind it, and seemingly close by, a fitting frame to the imposing church, rise the lofey, snow capped peaks of the high Pyren-ees, glittering with snow. Just across the valley, and crowning another hill, stands the grim old feudal castle, dated stands the grim old reudal castle, dated from the tweifth century. The smiling valley is carpeted with flowers, a cool breeze blows from the mountains, and in the trees the birds are singing glori-

A short climb up a broad approach brings us to the basilica. Within, solemn High Mass is about to begin With difficulty we make our way through the dense crowd until we find ourselves sufficiently near the high altar to follow the Ritual. The sanctuary is very rich in effects. The high altar is built of pure white marble, in laltar is built of pure white marble, in laid with exquisite mosaic; a thousand tapers burn in candlesticks of solid silver, beautifully worked, gifts of pious pilgrims. Along the side aisles are chapels, ten on either side. Their small altars are likewise of white marble, and the candlesticks and crucifixes of silver, beautifully worked. All

staired glass, and come from the most then she bade adieu to Bernadette, celebrated studios of Paris or Rome. and since then has not been seen. A The style of the basilica is Renaissance, with a few Gothic features. The nave is very long for its width, but is most impressive, owing to its great

The most striking feature of the basilica is, however, the thank offer ings. From pavement to roof, from end to end, every available square inch of the vast church is covered with ex votos. There are innumerable crutches and bandages and machines; there are braces and invalid chairs, ex voto pictures and banners, and, more than all, hundreds of thousands of little golden hearts. From every pillar, from roof and walls, from the highest groining of the vault, they hang, these little glittering hearts. Infinitely touching they seem to me, child like in their simple lesson of love and sacrifice. Gorgeous, too, are the silken embroidered banners. They hang from the vault and the triforium, and extend the whole length of the wall, and float in the depths of the chapels; they surround the choir with a richness of satin and velvet. All the kingdoms of the world are represented —Brazil and Japan, Australia and Canada, India, and South Africa, all

Suddenly the organ peals out, the long stream of priests and acolytes enters the sanctuary. Then, arrayed in gorgeous vestments, the celebrant begins the Mass. At the Sanctuar the har away over the valley other behas are hear't chiming back in answer. The Ritual is simple and extremely dignified. Owing to the dense crowd, it is impossible to pass around the church, so the asperges is given from the sanctuary. At the Benedictes ten thurifers kneel before t e altar, while the incense from their censers rises in pearly clouds until it is lost in the

mysterious heights above. Immediately after the High Mass in the basilica there is another High Mass in the church of the Rosary. This church is hollowed out of the solid rock ious colored marbles and mosaics, is al-most too gorgeous in effect. Courtless tanging lamps of every size and shape, many of them exquisite in design, serve to light the subterraneau church. Here, as in the basilica, innumerable offerings adorn every pillar and avail-able inch of wall. There are the same able inch of wall. There are the same crutches, the same distressing machines, the same glittering golden hearts. The church is crowded to its utmost capacity, and here, far beneath the earth, the atmosphere is insufferably close with sickening smells of disinfeature from the handages of the sick. fectants from the bandages of the sick. We should like to stay for the High Mass, but we feel faint and sick from

the penetrating odors. Turning a sharp corner of the preci-pitous hill upon which the basilica is built, we find ourselves in front of the grotto. It is a small cave in the side of the hill, not more than fifteen or twenty feet wide, I should think. Within stands a white marble altar and Within stands a white marble after and a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. She is represented in the traditional blue and white, and is saying, "Je sul l'Immaculae Conception." (I am the Immaculate Conception) Before this statue hundreds of tapers are blazing, some large, some very small. The walls of the grotto are blackened with their smoke and the floor is deep with dripping candle wax. A grating ex tends across the mouth of the cave, with a narrow door on either side. Before the entrance hundreds of people are kneeling. There are many invalid chairs, and some of the sick are borne along on litters. A continuous stream of pilgrims is continually passing through the grotto; entering at one door, each kneels a moment before the statue and comes out at the other door. A priest in a cassock and surplice re-ceives the candles which are constantly brought in, lights them, and place them before the statue of our Lady.

Clese beside the grotto is the sacred spring, which gushed forth at the touch of the Blessed Bernadette. One cold February morning, the story goes, the girl, a daughter of a poor miller of Lourdes, was sent out by her mother to gather wood. She war dered about until at last she found berself before a shall low cave in the hill called Massabielle. It was about noon; the sky was covered with masses of heavy clouds. Soon the Angelus ought to ring from the parish church. Suddenly there came a sound as of a great, rushing wind sweeping by the girl, yet when she looked not a twig of the leafless trees close by as much as moved. She thought herself mistaken, when again the rushing sound passed by and died away in the distance. And when she looked, a brilliant light shone around about her, and she fell trembling on her face on the ground. Slowly the radiance died away, and she arose radiance died away, and she arose and hurried home, fearing to tell any one of her vision. Day after day the same vision appeared to Bernadette, the divine formôf Blessed Mary surrounded by dazzling light. One day the Lady wept, and said, "Pray for sinners." The next day, "Go and tell the priests that they must build here a chapel;" and again, "Penitence, penitence; and inally she told Bernadette. "Go, dripk of the fountain and dette, "Go, drink of the fountain and wash yourself therein." Then it was that, at the prayer of the peasant girl, a pure spring of water gushed forth from the depth of the grotto. The last time that the Blessed Virgin appeared, she raised her eyes to heaven, and said,

the windows in the church are of 6 I am the Immaculate Conception." and since then has not been seen. A chapel was soon built at the grotto, and the miracles began. In a few years the fame of Lourdes had spread to all Christendom.

A priest appeared in the stone pul-pit at the side of the grotto. In the interse hush his voice could be heard by all the thousands of kneeling pil-grims. The hour for bathing the sick in the cold waters of the spring had arrived, and he urged his hearers, in impassioned tones, to more fervent prayer. In the crowd people began to weep with emotion, and somewhere a voice said, Seigneur guerissez nos ma-lades. (Lord, heal our sick). At the edge of the spring two priests appeared carrying between them a young boy, who seemed paralyzed. Placing him in a rubber sheet, they dipped him in the icy water, and all the while, from a thousand the agentizing the ley water, and all the while, from a thousand throats, rose the agonizing supplication, Seigneur Jesu, Seigneur Jesu, Guerissez nos malades. Then a lame woman was dipped, then a man with a horrible running sore, while continually the same wild cries ascended, mingled with half stifled Next a young blind man was led forward, and as the icy waters touched his eyes, a piercing shrick rang out,

A perfect frenzy of emotion took There was a great rush for the sacred spring; cries and shrill yells runt the air. A lame man threw away his crutches and walked, while more and more fiercely begins the Mass. At the Shadal the great congregation kneels, while the chimes, from overhead, ring out, and far away over the valley other bells are hear i chiming back in answer. The Ritual is simple and extremely dignified. Owing to the dense crowd, the dignified to pass around the dignified. Owing to the dense crowd, and the dignified to pass around the dign

That evening the greatest coremony of the pilgrimage took place at Lourdes. people, unable to obtain an entrance, stood in the square outside. It was a still summer night. A full moon bathed the broad valley in a flood of silvers. beneath the basilica, and close beside the grotto. It is smaller than the basilica, and is of a round shape, an imitation of the church of the Holm The giant peaks of the Pyrenee imitation of the church of the Holy Sepulcher. The decorations are extremely rish. The high altar, of varment began. Far, far up in the trifori ment began. Far, far up in the trifori-um the sweet voices of the choir swelled out in the stately chant, "Tantum Ergo Szeramentum." As the hymn died away, the thurifers and acolytes formed in procession and started slowly down the great naive. After them came a long line of priests vested in chasubles of cloth of gold. Behind them all, under a white silk Baldachine, amid clouds of incense and glittering tapers, came the Blessed Sagrament, borne aloft in a monstrance shining with precious stones. Onward the procession came with difficulty making its way through the dense crowd. Arrivea at the entrance of the basilica, the pro-cession stopped, and the acolytes and thurifers formed a semi-circle around the gorgeously robed priests. Then, anid the intense hush, a priest raised aloft the monstrance in the brilliant moonlight. He turned to the north, and blessed the lofty mountain peaks; he turned toward the west, and blessed the valley and the village clustered far beneath it; he turned toward the south, and blessed the thousands kneeling at his feet. And from the spire overhead the chimes rang out solemnly. Then the procession turned back again into the church. The annual benediction of the Holy City, Lourdes, had once

GOLDWIN SMITH AGAIN.

What is the matter with Professor Goldwin Smith, anyhow? He cannot rest because of the Catholic church, rest because of the Catholic entren, even though he be an agnostic as to any form of religion. The miracles of St. Januarius and St. Andrew are an especial trouble to his mind. The Pope, he says, gives his official countenger, to them. In this Mr. Smith is arce to them. In this Mr. Smith is altogether misstating the case, but probably to a modern historian of his brand this is a matter of no conse-quence. No Catholic is obliged to egard the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood as a miracle, and no Pope has ever so declared the phenomenon to be sc. For a scholar and university teacher, Mr. Goldwin Smith is as loose n his statements of matters of fact as the ordinary man in the street. Recently he quoted a brother skeptic as to miracles, a Mr. Lane, and Rev. Dr. Brann is again hot on his heels, showing that neither himself nor his new-found auxiliary knows much of the rules of logical argument on some subjects with which they have the temerity to deal in the columns of public prints. After recommending Mr. Smith to buy a Catholic catechism and a text book on Catholic theology before he makes any fresh statement on miracles or Papal infallibility, Dr. Brann gets at his new ally with a solar plexus hit, Mr. Lane's knowledge of history is

as imperfect as that of his distinguished ally. It is a gross error to say that "one Virgilius was degraded from the priesthood for believing in the exist-ence of the antipodes." St. Virgilius was an Irishman named O'Farrell, a disciple of St. Columbanus, and a co work-er with him in evangelizing the South Germans in the eighth century. St. Virgilius, who was called "the geometrician," believed and taught that there were antipodes. On this account he was accused of heresy by St. Boniface, a less learned man, and most probably an Englishman from Devonshire. Pope Zachary, after investiga-

ting the charge, threw it out; and Virgilius became, lived and died Bishop of Salzburg, of which ci y and diecess he has been always the patron saint.
Mr. Lane's story of the "degradation" is a myth. But how can we expect to find correct information in a writer who confesses that he has to "force" himself to read the Civilta Cattolica, one of the best written magazines pub-lished? It is edited now by the learned Father Brandi, who was for years professor of theology at Woodstock, Md. True scholars read both sides of a question: and I would advise Mr. Lane to read the Civilta with pleasure for the future, as I advised Mr. Smith to read De Maistre. Fas est ab hoste doceri. Bitter medicine is

It is not likely that Mr. Smith or Mr. Lane will care to take the advice, for such controversialists as these do not desire to be convinced against their will.— Philadelphia Catholic Union and Times.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

In The Catholic Standard and Times an account is given of a beautiful cus tom practiced in the city of Mitlan, in the southern part of Mexico. A priest who visited the city during the past year is the chief authority for the ac

The travelers had traveled all night through such a beautiful country that they were off early in the morning so as not to lose the opportunity to see as much as possible. As the train entered the city of Mitlan the first

ity had been taught to the people, there was in Milan a famous temple to the Sun. When the missionaries rise in the morning, as had been their custom, but instead of worshipping the sun, to sing praise to the Blessed sun, to sing praise to the Blessed Mother of the Son of God, the Light of the world.

Tomorrow and many to morrows let us rise with the sun and praise God and ask the Blessed Mother to guide us to the feet of her Divine Son. Let us, also, say "Amen" in response to the songs of praise sung by the Mexicans in Mitlan, that little village fac fron us, but near Heaven.

THE CHURCH ON THE BOWERY. NEW YORK PRIEST OPENS MISSION IN

January 1, Rev. Daniel C. Cunnion, of the Church of our Lady of Lourdes, New York, undertook a new work. With the approbation of Archbishop Farley he opened the Holy Name Mis sion in the darkest purlieus of the Bow ery. It will, says Joseph W. Gavan, in the New York Daily News, be the first religious institution ever established in that quarter by the Catholic church. The greatest problem which confronts York evangelists to day is the question of how to deal successfully with the non-church-going man of the Bowery. Sociologists are puzzled over the situation in the Bowery lodging houses, where burdens imposed by ignorance, vice and despair crush to earth a large portion of the population, and where the extremes of deserving poverty and shiftless sloth meet on the ground of chronic impecuniosity.

Many of the Bowery lodging houses are respectable places in which no man need be ashamed to get a night's rest. Others are hotbeds of disease, where the heat and stench are intolerable and the law against overcrowding is violated outrageously. are upward of thirty of these between Chatham Square and Third street, and almost all pissess the same characteristics, viz., clearness, noise, dreariness, discomfort and dirt. The amount of vice and crime springing amount of vice and crame springing from and fostered by the promiscuous herding together of human beings in these lodging houses has been a fruit-ful source of trouble to the police. In many of them there is an overcrowding of human beings far beyond anything that has ever been known in any civil

ized country on earth, The Bowery is naturally the home of fakirs and worse. If these men are not hostile to religion—and few of them not hostile to religion—and lew of them are—they will soon find that no man is more ready or willing to show sincere interest in them than Father Cunnion. The religion which he will preach and pra tice will not be wanting in reality. For the man who has no clothes to go For the man who has no clothes to go to church, Father Cunnion will try to find some. He will make the experi-ment of a tool store, where the unem ployed and penniless mechanic and laborer can get a hammer, or a shovel, or a saw, or a plane, to enable him to earn a day's wages. He will mobilize the immense forces of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Knights of Colum-bus, the A. O. H., and other organizations with which he is identified in order to procure work for the unem-ployed; he will awaken the latent feel-ings in the soul of the non-religious man, and sharpen his spiritual faculty which has been buried and dulled as a result of years of privation and neglect by proving that he is sincere in his efforts to benefit those to whom kindness and civility are strangers and that the benefits of Catholicity are not con fined to the people in the pews or for the rich, the moral and the cultured.

Recognizing the fact that decent men are sometimes in great straits

in tone of self-esteem quicker than life in our horrible cheap lodging houses. Father Cunnion will endeavor to stir up the poor habitues who hid in them at night, and induce them, to find homes among their friends, or at least in more corgenial surroundings, where they will be shown that cleanliness, while next to godliness, costs no money, where they will not be stirred up for public exhibition or disturbed once or maybe twice a night by detectives who come looking for some criminal who is suspected of having a hard in the day's misdeeds. Another popular feature of the mission will be meal tickets, which will be distributed free to the most de-

While giving out a religious atmosphere, the mission will be sufficiently in its character to attract the irreligious as well as the non religious; the lukewarm and the indifferent; a sanctuary where the believing soul can find refuge and solace and human kindness, assistance, and encouragement and everything that enriches and beautifies human nature.

BISHOP HORSTMANN ON ASSOCI-ATED PRESS.

NEWS AGENCY FOLLOWS POLICY OF HOS TILITY TO THE CHURCH, SAYS THE

BISHOP. The New World, of Chicago, which has been arraigning the Associated Press for hostility to the church—a matter treated by the Universe some menths age—publishes in its latest issue the following letter from the Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann en-

dorsing its contention : My dear Father Judge : "Suggested by your remarks in last number of The New World about the Associated Press reports in Europe and America, I give you the following two facts in my own experience. Whilst in Rome as a student of the American College, 1860 1866, Pius IX. laid the corner stone of the new church of St. Thomas a Becket in the English College. After the ceremony the Pope preached in Italian one of the most elequent sermons I ever beard. Standing very near was a gentleman who took down the sermon in shorthand. When the sermon was over and the Pope had imparted his blessing, I said to the gentleparted his blessing, I said to the gentle-man: "Whata grand sermon that was." He answered that he had been so im-pressed by it that he would at once and the whole of it to the London Times. "I know," he added, "it will not be printed by them. I am the Roman correspondent of the Times, and my instructions are to send whatever I can that will be against the church and

can that will be against the church and the temporal power and nothing in their favor. It is for this reason I said that it would not be printed, but it was so grand that I am determined to send it." First Fact.

-First Fact.
Second Fact. — Whilst I was Chancellor for Archbishop Ryan, I was obliged to answer letters from all over the world asking whether the Shepherd of the Valley editorial about the Catholic above which had been condited to lic church, which had been credited to Archbishop Kenrick and then to Bishop and Archbishop Ryan was true. At last I asked the Archbishop to write out a card denying the calumny and I would have it published everywhere by the Associated Press. The general manager of the office in Philadelphia assured me that it would be done in the next morning's newspaper. It was so done. I then asked whether he could done. I then asked whether he could not have it also done by the Reuter Agency and thus insure its publicity throughout the world. He answored me: "Yes, I will send it at once to the manager of the cable dispatches in New York." He did so, but as quite a time passed without a reply, he telegraph descripting in the greater of the cable dispatches. graphed again and immediately received this answer: "No use, Reuter would throw it in the waste basket."

IGN. F. HORSTMANN,

PERIOD OF GRACE FOR PATENT. DRUNK PROMOTERS

According to a ruling made some months ago by the Commissioner of In-ternal Revenue, on and after Dec. 1, the federal government would have control of the product of all patentdrunk promoters, or more specifically, patent medicine fakirs. By the terms of the above officer's finding after the date named these heretofore privileged masquerading as medicine philanthrop ists to humanity under the mask of forged and lying testimonials, were required to take out licenses as rectifiers and liquor dealers. Further it was de-cided that all druggists handling the products were required to pay a retail liquor license. Enquiry from local druggists elicits

the information that operation of the Commissioner's finding has been suspended until April I. Further than that, however, they are silent as the grave on the subject.

In a previous reference to the subject we predicted great activity on the part of the compounders of the seduc-tive cocktail cure alls to defeat the determined course of the Internal Revenue We have it on reliable Department. Department. We have it on reliable authority that the period of grace granted the patent drunk promotors is being strennously used to that end.

Just what prompted the extension of

time we do not know. We are of the opinion, however, that there were good reasons or it would not have been one. But there should be no further delays after the expiration of the present period of grace. The finding of the Commissioner is just. It is in the interest of the state, of sobriety, of public health and morals and should be rigidly enforced. The existing immunhere for weeks and months at a time ity is only making millionaires and in-and that nothing tends to lower a man ebriates.—St. Louis Church Progress.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER IX.

AT THE INTENDANT'S PALACE. Happy was I to have obtained from mon chevalier" permission to accom-

Although we comed among the pleas ant company at the Chateau, I found pany him to his new post. there little chance of personal advance-ment. At home I missed my mother, who had died two years before, and my father, grown a decade older in sorrow at her loss, was dissatisfied with me, because I did not choose to take the partnership with my brothers which he offered me in his business.

Had I obeyed his wish, no doubt I

be far better off in the matter of temporal provision than I am to-day.

But I was young; and I longed for the stirring adventures of a roving life once more, even though it was like to

to be fraught with perils.

To abandon this ambition and settle down to the humdrum and prosperous ease of a merchant trader of Quebes would be, it seemed to me, like to a man's selling his birthright of liberty the notification of material for a mess of the pottage of material

My temper being out of joint, even the frivolous moods and humors of my whilom childish friend, little Barbe, had chafed and vexed me—little Barbe, now grown into a stately demoiselle whom all the young cavaliers of Quebec whom all the young cavallers of Quebec society were eager to wait upon, whom they sought out at feros, filling her ears with pretty speeches and compliments, until her head was wellnight thread with their cartes. turned with their flatteries.

