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The Catholic Register.

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VOL. IX.—NO. 45.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Death of Mgr. Laurent Lindsay

News that will be received with great regret all over Ontario is that Monsignor Laurent, V. G., died on Oct. 31, at 11:30 at St. Mary's Presbytery, Lindsay, after about twelve days' illness from bronchitis.

The late Monsignor Laurent was born April 16, 1824 in the parish of Carqueford, near Nance, Brittany, France. His early studies were pursued at Nance, and he later studied theology at Baltimore, Maryland. He was ordained priest in December, 1853, by the late Bishop Charbonell, Toronto, and the first years of his ministry were spent at Oshawa and Madstone, in Essex. In 1863 he went as parish priest to Amherstburg, where he remained for over twelve years. During that time he established the Assumption College at Sandwich, which was confided to the direction of the Basilian Fathers, and is one of the most successful and progressive institutions of the kind in Ontario.

After the appointment of Bishop Jamot as Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Canada, Father Laurent accompanied him to that district, and was appointed to the parish of Sault Ste. Marie. On the appointment of Bishop Jamot to Peterborough, Monsignor Laurent went in 1882 to Bracebridge, and was appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese. He went to Lindsay in February, 1884, where he remained until his death. Bishops Dowling and O'Connor on coming to the See of Peterborough, re-appointed him Vicar-General. In 1896 Pope Leo XIII. appointed him Domestic Prelate to His Holiness.

Monsignor Laurent's death will cause sincere regret among his friends, the clerical and lay, Catholic and Protestant, not only in Lindsay and Peterborough, but all over Ontario. His career has been an active one, his memory will long be cherished wherever his life's work had called him, and his many good works will live after him.

THE FUNERAL ON TUESDAY.

Lindsay, Nov. 6.—The funeral of the late Right Rev. Monsignor Laurent took place here this morning, and was of a very impressive character. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, arrived in town yesterday to supervise the arrangements for the funeral and the reception of the prelates and clergy from outside points, many of whom arrived last evening. The body was removed yesterday from the presbytery to St. Mary's Church, and to-day the last sad rites were performed. Long before the hour appointed for the obsequies the spacious edifice was crowded to the doors, and hundreds failed to obtain admittance. The Protestant clergymen of the town, as a tribute of respect for the late prelate, attended the funeral in a body, and occupied reserved seats in the church. Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, with Rev. Fathers Spratt and O'Sullivan as deacon and sub-deacon. Vicar-General McCann of Toronto was mas-

ter of ceremonies. The funeral sermon was delivered by His Lordship Bishop McEvay of London, who for many years had enjoyed the close friendship of St. Mary's pastor. The sermon was a fine tribute to the character, piety and zeal of the departed priest, free from all undue eulogy, earnest and practical, and at many points eloquent.

The body was followed to the Catholic Cemetery by a large concourse of people. All places of business were closed, while people of all denominations showed by their presence and the badges they wore unmistakable evidence of sorrow and sympathy for the great loss sustained by St. Mary's congregation.

DEATH'S SUDDEN CALL.

An Ottawa despatch of Monday says: Another sudden death from heart failure occurred in the city on Saturday evening, this being the third case in four days. Mrs. Jessie O'Neill, 234 Maria street, wife of Mr. Michael O'Neill, of the railways and canals department, left home on Saturday evening about 10 o'clock and went up town. While going up Sparks street she took suddenly ill and went into J. J. Wilnot's jewelry store, saying that she believed she was dying and asked to see her daughter. One of the employees of the store summoned the daughter, Mrs. Walker, and also Dr. Shillington, who happened to be near by. Hypodermic injections and every other means of resuscitation were tried, but to no effect.

The late Mrs. O'Neill was 65 years of age and had previously been troubled with heart disease. Besides her husband, Mrs. O'Neill leaves to grieve her loss a son, Mr. Herbert O'Neill, and two daughters, Mrs. P. Walker and Mrs. H. Lyon.