For a time Barbe had been removed

from aught to distract her from her strom aught to distract her from her studies, by being sent to dwell at the Convent of the Ursulines; and I mean while had been much occupied, both with the papers of my brother De la Mothe, and some accounts that I kept

Mothe, and some accounts that I kept for my father.

In summer, when I went to Beauport, there was always Robert de Reaume paying court to the girl, half in jest, paying course by the finding an evident fascination in her bright eyes and gay repartee.

In the autumn of 1094 my uncle had

taken a house in the town and bidden all his friends to a grand entertain ment therein. Since then Barbe had been as a butterfly, with a taste only for the gorgeous; or perhaps I might better compare her with that tiny crea ture thrilling with the joy of existence, the humming bird, which craves but the sweetness of life, and darts away in affright at the breath of the softest

wind. Pazzled by the change from the merry pranks which she sometimes played upon me in the early days after my return from Acadia, to the shyness with which she now avoided me, I wonvaguely if her fancy had been caught by the fine uniform and polite phrases of the Bestonais officer who ong ago came to demand that the maid

should be sent back to her own people. Again, when I beheld her so spright ly and arch, yet modest withal, toward all the gallants who sought her favor, so ready in reply to the inane sallies that Robert de Reaume passed off as , I made up my mind she was but a llow coquette without heart or feel-

Upon one point I was determined she might have all the world at her feet, that is, our very small world of Quebec, but she should not make sport

Accordingly, on many occasions I let her know I considered her frivolity most unbecoming. Thus, with me she never jested, but, on the other hand, I feared she held my sage advice but lightly, since she continued to do everything of which I disapproved, as if with the special purpose to provoke

Me. Oa the same day that Cadillac spoke to me of his expedition, I began to ents for the journey into the wilderness. The following evening there was a gathering at the Palace of

there was a gathering at the Faince of the Intendant in honor of the fete-day of Malame de Champigny. Although Governor Frontenae and the Intendant de Champigny were dur-ing the greater part of the time at the greater part of odds, their animosities did not create as insurmountable a barrier between them as might be supposed.

The wife of the Intendant was, more-over, greatly respected by every one, occasion society, whatever its political views, came to pay its re

For myself, I esteemed it the more incumbent upon me to offer my devoirs to this good lady, since I was on the eve of leaving my native town for an indefinite period; the opportunity was favorable also for making my adieux to many acquaintances of whom I might not otherwise have a chance to take Then, too, Barbe would be there, and despite the strangeness that had come between us, I wished to tell

when I entered the Palace, my ears were greeted by the melody of the in-spiriting chanson to his Glorious Majesty, composed by Lulli, the King's favorite musicim. I had, however, been too often a guest here to need the guidance of its strains, or of the servants in attendance, in order to find my way to the salon, where I forthwith ed myself.

Madame de Champigny stood at one end of the room, surrounded by a little

group of her friends.

As I bout over her hand and murmured my congratulations, she s ' Normand, it is long since we have had the pleasure of welcoming you. I fear you young officers find our evenings passing dull; nevertheless toings passing dull; nevertheless to-night, and she glanced toward a group of demoiselles and gallants engaged in the romping game of Le Pont d'Avignon, "perhaps to night you may

find the time pass pleasantly."
"Madame," I replied with a bow,
"a gathering at the Paiace is always charming, and I shall often recall this scene wherein elegant hospitality and pleasant recreation are so well combined, when to remember will form a

favorite pastime. She looked at me sharply, catching,

no doubt, in my voice a more serious meaning than my words of themselves

"You speak as if you were on the point of leaving us, monsieur," she said curiously, yet with gracious kind

"Yes, madame," I answered, smil-"Yes, madame," I answered, smiling, but of a sudden half regretful too.
"You have perhaps already heard that my brother is to depart a fortnight hence to take command at Michilimac. my brother is to depa hence to take command inac? I am to go with him."
"The Sieur de Cadillac is to succeed

"The Sieur de Cadillac is to succeed the Sieur de Louvigny!" exclaimed Madame de Champigny, and I could see that my information was news to her. "Indeed, it is a well deserved honor," she continued warmly; "an additional proof of the high esteem in which the Governor holds the ability and re sources of the Chevalier de la Mothe. But to set forth in the dead of winter! But to set forth in the dead of winter! Why could not Comte Frontenac suffer Why could not Comte Frontenac suner affairs to remain as they are until the opening of the spring? Does he think his hot impatience will kindle fires along the route for his envoys?"

'Where the welfare of New France is concerned, her officers daily not, nor wait upon a softer season," I responded its a respect of pleasantry, yet with

in a manner of processing and significance.
"True, true," she said, quoting one
"True, true," she said, quoting one
"True, true," she said, quoting one
him; h of our Canadian proverbs, "'A gallant man needs no drum to arose him;' he braves the snows and storms with the courage that he faces an army. Since to go you are decided, I the elements will be kind to you, sieur Normand, and that your sojourn at M chilimackinac may be to your ad-

Thanking Madame de Champigny for her good wishes, I drew back to make way for others who would fain extend to her their fets day congratulations. The intelligence of the appointment of the Sieur Cadillac to the important important frontier post of the far west had. I could

see, created a sensation in the circle about her, and began to be repeated through the salon.

Now that I had leisure to look around me, my eyes involuntarily sought out Barbe, and I presently descried her as she stood, laughing and radiant, among

a mirthful band of young people.

They had been playing "Colin Mail-They had been playing "Colin Maillard," Le Moyne of Chateauguay, the whilom "Colin" had made Barbe captive, and she must needs take his

place in the centre of the ring.
She did not see me, for already held up the scarf wherewith to her bright eyes, and I would have liked to thrust him aside as over-bold when he proceeded to bind it about her brow, awkward fingers lingering over long, I thought, upon her beautiful

However, luckily, he could not lengthen out the task by more than a second or two. When it was done, slipped among the rompers as they joined hands anew, and with ircled around the dainty figure in the

ring. Our demoiselle was a charming pic ture in her robe of gold colored bro-cade, cut, as was then the mode in France, with a long pointed waist, round at the neck and with short sleeves; the skirts being tucked up, was displayed beneath them a there coquettish petticoat of pale blue satin embroidered with silver thread; bordering her graceful shoulders was a frill of soft lace, and about her pretty throat was clasped the treasured linked that my uncle Guyon had brought her from across the seas when she was but a child.

These details of her costume I gleaned from her afterwards-though not without some bantering at my expense.

The white riband that hid her violet eyes showed to good advantage her flower-like English complexion, and ontrasted with the sunny glint of her hair, that somehow made me think the King's golden fleur de-lis above the white glory of the royal banner.

In truth, she seemed, too, a most picturesque symbol of late, as she stood there with darkened eyes, smiling, alluring, yet trammelled, too often catching at nothing, made sport of by the gay world as with merry song it

assed before her.
Of a sudden, and so like fate, too, that I must confess I was conscious of a certain uneasiness, after tapping sharp-ly with her Colin's stick three times apon the floor, thus bringing the play ers to a pause, she advanced a step of two toward me and pointed at me with the staff.

In vain I dodged and made as if to elude it. " Fair play! fair play!" she called,

in warning exultation. Thereupon I was forced to take hold of the end of the stick, as was the rule

of the game. "Who goes there?" she demanded gayly. "Your cavaller," I answered, imit

ating the voice of Le Moyne; and right well, too, I trow, for a ripple of laughter went round, and the handsome emoiselle next to me whispered Cleverly done."

Barbe, however, was not deceived. to the sound of my voice she relaxed er hold of the staff, so that between us

ell to the floor.
'Normand!' she exclaimed, tearing the bandage from her eyes and looking up at me archly—in sooth, a very charming picture of blushing confusion and surprise—"Normand! Why, how you frighted me! And no wonder, sir," she went on, su monning a mischievous sprightliness to hide her discomfiture, no wonder. Who ever thought to ehold Sir Gravity playing to Colin Maillard, or to see him made captive by Folly?"

And thereat she made a deep curtsy.

The jest was against me, but I said, with the best grace I could muster— "En bien, mademoiselle, since I have played the fool for your sake, I claim a reward; will you not take a turn or two with me about the room? These

games are so vastly heating—"
"What is seldom is wonderful and, monsieur has condescended to since our frivolity, I will humor his staidshe assented, half mockingly.

ess," she assented, half mocking After I had served my turn as

mimicry, I accordingly led Barbe away, not to make the tour of the salon, however, for that had been but a ruse. Instead, I led her to an ottoman set over against one of the doors; and if the resistion was considered. the position was conspicuous, I was too busy with my own thoughts to notice

e fact. ment, Barbe, and rest after your romp ing?" I said. "I have something to tell, and something to ask of you." She gave me a roguishly demure yet apprehensive glance, and then obedi-ently sank down upon the velvet

ently sank down "Barbe," I continued abraptly, as seated myself beside her, "our Sieur is ordered to the command at Fort Michilimackinae, and I am to go with

How incomprehensible are the nerve and emotions of these demonstrate, who this announcement of mine Barbe, who this announcement of mind book was that taken such pains to show me that my presence or absence was a matter of no moment to her, gave a little cry, lost color, and leaned back against the wall, truly, I thought she was go-

ing off in a faint.

Her exclamation attracted the attention of several offisers who stood chatting near by, among them the same young Le Moyne, and Sabrevois, who was still a ladies' cavalier.
"Is mademoiselle ill?" inquired the

latter, springing to her side.
"The heat of the room, perchance,"

"The heat of the room, perchance," ventured Le Moyne.
"May I bring a cup of water? or if mademoiselle would but touch with her lips a glass of red wine, I prophesy it would revive her," urged Sabrevols, while I remained staring at her, too astonished to have my wits about me.

"Tanks, messiours, I an not ill.
At least, so crowded is the room that some one in passing trod upon my foot, and without thinking, I cried out, 'Twas childish of me, I admit," she

Glancing down at the little high

heeled slippers of yellow satin which peeped from beneath her gown, Le Moyne said gallantly—

"Ah, mademoiselle, fairy feet are too often invisible. The poor offender is scarce to blame that he did not see thems. et al. of the land of them; still offender he is, and did I but know his name, I would challer ge him forthwith. Then I am glad you do not know it

aud no more do I, yet I am beholden to you for your championship," replied Barbe with realy repartee, notwith standing her recent discomfiture. The gentlemen turned away with a

laugh, and now, apparently quite re overed from her sudden distress, Barbe eaned toward me, saying—
"See that pleasant corner over there

in the shadow of these branches of ever-green wherewith Madame de Champigny as had the salon decorated; let us en sconce ourselves there: thus, uninter-rupted, you can tell me what you wish We crossed the room and took posses

sion of the little recess.

"And are you really glad to go to Michilimackinac, Normand?" Barbe

sked with sympathetic interest. asked with sympathetic interest.

"Yes," I answered; "for although
'tis a desolate post, Monsieur de Cadillac looks upon it in the light of an advancement, and he has promised me
that whatever helps his fortunes shall

that whatever helps his fortunes shail help mine. Moreover, I have grown discontented here; so much has combined to vex me—even you, Barbe—."
"What, I!" she began in well-feigned surprise, and then relenting, said in tones like her old sweet self, "Ah, Normand, I never meant to really vex

you!"

Her gentleness encouraged me to say
that over which I had felt some mis-

giving.
"I believe you, dear Barbe, and therefore, since we are to set out this day fortnight, I am going to beg of

"Yes," she murmured, as I hesitated. "I am going to beg of you not to be so gay and pleasure loving while I am way," I concluded gravely.
"And wherefore not, sir?" sh

quired, drawing back, while all the radian e died out of her face.

Unaccountably, I felt as one upon whom a ray of sunlight has shone for a green and them has passed beyond moment and then has passed beyond him, leaving him alone in the shadow. "Wherefore?" I blundered on. Because it is unbecoming that you should coquet first with one and again with another. There is Chateauguay did you not note the mirth it caus when, in the Colin Maillard, I named him your cavalier? His devotion to you is most marked; 'twere more gener ous of you, I think, to either marry him or let him alone. Indeed, it is a matof some comment. You seem in no haste to keep the pledge you made to Governor Frontenac that you would

take a husband in Quebec. I fear me after all, you fancied the English Normand," interrupted the girl, springing to her feet, and to my sur prise, I saw that she was angered, although why, I cannot even now imagin Normand! Enough of this! you have only fault to find with me, I would thank you to tell Robert de Resume that I am ready to go home, since I came hither, under his escort and the next time you have news family interest-I mean like this contemplated departure of Sieur Cadillac which is of such moment to Therese and so to all of us-the next time you have intelligence of this kind to municate to any one, let me advise you to choose some other occasion than a social gathering. As for your counsel in regard to my behavior, sir, you have no right to take me to task, nor are you ever like to have. Therefore do nos, I pray, harass your thoughts over my conduct, nor my settlement in life, since neither concerns you. There is Robert now. I will speak to him my-

" My faith, Mademoiselle Barbe, I did not mean to put you out of humor, I called testily, as she started away. But ere I had finished the sentence, she was gone to seek her fur mantle and hood preparatory to the walk home in the starlight with De Reaume, in company with a merry party of you and made prisoner the vivacious neigh-bor who had commended my powers (f Place d'Armes, where stood the new

house of my uncle Guyon, on the opposite side from the Castle.

Thus we parted, and this was the last I saw of pretty Barbe for many a day. When the time of our setting out for Michilimackinac came, the tantalizing maid was absent beging control. ing maid was absent, having gone to a seignoury on the St. Lawrence to visit her friend Madeleine de Vercheres—the same beautiful Mademoiselle Madeleine who, the year before, with such deterwho, the year before, with such determine 1 courage and clever feminine ingenuity defended the fort against an attack of the froquois, and kept the enemy at bay antil the arrival of the soldiers sent for the protection of Vercheres by Monsieur de Callieres, Government of Montreel. ernor of Montreal.

Our departure was hastened by

several days, to be sure, and it may be Birbe intended to return ere the date first fixed upon. Nevertheless, I was forced to leave Quebec without a chance to speak any further words of adieu to her, and much offended was I that she took my going with so ostentations a show of indifference.

show of indifference.

It was necessary that our Sieur should hasten his expedition, in order that his energy might prevent the English from entering the country of the Indians.

I will not dwell upon the intrepidity wherewith, in the depth of winter, our wherewith, in the depth of winter, our gay Gascon, the Chevalier de Cadillac, led his small party of militia, coureurs de bois, and voyageurs three hundred leagues across the frezen wastes to the Strait of Michilimackinac, which in those days commanded the great fur trade of the North-West.

The feet has been sat down as one of

The feat has been set down as one of the most remarkable in the annals of New France, and many times since have I marvelled that we lived to reach the dreary and isolated post where we were

fated to remain for some time.

As a description of this place I will transcribe a letter which I writ at our ieur's dictation soon after our arrival. "This village" (he bade me set down)" is one of the largest in all Canada. There is a fine fort of pickets and sixty houses that form a street in a straight line along the Lake of the Harons. There is a garrison of well-disciplined soldiers, two hundred of the best formed and most athletic men to be found in the New World, besides other persons who reside here during a part of the year. Fish and smoked part of the year. Fish and smoked meat constitute the principal food of the inhabitants. The villages of the savages, wherein are six or seven thou sand souls, are distant about a pistolshot from ours ; the lands are clear for about three leagues, and produce sufficient Indian corn for the use of both the French and the savages. Michili mackinae is very advantageously situated, for the Iroquois dare not venture in their sorry canoes to cross the Strait of the Illenese Lake, which is two leagues over, while that of the Lake of the Hurons is too rough for such frail Neither can they approach us unperceived by land because of the and marshes. ure of the fort are the chapel and the dwelling of the missionary, who has an onerous charge in the spiritual care, not only of the aborigines, but of the scarcely less tractable white men of

the post."
The Indians were allied with all the tribes of the Lakes. Among them we found two powerful chiefs, the Rat and the Baron. Our Sieur soon discovered that the Baron was receiving peace belts from New York, and the people of Orange had agreed to build a trading house upon the Lake of the Eries, better known to our coureurs de bois as the Lake of the Cats, from the num ber of wildcats or panthers that infest

These messages and peace belts had been sent hither secretly, the Indian envoys being brought in under the guise of prisoners taken from the

Hurons Would that I could shut out from my memory a certain day when sever Iroquois were thus brought to the beach. As they landed, some of our men suspecting treachery and deter ned to be forehanded, attacked

killed two of them.

A tumult followed, the Indians of the place defending the others until, find ing themselves like to be worsted, they gave up one of the pretended prisoners and our soldiers and traders, mad with rage at their deceit, invited our Hurons and Outawas to "drink the broth of an Iroquois.

For not having prevented these can nibal doings, our Sieur has since been much blamed, but I know of two other instances where similar means availed of to strike terror to the hearts of the savages. At all events the Iro quois came no more to Michilimackina

as emissaries of our scuthern foes.

Meantime Madame Cadillac was neglectful of our comfort. Early in the first summer of our stay at the fort, she sent us a large quantity of goods and provisions by a band of voyageurs Ville Marie, in charge of Dionne, and at the same time she writ that she had agreed to pay him for year's service the sum of 300 livres, together with an Indian blanket, four shirts, two greatcoats, and a gun.

Again, in September of the same year, she sent us supplies through the merchant Francois Hazeur, to the amount of 2291 livres, 6 sols and 4 deniers-for which payment was made twelvementh afterwards, when our voyageurs reached Montreal with their Indeed, she ever took advantage of

the open season to provision us for the winter; my good sister was become an voman of business.

delicacie Sometimes, among the delicacies which we found in the boxes that came direct from Quebez—the compotes of cherries and pears and apples, the richly spiced cakes, stuffed Spanish citron and raisins, the meats of nuts candled in sugar from the maple-trees -frequently in the tastiness of these pleasant reminders of old-time fetes l thought I recognized the skill of Barbe, a deft hand in the pre who had ever a deft has paration of such confits.

It was not until long afterwards, however, that I learned I had surmised aright, for during all my stay in the wilds I had no word from our English demoiselle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WIGWAM GULCH.

(By Courtesy of The Family Friend. Copyright, 1905)

When Gillian came into the old family When Gillian came into the old ramity lawyer's office that soft June morning, that astute gentleman discerned at once that something unusual was the matter. The beautiful young face was quite white and there was a gleam in the blue eyes that was not good to see.

"My dear child," exclaimed the senior member of Benedict and Carroll, rising to grasp her hand, "what is Gillian took a seat opposite.

ter enough," she replied in a hard tone. "Mr. Benedict, I've come to tell you that it is all of no use. Stephen and I will have to separate. Why should we try to pall together?" she added. "He cares no longer for me I am convinced. If he does, his actions run counter to it. If it isn't his club, it's converted to the state of the state it's an appointment after dinner. He is never at home, and I—I can't eat my neart out longer in such loneliness. wouldn't say a word, but it used to be Oh, the beautiful eyer were full of tears. "Why do men lead us to believe that the honeymoon will only fade into deeper joys. It's so cruel to us. "No," she went on, "we rarely spend a moment together nowadays. If I plan an especially nice nowadays. dinner, he never comes to it. At breakfast he is deep in his paper. His

evenings are spent away from home.

"Mr. Benedict," the rich young voice faltered, "I grew up in your household. You've always stood to me in the place my own dear father would have occupied had he lived. I come to you first in my unhappiness. I tell you frankly, if this is what married life means, I will have none of it.

"It has come to this. I cannot longer bear Stephen's indifference and populate."

neglect. Help me to get away from him and—it."

The old lawyer rose and paced the floor. His fatherly kind face had upon it a look of pain.
"Oh these poor rich people," he ex-

claimed. He stopped to lay a hand on Gillian's shoulders: "My dear child," he added, "I would help you if I could, but don't you see that even if you should be free, the old life can never be restored? Stephen may negnever be restored? Stephon may acg-lect you, I suppose he does, yet you are his wife. Gillian," he went on, "if Stephen and you had both been poor, it would have been a thousand times better for each of you. Money gives you license to go your separate ways that poverty renders impos The young mechanic who comes home Saturday night and lays his weekly earn ings in his wife's lap, is, after all, a man to ings in his wife sispis, after all many be envied. His chance of happiness is far better than that of the man whose future, so far as finances go, is assured. There is no talk of "affinity" there. When he has a half holiday, he spends when he has a hair honday, it with his family on the porch or on a trolley. His Sunday is his paradise, his wife his good angel, his home his heaven. Well, well, perhaps Providence, in the divine order of things, has decreed it. At any rate the divorce court doesn't pass in judgment upon the poor as it does upon those of the higher

"Gillian," he asked suddenly what are you planning for the sum

"The Rossiters want me to join then at Old Point Comfort," returned Gil-lian listlessly, "but I haven't really

"And Stephen?"
"Oh Stephen," said Gillian with a bitter smile, "imformed me yesterday that he had planned to go for a wo hunting trip up to Wigwam This is the first of June. If I nonths' Gulch. g) with the Rossiters I dare say we will

ot meet until the last of September. The old lawyer regarded the pretty unhappy young face with all a father's

Wigwam Gulch! Isn't that the place Stephen bought a year ago !" asked suddenly.

hunting there?"
"The best; that is why Stephen keeps it. When he first bought the place he did ask me to go over with him and spend a month, but I was engaged at the Atwoods' who were at White Sulphar Springs, so I could not."

"That is just where you young wives make the first fatal error," went on the senior partner earnestly. "My dear, do you know the only recipe I give to young wives, to preserve the peace in the family? It is this. Make yourselves indispensable to your husbands. Never let any thing interfere or take you from your husband's side. If you do, the rift widens imperceptibly at first, but afterward it be comes an impassable gulf.

"Gillian, will you do as I ask in just

hundred if you say so," re-

turned Gillian, springing up. "Dear Mr. Benedict can I ever forget what you have been to me?' " And I want to be more," was the

almost solemn reply. "I want to save you from future misery if I can. I am convinced, too, of one thing. Perhaps you do not realize it yourself, but Gillian, you still love Stephen, therefore, my child, if I could arrange a separation, it would only make you more un happy. No, my dear, your lot is east with his. Bear with him until it is dis solved by the only tribunal that can

sever it.
"I'm a poor advocate of divorces Gillian. Nine cases out of ten the evil can be remedied, but young people are apt to demand much, to give little to grow restive and consequently as the day must follow the night, the relations between them become strained.

" No my dear, I can see no deliver ance for you. And now for my re quest. I want you to ask Stephen to And now for my re light if he will take you with him on this hunting trip over to Wigwam

"He would refuse," replied Gillian

Gulch.'

with bitterness.
"Never mind, ask him again," was the old lawyer's reply.
"And it's ten miles from the post office and there are absolutely no privileges," protested Gillian.
"So much the better.

been surfeited with privileges, Gillian.
Too much money again. If Stephen
were a poor man and you were obliged
to solely depend on what he could earn
for you, you'd be living in accord this

"You always were a housewifely little soul, Gillian. Don't you remember the little cakes you used to make see when you were a little girl, and the see when you were all the girl, and the see when you were all the see when your lives. cup custards too when

Gillian's eyes filled with quick tears, I remember it all," she answered, and I would live to do things for Stephen now if it were necessary. Do you know I often long to go into the kitchen and mess around just as I used to years ago."
"You can turn the talent to account before and isn how best wiff tith

ber greas dis

lis

on this trip then," smiled the old lawyer, "and listen, Gillian. You go with Stephen on this trip, and if you find, after a month's trial that you are really of the same mind, I'll agree

help you."
Gillian rose slowly. "Agreed,"
she said. "For your sake Mr. Benedict I'll humble my pride and ask
Stephen to take me with him. If he
refuses—"
"Let us pray he will not," returned

the old lawyer solemnly. "Now if you must go, good-bye, and God bless you. Mr. Stephen Brandon looked across at his wife that evening with unusual interest. She wore an evening dress of some soft white material, but she had taken off her jewels. Save her wedding ring, the beautiful hands were devoid She looked singularly of ornament.

sweet and girlish.

"I suppose you're slated for the Rossiters," he asked, carelessly.

Gillian flushed. Now was her time,

"No," she said, "I had planned to "No," she said, "I had planned to go with them, but I've changed my mind. I think—if you will agree to it, Stephen, I'll go with you on that trip to Wigwam Gulch. You asked me o you know? (with a pitiful little sm Stephen Brandon looked at her.

did ask you," he answered cooly, "bat that was before you had learned to dis pense so easily with my society."
Gillian flushed hotly. "There a
two sides to that Stephen," she replie You threw me on my own resources,

leaving me alone as you have, but we won't go back of things, only this once, don't refuse me."
"On your own head be it then," re turned he, turning to his coffee suppose you are aware we go by wago camping out five nights on the roa

and that the house is only a two roomed cabin? You will have to take a cook." "I'll take no one," returned Gillian decisively. "I'll do the cooking my. "Whew," whistled Stephen looking

at her again. "Well then I'll be as generous as you. I'll leave my man But don't take too much plants," mountain road and luggage counts." "I'll remember," said Gillian, "and "Can Stephen?" (Rising But don't take too much plunder, it's a may I really go, Stephen?" (Ris and standing wistfully by his chair.)

"If you must, but know this, Gillian, whatever comes of it, it is your own planning."
"I'll not forget," she replied, as

Stephen rose and left her. any to camp for the night," remarked Stephen as he drew the horses to a halt. It was a few days later and this was their first night out on their way to Wigwam Gulch. "Hold these lines while I reconnoitre a little. Yes," while I reconnoitre a little. Yes," after a few moments survey, "this will do finely. Sit still and I'll soon have

a fire going."
Gillian clad in a blue percale dress and white linen hat, watched the tall athletic figure until a clump of trees hid it from sight. A little feeling of pride stirred in her heart. "How handsome he is," she thought involun-tarily, "and after all he is mine,

He came back in a monent laden with burning.'

What shall we have for supper?" "Cold beans, rolls, ham, preserves, oney and I'll make coffee," rejoined honey and I'll

Gillian interestedly.
"Good," was the answer. "Come
my girl." He lifted her lightly from the seat, and the impromptu feast was spread.
"Did ever coffee taste like this?"

said Gillian with a sigh of content, sipping hers from her china cup. "It's the air," Stephen answered. "Do you know, I've always rather envied old Abraham, living in tents the way he did. If I had my own way to make, I believe I'd be a cattle man, changing my tents to suit the pastures.

"I wish you did," thought Gillian almost involuntarily, and with a sigh. What's the matter?" demanded her husband, regarding her with a keen eye, "Sighing for the Rossiters?" eye, "Sighing for the Rossiters?"
"I hadn't thought of them," she replied. "Here, Stephen, let me give you some more coffee."
"A few minutes later darkness be-

gan to close them in. The fire died down to a bed of white ashes. Gillian gave a tired sigh. "I really believe I'm sleopy," she said, smiling a little. "It's strange, too. I'm used to late hours. If you don't mind, Stephen, I'll creep into the wagon.'

"The air again," rejoined her husband, "and don't mind me in the least."

She hesitated a little as she stood beside him. Somehow the great world of nature lying about them drew her to-wards him. "Kiss me good night, S ephen," she said shyly as she stood there, and Stephen drawing her to him, pressed his lips to hers.
"I shall sit here for a while and write," he said.

Wnen he, too, came into the wagon a half hour later, her regular breathing showed him that she stood in need of an early rest. The lantern was burning dimly, suspended from aloft. By its uncertain flickering glow he could see the beauty of the periest features. A forgotten wave of tenderness swept over him as he stood over her. wonder what put it into her heart to come with me?" he mused. "And I

always thought she did not care."
"Well," said Stephen a few days
later, as Gillian surveyed the cabin at

nuns took me to her. We will call her

She was picking hops at the time

with her mother under a bright blue sky. The glorious September sun had dried the air which was light as cham-

pagne. The Little Sister wore her cheetnut hair in the East-end fashion

parted with a fat curl over each ear. Her face is well shaped, reddened at the cheeks like an apple, her features are small, and from her blue eyes and

the smile in them comes forth goodness and wholesomeness and valiance. She

and her mother formed no detached group at all upon the long line of pick-

are still unpicked; in front the pare cleared, lower down they

stacked and the leaves already swept

into dry aromatic heaps. Her mother told me that the girl, who is eighteen,

was sent into the fields for the sake

of that tonic of the hops and of the outdoor life after some lung trouble.

Sister's bright cheeks are not wholly

significant of strength. But she wears

stout clothes, her skirt is sound and

her boots thick and lasting. The health-giving hop flowers are over her head, beneath her feet, filling the bin,

strewing the ground, and lading the wreathing branch she holds in her hand. Soon the mother's auxiety will

return in close rooms back in London. We spend no time in talk. The girl

knows my business as d comes with me

ask if it is baptized, and to give a rosary to another girl. We meet large Catholic families. But the dinner time is the best for talks. It is not well to

interrupt the pickers The Little Sis-

ter has soon gone back to her bio. Loving, respectful looks follow her.

Her mother respects her vocation. But for the present those two work together,

The families usually pick at one bin ;

one family of Irish Catholics, and here is Jan openly faithful and Pat openly unfaithful. The fathers may be of no faith, but when their children do at-

tend Catholic schools, through the mother or their own traditior, they

are proud of it and well pleased to

hear of the missions. There is one terrible bane of families in the hopfields—

"the young man from London who has come down to see us." The Father

told us at the outset that the regularly

employed people are not those who cause mischief in the hopfields. The

hangers on from town do the havoc.
"The young man from London" is about 30 and unemployed, and his

clothes are of the indescribable sodden

block-turned-copper green of the pub-lic house. He boils the kettle and

front of the hop-houses by the deep wood and the overshaded, lonely

lane. . . . The children are the brighter side of the picture, and are

hopping and other. "What Bertie knew" would include a good deal

beyond the Penny Cate-hism. Foru nately on the benches of his Catholic school he will learn something sound and servicable in the midst of his

The following Sunday, when many from the distant hop farm met at the

barn on a fine September morning to hear Mass—this time outside under the sky with the altar within the barn

one was so happy in the crowd as the Little Sister. A second time that warm day she crossed the valley and climbed the great hill and appeared in the yard to hear the Father's instruc-

tion to the children and join in the

hymns. A surprised farm horse looked mildly over his stable door at the chil-

dren, the mellow sun rested on a bank

of scarlet runners, and fruit baskets were piled in the yard. That good and

honest girl-tace expressed a sweet con-

the morning's service in the barn, and

And we may ask of our Lover, with reverence, all that we will, for our good will is to have God, and the good will

in London Tablet.

-Blanche W. Cornish

and each other they live for

across the field to find a sick baby and

Wigwam Gulch, "what do you think of it?"

Gillian laughed. "It's fine, Stephen," she answered, "and just look at that view. Did you ever see anything grander?" Stephen came over to her side. There before them rose the mountains, veiled in purple mists. The plains, green as emerald, stretched in boundless waves emerald, stretched in bounding waves, and billows at their base. "It is grand, isn't it?" he said gravely. "Some how, one's life seems small and potty beside such grandeur. Well, little wife, where shall we put things?"

Gillian's heart bounded. "Little

Gillian's heart bounded. "Little wife!" She had not heard the dear since the first season of her mar ried life, three years before. It was "Gillian," now. Was it possible that the old blissful times might come back?

She arrarged the little cabin herself with more painstaking care than she bestowed on the management of her great house in the city. Singing, too as she went about her humble tasks of dishwashing, hed making and sweeping. Stephen heard her clear voice above the strokes of the broom: "John Anderson, My Joe, John."

We climbed the hill together." "And his keen face softened as he listened. They had brought only the necessary things, the few dishes, furniture and cooking utensils that would make them comfortable, but she had taken care to bring Stephen's big chair and her own little low one. The two chairs occupied different territories at home. Stephen's chair stood in the library, hers in her own particular sanctum upstairs, but now, they stood seciably side by side. A vase of sun-flowers graced the rude mantel, a rich oriental rug covered the floor, the

table linen was exquisite. She had an appetizing supper when Stephen came home that first night, tired and hungry. Her dress was simple and worn with the grace that marked

everything she put on.

Stephen started when he saw the home-like room. "This is a metamorphesis, Gillian," he cried. "You're not going to wash these dishes alone," remarked Stephen, as they rose from

But you're tired," protested Gillan. "No more than you are. Here, give me that dish towel."

They grew very merry over the little clearing up. When it was over they went out doors. "Sit by me," said Stephen, lighting his pipe, and again

Together they watched the moon rise over the pine trees. In the days that followed Stephen grew to watch, at the end of the day's sport, for the slight girlish figure in the plain dress. After a while she came out to meet im. "Did you have good sport?"

she would ask. "Fine, but it's good to get home,

And then would come the supper hour and the stillness of the night as it crept over the mountains. As they lived longer the simple life at Wigwam Gulch, the coldness and restraint, the bitterness that had reen like a wall between them these last years, melted into nothingness.

'Our time is up to-morrow, Gillian,' said her husband one evening. They were sitting on the step as was their fashion. "Aren't you glad?" fashion. "Ar

Gillian's voice trembled. Reaching out in the friendly twilight she found her thusband's hand. It closed upor

hers reassuringly.
"Have you really enjoyed it?" asked
Stephen incredulously.
"It's been heavenly. I've—I've had

you all to myself."
"Gillian!" Stephen Brandon put his hand beneath his wife's chin, rais ing the exquisite face until the eyes

do you mean, really mean that under all your coldness you care for me?' Care," Gillian's voice broke, "too much. I thought you had ceased to

love me, Stephen, and so I grew hard pair. "Child, child," he cried, "we nearly brought our married life to shipwreck by our obstinacy and assumed indifference. Assumed, because both of us have cared through it all. Gil-

lian, tell me to night, and I'll never doubt you again, do you really love Gillian crept closer in the darkness, "Better than my life," she said, in solenn tones. Oh, Stephen, we may fight against the fact all we may—I have, but it's all of no use. Neither of

us can be independent of the other. I d not know it fully until Wigwam Gulch revealed it to me.

Gulch revealed it to me."

"Blessings be upon Wigwam Gulch, then," returned Stephen, pressing her to 'him. "Oh, Gillian, since I know you love me, I hate to leave it."

"We will come back," said Gillian, "every year together."

"Yes, together," replied Stephen, huskily, "together, little wife."

The three Brandens—Stephen, Gillian and the taby that has come to brighten their cabin home and bind brighten their cabin home and bind their love, are comping again this summer at Wigwam Gulch.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AS THE

NATION'S SHEET ANCHOR. The writer of "Protestant and Cathelic Amity" in the Boston Transcript, Nov. 8, gathers together into his article some recent illustrations of the dying out of that crass anti-Catholic spirit which was characteristic of earlier New England days. He instances the receptions given to several New England Catholic Bishops by their fellow citizens, irrespective of creed. as they have returned home from Rome during the past year, and he declares these affairs to have been such as to

prove conclusively that a new era has dawned in New England.

'For prudential, it befor no higher reasons, he says, 'it behooves public men in New England to day to be respectful to the prelates of the respectful to the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church with its increasing numerical and social strength; but the terror of the remarks by Federal judges and State municipal

officials on these occasions has been such as to show that higher motives have caused the presence on these occasions of the men of eminence among non Catholic laymen who have attended. Their congratulations and tributes have been too full of feeling to be perfunctory or seavily in solid; to be perfunctory, or servile in spirit.

Again the writer says:departure from old and established standards like the present, those who believe most strongly in evolution rather than revolution, turn instinctreturn than revolution, turn instinctively to some conserving and slow moving factor in society like the Chursh of Rome to put out anchors to retard a drift out to sea; and these who dissent most emphatically from the dogmatic scheme of the Roman Church at such times may yet admire it for the service it may do in conserving social stability, and respect for law and order, and in preservation of society from in

dividualism gone mad. Thus also have argued the Protest ants of Holland, led by Dr. Abraham Kuyper, thus argues Emperor William of Germany, thus reasons Italy's able young monarch, as they have faced militant, secular socialism. Thus also may argue the Puritan Protestants of the United States, in the presence of license in commerce, literature, art and politics, as the present mood of an ever increasing number of people tends modify the older American deals and customs."-Sacred Heart Review.

FRANCISCANS IN THE HOP-

ers at work on the edge of the deed green wood of hope. A ripple of talk and laughing and calling of children— all subdued in rapid work—fell from the line and from the glades of hop-poles beyond. Behind, these glades GARDERS. A steep road shining with moisture the sun below the dripping trees, bars of celestial blue in the west; and be-tween miry road and radiant sky hundreds of busy hop pickers harrying to and from the village after a day of drenching rain to get the evening loaf or prepare supper in the hop-houses or in the tents where they live, up by the in the tents where they live, up by the coasts or hop kilns in the nelds. They are from Whitechap I, Deptford, Woolwich, or any other teeming centre of labor in the south; and my first impression of Whitechapel "gone into the country" was on that evening when I saw the well known types all projected together in full view on the Kentish village, steep. The hoppers stood or village steep. The hoppers stood or hobbled—according to the condition of their boots-and talked and gesticu lated eagerly about the business of the day, and there was an air of purpose everywhere about the poor Londoners turned out here to bear the burden of the country. Up in the village shops there was a queue to get their turn. "I could have baked it in the time," said a man taking his load after long waiting, but he went cheerfully into the sweet smelling air. A lad, limping badly, explained: "Rheumatic gout in the foot," with a bright smile, as if it was all in his picnic. 'I likes the country," said as all structures the country." country," said an old struggler hurry-ing like the rest, "only I seem to miss my husband here. We used to come 'opping together. And I misses him now more than when I lost him." So sorrow witnesses also to the quiet call of evening with a bright clearance everhead which all creatures feel in the country. All the same, grievances were rife. A strike that very evening was begun on a top farm near our mis-sion. Bewildering word to hear when the hops are brimming over on the slopes and plateaux up above, unpicked, down below the sordid village bars and booths are crowded! Soon I am hearing from the Father and his bicycl-ling celaireur—the tall Cambridge helpof the eleven hundred Catholics round our two villages either side of the Medway—and how requirements

change from hop farm to hop farm. The second Sunday of the mission— the first Catholic mission in the hopfields-broke gloomily; but sixty men

and women and some children were waiting for Mass, assembled soon after 8 inside a farm stable. We will call the farm "Six Acre." Such a steep lane we had climbed! Such a ve me, Stephen, and so I grew hard ight of pittless rain, following a long pouring day's work, had taken the heart out of the hoppers! And still it is in. "Child child" he are a stephen Branden's face darkened with him. rained. Yet here was a devout congregation, waiting with reverent faces turned to the altar, the crucifix, and the two lighted candles in the stable. Punctually the Father came, and his kind voice was heard cheaning all as he kind voice was heard cheering all as he kind voice was heard cheering all as he spoke of the toil and discomfort in such weather. Now the tall Cambridge server had given out the hymn books. Mass began with "Faith of Our Fathers," well supported by men's voices. The service lasted about forty minutes of these confessions), with The service lasted about forty minutes (after two or three confessions), with Communion and three more hymns. There was no sound after the Sanctus bell. All the coughs and cramps and miseries of the dam; night, which had nade themselves audible in the barn, subsided, and soon after the Elevation the sun fell into the stable! Bethle hem, the Father called it afterwards: hem, the Father called it afterwards; but he did not improve the occasion much that dim morning (there was but

the one ray of sun.)