ST. BASIL'S CATHOLIC UNION.

On Monday night the St. Basil's Catholic Union held the third session of their Mock Parliament. A Government measure dealing with a standing army and navy for Canada was promptly and vigorously attacked by the Opposition under the leadership of Mr. J. C. Foy, The Premier (Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan), in one of the best speeches that has ever been heard in the Union, defended the bill with great force and eloquence. Mr. Walsh particularly in the Opposition offered effective aid to his party while the Minister of Finance, Mr. E. F. O'Sullivan, ably assisted the Government. As the Opposition on this occasion had an overwhelming majority, they endeavored to force a division and pass a resolution of "no confidence" in the Government, but they were cleverly and successfully blocked on every occasion by the Premier. After the Opposition had been delayed over half an hour by the obstructionist tactics of the Government, they gave way and the division was adjourned until the next session. The meeting shortly after rose until next Monday night.

BISHOP LEGAL ASKS AID FOR MISSIONS.

His Grace Bishop Legal, of the diocese of St. Albert, Northwest Territory, is in Montreal securing assistance for his missions among the Metis Indians and the Galicians.

For a number of years past he has devoted himself entirely to work among the Indians and Galicians. He is one of the best informed Indian scholars in the country.

In speaking of his missions the Bishop said that the Indians in the districts around St. Albert were deserving of the greatest sympathy. They were very poor, and while the Government had granted them a reserve of 144 miles, they found very great difficulty in securing the necessary farming implements, and were in fact making but little headway.

PRESENTATION AT ST. PETER'S.

The members of the Young Ladies Sodality of St. Peter's Church Bathurst street, presented one of their members, Miss Lowe, with a handsome silver cake basket on the occasion of her marriage with Mr. Hall. The young ladies of the society enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the home of the young couple, Manning avenue, on Wednesday evening.

MR. HARTY TO RETIRE.

Hon. William Harty, asked by a committee of Liberals to stand again for the Ontario Legislature, has regretfully declined, as business and the state of his health demand his retirement at the close of the present term of the Legislature.

Father Finn as an Author.

Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York, have sent us a richly bound copy of Rev. Francis J. Finn's latest story, "By Thy Love and Thy Grace." There are illustrations in keeping with the binding by Chas. S. Svendsen. And the price is \$1. In the story itself there is nothing deserving of so pretentious a front. A ten-year-old child would read the one hundred and thirty pages of large type through in half an hour. But this is not what we object to. The plot is poor. But that could be excused. Regina O'Connell, a New York factory hand, is devoted to an invalid sister and engaged to a tipsy mechanic. She attends a charity lottery where the first prize is a diamond ring. The young girl's innocence and piety greatly impress one of the ladies of the bazaar, who induces acquaintances to buy tickets in the name of Regina O'Connell, and at the drawing the ring is captured from a benevolent Jew. On this fortunate evening Regina breaks with her tipsy lover and sells her ring for the benefit of a starving woman who lives in the same tenement. Having made the renunciation she dies herself. This is not so bad as far as it goes, although the exhausting description of the charity bazaar is somewhat too florid literature. Here is an example:

"An hour in a bazaar is a crowded hour of joyous life — an hour where every second registers joyous greetings, and unexpected meetings, happy laughter and delightful little jokes, which fizzle away like the foam in a newly-opened bottle of champagne, and won't in consequence stand repetition; all this in a glory of flowers and a wonder of colors and a blaze of light and a gleaming of eyes and a hum of voices."

We could even stand such writing as this. But it is not the worst. We have to come back to Regina and her tipsy lover to find the author's highest conception of cleverness.

This young girl, who reads Thomas a Kempis and so forth, has never read or heard of Thomas Moore. So when her tipsy lover, whose name is Thomas, sends a clumsy copy of the immortal love song, "O Believe me if all these endearing young Charms," and tells her he has written it himself, she is completely deceived; and it is not until she has heard the melody at the drawing of prizes, and has learned from the benevolent Jew that the name of the author is Thomas Moore, and not her own Thomas, that her idol falls to the earth. Even so improbable a situation we could excuse; but when we see the song itself vulgarized to make the situation still more extravagant our gorge rises and will not subside.