It was the first act of faith that was now required of them. The Father asked for a "De Profundis" for a girl who had heard Mass with them at who had heard Mass with them at "Six Acre" the Sunday before and died the following day. He said that she had been a good girl who kept others from the publichouse, and she had been called in her sleep after a day's work in the field, and the day before she had been full of the joy of hearing Mass, and swung the hymna which they had and swung the hymns which they had

and swung the hymns which they had sung at the farm, and thus God had given her his grace of hearing it the last day of her life, the first Mass in the hop fields. And sobs broke forth from the girl's sister, and "Out of the deep" and "Eternal rest" were faithfully said for the holy soul.

The Father hurried off to his 10.30 Mass four miles away across the Medway. Over there Catholics heard the Mass in far greater numbers on a wide-slope by a tent overlooking the whole valley of the Medway with its gardens and coasts, and little Maidstone nest-ling between the woody view of the great ridge often described by Dickens, But we who worshipped at the farm preferred the peaceful little enclosure perched in the steep lane among hopfarms.

After Mass we heard the story of

After Mass we heard the story of

HOW A SOUTHERN BISHOP SAVED TWO UNION OFFICERS.

weather disappointment and wage disappointment of that week. It was ummed up by one capable, respectable woman by the report that she had not had a part to give at Many 44 West DELAYED THEIR EXECUTION, AND LINCOLN CAME TO THE RESCUE—A BIT OF UNPUBLISHED WAR HISTORY. had a penny to give at Mass. "We don't want the Fathers to give to us, we want to give to them." By all the Catholics in the field the mission is Under the heading "The Lottery of Death," Lieutenant James M. Stradling, who was a private in the First New Jersey Cavalry in 1863, gives in the current McClure's a bit of war history never published. The writer welcomed, though many were kept by damp clothes from coming to Mass. And then I caught the words amongst And then I cause the hoppers: "She wished to the hoppers: "She wished to the Sister of the Poor." The words remained with me, part of the unforgetable association of the stable which is at "Six Acre." And two days after the field, of whom a called tells how two brave Union officers who were being led off to be hanged by the Confederates encountered a Southern Catholic Bishop, who was instrumental in causing a delay that saved the lives the words were spoken. She is called by the name of an Irish saint. The

of apparently doomed men.

The men involved were Captain The men involved were Captain Henry W. Sawyer, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, and Captain John M. Finn, of Indiana. They were confined in Libby Prison. On July 6 they were

chosen by lot to be hanged.

The stirring events which followed closely upon the drawing were related to Lieutenant Stradling some twelve

years ago as follows:
Mine Gott! Jim, I never felt so weak in all my life as I did when I found I had drawn a "death prize." My kind friend, Captain Flinn, was very pale and much weaker than I; but we did not have much time to think about it, for a Confederate officer told us that his verbal instructions were to have us ex ecuted before noon, and that he would return in an hour, so we asked permis sion to have a few moments to atters to our homes and to our friends before being executed. We were removed to a room by ourselves and furnished with writing material; but we could not compose our nerves or our thoughts sufficiently to write. The Confederate officer was as humane as he could be under the circumstances, and instead of returning in an hour, did not return for two hours. In the meantime we bade our companions farewell, and Those two have gone out into Kent fruit picking first, and they had gone on to hop-picking. They had slept in distributed a few trinkets we had on our persons, and then after confiding on to hop-picking. They had s'ent in hop houses all the time, mere statis in barns. Their appearance? Perfectly neat and fresh and clean. The Little to our warmest friends a few messages for our families, we waited as quietly as we could the coming of the death

we did not have very long to wait, for soon a Confederate officer appeared with a guard, and Flinn and I marched to the street, where we found a cart waiting for us. We took our seats in the cart, and the Confederaie officer and the guard of cavalry escorted us through the streets of Richmond.
The cart, if I remember rightly, was
drawn by oxen, and it did not move
very fast, but a thousand times too fast We had almost reached the city limits when we met a prominent Roman Catholic Bishop, who stopped to inquire the cause of the interded execution. While the Bishop was inquiring of the Confederate officer about us, Captain Flinn, who was a Catholic, said he was being executed without the "rites of clergy." The Bishop, who was a great friend and admirer of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy exclaimed, "that would never do," and he requested the Confederate officer to move slowly and he would hasten to see President Davis, and if possible get a delay for a short time. The cart moved on and the Bishop hurried at a rapid pace to interview President Davis.

The Bishop was mounted on a full-blooded and very spirited horse, and he seemed to us to go like the wind when he started for the residence of his friend. We moved on to a small hill on which was a single tree, and to this tree the cart took its way. When the tree was reached ropes were placed around our necks, and we were doomed around our neers, and we were document to be hanged. This would have been an ignominious death if we had been guilty of any crime punishable by death, but we had committed no crime, and yet we cid not want to die in that way. We had a slight ray of hope in the Bishop's intercession for us, but it was too slight shares the picnic with the family in to allay our fears for the worst. very weak. Mine Gott! Jim, I had never felt so badly in all my life before. I was so weak that the tree and the wood and the overshaded, lonely guards seemed to be moving in a circle around me. We stood up in the cart, so when it moved away we would dangle between the earth and sky, and in well cared for as a rule in the field, and flock to Sunday school at the farm. and nock to Sunday school at the larm.
But one boy of ten comes hatless, coatless and shoeless. "Are you a Catholic?" called up a village lamp post,
brought him sliding down with the
name of his priest, church and school
(any hesitation about these excluded this way our existence was to end. No courier from the Bishop was in sight, and mine Gott! Jim, the suspens terrible for us to bear. The Confederate officer took out his watch, and informed any hesitation about these excitated pretenders, though there are not many, for we give little) and then the day after he had shown his advanced knowledge of the Catechism he was a complete as that while his instructions were to have us executed before noon, he would wait until one minute of twelve, and then if there was no sign of a courier, the cart would be driven away and the arbitrary orders of the War Department picked out of a public house with another boy. 'We're on strike," says another boy. 'We're on strike,' says this philosopher of ten, and proceeds to show me his knowledge of affairs, of the Southern Confederacy would be

obeyed. Half-past 11 arrived, and yet no signs of any courier from the Bishop.
Mine Gott! Jim our legs became so weak that we could not stand any longer, so we requested that we migh rmitted to sit down in the car be permitted to sit down in the cart until the time for us to be executed arrived. Then we would stand up and arrived. Then we would state to our necks and the execution concluded. The ropes were then untied and we were permitted to sit down on the side of the cart. Ten minutes more passed in dead silence, and yet no eye could detect any signs of a courier. At the end of another ten minutes we stood up and the ropes were adjusted to our necks. And the Confederate officer was raising his sword as a sign to the driver to move away, when a cloud of dust was observed in the distance, and the Confederate officer hesitated for a few moments, when a horseman covered with dust and his horse covered with honest girl-sace expressed a sweet confidence and humility. There were emanations of peace for all that day at the farm which we have named "Six Acre." As for the Little Sister, she foam, dashed up to the officer and handed him a despater. He opened it quickly and read: "Caprain Sawyer and Flinn are reprieved for ten days."

Mine Gott! Jim, Inever feltro happy beheld the altar with the image of St. Francis beacath the crucifix, left since life; and Flinn and I embraced each other and cried like babies. The the hymns were to her as the songs of Sion, and she breathed the atmosphere ropes were untied and the cart started slowly back for Libby prison. We never learned the name of the officer who was detailed to execute us. Our comrades were greatly rejoiced to see us return alive, and made many inquir-There is no creature that is made that es concerning the postponement of may know how much, and how sweetly, and how tenderly our Maker loveth us.

the execution. matter was in Lincoln's hands, and

the Confederate Government had determined to execute two Union officers without a trial by court martial, or a judge, or a jury, and yet there was the positive evidence clearly stated in Cap-tain Sawyer's letter. It was a new phase of war which startled him, for it was fraught with dire consequences, and was a dangerous precedent to es-

tablis.

He revolved over in his mind what course to pursue in order to save the two gailant officers from the gallows, and yet not establish a precedent which would not be justly and honorably defended before the whole civilized world he felt that the Confederate

Government had errei, and that it could not maintain such a position the two spies who had been executed by General Burnside were guilty beyond a question of a doubt and as all nations in time of war gives pies but short shrift, he felt confident that the Confederate Government would recede from such an unfortunate position after having given the matter due reflection, but while it was reflecting, some powerful measure must be conceived and resorted to that the lives of Captain Sawyer and Flinn

might be saved.

The next morning when Captain Whilldin and Mrs. Sawyer called, the President informed them that he did not make up his mind and did not arrive at a final decision in the case unti 2 o'clock in the morning and after that time he had slept peacefully and felt greatly refreshed, for he believed his plan would save two gallant men who were at that moment fighting the rats

and vermin in Libby Prison.

President Lincoln's plan, in substance was that if Sawyer and Flinn were not executed Brigadier General W. H F. Lee, son of Robert E. Lee, and and an another Confederate officer could be changed in retaliation, and orders to that effect were sent to Confederate authorities. To quote again:

Sawyer and Flinn were fed on cornbread and water in the dungeon, which was so damp that their clothes mildewed. The 16th came at last, and with great anxiety they awaited all day for the coming of their executioners, but the long day passed and they were not molested. After remaining twenty days in the dungeon they were relieved and placed on the same footing as the other officers. They remained in Libby Prison ustil March 1864, when at last the prison doors opened and they were conducted to a wagon and thence to a boat on the James rive; and then and not until then, did it dawn upon them that they were to be ex-changed. The boat steamed down the river to City Point, the place for the exchange of prisoners, and as Captain Sawyer and Captain Flinn were being assisted from the lost being assisted from the lost (for they were greatly emaciated and and too weak to walk), they met Gereral W. H. F. Lee and Captain Robert H. Tyler coming on the boat. General Lee and Captain Sawyer exchanged gree ings and congra ulated each other on their escape from being hanged. General Neal Dow and Captains Sawyer and Flinn were exchanged for General W. H. F. Lee and Captain R.

H. Tyler.

General Fitzhugh Lee in a recent communication states that when "Ge. eral George Washington Custis Lee an elder brother of General W. H. F. Lee, heard what was contemplated by the Federal Government, and being a a bachelor and his brother a married man with children he sent a communication to the Federal authorities stating that if they would release his brother he would come down and be shot in his place. General George Washington Custis Lee was then an aide de camp on the staff of Mr. Jefferson Davis."

The sad affair had ended. The prohesy of President Lincoln that he believed his plan would save the lives of the doomed men had proved true. Captain Sawyer returned to his New Jersay home, but he never fully recovered from the privations he suffered in Libby Prison.

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he execution.

Eight days later, we are told, the natter was in Lincoln's hands, and hen—

He could hardly credit the report that

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION, Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa. June 13th, 1905.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD London Ont. 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 imputed 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.

L. therefore, earnestly recommend it to Cath-

I, therefore, carnestly recommendate in the families.

With my blessing on your work, and best withes for its continued success, wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ, Yours very sincerely in Christ, Donarus, Archbischop of Ephesus, Donarus, Archbischop of Ephesus,

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.
To the Editor of The Catholic Record,
London, Onb:

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.

Its matter and form are both good; and a ruly Catholic spirit pervadesithe whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success.

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ssing you and wishing you success.

Believe me to remain,

Yours fathfully in Jesus Christ

† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa.

Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1906.

SUPERNATURAL CHRISTIANITY.

In the January number of The Cath olic World the Rev. William Sullivan, C. S. P., gives a few lessons to those who may have been impressed by Mr. W. H. Mallo k's recent article on the naturalness of Christianity. Christianity, argues Mr. Mallock, regarded under one of these aspects, must neces sarily present itself even to the most orthodox Christian as a purely natural religion, competing with many others, and not generically distinguishable so far as its origins are concerned from the religious of Zoroaster, of Guatama, of the new Platonists or of Mahomet, to which every element of the supernatural is by Christians indignantly denied.

This method of attack-to expose the resemblances between Christianity and other religions with a view of disparag ing the Christian claim of unique character and supernatural origin-has been in favor with infidels from the time of Celsus.

Rev. Father Sullivan contends that the leaving an enduring impress upon human character, are not the same level as Christianity, which reorganized the chaotic society of paganism on a new basis. The assertions that pagan religions exhibit as much of divine purpose as Christianity is examined in the light of history. Its Founder gathered about Him twelve Hebrews and told them to convert the world. He died on a cross. And the twelve chosen ones, armed with nothing but a cross, succeed in implanting in the world the faith which upbears to the throne of God the hopes and prayers of millions. Christ was scarcely dead when Hls cross was enshrined in the hearts of many. Men and women die for Him, and for Him also do mothers bid their children to flinch not from torture. Christ, says Pascal, wished to be loved; he has been loved ; he is God.

Father Sullivan calls attention to the fact that certain circumstances and consequences of Christianity's survival drive us to the supernatural for not only a reasonable, but in any sense an adequate explanation. Christ steps forth upon the scene of the world's history from the door of a carpenter shop. Why should He have conquered the civilized world. A Jew, and to all appearance with no equipment of deep learning, yet He has won the hearts of men of all

How explain that Christ suffered not from the extravagant claims made for Him by His first disciples. Yet He Who died in infamy, a malefactor, is acknowledged by millions as the Light of the World, the Saviour of men, the Image of the Father, and again, how, if our judgment have a purely natural basis, can we explain that, despite the singe Calvary, He has not

The writer also might have referred

to the hatred which has tracked Christ across the centuries. How explain it, that phenomenon? Why should men still pursue with relentless rage Him Who was hooted centuries ago by a mob? Mankind has but contempt for the criminals-the tyrants and perse cutors of the past-but for Christ some humans beings reserve unappeasable hatred. Why, if not God?

Let our Lord be studied fairly, says Father Sullivan, let the course of his influence be impartially traced in the ideals and institutions of Christian history; and it will be seen not only that He is supreme among men but that human standards fail when applied to Him, and human calculations are baffled in measuring Him: for the reason that He is the divine Teacher of ultimate truth, of absolute goodness, and of final salvation.

HOME RULE IN BOSTON.

Mr. Chas. Devlin, M. P. for Galway, met with unbounded success at a recent Home Rule meeting in Boston. The Boston Daily Globe states that since the days of the old Land League no such enthusiasm in favor of Home Rule has been seen in that great city. The collection taken up was a very large one, showing the practical interest which the Irish people of Boston take in the welfare of their countrymen in the old land. We are not surprised at Mr. Devlin's great success, for the reason that he is one of a family who have in Canada always reflected the very greatest honor on the land of their ancestors. Besides this he has rare oratorical powers. As a platform speaker he is earnest, convincing and fluent. Canadians have reason to be proud of Blake and Devlin. May their days be lengthy and may the winter of their lives be spent in a magnificent Irish parliament, built on the site where the Bank of Ireland now stands in Dublin; that historic spot where a century ago was heard speeches that will be read with interest and pleasure as long as the English language is spoken.

SAGRAMENTAL CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.

Our readers in general are a vare that during the last half century High churchism has made great progress in the church of England, and with it the practice of what is called "Sacramental Confession" is now a very common practice, though previously to the time we have indicated it was scarcely if at all known in that church.

The Right Rev. Edward T. Churton. formerly Bishop of Nassar, of the Angli can church, issued toward the close of last year a volume "on the use of Penitence" in which he deals on the manner in which a penitent should prepare himself for sacramental confession, and a reviewer writing for the Church Time:. of London, a High church organ, had this to say about the book:

"It says much for the gentle persist ence with which the truth has made its way, that such a book as this from the pen of a Bishop should be possible. Fifty, forty, thirty years ago it would have roused the Protestant mind to fury. To day it is taken as a matter of

The reviewer declares that by this pagan religions which flourished for a book, "Bishop Churton has laid ascetic while and then disappeared, without theology in England under a great debt."

He adds, however, that the Bishop does not dwell sufficiently on the sacra mental grace of absolution. . . Every one who goes to confession knows the strength which is received in absolution to overcome one's besetting sins."

This sort of language which insists ipon the necessity of confession and of priestly absolution is common at the present day, but, as the reviewer indicates, it was not heard fifty, forty and hardly ever even thirty years ago among members of the church of England, and the wonderful change shows us how greatly that church has changed within a remarkably short time.

Concerning the frequency of confes " Although ion, the Bishop says: our English Prayer Book has deter mined nothing on the subject, its tone may be taken as in favor of long intervals between the times of coming.'

We believe the Bishop has hit the target in this remark. Anglicans of Low church or so called Evangelica sentiment are very much opposed to confession at all, and for the most part we have ourselves found that they are not even aware that the Book of Common Prayer teaches positively both the utility of confession and the efficacy of priestly absolution.

1. In the ordination or "Ordering of Priests" the Bishop is directed to

Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the church of God now committed unto thee by the Imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are for-given; and whose sins thou dost retain, the are retained, etc.'

2. In the form of administering Communion the minister is ordered on the Sunday or holy day preceding to announce:

" If there be any of you who by this means (already mentioned) of boot quiet

his own conscience, but requireth further comfort or counsel, I t him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Worl and open his grief; that by the minis-try of God's Holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution together with ghostly counsel and advice, etc."

3. When visiting the sick, the minister is directed:

"Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins if he fee! his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which confession the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it) after this sort."

The form of absolution to be here used does not differ substantially from that employed by a Catholic priest. It is clear, therefore, from all these passages that it is the doctrine of the church of England, and not of a mere party in that church, that the priests have the power and authority to forgive sins, and, if this be the case, it is a power which ought to be used whenever a sinner is truly penitent and makes an humble confession of his sins, and not merely " at long intervals," as Bishop Churton states.

It will be seen from this that the Evangelicals, who claim to be the ex ponents of the true Protestantism of the church of England, are entirely astray on this point.

ROMAN CORRESPONDENTS TO THE PRESS.

The boldness of newspaper liars who send sensational false news from Rome appears to be growing greater as time wears on. There was a time when they were under some restraint, being under the consciousness that when a sufficient time should elapse their stories would certainly be proved to be false, a contingency which might not be pleasant for them; but now they do not seem to be restrained even by this consciousness, and lies regarding the administration of the Catholic church are wired to this continent without any restraining influence. It would seem that the press are glad to have any kind of sensational items having reference to the church, provided only that it can be construed directly or indirectly as a reproach.

Such a lie as this was cabled to the New York World early in December, being founded professedly upon a state ment of the Vatican correspondent of the Stampa, a Turin paper.

The statement was to the effect that when Mgr. Thomas S. Byrne, Bishop of Nashville, Tennessee, was received in private audience by the Pope, the Holy Father spoke very strongly against certain serious abuses which re said to exist in the church in the United States, and which he was deternined to suppress at any cost.