Oh, th' heart that has truly loved never forgets, But as truly loves on to the clothes.

Consider the enormity of this offence, and say not that the writer who has committed it deserves to be excused on the score that it was a flizly joke he heard at a raffle and unwisely repeated. He ought, at least, to have followed his own maxim and known that such jokes won't stand repetition.

ST. MARY'S-C. I. & A. A. The regular meeting was held in the rooms of the Association on Sunday afternoon, the President, Mr. C. J. Read, in the chair.

The Entertainment Committee was elected and also the Investigation Committee, composed of Jos. Marshman, W. McGuire and E. J. Rutledge. The election of the Auditors was left over till next meeting.

The debates are to be resumed at an early date, and Mr. D. A. Carey and C. J. Read were chosen leaders for the first debate.

The new chairman, Rev. Father Fraser, who has just returned to the city after completing his studies in Italy, was introduced by Rev. Father McCann, V. G., and was warmly received. Father Fraser was at one time a pupil of St. Mary's School, and is well-known to the members.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, ST. MARY'S BRANCH.

The regular monthly meeting was held in the new rooms, Occident Hall Building on Wednesday night last, the President, Mr. W. E. Blake, in the chair.

Reports of the different committees were bro' in and very favorably commented on.

A short musical programme was given and addresses were delivered by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G., and Rev. Arthur O'Leary. The society intend continuing

these monthly meetings for the members and prospective members during the coming winter.

The next open meeting will be held on Monday evening, Nov. 18, in St. Andrew's Hall, when a lecture will be delivered by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G.

MR. CULLERTON'S PASSION PLAY.

Mr. Cullerton's representation of the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau is drawing great audiences in all parts of the province, and the entertainment is indeed well deserving of such success. At Alliston, Mr. Cullerton had the largest house ever packed into the Town Hall, and many had to be turned away. The same occurred at Leamington, Kingsville and Merrickville. The Passion Play will be seen at Tottenham on Nov. 11th. We understand that so great is the success everywhere met with so far, that it is the intention of Mr. Cullerton to tour the Dominion with it.

NOT AFRAID OF DEATH.

(From The Catholic Columbian.) Priests, doctors and nurses have often noticed when death is about to happen to a person he usually is not afraid of it. During his years of health, the thought of death may have filled him with dread, but when his last moment actually approaches, he sees it draw nigh without dismay. Why is that?

Cardinal Manning was once asked that question and he gave this answer.

"The vast majority of persons do undoubtedly die calmly enough, and my explanation is briefly this: So long as God intends a man to live, He wisely infuses into his soul a certain natural dread and horror of death in order that he may be induced to take ordinary care of himself and to guard against danger and needless risks. But when God intends a man to die there is no longer any object for such fear. It can serve no further purpose. What is the result? Well, I take it, God then simply withdraws it."

HENRY VIII.

(From The Monitor.) Why was Henry VIII. called the "Defender of the Faith?" How many wives had he?

Before Henry fell in love with Anne Boleyn he was to all intents an ardent Catholic. He wrote, or had written in his name, a "Defence of the Seven Sacraments" against Martin Luther. The Pope gave him the title "Defensor Fidei" (Defender of the Faith), which title his successors on the English throne have been careful to preserve. The letters "D.F." are on every English coin, or as some one put it, "Popery is an every coin of the realm." Henry had six wives: Catherine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn whom he had beheaded, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catharine Howard, whom he had beheaded, and Catharine Parr, who survived him. Out of the six he divorced four and led two to the block.

A LONELY WIDOWER.

(From The Edinburgh Scotsman.) A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being a common occurrence. The Governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you not marry in France?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead."

There was a pause, and the bride prospective looked at the would-be groom.

Finally he said: "I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do so?"

"It was sent here for killing her."