The Pope, it is said, disapproved of the custom allowed in many American dioceses to exact an entrance fee on Sundays and holidays from the people attending Mass in the churches. Such practice, it was said, must be abolished, as it constitutes a hindrance to

poor people attending the church. We mentioned in our columns at the time the above appeared the whole statement of the World's correspondent: but we added that we did not believe in its truth, as there is no exclusion of poor people from the Catholic churches of America for want of the money pay a small entrance fee.

There are city parishes where an entrance fee is paid for the reason that there is no other means of maintaining the churches where there is a constantly fluctuating population, but this fee is not exacted from any who are unable to pay it : and there is, besides. usually an extra Mass celebrated in such cases where no fee at all is exacted, so that even the poorest may ave the means of assisting at Mass. We stated, however, that if the Pope nad really expressed himself as represented, and should issue any command on the subject, he should be obeyed.

But our prognostication on the matter as proved to be quite correct. Bishop Byrne has returned to his diocese, and ne states that no such utterances as those attributed to Pope Pius X. were made to him, so that they are the mere creations of the brain of an anti Catholic newspaper correspondent.

Other statements coming from the same correspondent in reference to the same interview with Bishop Byrne are equally without any foundation of truth. It was stated that the Pope said that American Bishops had surrounded them selves with more luxuries than even the Pope thought himself entitled to, and that he would take steps soon to put an end to these abuses, and in other respects to reform the church in the United States. It was added that he would send members of some of the re ligious orders as Apostolic visitors to investigate and report upon actual conditions, so that the needed reforms

might be vigorously carried out. All these stories are absolute fabrications, and our chief surprise is that any newspaper correspondent could have the brazenfacedness to concoct

them. Our readers will understand from

these events that reports from Rome or other parts of Europe in regard to Catholic church matters, which are derogatory to the Catholic religion, should be regarded with suspicion, and even as false, until the truth of the matters related or referred to be ascertained by mail, which will necessarily require some time to elapse before a decisive judgment be passed upon them.

A THREATENED DESECRATION OF CHURCHES IN FRANCE.

A despatch from Paris of the 14th inst. states that the Cardinal Arch bishop of Paris has addressed a circu lar letter to the priests of the city, de claring that he will not permit the tabernacles of the churches to b opened for the agents of the Govern ment who are charged with making in ventories of church goods. He in structs the clergy to declare on their words of honor as priests the number and value of the sacred vessels, but on no account to open the tabernacles.

" Nearly all the Bishops," the de spatch adds, "including the most moderate of them, have issued letters similar to that of Cardinal Richard." The order issued recently by the Government to make an inventory of church goods is the immediate cause of this order given by the Bishops to the clergy, as it is understood that the directions given to the state officials give them the authority, so far as the State can confer it, to open and to rum mage in the sacred tabernacles, in order to discover what sacred ve:sels are contained therein.

By the "most moderate Bishops are here evidently understood those who are least unwilling to oppose the extreme measures which the Govern ment is taking to oppress the church, as a sequel to the passing of the law separating church from State. Even these Bishops could not possibly tolerate this last horrible sacrilege attempted by the Government.

The despatch adds that the Govern ment order to make an inventory of church goods is looked upon as a mis take by all parties in France, except the most violent of the anti clericals, and that some believe it will precipitate a real conflict between church and

State.

Considering the incomprehensible apathy which has been hitherto shown by the Catholic people of France in allowing an anti-Catholic and anti-Christian minority of the people to rule them, it is difficult to predict what may be the result of the present conditions. We should not be surprised if in many places there should be popular risings against the officials who attempt to desecrate the churches after the manner indicated by the monstrous order issued by the Government, but as matters must soon come to a head, we shall not attempt to predict what may happen under the circumstances.

We are still of the belief that if the Catholics of the nation were to be really stirred up to action at the polls. the Infidel Government would be swept out of existence; but, from past experience, we cannot venture on the prediction that this result will soon come to pass

THE ELKS.

We have received from W. W., a Catholic gentleman of Los Angeles, California, a letter objecting to our mention of the secret society of the Elks advertising a marriage on their picnic grounds. Our statement was made incidentally while refuting the charge of Mrs. Chisholm at the W. C. T. U. convention held in Hamilton in December, to the effect that Pro testant ministers refused to celebrate the marriages of Galician, Polish and German girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age in the Canadian North-West, who had been sold to men against their will to be married, whereas the Catholic priests celebrated these marriages without raising any diffi culty. In the reference to the Elks we had only in view to prove the fact that Protestant ministers are not so very particular as regards the sacred char acter of marriage as are Catholic priests, and that Mrs. Chisholm's story is entirely a fabrication, as it proved to be. This was one of our refutations of Mrs. Chisholm's story.

The reference to the "Elks," incidental as it was, is true. We chanced to be in the city of Detroit when the marriage referred to was taking place, though we did witness it. It nevertheless advertised largely in the papers some five or six years aco, and the picnic itself took place in the north ern part of the city, lasting several days.

We may add to the above fact that

during the last summer, on the occasion of the celebration of the Elk's jubilee one of the attractions of the jubilee held at Bennet Park. Detroit, was the christening or parody of the baptism of a baby, which was no less a desecration of a sacred Christian rite than was the marriage referred to above. The Elks are notable for such desecrations.

We sincerely regret that a Catholic

gentleman should so lightly regard the prohibitions of the church against secret societies, as to proclaim himself a member of such an association, when he must know that it stands condemned as one of the secret societies aimed at in the bulls of many Popes, including Gregory XVI., Pius IX. and Leo XIII Loyalty to the Catholic church, which prohibits these societies, and to the Pope, should be of itself a sufficient reason why Catholics should keep aloof from them, under whatever guise they parade, or whatever name they assume.

THE PROGRESS OF PROTESTANT-

ISM. University statistics from Germany, of which a summary has been sent by a cable despatch to the press, have re vealed some facts which are as unex-

pected as they are significant. There has been a remarkable increase in the number of students attending the twenty-one universities of the empire during the last decade. The total number of matriculated students in these institutions is now 42,390, whereas ten years ago there were 29,117. This is n increase of 45 5 per cent.

The University of Berlin has the argest total, the number there being 8,081. Bonn has 2,908, and Heidelberg 1,443.

The number studying law is 12,139 as compared with 4,975 a decade ago. This shows an increase of 144 per cent.

The most remarkable fact in connection with these figures is the decrease of students of Protestant theology. who have dwindled from 4 437 to 2 186. a decrease of 50.8 per cent., while the Catholic theological students have risen from 1 079 to 1 680, the increase being 55 7 per cent. We do not interpret these figures as

signifying that the number of Protestants in Germany has suffered a diminution, for they have undoubtedly increased almost, if not quite, in equal pace with the increase in population; but there is some general cause or causes for the anomalous fact, and it is our belief that the chief cause operating is the rapid decline of religious faith among Protestants in Germany. It is naturally to be ex pected that, where the doctrines of Christianity cease to be believed, the number of persons willing to devote themselves to teaching them will decrease in about the same ratio, unless they should be induced to take up a theological calling for the sake of the means afforded of earning a livelihood through that calling. We cannot suppose that so base a motive as this leads the majority of these young student to devote themselves to the ministry, and the only alternative we can con ceive is the one we mention, the grad

ual loss of Christian faith. We have not before us the latest statistics on this point in relation to the Protestant churches on this continent, but we have some statistics which come nearly to the present date. The Rev. W. H. Roberts, clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of the United States, reported in 1901 that, for the year ending on May 1st of that year, out of 7,000 Presbyterian churches, 2,000 had no increase in membership, 4,919 had in-

81 had a larger increase than 50. Special reports were asked in regard to the causes of these increases, and 53 answers were returned, most of which were from the large cities. Twentyseven attributed their increases to ' continued effort," and 8 to "special revivals." In most of the remaining instances the new membership came from "the Sunday school." The pro gress of American Presbyterianism seems certainly not to keep pace with that of the nation.

In regard to Methodism, it was stated very enthusiastically by Mr. C. D. D. Thompson, editor of the North-West ern Christian Advocate of Chicago, at a meeting of ministers held in Nev York a couple of years ago, that the denomination had gained a million and a half of converts during four years. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Buckley editor of the Christian Advocate of New York, said that these figures were totally inaccurate. He asserted that actual statistics show that Methodism is declining, at least in the Eastern Conferences. He declared that it would be a grave mistake to take an optimistic view on this matter.

We are not prepared to decide the dispute between the different gentlemen who took part in it, but we are inclined to the belief that the state ments of Rev. Mr. Buckley were based upon more accurate information and statistics. We believe that the same causes which are operating in Germany are at work in America, though not to so great an extent.

It is but fair to say that the reports of the principal Protestant churches in Canada and the Canadian census returns do not indicate that they are falling behind, as is the case in the other countries above spoken of; and one reason for this may well be the fact

that they have not reached the down grade towards Rationalism by which the same or similar churches are sliding downward in the United States and Germany. Nevertheless there are unmistakable signs that this down grade will be reached in time, after which similar results may be expected.

"A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY."

For ages the Catholic church has regarded women as specially suscep. tible to sentiments of piety, and in one of her best known public offices the words occur : "Intercede for the devout female sex." But an incident occurred at the Toronto revival meet ing of women on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 14th, which would seem to show that the character of women is changing considerably under Reformation teach ing, and to such an extent that the adjective preceding the word female should be changed to some attributive less laudatory, if that office were to be recited in any of the Protestant churches.

It was announced by the Rev. Mr. Hyde at one of the revival meetings on Monday, 15th inst., that at the Sunday afternoon meeting, for women only, of the one thousand hymnals loaned to the audience, with the request that they should not be taken out of the hall, six hundred and forty sever, or nearly two thirds, had been carried away by the ladies! It has been said by the Toronto Mail and Empire, in commenting on this fact, that " evidently Rev. Dr. Torrey's sermon on the awfulness of sin did not strike home to many in the audience." Rev. Mr. Hyde intimated that there was a golden opportunity offered them to make restitution by returning other people's

property. The ladies and ministers, who are so earnestly engaged in converting the French-Canadians from the error of their ways, might find some suitable occupation if they would apply themselves more earnestly still to the reformation of the Anglo Saxon ladies of "Toronto the Good. "

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

The British Parliamentary elections are drawing towards a finish while we go to press, and though it was generally expected that they would result favorably to the Liberal party now in power, no one anticipated the great landslide which has actually taken place. To the moment of our going to press the summary of the situation is as follows:

Total seats......670 Unionists elected...... 87

It will be seen that the new Government is so far sustained to such an extent that it has a majority over all other parties combined, and it is likely that this will be the case to the end of the battle.

Mr. Balfour has been defeated in his constituency, and half his Cabinet have met the same fate. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has shown an unexpected strength in Birmingham, as not only he has been re elected by an increased majority, but his personal followers have carried their seats also by majorities unprecedented in the history of the nation. Mr. Chamberlain's majority is 5,079. The combined majorities of himself and his Birmingham followers, constituting a phalanx of seven, is 25,017.

It was supposed at first that Mr. Bal-

four would obtain another seat, but

some doubt is now thrown upon the matter, as the successful Conservative, who, it was supposed, would certainly vield his seat to him, has positively refused to do so. However, we may presume that he will readily enough find a seat should he desire to enter Parlia ment again after his present utter rout. Whether or not he may do so, it is confidently stated that the leadership of the Conservative party will now transferred to Mr. Chamberlain. The latter, however, has chivalrously said Whether in or out of Parliament, Mr. Balfour will still be our leader.' It is thought, however, that Mr. Cham berlain will not have it within his power to make Mr. Balfour leader, even should he desire to do so, after this complete disaster, which is attributed to Mr. Balfour's half-heartedness in regard to the tariff reform advocated by Mr. Chamberlain.

What the policy of the new Government will be on the question of Home Rule for Ireland has not been an nounced, nor was the question brought prominently forward during the short and sharp campaign. This much, however, may be said, that but a very short time before he was called upon to form a Government, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman declared at Stirling that Home Rule for Ireland is the unchange able policy of the Liberal party; and there are, besides the Liberal leader himself, many staunch friends of Ireland in the Government, so that the Nationalists must surely have strong hope that the condition of freland will be vastly improved even if Home Rule be not obtained at an early date.

The Nationalists have held aloof from any alliances, but it is known that their decided preference is for the Liberals; and there is no doubt that much of the Liberal success is due to Mr. John Redmond's advice to the Irish electors in England to support the Liberal candidates.

THE BIBLE IN CATHOLIC HOMES.

The Canadian Baptist of January 11th has a long article signed by George R. McFaul, of Ottawa, in reply to certain comments which we made on an envenomed sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Ross, the pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church of this city, several weeks ago.

Dr. Ross had said in his sermon that the Quebec people are forbidden to have bibles in their homes."

We showed that this is an untruth. The Bible is used and is read with respect and reverence in Catholic houses, and is strongly recommended by Popes and Bishops. We do not and did not assert that it is to be found in every Catholic house, but what we did show sufficiently proved that Dr. Ross made a statement which was unfounded.

The Mr. G. R. McFaul who takes up his cudgel in defence of Dr. Ross himself admits that the doctor's statement is not true, for he asserts that the Protestant missionaries of Quebec circulate "De Sacy's version, a Roman Catholic translation from the Latin Vulgate, approved by L. A. Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris." If it is approved surely it is not forbidden. How, then, dared Dr. Ross assert that the Quebec people are for bidden to have Bibles in their homes? and how dares the Rev. George R. McFaul to bolster up the misstatement.

This reverend individual we unders'and to be the pastor of one of the Otta wa Baptist churches, and a B. A. Is it possible that the London Presbyterian D. D., finding his misstatements unanswerably refuted in his own city, has had recourse to Ottawa for a B. A., who may defend his bad cause better than he could do himself? Perhaps, however, Rev. Mr. McFaul has taken up the matter of his own accord. At all events he has acknowledged the fal sity of Dr. Ross's statement. But now he comes out with a new statement of his own. He says, abandoning that of the London D. D.:

The French Catholic homes of Quebec and Eastern Ontario are virtually without any Bibles." If only virtually they have no Bibles, they must really and truly have some. We know that there are many Catholic Bibles in French as well as English Catholic homes, though we have not at hand full statistics in regard to the number in use. It is enough, however, that the people are encouraged by the clergy to read and study the Bible in Catholic versions, but not in Protestant falsified

Will the Rev. Mr. McFaul or the Rev. Dr. Ross tell us that the Bible is in every Protestant home in Ontario, and, if so, will they further assure us that it is not an unused book? They will find, we think, upon investigation, ousands of Protestant home in this Province the Bible is never opened, and never touched except when carried in procession on the 12th of July.

Rev. Mr. McFaul, with a great flour ish of assurance, demands of us: "Have we examined the French versions of the Scriptures distributed among the French

Well, we have examined, perhaps sometimes pretty closely and critically, several Protestant versions of the Bible in more than one language, and we have invariably found them falsified. We are not aware, however, that it is our duty to have examined all the versions which have been issued in all the able to assert something regarding some of them. Yet we have read parts of the Bible Society's French version.

The Rev. G. R. McFaul asserts that a Catholic French version is circulated by the missionaries in Quebec. But from his own admission we learn that this version is falsified, from the very fact that he admits that the notes and comments explaining certain difficult texts have been expunged. It is no longer the version approved by Cardinal de Noailles. He admits also that the missionaries circulated Protestant warsions.

We have not space in this issue for any lengthy dissertation on errors found in Protestant versions, but we shall have to content ourselves at present with two glaring falsifications.

In 1 Cor. xi. 27, we read in the King James' version of the Bible: "Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord."

And, printed above in Italics, is a

St. Paul, justifying the Catholic usage of Communion in one kind. It is evi dent that this Protestant translation is a corruption by design.

The Revisers in the version have retained this corrupt reading, though they were undoubtedly aware that it is a corruption. Any of our readers may observe that the same word e is trans lated or in verses 4, 5, 6, 22, of the same chapter and elsewhere throughout the New Testament, and it should have been so translated in verse 27.

In St. Matthew xix. 11. in King James' Version Christ is made to say " All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given."

This passage is evidently intended to strengthen the Lutheran and Calvinistic teaching that man is not free to observe the virtue of chastity. It is also intended to vilify the virtue of voluntary chastity as observed by the Catholic priesthood.

St. Matthew used the word chorous in which means receive not, or do not receive. Any one may see the right meaning of the word from verse 12th, where it is twice translated properly. Chorousin is the third person plural present indicative of the verb choreo. I receive.

The Revisers have here also retained the corrupt reading of King James' translators. In St. Mark ii. 2 and 2 Cor. vii. 2, the King James' Bible also translates properly the infinitive and imperative of the verb "to receive," showing that the Revised and "Authorized " versions are corrupted in St. Matt. xix. 11.

We may continue this subject later, but what we have stated will show sufficiently for the present that we were right in saying that Protestant missionaries circulate falsifica versions of the B.ble.

There remains one thing more which we cannot overlook in the present article. Rev. G. R. McFaul thus challenges us: "We are prepared to donate to the editor of the RECORD \$5.00 in cash for every Bible or complete copy of the New Testament (French Catholic edition) that in company with the writer (Mr. McFaul) visiting from home to home, he can find (in the city of Hall) to have been placed in the home at the request of the priest and with his exhortation to read it. " Then " to encourage us " he makes a similar offer in regard to "the French Roman Catholic homes in Ottawa."

This looks like a challenge from a person who has had some experience in the sporting world. It savors of Marquis of Queensbury rules and gate money. Why must the Bibles have been left at these homes "by request of the priest" and accompanied with his special " recommendation " to read

it ? " It is not a usual thing for the priest to order specially such and such books to be left at homes even when the books are good ones, nor to make special recommendations to families to read them, though this is done occasionally. We have not time, however, to investigate where these conditions have existed, and we cannot untertake the task Rev. Mr. McFaul endeavors to impose upon

In conclusion we beg to call the attention of the rev. gentleman to letter in this issue, from the Rev. F. X. Brunet, of the Archbishop's Palace, Ottawa. Some people in dealing with the Catholic church have contracted a habit of going far afield from the truth.

FOR THE honor of the press of Canada we trust that ere long a stop will be put to the sensational and unfounded statements sent broadcast by certain correspondents. A despatch from Winnipeg states that the latest quotation for wives is \$40; and that this sun was recently paid to a Galician for the transferral of his spouse to another. The wife, however, objected, and re languages of the world before being fused to keep her share of the agreement, so no transfer was made. It is also stated that the Galician saw no reason why he should return the \$40, and is now threatened with a law suit. It will be noticed that although the despatch comes from Winnipeg, and is dated January 11th, we are not supplied with the slightest information as to the place where this occurred, or as to the names of the supposed buyer and seller of the woman. The information is, therefore, valueless; and we have a strong suspicion that the despatch was made up in some newspaper office by a correspondent who hesitates not to disgrace the profession of journalism in order that he might thereby make a few dollars. Is not this a subject which the Press Association should consider. Sad to say, we are in Canada fast copy ing some of the methods of the execrable yellow journals of Chicago and New York.

God having made us for Himself, then we can not find any true rest out of Him. God is to be loved for Himself And, printed above in Italics, is a alone; creatures, in Him and for Him. mistranslation of the Greek word e. Creatures are to be used to help us to The true translation is or as written by serve God, not to draw us from Him.

THE GALICIANS AGAIN.

Muenster, Sask., Jan. 11, 1906. Dear Mr. Coffey: -From the CATH-OLIC RECORD of Jan. 6, which reached me this morning, I see that you are bound to get to the bottom of Mrs. assertions concerning the Chisholm's

alleged child - marriages and sales of baby daughters by German, Polish and Galician parents in the West. As I may be able to give you a little assistance in this matter, I shall gladly do so.

You seem to be of the opinion that Mrs. Chisholm was duped by a bogus priest or ex priest, and I suppose you have in mind that Mrs. Picture 1. ave in mind that Mr. Blachowski (not Blazowski), who corroborated Mrs. Chisholm's assertions in an interview in the Winnipeg Free Press, which was also quoted in the Ottawa Free Press. I think that you stop too short here. In my opinion there is more than one of these bogus priests behind the scheme. Blachowski came out with his "interview" a day after a reporter had interviewed Rev. Albert Kulawy, O. M. I., on the subject. Now I happen to kno something about this Blachowski. was "ordained" by the "Polish In-dependent" pseudo bishop Koslowski Buffalo, had troubles both with Koslowski and with Hadur, who e came to Winnipeg, probably as a last refuge after having made himself imrefuge after having made himself im-possible in the States. You will see from this, that he is certainly no Catholic priest. He preaches for a set of malcontents, who separated from the Polish Holy Ghost parish, of which Father Kulawy is now rector. He seems to be animated by a truly sendish hatred against Father Kulawy and loses no opportunity of gainsaying any statement of Father Kulawy which be comes public.

Under these circumstances, it was to be expected that he would seek an in terview in which he could contradict Father Kulawy's remarks concerning Mrs. Chisholm's statements. You may judge of the weight of Blachowski's re narks from the fact that the Grand Jury found true bills against him for alleged criminal libel in four or five different courts last spring, and that these charges are still pending.

You will probably remember that there was a Presbyterian synod held at Winnipeg late last fall. I do not re-member the date, but am under the impression that it was held the last ek in November. At that synod a certain Rev. Mr. Gordon made a most pathetic appeal for the support of the "Greek Independent church." He admitted that Protestant missionary work was a failure among the Galicians and drew a frightful picture of what would happen if all these people would caught in the snares of the Catholic church. This appeal, which was quoted in the Winnipeg papers at the time, furnishes a clue to the origin of Mrs. Chisholm's slanderous statements clue to the origin of These were made in order to arouse sympathy for the poor foreigner so that the appeal for money to assist the "Greek Independents" might meet with a readier response. Of course, I do not suppose that Mrs. Chisholm invented the lie herself. She was probably duped by some parties who were interested. Still, I cannot conceive her to have been entirely bona fide, if she really has spent any of her time with the people among whom she claims to

Let us now take a look at the "Greek Independent church." This "church" was founded some three years ago by certain Stephen Uslowski, who calls himself "Bishop Seraphim." Two and a half years ago the Russian Consul General in Canada issued an official warning against Seraphim by command of the Czar, in which it was stated that Seraphim was formerly a priest of the Russian Orthodox church, but that he vas excommunicated and expelled, that he had never been consecrated Bishop, and that consequently he could not ordain priests. At that time "Bishop" Scraphim was at the height of He was ordaining of "priests" among the Galicians.

Anyone who could read and write and who was able to pay him \$50.00 to \$75.00 could be "ordained."

This was indeed a critical time. The Galicians are Catholics of the Ruthenian rite, which is the same as that used by the Russian Orthodox church. Priests of their own rite were extreme v scarce in Canada, so that the pastor ation of the Ruthenians was of necessity confided to priests of the Latin rite against whom these ignorant people were extremely suspicious, fearing that they would be compelled to join the Latin rite. Hence the page that Latin rite. Hence the news that "Bishop Seraphim," who disclaimed allegiance to the Russian church, was ordaining priests for them, was hailed by delight by many. The proclama-tion of the Russian Consul General however, opened the eyes of most of them. Seraphim's flourishing busines of ordaining "priests" collapsed. He was obliged to give "cut rates" o \$15 to \$25 without finding customers Soon he had trouble with his own repriests," who crowded him out of his own church. The latter has been so reorganized that it no longer needs Bishop. In short, it is an up to date Protestant sect, retaining the cere monies of the Russian church in orde to steal from the ignorant Galician his

For some time past it has been claimed that these "Greek Independ preachers have received salarie ent ' from the Presbyterian mission funds. The same has been claimed of Blachowski, the "Polish Independent." In the light of Rev. Gordon's appeal at the Presbyterian synod at Winnipeg, I think there can be no doubt of this being true. It is well known that a Pole will never become a Protestant Hence the only way of getting him away from the Catholic church is by encouraging schism, to which this nationality is easily induced, if we may judge by its history in the United States.

In the light of all these facts it seem easy enough to place the responsibility for the origin of the slander, launched forth through Mrs. Chisholm, in as far as it casts aspersions on the Poles and Galicians. Why the Germans should also be made the subjects of these

charges, seems, however, inexplicable except on the ground that they were also included to prevent the real purpose of the charges from becoming too evident. Indeed there was no attempt made to substantiate the aspersions cast upon the Germans. The Germans are too well known in Winnipeg, and,

for all that, also in Ontario. You are perfectly correct in saying that, as far as the Germans are concerned, this attack, intended against the Catholics, struck the Protestants principally. The 60,000 Mennonites are all German. The 30.719 Lutherans who, according to the census of 1901, lived in Manitoba and the Territories, were practically all either German or Scandinavian, as all the Canadian West has not a single English Lutheran con gregation. Beside these numbers, that of the German Catholics in the West is indeed small. As far as my know! edge goes, the only distinctively German congregation in Manitoba is at Winnipeg. Alberta has no German congregation. The German Catholics in the vicariate apostolic of Saskatwan number at highest 6,000 souls and 80 per cent. of these have come from the United States, where they certainly are not known to be addicted to the practices with which Mrs. Chisholm charges them. Scuthern Saskatchewan (formerly Assiniboia) can probably also muster about 5,000 to souls of Catholic Germans, at highest. We may, therefore, sately assume that in the Canadian West the non-Catholic Germans outnumber their Catholic countrymen 5 to 1.

In refutation of Mrs. Chisholm's harges nothing need be said which has not already appeared in your columns. I will merely draw attention to one point which might be brought up as an apparent argument to support s an apparent arguments among charges of child marriage among in the West. It is true the foreigners in the West. that many Polish and Galician girls narry comparatively young here. is not surprising in a new country, in hich the male population far out umbers the female population. Girls a marriageable age are eagerly ht for and quickly picked up, aly by their own countrymen, by the native Canadians. ter know that Polish and Galician girls make excellent house-wives and ers, even if they possess no dip oma in pedagogy and music. If an der one can not be had they are aturally obliged to take a younger one of do without any. Methiaks the fact hat its daughters are so much sought or that "back numbers" cannot be should rather be an honor than a

ach to a race. (Rev.) BRUNO DOERFLER, O. S. B.

THE OUGHT-TO-BE'S.

[Written for The Catholic Standard and imes by Ray. J. T. Roche, author of "The bligation of Hearing Mass," 'Our Lady of judaking." 'Month of St. Joseph," "Belief nd unbelief "etc. !

AN ENIGMA.

I have been many times asked why it is that France, though nominally a Catholic country, persists in bitterly persecuting the church, and I mus onfess that I have frequently been at loss for an answer. The French situa a loss for an answer. tion is very much of an enigma to the average American. I have asked the same question of French priests and French laymen, and have never been satisfied with the answer. One of the shrewdest of American priests, and at the same time one of our ablest edi-torial writers, visited France within the last year, and on his return declared openly his inability to fathom situation. On his return from a previ-ous visit he had positively announced that the end of the French Republic was near at hand. On both occasions had studied the situation right on the ground, and had come into clos contact with some of the leading citizens and churchmen of France arriving at any conclusion as to the the difficulties between

the church and the State. I believe, however, that the difficulty in France is a political rather than a religious one. A corrupt, unserupulous political regime has the country by the throat, and its object in this persecution is simply and plainly plunder. The spoliation of the religious orders is plain robbery, pure and simple, and can

be called by no other name.
"Why," some one will ask, "have not the people risen up and deprived those robber politicians of their power for evil?" And my answer is, "Why have the people of this country permitted graft to become so prevalent in State and municipal affairs, not withstanding the fact that it clearly lies in their power to oust the grafters?' Thieving politicians are the same the world over, and France to day has the most corrupt political organization on the face of the earth. Its ramifications spread out into every community. Backed by an immense army of "functionaries," whose offices depend upon the pleasure of those in power, it con trols elections, counts the votes and sees to it that the people's representatives are its own creatures. Popular government is a colossal farce. It is the reign of a corrupt ring perpetuating itself by corrupt methods, and having for its purpose the aggrandizement of those who control and manage it. There is less real liberty in France to day than in any European country, Russia and Turkey not excepted. Its government is an organized gang of thieves, who, having tired of plundering the country at large, have now turned their attention to the revenues and possessions of the church.

BEHIND THE THRONE. Back of it all stands a powerful secret society controlled and the Jews of Europe—a society whose boast is that it controls the politics boast is that it controls the politics and dictates the policies of the leading European governments. I am not a Jew-baiter, and believe in justice to the Jew as well as to the Christian; but from a close examination of Free-masonry, and particularly of European onry, I have come to the clusion that it may be rightly termed to day a covert sect of modern Judaism. The Jew through this society is getting back at the Christians of the world for the wrongs and injustices visited upon come to the assistance of the devoted

him during many centuries. The re-sults are certainly creditable to his

foresight and sagacity.
This, I am well aware, is a radical view, and one that will be pooh poohed by many of my readers. I be lieve, however, that this view furnisher the key to the solution of the French political enigma and to many other political problems of recent times. in an indisputable fact that Free-masonry is the power behind the throne in nearly every country in Europe, and it is, at the same time, an equally in-disputable fact that European Freemasonry is completely under the control and direction of the Jews.

One thing has struck me forcibly in examining the religious principles and rites to which Freemasonry clings, and that is that those principles and are almost purely Jadaistic. I think it can be clearly shown, too, that the policy of the "inner circle" is an tagonistic to Christianity in country in the world, and particularly to the strongest and most consistent of the Christian denominations—the Cath olic Church.

A BAD RECORD. There are those in the church to whom Masonry is a nightmare, and those, again, who regard it as a much overrated influence for evil. It has been specifically condemned by the Holy See, first, because in almost all European countries it has been the hot bed of revolution and rebellion against the lawfully constituted authorities secondly, because it has claimed, and still claims in principle, the power of life and death over its members; thirdly because it claims in certain matters to be above the law in every country in the world, and, fourthly, because of it open warfare upon the Papacy in its numerous struggles with its temporal foes, and particularly with the Sardin

in usurper.
It is an old beast of the Masons that a member of the craft has rarely suf fered the extreme penalty of the for the crime of deliberate mur There are well authenticated cases on record in which Masons have escape the consequences of grave crimes, such as treason, homicide and the like, because of their affiliation with the society. And yet we hear it said that church is liberal and lacking in the nodern spirit in condemning an organi zation with such a history and standing

or such vicious principles.

I am willing to concede, that if
Masonry throughout the world were as we find it here in America there would be little need for severity on the part of the church, but the church is a world-wide institution and stands for world wide principles. It has never lacked the courage to condemn error, no matter how powerfully intrenched; and in condemning Masonry it has con ferred a priceless boon upon the civilized world and struck at one of the most dangerous and insidious foes of the human race.

A MISSIONARY AWAKENING IN KENTUCKY.

Still another diocesan Apostolate een recently organized and added to the dozen or more already existing and doing great work in this country. Bishop Maes of Covington has recently announced in a pastoral letter to his clergy that he has secured a fine old country mansion at Richmond, Ky., and there he has located three priests Rev. Joseph Mershman, who will be the Superior and pastor of St. Mark's church in the town, Fathers W. Punch and Thos. D. Cooney who will be associated with him, through devoting their time to the giving of diocesan missions, and Father Charles Rolfess, who is now at the Apostolic Mission House preparing or the work. Bishop Maes says in his letter, our desire has always been to have the work of preaching the gospel to those outside the fold, attended to in every city, town and district of the Every soul within the limits of his parish appeals to the true of God. Unable on account of fixed and increasing local duties to go into the highways and byways of their district, the reverend pastors have now placed at their disposal, men whose heart is in the work, and who will count it a privilege to come and preach in any parish of the diocese at the invitation of the pastor for the benefit and enlightenment of those not of the faith. All they expect when giving missions to non-Catholics is the kind hospitality of the pastor without any remuneration. It is with deepest feel ings of thankfulness to Almighty God for his gifts and graces, that we may extend and broaden in the diocese com mitted to our pastoral care, the great work of saving souls.

Richmond, located in the foothills of the mountain region of Eastern Ken tucky, is a good railroad center and it gives the missionaries ready access to all Eastern Kentucky. They will spend the six summer months in unremitting labor among the natives of that very extensive field, preaching, instruct ing and saying Mass, holding special services and lecturing, and during the winter months, on account of the lack of roads making the hills and creeks of the state impassable, they will devote their energies to the work of the propagation of the faith in the more ettled parts of the diocese. For the past year or more Father Punch has been stationed at Beattyville higher up in the mountains and he has been ex tremely successful in his missionary labors making scores of converts and carrying the truths of the church into countries heretofore unvisited by a priest. Now with able assistants he will push on this work with greater energy locating churches and gathering the neophytes about him. This glorious work is worthy of the palmiest days of the Missionary career of the church. It reads like the wonderful stories of St. Francis Xavier and other great Missionary heroes. It is striking evi dence of the vigorous aggressive life that animated this portion of the

This diocesan Missionary band has found energetic supporters in the local federation of Catholic societies. The laymen have caught some of the Mis ionary zeal of their Bishops and have

Missionary both by financial and moral aid. They arranged for a great non-Catholic mission in Newport, Ky., to open Fabruary 4th. They have secured the Old Fellows Hall, and are bending every effort to make effective the results of the preaching of the mission aries. A great wave of missionary activity seems to be passing over this portion of the vineyard and it is due largely to contagious missonary zeal of an energetic Bishop.

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR A CATHOLIC TO APOSTATIZE IN GOOD FAITH?

There is a canon of the Vatican Council (De Fide, Cap. III. 6) which seems to imply that it is not: "If any one should say that the faithful are in the same condition as those who have not yet come to the only true faith, so that Catholics may have just cause to suspend their assent and to doubt of the faith which they have already re-ceived under the teaching of the church, until they have completed a cientific demonstration of the credibility and truth of their faith, let him be

anathema. In the body of the chapter, where the same subject is dealt with more fully, the reasons assigned for this doctrine are: the splendor of the evi-dence for the church's claims, and God's promise not to desert any soul that shall not have first turned away

from him. It would seem from this as if the church were definitely committed to the view, that it is impossible for a Catholic, especially an adult, to apost-atize without thereby committing a formal sin of infidelity.

But the annotations added to the preparatory scheme, which was su mitted to the Fathers of the Council, nake it plain that this conclusion is not necessarily implied by the decree above quoted. The decree, we are there told, is directed against the there bold, is directed against the teaching of Hermen, who had exhorted students of theology to prosecute their studies in a spirit of indifference to all, even the Catholic or Christian, forms of religion. The decree, it is exof religion. The decree, it is expressly stated, "leaves untouched what some of the older theologians do not hesitate to admit, that, per accidens, it may happen that in certain circumstances the conscience of some uninstructed Catholic may be led astray so far as that he would join some heterodox sect, and this without committing any formal sin against faith; in which case he would not lose the faith nor become a formal, but only a material, heretic. " (Coll. Lacensis

VII, pp. 534-5). Should this be true, it would explain what many persons regard as an in-disputable fact, that when the East-ern and the Anglican churches separated from the Holy See, many of those who apostatized did so in good faith. But as the learned Dr. McDonald of Maynooth puts it in a recent popular lecture ('Rationalism in Religion' in 'Proceedings of the Second Australasian Catholic Congress, p. 97)
On the one hand, it is hard to doubt of the fact; while it is still more difficult on the other hand to reconcile it with the doctrine propounded by majority of theologians." — Catholic Fortnightly Review.

THE FRUITFUL ZEAL OF AN IRISH PEDDLER.

Writing of a successful mission to non Catholics that was conducted durnon Catholies that was conducted during the present month in the Carnegie Library Building at Eufaula, Ala., by Rev. Xavier Satton, C. P., a Southern priest tells the following interesting story of a

conversion:
"Not very for from Eufaula a diocesan missionary fighting the rain and cold of a winter's night lost his way in the dark woods attempting to reach a dying Catholic. After wandering hopeessly for a time he at length perceived in the distance a faint glimmering light ing night he requested admittance in the name of humanity and of God. request was granted with the comfort-ing assurance that his permanent convenience could not possibly be considered. The first question put by the host to his midnight guest was th the host to his mining fuest was the astounding one: 'Do you know what a priest is? My wife is very sick and does nothing but moan and call 'Priest! Priest!' 'That may be a patent medicine. Can you tell me?' His visitor did tell him, saw the sick woman, received her into the church, in which she died a few hours later. Thus was the zeal of an Irish peddler who distributed Catholic tracts on his rounds amply rewarded.'

THE CHURCH IN JAPAN.

The editor of Nippon, an influen-tial paper of Tokio, commenting on Bishop O'Connell's visit to Japan, points out that Catholics have made the largest number of converts of any foreign faith, there being 60,000 native Catholics in the empire. But where the work is going on or what form it is taking, the Japanese, as a whole, do not know, as it creates not a ripple on the surfa e

The Catholic teachers work among the poor and humbly housed people, adds the editor, while rich Japanese incline rather to the Protestant faith. Yet the Protes ant propagandists leave much to be desired in respect to ability and personal magnetism, s no great teacher of this foreign faith is now in The Greek church, which has Japan. met with some success in its work, has the misfortune to be associated in Japanese minds with Russia's policy of political aggression.

These views of an influential Japanese editor are interesting as giving a native opinion of Christian workers in Japan,

In His love God hath made all things profitable to us; and in this love our prontable to us; and in this love our life is everlasting; in our making we had beginning: but the love wherein He made us was in Him from without beginning. In which love we have our beginning. And all this shall we see in God without end.

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BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCLXXXVIII.

Of course President White can not be of course President White can not be rightly accused of a morbid hatred of the papacy and the Jesuits if he can make good his charges against them. As to this, Father Campbell, in the Messenger, has taken the matter in hand, and containly account to have one hand, and certainly seems to have suc-ceeded in showing that Dr. White has been exceedingly negligent as to his facts. Our readers will not dislike to have a brief summary of White's accusations, and of the Messenger's answers. My presentation, it will be noticed, is nd hand.

White insists that the Jesuita were the very heart of the witchcraft madness in Germany, which, in three centuries, carried off at least three hun dred thousand victims, and some say several times that. Whole regions were laid waste by it. On the other hand, Dr. David Muller, the genial historian of the German people, a decided and enthusiastic Protestant, says explicitly,

enthusiastic Protestant, says explicitly, that the two religious were possessed by this insanity in equal measure.

How does it agree with Dr. White's estimate of Jesuit complicity in the witcheraft trials, that as the great Jesuit Frederick Spee remarks, various judges angrily declared that the Jesuits ought to be banished from Germany, on account of their notorious in terference with the prosecutions for witcheraft? witcheraft ?