The bride accepted him notwithstanding.

HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa celebrated his sixtieth birthday on Wednesday. The occasion was observed in a special manner. The Archbishop went to his birthplace, Contrecoeur, in the Montreal archdiocese, and celebrated Pontifical Mass. In the afternoon a cross was erected to commemorate the event.

DEATH OF REV. DR. MURPHY.

Halifax, Nov. 4.—Rev. Monsignor Murphy, D.D., died at 6 o'clock this morning. He had been hovering between life and death for the past week. He was in his 58th year.

John Morley's Tribute to Gladstone

The Register, by special arrangement, is the first Canadian paper to publish the complete text of John Morley's appreciation of Gladstone, delivered at the unveiling of the great Liberal leader's statue in Manchester on Oct. 23. At a moment when even the richest in Great Britain are confronted with the dread of over-taxation and the struggling are crushed by the income tax, Mr. Morley's speech will come as an inspiration and a warning to all citizens of the Empire.

Mr. Morley said: My Lord Mayor, ladies and gentlemen—I will begin by repeating what I have already said elsewhere, that to-day, at all events, I shall not speak to you — if you will allow me to speak to you — in the language of the temper or the spirit of a political party (hear, hear). Gentlemen, you won't hear from me this afternoon, I hope, anything of the language of party or of heat or of violence; and it would be a most inappropriate occasion, even supposing that were my disposition, because Mr. Gladstone, after all, not until he was fifty years old, until he had been a quarter of a century in public life, did he finally sever himself from that party with which Manchester to-day is associated (laughter). He sat, I believe, with seventy Cabinet colleagues — I think a larger number of Cabinet colleagues than any Minister of his time, excepting Lord Lansdowne and Lord Palmerston. He stood with the Duke of Wellington on the one hand — a great soldier — and he stood on the other hand with the great man whose noble statue you have in your square here — John Bright, the great apostle of peace (applause). Therefore, let us, on this occasion, at all events, enjoin something of the peace and equity of history (applause). To say that in that long space of public life Mr. Gladstone never made a mistake, that he never took a mistaken step, would be to claim for him that he was something more than human. But I would only say this, that any detractor from the greatness of Mr. Gladstone is a slur upon our countrymen, because, surely for a whole generation or more he sailed on the full tide of popularity in this country, which I feel pretty sure has never been equalled for so long a period by any great leader of either party (hears). Mr. Gladstone was one of the men who rise from time to time in the world, a rare class of men — sometimes a great ruler, sometimes a heroic soldier, sometimes a revolutionary poet, sometimes a mighty Churchman, who sweep like some new planet into the skies, and waking, fascinate and absorb the attention of their age. That was

WHAT MR. GLADSTONE WAS. There are some heroes who sacrifice themselves to other people; there are others, great on the page of history, who sacrifice other people to themselves (hear, hear). Mr. Gladstone was, blessedly for us, of the former class; but marked this, his popularity was not limited to his own country (hear, hear). When his course was run and the closing days had arrived, we may apply to him the noble words of Wordsworth to Scott, that the might of the whole world's good wishes in noble richness of blessings and prayers went forth on his behalf. Italy did not forget the friend who had fought for her as a Power in the days of her disunion and her servitude. Greece knew her friend, her benefactor. Those forlorn communities in the Balkan Peninsula, who had struggled for ages until they came into some dawning light of freedom, had owned their debt to the most unselfish, the most vigorous, the noblest of their defenders; and, in short, I was struck at the time with the phrase used by an American writer, who said: "In the day that Mr. Gladstone died the world had lost its greatest citizen." (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I suppose you don't think how — most of you — that Mr. Gladstone once had the honorable ambition of being a member of Parliament for Manchester. In the year 1837 he was brought forward as a most promising young statesman of the Tory party. He was then 28 years old. The Liberals of the day denounced him as a bigot, and I don't know what — whatever the Conservatives or Liberals say of one another (laughter). You who in Manchester to-day, I gather, after immense acclamation, have set up a statue of him, then sent him to the bottom of the poll with a

majority of many hundreds against him. I only mention that as showing what changes and chances there are in our mortal life. I think you are very fortunate, if I may say so, in the statue (hear, hear). I have not had time since the unveiling of taking more than a superficial glance at it, but I think the artist may be congratulated, and that you may be congratulated upon possessing the result of his art, and congratulated upon his having caught an extremely characteristic pose and gesture of this great and famous man (hear, hear). The same distinguished sculptor, with the splendid impartiality of art, is, I believe, the sculptor of the figure of Mr. Gladstone's life-long opponent, Lord Beaconsfield (applause), and I am bound to say, when I pass daily by that statue of Lord Beaconsfield in front of Westminster Abbey that, though I do not sympathize with all that the statue represents, I do feel that it is a very impressive representation of a very important and great figure. I think that this which you will now have in Manchester is also impressive, and is certainly, in a great commercial city of this kind, not unimportant (applause). Of course you know very well that

NEITHER BRONZE NOR MARBLE CAN REPRODUCE.

in the statue of Mr. Gladstone the enchantment of periods, exquisite in their balance and their modulation. It can barely reproduce the energy of attitude and gesture, of swift blaze, of the flashing glance, the stern wrath of the prophet, the irony, the mockery, the ease of the finished orator. That cannot all be reproduced. Still less can any statues reproduce what those of us who had the honor and privilege of knowing him and of working with him were aware of the consideration and the affection, the recognition, which he always extended to those who, as he thought, served great causes. These, however, are considerations which in this place and to-day, we should not dwell upon. I will not argue the place of Mr. Gladstone as an orator. You have here a very noble statue — I think one of the noblest statues I have ever seen (hear, hear) — of a great orator and of a great man. I am not going to waste your time to-day in comparing Mr. Gladstone with his comrades. They talk of

MR. GLADSTONE COMPARED WITH BURKE.

I am the last man in the world to detract from that immortal man; but Burke made two great speeches upon the war in America. He made those two great speeches — one of them against the coercion of willing Colonies. Those two speeches together make a perfect manual of civil wisdom. I was looking at them the other day, and I think each one of those speeches would have taken more than between four and five hours to deliver. I have been in the House of Commons a good many years. I think I have been in exactly the same number of years as your admirable representative who sits here — Sir William Houldsworth — but I do not believe that if speeches like those two immortal speeches were made, (Continued on page 5.)

DINEEN'S STYLE IN THEM. Quality also. Do you know that you almost need to be an expert in the business to know a good Persian Lamb. You have to depend on your furrier. If we're not yours, why we want to be. Our record since '94 is our recommendation to you. We are experts. We don't put one inch of fur into our jackets that is not perfect. PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS \$75 to \$125. Write for Style Book. THE W. & D. DINEEN COY Limited YONGE & TEMPERANCE TORONTO

JEWELLERS BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL. DINNER CARDS. The next time you purpose giving a little dinner take a glance at our new "place cards" to be used in assigning your guests to their respective places at the table. Prices range from 75c. to \$3.50 per dozen, the latter of course being exquisitely hand-painted. Ryrie Bros., Corner Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

The Rome correspondent of The New York Freeman's Journal says: Work has been resumed with renewed activity by the committee for the celebration of the Pontifical Jubilee of Pope Leo, and a circular has been addressed to all local committees urging them to promote the movement by all means in their power...

Corn at the Dublin Exchange averaged a penny per cwt. less than in 1899, and 1s. 6d. per cwt. less than in 1898. The birth-rate shows that of the 101,459 children born in 1900, 97.3 per cent. were legitimate, and 2.7 per cent. only were illegitimate. The "model" province of Ulster supplies 3.6 per cent. of the illegitimate births, and Connaught one-half per cent. Ulster is in this respect an improvement on 1893, when the illegitimate births were 3.7 per cent., and throughout the decade it has maintained its bad pre-eminence. The death-rate was highest in Leinster, where it was 21.9 per thousand. Ulster comes next with 20.2, Munster 19.1, and Connaught 15.7 per thousand.