White allows that the Jesuits Laymann and Tanner were strong against this madness, but charges that they were both rewarded for it by their Order with opprobrium and ignominy. How does this agree with the fact that one of these two was afterwards appointed professor in the great Jesnit unied professor in the great Jewit uni-versity of Ingolstadt, and that the other remained to the end of his days a theologian of eminent repute in the Society?
It is acknowledged that Frederick Spee

gave a mortal blow to this lunacy, and that he was a Jesuit of high standing, and remained so. However, Protestants have not been able to conceal their chagrin that so eminent a service to justice and humanity should have been rendered by 'It was the man that spoke, they exclaim, "not the Jesuit." Which is as much as to say that the Society. as such, neither ecjoined nor forbade hostility to the witcheraft trials. Spee hostility to the witchcraft trials. Spee himself had evidently no such view of the case, for, in his book, which, for prudence sake, he judged it best to publish anonymously, he not only refers repeatedly to Jesuit authorities, but shows how the Jesuits were already beginning to be dangerously obnexious to

the witchcraft inquisitors.

We know that Scotland, for many generations, was almost as completely generations, was almost as completely possessed by this delusion as Germany, and very much more so than Spain. Suppose now that a Presbyterian of that time had written a very effective work against it. What should we think of a Catholia who should say. work against it. What should we think of a Catholic who should say: "It was the man who spoke, not the Pres-byterian?" That would be a very un-handsome manner of speech. The con-verse of it, certainly, is not less unhand

Of course, this unbeseeming sentence is not Dr. White's.

President White, moreover, advances worse accusation than this, and will have it that a large proportion of the victims of these trials were done to death by the agency of the Jesuits, and this not because they were really be lieved to be sorcerers, but because they were suspected to be heretics. The Jesuits, he charges, gratified their hatred of Protestantism under the show

of zeal against necromancy.

This is an accusation easy to make, and almost impossible to disprove. To advance it is a very iniquitous act, un-less the evidence is overwhelming.

I need not say that Professor Nippold but if he surpasses the Heidelberg Protestant in intensity of hate, his book must certainly be a portent. Janssen is not to be compared to Nippold in

A man like White ought certainly to be very much ashamed of finding him-self an accomplice of a man like Nippold in propounding an accusation like this, which bears all the characters of being the fantastic product of unseru pulous hate. Nothing can relieve it of this humiliating aspect except crush ing proof that it is founded on reality.

Yet Professor Burr, of Cornell, of which Dr. White was once President, has examined the accounts of the out break at Treves, which is involved with this charge, and has decided that the accusation is not credible. The researches of Burr, and of another American Partecularly ican Protestant, whose name I can not recall, take a wider range, and concur whose name I can not in the verdict, that this accusation is the offspring of later Protestant hatred.

The Jesuits in Germany, for genera tions after their first appearance there, were, as we know, the of jects of the most wildly incredible fictions. This accusation of their burning Protestants under the name of sorcerers is, by the nature of the case, later, but it looks andsounds like a fiction as antastic a the rest, and peculiarly iniquitous. Nothing except a severely scientific inquisition, except a severely scientific inquisition, thoroughly inclusive of all the facts, and conducted by men completely above suspicion of being infected with Dr. White's lively theological animosities, and resulting in a verdict of guilty, can procure the acquittal of those who bring this charge of the suit of having bring this charge of the guilt of having borne malignant false witness.

I may remark, by the way, that Dr. White has published in the Atlantic Monthly a very admiring article upon the great German jurist Thomasius, who seems to have done so much to break the force of intolerance and of murderous credulity. I am sorry to say, however, that when Frederick tio criminalis appeared,
Thomasius would not mary Mother: Listen to the angels,
possible that so liberal a the angels of God! Spec's Cautio criminalis appeared, annoymously, Thomasius would not book could have had a Catholic author. wice was a broadminded man, but

he could not overpass the barrier of his Lutheran hatred of the Papists. I may remark that the chief Old Catholic enemies of the Jesuits, Dol-linger, Reusch, Friedrich, Huber, seem to think it not worth while to take any to think it not worth while to take any notice of this monstrous accusation. They themselves, in their Roman Catholic days, had probably known all too well of what Lutheran malignity is

We will next follow the eminent Ambassador to Italy. Here he brings up so many allegations, as of prevable facts, that if he fails to make out his case, he delivers himself up helpless into the hands of the Philistines. I am obliged to say that his critics in the Messenger seem disposed to show themselves cruelly inexorable Philistines. We know of the wicked attempt made

some curialists on Paul Sarpi's life. Dr. White takes no notice of Paul the Fourth's severe decunciation of the deed, but he does highly commend the great Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine's warning sent to Sarpi. Here, he says, was true Scottish conscientiousness, preferring the interests of humanity to

those of the hierarchy.

The Messenger wonderingly asks,
Why Scottish conscientiousness? Bellarine was a man of ancient and uncixed mine was a man of ancient and unwixed Tuscan nobility. He was christened Robert because his godfather, a cardi-nal, was Robert before him. Neither the one nor the other had anything more to do with Scotland than with Denmark. There have always been Roberts outside of Scotland, though, ount of Robert Bruce, the name

is peculiarly common there.

Was Scottish conscientiousness of that time distinguished for its preference of the interests of humanity to those of the hierarcy? We will consider this question next week.

I notice that in a late paper I have, a strange inadvertence, repeatedly tten "Friedland" for "Friedwritten "Friedland" for "Fried-mann," although the volumes were at my elbow. The pleasanter sound of "Friedland" must have misled my

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

A NATIVITY PLAY IN IRELAND.

Francis O'Bryne Hackett, in the Reader Magazine.

Though out of Ireland Douglas Hyde is barely known, in Ireland he is a more significant national figure than any of his contemporaries. The same what his contemporaries. The some that wistful faith of a sorely-stricken people has in him once more found condent lodgment. Fifteen years ago he raised standard of the Gaelic Revival, and at last his courageous persistence has awakened in the Irish a profound emotion for national traditions and ideals, a welcome spirit of independ-

ence and self-help.

In the outer world his achievement in literature and the drama is, after the usual amusing hesitation, becoming recognized. Several of his plays have well received in London. are the closest to the peasantry of Ire land that have ever been written, though in no way provincial in feeling.
They have the movement, the vigor,
the appeal of life itself. Written of and for the country people, they deal with simple, intrinsic, ersential ideas, no less simple and essentist in being touched with Celtic wit and Celtic mysticism. Too slight and loosely constructed to be absolutely satis actory, they will have the supreme qualities of

verity and vitality.

Generation following generation, year after year, the country people in Ireland come, when the snow is on their green fields, to the little chapels where, often with pathetic simplicity, "the crib" is erected. They journey from church to church to behold the tableau the stable at Bethlehem. They kneel before the poor clay figures, the humble imagery enhanching for their imaginative natures the cherished legend which establishes between them-I need not say that Professor Nippold it makes it. He would not be Nippold it he did not. His virulence against the Catholic church, in every direction, and on every account, is absolutely appalling I have not read Denifle against Luther, but if he suprasses the Heidelberg templation of the Nativity prepares them for a dramatic conception not in any sense less reverent because inti-mate and visual. And they find in a recent play in which Douglas Hyde has enshrined this beautiful evocation of Christian belief an exquisite statement of an emotion which has always been

their own.

In Lady Gregory's "Poets and Dreamers" is given a translation from the Gaelic of Hyde's Drama of the Birth of Christ. It is so short that it is impossible to paraphrase it and yet retain the impression of its simplicity, its chaste unveiling of the beauty in the drams of the Nativity, its appeal to the shrouded love of beauty in the souls of the humble of heart for whom it is

The scene is laid before the closed door of the stable. Two women come in, grief and shame on them for having refused the virgin lolging and refreshment. As they talk the shepherds and the kines approach. Under the now the kings approach. Under the now-fixed star these halt, and the wonder of its guidance the kings bespeak. hesitatingly they knock at the stable door. It is opened by St. Joseph. St. Joseph: It is great my gladness

to see you here. A hundred welcomes before you, both gentle and simple. Come in, and I will show you Him you are in search of. Look at this Baby in the manger. It i He is King of the orid, and He will put all the countries

of the world under His feet.

Mary Mother: He is the Son of God. They all go on their knees.)
King: We have brought gifts and King: fferings with us. Let us show them to

Mary Mother: Walk softly and quiet ly, that you may not awake the Child.

The repentant women outside would shrink away, but even they are called in tenderly, and the drama ends:

Mary Mother : There is a welcome before the whole world coming to this cradle; but it is those that are asking forgiveness will get the greatest wel-

(The two women fall on their knees.

An Angel of Them: A hundred wel-comes before the whole world to this

cradle. We give out peace; we give out good will; we give out joy to the whole world! (They take their share of trumpets up again, and blow the m long

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON

Third Sunday after Epiphany. LIVING UP TO OUR FAITH.

Jesus, hearing this, marvelled; and said to them that followed Him; Amen I say to you I have not found so great faith in Israel. (Gos pei of the Day)

The love and care of the heathen cen turion for his servant should certainly put to shame many Christian masters and mistresses of to day, who not only do not encourage their servants to approach our Lord at Hely Mass and in the sac our Lord at Hely Mass and in the sac raments, but even put obstacles in their way. However, the lesson to which I wish to direct your thoughts this morning, and which it is the primary object of the Gospel narrative to teach, is the immense importance of living up to the grace and light which God has so hourstillly given in

God has so bountifully given us.

A few weeks ago we kept the Feast of the Epiphany, the manifestation, that is, of our Lord to the Gentiles, to those who had not till then formed part of the church of God. The Jews alone, as you are aware, were God's chosen people. To them had been given the law and the prophets, the temple and the sacrifices, and—that to which everything else led up—the promise of the Messias. And all these privileges led them to think that they were individually very excellent people and to look down with contempt upon the rest of the world and everybody in it. Now, here was a Roman, born and brought up in heathenism, taught, doubtless, to say his prayers to Jupiter and Venus and other vile creatures like them, a man holding, too, high cilice, commanding a garrison of soldiers, whose duty it was to keep down a conquered race. Well, this man, notwith-standing his bad education, notwith-standing the pride which, on account of his position, must naturally have been his, had made greater progress than the self-conceited Pharisees, with all their advantages, had ever made or were ever to make. While they lived and died in unbelief, he had already recognized in Jesus Christ the power of God: and, laying aside prejudice and pride of place of birth, he sends humbly to our Lord to ask Him to heat his servant.

clearly did he recognize our Lord's divine power that he dis no think it necessary for Him to come to his house. Jairus, the ruler of the synngogue, as you will remember, would not be satisfied unless our Lord came down to his house ; the centurion on the contrary, stopped our Lord while He was on the way, saying: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter my roof; but only say the word and my servant will be So that our Lord, on hear healed." ing it, marvelled, and said: "Amen I say unto you, I have not found so great

faith in Israel." Now, how does all this apply to us? What lesson can we learn from these events? The answer to this question is easy and obvious. We are by God's grace the members of the church of God, and, as such, we are in possession of the means of grace-the sacraments the word of God, the intercession and prayers of the saints, and of innumer-able privileges and of spiritual treas-Above all, and as the source and ure. Above all, and as the source and spring of all spiritual life, without which everything is valueless and worthless, we have the gift of faith. Now, faith is necessary; but faith is not sufficient. Without faith no one can be saved. But we must have something more than faith. The ship thing more than faith. The ship-wrecked man clings for his life to anything within his reach; but unless th plank, or whatever else he has got hold of is washed ashore, or a boat or some of is washed ashore, or a boat or some other means of help arrives, his plank only prolongs his agony. So is it with us. Faith is our plank; but unless this faith works by charity it will only add to our condemnation. More than this, it will, if not acted upon, get weaker and weaker, and be scarcely strong enough to move us to action. What, then, must we do? Why, we What, then, must we do? Why, we must live as our faith teaches us. First, we must learn our faith; learn the truths of our religion; next, we nust practice them. If we do not do so we shall, perhaps, see what those Jews of old saw: the heathen and those who were outside of the church entering and taking their places. What our Lord said of them may, perhaps, be said of ous: "I say unto you that many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the kingdom o heaven; but the children of the kirg dom shall be cast out into the exterio darkness: there shall be weeping and

gnashing of teeth." When things are at their worst, men and women show their real quality If society is as bad and life as hopeless as some of the pessimists declare, then there rests on them the duty of heroism, of leading the forlorn hope, of keeping up the losing fight, loyal to great ideals when nothing is left save the self-respect that comes from loyalty.— Hamilton W. Mabie.

In their endeavor to attain popularity men frequently tax their moral and religious principles to the point of total At this price it is too degrad. ing for manly effort and too dangerous for peaceful enjoyment.—Church Pro-

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A NOTABLE CONVERSION IN THE PRESENT GENERATION.

One of the most notable conversions to the Catholic church in the present generation (though little has been heard of it in this country), and one destine d to have a far-reaching influence on philosophical and theological thought philosophical and theological thought in Northern Europe, has been that of Dr. K. Kregh-Tonning, the celebrated paster, writer and pulpit orator of Christiania. As Lutheran rector of Old Acker parish, in the capital of Norway, he won a brilliant reputation, not only in his own country but, in not only in his own country, but in S elen, Denmark and Germany, being known not only as an elequent preacher, but as a man of profound and varied learning. His great treatise on dog matic theology, in five volumes, won a speedy place as the standard work on that subject throughout the Lutheran church, and it is probable that, since the conversion of John Henry Newman, just sixty years ago, no similar event has caused such a commotion in Pro-testant circles as the news that Dr. Krogh-Tonning had been received into the Catholic church by a Jesuit Father at Aargus, in Denmark.

Writers in the religious press and the
learned reviews of Northern Europe

have endeavored to disguise the gen have endeavored to disguise the gen-eral dismay at the desertion of the Lutheran ranks by the most learned theologian of that church, by finding that in all his later dogmatic writings he has shown a marked tendency to wards Catholicism, and that, in his final step he was only logically following out the principles which he had long before adopted as his own. is very likely true, but it does not make his actual conversion a less noteworthy erent. Dr. Krogh Tonning was long ago

marked out for advancement to a Bishopric in the Norwegian Lutheran church, and his loss to that body has been a very serious one. His theo-logical works, published while he was a Protestant, are written in the German language, but he has brought out in Latin, since his conversion, a singularly beautiful treatise, as luminous as it is profound, on grace and free will. The actual title of this work, which should be in the hands of every student of theology, is "De Gratia Christi et Libeto Arbitrio," and it is published by Dybwod & Brugger, of Christiania.

ANTE-NICENE FATHERS AND TAINTED MONEY. While so much is being said and writ-

ten about tainted money the following extract from the fourth book and second section of the Apostolic Con-stitutions, to which Mgr. Capel of California directs attention, is both instruc-tive and interesting: " Now the Bishop ought to know whose oblations he ough o receive, and whose he cught not. For he is to avoid corrupt dealers and not receive their gifts. For a corrupt dealer shall not be justified from sin.' (Eccles. xxvi., 29) For of the a it was that Issiah reproached Israel, and said, The corrupt dealers mingle wine with water' (Isatah i., 22) He is also to avoid fornicators, for 'thou shalt not offer the hire of an harlot to the Lord' Other the hire of an inariot to the Lord (Deuteronomy xxiii., 18.) He is also to avoid extortioners, and such as covet other men's goods, and adulterers; for the sacrifices of such as these are abominable with God. And those that oppress the widow and overbear the orphans and fill prisons with the innoorphans and all prisk is with the into-cent, and abuse their own servants wickedly, with stripes, and hunger, and hardships, nay, destroy whole cities; do thou, O Bishop, avoid such as those, and their odious oblations. Thou shall also refuse rogues, and such pleaders that plead on the side of injustice, and idol makers, and thieves, and unjust politicians, and those that deceive by false balances and deceitful measures, and a soldier who is a false accuser and not content with his wages, but does violence to the needy, a murderer, a cut throat, and an unjust judge, a sub-verter of causes, him that lies in wait for men, a worker of abominable wicked ness, a drunkard, a blasphemer, usurer, and every one that is wicked and opposes the will of God: for the Scripture says that all such as these are abominable with God. For those that receive from such persons, and thereby support the widows and orphans, shall be obnoxious to the judgment seat of God; as Adonais the prophet, in the book of Kings, when he disobeyed God, and both 'ate bread and drank water in the place which the Lord had forbid him' (I Kings, xiii.)"

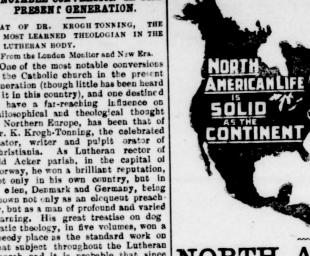
Discouragement is a great hindrance Be patient with self, acknowledge your own weakness, and confide in God. Do not give up because you fail even many

Instead of being proud, let us humble ourselves in the dust before our God and before His creatures, and beg His pardon for having used His gifts to offend Him.

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THAT OF DR. KROGH TONKING, THE MOST LEARNED THEOLOGIAN IN THE



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A Touching Incident 'Nothing in her life became her like the leaving it!' one is tempted to ex

Claim, on reading this news item in the Catholic Messenger: "Gathering her seven stalwart sons about her as she was dying, Mrs. John Gerling, of Ireton, Iowa, spoke of the drinking habit and implored them to sign the pledge. It was her last request, and she died with a smile on her face as each son had made his verbal promise to comply with her wish. Theu, over the dead body of their mother, these seven brothers prepared in legal form a solemn pledge, and placed a copy of it in the mother's hand as she lay in the coffin, and it was buried

Comment on an incident of this nature would only mar its impressive ness. One need but say, happy sons to have had such a mother! Happy mother to have left such a legacy to her children !- Ave Maria.

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"The Birthplace of Father Jogues," by Rev. T. J. Campbell S J. (illustrated)

"The Lord's Anciented," by Grace Keondillus rated),

"The De Profundis Bell," by Conrad Kum-

"Two Exites, by National Comments of the Venerable Foundress's life.
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"Mary Nealon's Silence," by Magdalen Rock, "St. Anthony of Padna," (illustrated—right scence in the life of the Wonder Worker of Padna).
"Saved by an Inspiration" (illustrated).
"The Lifting of the Cloud," by Mrs. Francis Chadwick.

Chadwick.

"The Intans Mary," a brief secount of the devotion to the Infant Mary (illustrated).

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

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in his affairs.

A good system shorters the road to the goal, and relieves the mind of a thousand and one perplexities and anxieties, besides detail and drudgery through which the orderless man goes. The systemless man never learns the The systemless man never learns the magic of management. The mind can not work effectively and economically without a programme. The secret of success, especially in a large enterprise, lies with the man who can make the programme, and the man who has the ability to multiply himself in others.— O. S. M., in Saccess.

How Much Shall I Read?

The amount of reading to be done cannot be settled offinand. Tastes differ; so do opportunities. Some people read than others and get as much faster than others and get as much profit from their reading. A novel may be read more rapidly than a biography or a history. Longfellow is clearer than Browning and more easily under-

If you find yourself reading without comprehension, or if you feel that it is difficult for you to remember, or to grasp with promise of remembrance, the sense of the printed words, you are reading too much. Reading turnished the mind only with the materials of browledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours.

And Coleridge says again: " Some readers are like the hour glass—their reading is as the sand. It runs in and out, but leaves not a vestige behind."
One can not read all the books that are published; one can not know by name all the books that have been written. The only choice, therefore, seems to be to do a little reading upon a few choice topies, and to do it thoroughly and

An excellent way is to fix upon some An excellent way is to fix upon some epoch in history or some noted figure in biography or some important department of science and art. Concentrate fact, fiction and fancy all upon the theme. Such a course will give constant interest to a pursuit which, even with those when we fonder of it, may sometimes fondest of it, may sometimes flag; it will economize thought, and it will economize time, and will give the

mind the best fruits of study. It is well to re-read good books. Almost every one of us has some author or authors to whom he turns with un-flagging interest. Or it may be that some chapter in a book appeals to us.
Mark it, and re-read a second, or third,
even a fourth time. A few good books that we have made our own by constant reading are infinitely to be preferred to a greater number read without compre hension.

The Stimulus of Poverty.

The struggle to get away from poverty has been a great man developer. Had every human being been born with a silver spoon in his mouth—had there been no necessity put upon him to work—the race would still be in its work—the race would still be in its infancy. Had everybody in this country been born wealthy, ours would be one of the dark ages. The vast resources of our land would still be undeveloped, the gold would still be in the mines, and our great cities would still be in the forest and the quarry. Civilization owes more to the perpetua struggle of man to get away poverty than to anything else. We are so constituted that we make our great Weare est efforts and do our best work while struggling to attain that for which the heart longs. It is practically impos-sible for most people to make their utmost exertions without imperative necessity for it. It is the constant necessity for it. It is the constant necessity to improve his condition that has urged man onward and developed the stamina and sterling character of the whole race. History abounds in stories of failures who started with wealth; and, on the other hand, it is illuminated with examples of those who owe everything to the spur of necessity.

O. S. M., in Success.

The Aim of Life. Every one ought consciously to have an aim in life. Whether he is conscious of it or not, every one has a ruling tendency; but every one should have a controlling and persistent purpose in No one has a right to live aimlessly, for no one has a right to abandor reason and self control, and consent to be a mere waif, drifting hither and thither like some plaything of the winds. We are endowed with powers that make us capable of good and often great achievement. We are gifted with reason and conscience and will, in order that we may both become and do that which is noble and beneficent.

" For what are men better than sheep o That nourish the blind life within the brain." if they live without any purpose that is in they live without any purpose that is essentially higher than the instincts which prompt them to eat and sleep and propagate their kind? In the mythology of the Greeks, Phaeton, an mythology of the class, aspired to drive earthly son of Helios, aspired to drive the flaming charlot of the sun. The task was beyond his human powers, and his disastrous rashness was expiated by his death by a bolt hurled from the hands of Zeus; but the Naiads wrote in his epitaph:

"He could not rule his father's car of fire ; Yet was it much so nobly to aspire."

after you have decided, is to take steps that will bring you in touch with the right man. And the right man for you to work for is he who reciprocate.

From the employee's standpoint very little has been said concerning recipro-city; on the other hand, from the employer's point of view, too much com-ment has already been made. For in stance, there are few, indeed, who have stance, there are lew, indeed: who have not heard, at least once, the employer's slogan, "Don't watch the clock." I have no quarrel with him here, merely stating in reply, "Watch him," if you wish to ascertain whether you are on the road to success. By keeping tab of your boss you will soon know whether or not he is holding you back or pushing you forward.
It is my contention, in the face of

assertions, that many employ ers virtually stiffs the ambition of young workers in the ranks. Ample proof of this is to be found almost every day and in every walk of life.
You have noticed, no doubt, how one

man will take efforts to explain everything, directing you along the right path, while another takes particular pains to tell you just enough about his business to enable you to perform the task in hand, and no more. If your employer belongs to the latter class then, in the language of the street, it is 'up to you' to seek a new one. It has been said that success is a

quality governed and controlled by our selves. And that is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth provided you are working for the right man. The man above you very often fears that you may learn just a little too much; that is, too much for his own good; at the same time expecting you to act independently in certain affairs. Of course the inevitable result is a ser-

ious blunder somewhere.

As has been said before, it is easy to As nas been said belove, it is easy to determine the attitude of your employer toward you—whether he is actious for your advancement, or whether he is retarding your progress. If he intrusts you with nothing of more importance than the usual petty details pertaining to resulte labor them it is safe to assume to routine labor then it is safe to assume that your position does not possess much of a future, if any at all. However if you are allowed to have you as the expression finger in the ple," goes, at least now and then, and your duties are varied somewhat calling for independent thought and action, then you are on the right track.

you are on the right track.

It may be that this may not be apparent to you from a financial standpoint. But in such a position you are acquiring esperience, which is very often more desirable and of more lasting with than a few dollars more in your pay envelope.—The Canadian Stenographer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Poverty no Barrier to Success. A Vassar graduate of 1899, Miss Helen D. Thompson, is turning her knowledge of sanitation and social work to the advantage of a whole community to the advantage of a whole community at Orange, New Jersey, where she has been made sanitary inspector. Her efforts to instruct people in unsanitary surroundings in better ways of living have met with success where men have failed in the latternts.

failed in their attempts.—Success.

Pretty Legends About Flowers. As flowers are Nature's chief beauty, it is always interesting to know a little about them, such as how their names originated and to which country they originated and to which country they belong. Here is a pretty legend about the forget me-not: One day two lovers were walking along the banks of the Danube. The girl, spying a pretty little blue flower on the opposite side, was very anxious to get it. Her lover, standing on a stone, was trying to standing on a stone, was trying to reach it, when he fell into the deep reach it, when he fell into the deep river. Even then he tried to reach the flower, but falling, he cried, "Forget me not, Mary," and then sank. The Feveriew: During the awful fever plague in London, in 1665, there happened to be a very few cases in a certain suburb where this plant grew. As it is a strong disinfectant, it is said to have got its name from this incident. The Mimulus." This little flower grew on Mount Calvary. At the Crucifixion, mankind's friend—the immortal Robert The Mimulus;: This little flower grew on Mount Calvary. At the Crucifixion, when the soldiers pierced Our Saviour's side some drops of His blood fell on the yellow flower. And that is the reason why every yellow mimulus is spotted with red. The Tree and Ivy: "Oh, please don't grow up me!" said the tree to the little green sprout of ivy that was beginning to clamor up its tree to the little green sprout of ivy that was beginning to clamor up its trunk, "you will make me ill." "Oh, no," said the ivy, "for I shall keep you warm when your leaves have fallen, and make you pretty, too." So the ivy climbed to the very topmost twig and covered the tree all over and covered the tree all over. "There," it said triumphantly one day "There," it said triumphantly one day
"see how beautiful I have made you!"
"Oh, no," sighed the tree with its last
breath, "for people say how pretty the
ivy is and not how the tree is, and you
have twisted around me so tight I can
breathe no longer. You may have
meant kindly, but, if so, your kindness
has killed me."

St. Stephen and the Boy Christ. When little Jesus lived with Joseph and Mary at Nazareth, assisting them in their humble labors, there lived not far from their poor hut a woman who had a son of the same age as Jesus. This child was suddenly seized with so This child was studenty seized with so profound a grief that convulsive sobs escaped from his hearb. Day and night the cries were the same, and the poor mother could find nothing to console mother could find nothing to console him. Despair took possession of her heart. "My child," she said, "is very sick. What can I do, my God, to

relieve him ?" He is not worthy to live who only vegetates; he does not truly live who drifts aimlessly through the years from youth to age. Indeed, he whose aim is even lower than the highest, less than the greatest, is nobler than he who has no conscious purpose in life.

The Man You work For.

The man you work for is either interested in your welfare, aside from his own, or else he belongs to the class which is so selfish, or absorbed in their own affirs as to be utterly regardless of anyone's success or station in life besides their own. It is easy enough to determine to which class your employer belongs; the thing to 'do, however, Suddenly a thought came to her.

saying, "This one shall be My brother; he will suffer and die for My sake. Weep not, O privileged mother, but rejoice." The woman went home, pondering on what she had seen and heard, and blessing God in her heart.

and blessing God in her heart.

After this event the children grew up together. Jesus instructed His friend in things so marvelous that the alone understood them. After the death of Our Lord, St. Stephen, au m sted with divine love, was stoned to death for the faith, and opened the era of mirtyrs. The first stone cast at him struck his face at the very spot which Jesus had kissed. This martyr whom the Christ Child had consoled ecomplished, by his death, the pre diction of the Saviour.

The Scholar of the Rosary. A sweet legend tells of a guileless oy who grieved much because he boy who grieved much because he could no; compete with his follow stu dents in the composition of verses; not that he deemed the art of any intrinsic value, but that, notwithstand ing his profesency in other studies, his deficiency in this particular branch deprived him of the literary branch literary honors deprived him of the literary honors which he longed for, solely for the which he longed for, solely for the sake of the dear mother whose hopes all centered in him as her only child. Into the heart of that gentle mother he poured the sorrowful tale of his repeated trials and attendant fillure. "Remember, my son," she said, "that no one ever applied in vain for the help of the Blessed Virgin. I know help of the Blessed Virgin. I know help of the Blessed Virgin. you have a Rosary. Take it every morning before school hour to the altar of Mary, and there recite it devoutly, and depend upon it that before long the scurce of your tears will be dried and the cause of defection removed. moved." And the prophecy was veri fied. In all simplicity and loving trust the boy knelt daily at the feet of his blessed patroness, and his inoccent heart poured out its supplication in heart poured out its supplies on in the Rosary. Saddenly he who had been remarkable only for inferiority of his position among his schoolmates now took position high above them all and gave promise of renown so all and gave promise of renown so great that it seemed as if he had but to select at pleasure one among the many paths to literary fame so miraculously opened before him. And when he was questioned as to the manner in which the strange alteration had be effected he merely replied with quiet simplicity that he had learned all he knew in the Rosary, where others might if they pleased learn the same, and so he came to be called "the scholar of the Rosary.'

SCOTLAND'S IMMORTAL BARD. Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles.

I confess with pride to a kinship of love in all that tends to the glory of the Celtic race and especially in its Gaelic branches, whether that glory comes from the banks and braces of bonnie Scotia or the purple heathered hills of Erin. Both are Gaels and both are brothers. Both are one in the love of nature, with a Gaelic heart happy in cheerfulness and dejected in sadness, sorrowing for a glory that has vanished and hopeful for a greatness to come. It has been said with some truth that

" We are the music makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams.

Our music making and our dreaming have at least added firm beauty and magic to the language which has dis placed the Gaelic of our fathers, while the music of the truth taught the world by the monks of Iona and Clonmacnoise will say for the Gael that they made the world better by the gospel which

they taught.
The Scotch and the Irish, the thistle The Scotch and the Irish, the thistle and the shamrock, give romance and verdure to all represented by the rose. Burns, a child of the Gael, who with Gaelic heart loved nature and sang its songs as sweetly as man had ever heard them; a true child of the Gael, now bubbling over with joy, now downcast and melancholy, tender and true, hopeful and desparing; child of nature, now mankind's friend-the immortal Robert Burns.

How can I say all that his name suggests? We can conjure up but the faintest picture of our poet's life. I laintest picture of our poet's life. I have found enjoyment in running through some of his poems, like the bee culling here and there some of the honey which lies so bountifully within. Robert Burns was a cottage boy of Ayr and he first saw the light near the bridge of Dann in 1759. How he loved

bridge of Doon in 1759. How he loved the town of Ayr!

Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses For honest men and binnie lasses."

How he felt his heart torn when he But round my heart the ties are bound— That hearth transpierced by many a wound; These bleed afresh, those ties I fear To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr."

A rustic school gave him his letters and auld Betty Davidson's weird stories furnished him with all his legends The meeting with Jean Armour, its melancholy episode, the separation, his love for Highland Mary, her sad death; the failure in farm life, his days a the failure in farm life, his days a gauger, his convivial habits, are all too well known to be rehearsed, yet all tended to bring out in relief the salient characteristics of his great gift of song. He had been taught his love of manifered he had seen he ha ness by his good father, and his high ideal of manhood was formed at his family hearthstone in the pleasant cot where his early years were passed. Through all his life he preserved his individuality. When Grea ness for a moment came to him, and royally smiled upon him, he still loved his peasant

father's lessons. "He bade me play a manly park,
Though I had n'er a farthing, O:
For without an honest, manly heart,
No man is worth regarding O;
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
Or nations to adore you, O.
A cheerful, honest hearted clown,
I will prefer before you, O."

character and no place was so dear to him as the banks and brace of Bonnie Doon. He never forgot his farmer

His strong, manly heart always loved what was manly in word and act and hated the mean. He seemed steeped in the love of humanity and felt hi.

destiny to be the singer of toil, to cheer up honest labor, and make the world feel that manhood is God's gift to man and inhunanity is man's great crime. His the eloquent words:

"And n) " whose H saven created face The s "i os of lovo adorn; Man's n 1 manity to man Makes countless thousands mourn."

The vision had told him that he was he "Rustic Bard," from whom came a bliss which neither Potosi's mine nor king's regard could ever match. His mission was to "Preserve the dignity of man With soul erect."

He had learned and then taught men that neither rank, nor title, but loyalty to manhood made the man, and he ould cry out as no poet had ever

"The rank is but the guines stamp,
The man's the gawd for a' that:
Gie fools their silk and knaves their w
A man's a man for a' that;
The hones man, though o'er sae poor
Is king o' man for a' that."

Well might Henry Giles say of Burns: "He saw nothing to venerate in a title when it was but the nickname of a fool, and he was undazzled by a star when it glittered on the breast of

a ruffian or a dunce."

Barus had all the enthusiasm of the Scotch nature for religion and country, a love of the brave and a hatred of breathes a strong religious spirit, with trust in God "to preside in the heart with grace divine." How beautiful the father's admonition and advice :

'An' oh! Be sure to fear the Lord alway ; And mind your duly, more and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray.
Implore His counsel and assisting might
They never sought in vain that sough
Lord aright;"

He believed in God and he believed in man, and he spoke to the simple peasants because he knew that they had souls and sought the beautiful and true. He played upon the chords of passion and he stirred men to their very souls and led them by his simple verse to love Scotia, hate tyranny and be manly, monest men. His heart was attuned to the "still, sad music of attuned to the "still, sad music of humanity," and wherever he found suffering he was ready with his compassion and pity. Gentle and tender, he sympathized with the suffering of every whether of beast or bird or flower. Of Mailie, the dead owe, he could sing :

He lost a friend and neebor dear In Mailie dead."

Even the mouse which the servant ould have killed in the field but for him prompts the lines so well known

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane In proving foresight may be vain!
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a gley.
And leav us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy."

How tender the heart that wrote To the Mountain Daisy," the bonnie em, the wee, modest, crimson-tipped wer which

"Adorns the histic stibble-field Unseen, alane."

Or "The Auld Farmer's Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie," with whom the will share his last bushel:

And think na', my auld, trus y servan, Thak now perhaps thou's less deservin' An' thy auld days may end in starvin', For my last fow, A heapit, stimpast, I li reserve ane Luid by for you.'

"The Wounded Hare" and many others tell of the tender heart, touched by suffering and expressing itself in pity and love. Always a man—a man in joy, a man in sadness, a man in pity, his ferile a man his his level. man in his faults, a man in his loves. s man in his faults, a man in his loves.
Burns himself tells us that love and
poetry sprang into being together, in
his soul. It was the harvest time and
a Scotch maiden whom he loved
sweetly sang a song written by the son
of a small country Laird for a girl
whom he loved. Burns said, "Why
can I not write a song for the girl I
love?"

love ? His relations with Jean Armour were not to be commended, but his lines on the girl he loved are as beautiful as anything in this language !

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tender birds,
I hear her charm the sir
There's not a bonny flower that springs
By fountain, sward or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me of my Jean,

O, blow, ye western winds, blow soft Among the leafy trees, Wi balmy gale, frae hill and dale Bring hame the laden bees; And bring the lassie back to me That's aye sae neat and clean; A smile o' her wad banish care, Sae charming is my Jean.

The powers about can only ken
To whom the heart is seen;
That name can be sae dear to me
As my sweet, lovely Jean."

He parted from Jean Armour to meet her again and marry her after the death of Highland Mary Campbell whose woo-ing and death blended joy and sadness

almost the same moment.

Mary Campbell was an entirely dif-Mary Campbell was an entirely dif-ferent character from Jean Armour, and the loveliness of her life made Burns appear to canonize her after her death. Where he parted from her was heaven on earth to him.

"There Summer first unfolds her robes, And there the longest tarry; For there I took the last farewell O' my sweet Highland Mary."

How sweet the tribute to his " Mary in Heaven," written as he lay among the sheaves in the fields that harvest night and gazed upon a bright star in the skies! It recalled his other words of parting:

"Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly; Never met or never partied, We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Burns leved his country and he could sing a song that would stir the hearts of his people to their very depths, as he sang: O. Scotia! my dear, my native soil! For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toll
Be blest with health and peace and sure con-

How he cried out to them again and

"And honest man's the noblest work of God The cottage leaves the palace far behind; A virtuous populace may rise the while And stand a wall of fire around their much loved Isle."



r against tyranny, or fill them with enthusiasm at the deeds at Bannock-burn, where "Scots wha ha'e wi Wallace bled." He has pleased the wrld with "Comin Thro' the Rye," and welded the friendships of mankind

with " Auld Lang Syne,"
Robert Barns had his frailities and no one recognized them more than the poet himself:

"As samething loudly in my breast Remonstrates I have done." What he said of Tam O'Shanter could be said of himself:

"Tam lied like a vera brither They had been for weeks the gither." And still with Tam, despite it all, he

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious.
O'er all the ills of life victorious."

No sadder word in all his story than the "Bard's Epitaph," which tells of his follies. He is more severe with himself than any of his friends would be, for it is remembered that Burns' great misfortune, as he himself tells it, was in not having any aim in life. It's well to bear in mind his other lines:

"Oh, wad some power the giftle gie us To see oursel's as ithers see us; It wad frae mocie a blunder frae us, And foolish notion:"

How strong his hope of pardon for his faults according as he believed: "Where with intention I have erred, No other plea I have: But Thou art good and Goodness still Delighteth to forgive."

He paid the heavy penalty of his faults, and the world whom he has cheered can afford to be kind and forgiving to him.

Burns was gifted by nature and he loved the Giver of the gift. He was a merryman among men, but his fame came after he had paid the debt of nature. Unlike Scott, he found no en nature. Unlike Scott, he found no en thusiasm in border minstrelsy or feudal story. He saw only the play of passion in the human heart. Scott honored rank, while he honored manhood. One was honored while in life, the other received his honors only after death. Destitute and neglected, Burns passed away from his Bonnie Doon and his be loved Scotia, while royalty that had once feasted him denied him what he deserved. What he had written of a loved one could have been written of

'Though cold be the clay where thou pillow-est thy head, In the dark, silent mansion of sorrow, The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed Like the beam of the day star to-morrow."

The spring has come to his memory, and in the world of letters Robert Burns shines as the star upon which he gazed, the harvest night. A people gazed, the narvest night. A people honor him as a son of genius, and the world calls him a singer of the heart. Robert Burns brings to us the sweet fragrance of the heather of his native hills, and makes all mankind love the banks and braes of Bonnie Scotland, whence came so sweet a maker of the world's best music.—The Tidings.

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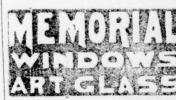
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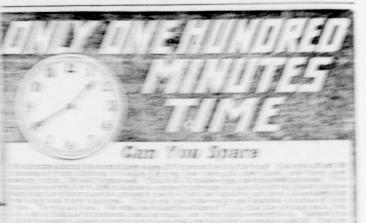
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