ENGLAND

The fourth pilgrimage to Rome was organized by the Catholic Association. The party travel by Modena, the Cenis tunnel, Turin, and Genoa, reaching Rome at midday on Thursday Dr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool, will lead the pilgrimage while in Rome, and Father Carmody, President of the Society of Missionaries College, Rome, will act as cicerone to the pilgrims.

IRELAND

The Registrar-General's returns of births, deaths and marriages, and of emigration, just issued, presents in a remarkable way the decline of population in Ireland. From 1899 to 1900 the population had decreased 34,144. There was a decline in the birth-rate from 23.1 of the population to 22.7, and an increase of the death-rate from 17.7 to 19.6. But the decrease in the population is more than accounted for by the emigration. The Freeman's Journal says the number of emigrants that left the country in 1900 was 45,288, or over 10 per thousand of the population. It was the highest flow of emigration since 1895, and exceeded by 10 per cent. the proportion to population in 1899, and exceeded by 4 per cent. the average proportion to population of the previous ten years.

UNITED STATES

The daily papers of Monday last published accounts of a deplorable incident in a Catholic Church of Chicago in connection with the excommunication of Rev. Jeremiah Crowley. The subject in its more sensational aspects having gained the widest publicity The Register this week publishes the letters of excommunication in the matter.

It is by virtue of the decree of Cardinal Martinelli that Rev. Jeremiah Crowley stands excommunicated. The decree of the Cardinal is in Latin and may be translated as follows:

Apostolic Delegation, Washington, D. C.

Inasmuch as the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda of the Faith has learned that certain priests of the Archdiocese of Chicago have regarded with hostile disposition the election of Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon to the Episcopacy, and have with the utmost vigor, with pertinacity, and with evil in-

tent, protested against his consecration, by a letter dated at Rome August 21st, 1901, being number 45,798, said Congregation has committed to this Apostolic Delegation the duty of watching strictly lest this matter should become a grave scandal, and at the same time of anionically warning and, as far as might be necessary, of affecting with ecclesiastical censure whosoever it might find to be guilty.

Now, therefore, inasmuch as we have sure knowledge that the Rev. Jeremiah Crowley, a priest of that Archdiocese, has offered a most bitter opposition to the aforesaid election and consecration, and does not even now desist from that course; and as we have before our very eyes the following: Firstly, the legal process which he has brought in the civil tribunal; secondly, the defence which his lawyer undertook to prepare for him; thirdly, the pledge made by him regarding the book which he was soon about to publish and in which a certain lamentable condition of the Archdiocese existing in his own mind was to be set forth;

Therefore, we call upon the said Rev. Jeremiah Crowley for his own good and for the honor of the Church to desist from his pertinacity and at the same time we peremptorily warn him that he must give sure signs of reformation and reparation. If he is unwilling to do this, and if within the space of ten days from the day that this admonition is given him, he shall not have repaired the scandal he has done by, firstly, ceasing to prosecute his suit in the civil tribunal; secondly, preventing the printing of his promised book, or, if it shall have been printed, by not publishing it; thirdly, making public reparation for the public scandal he has given; fourthly, submitting himself to the authority of the Archbishop, we declare him ipso facto excommunicated, the annulment of which excommunication we reserve for this Apostolic Delegation.

We further command the Curia of the Archdiocese of Chicago to execute this decree; to which, therefore, we commit the duty of bringing this letter to the knowledge of the aforesaid Rev. Jeremiah Crowley, having observed such formalities as by law ought to be observed; but, if the said Rev. Jeremiah Crowley be absent, or cannot be found, then let this decree be posted in the churches or some other public place, and if he shall not, within the space of ten days after such posting, desist from his pertinacity, then it is our will that this decree shall go into like effect.

Given at Washington from the mansion of the Apostolic Delegation.

"INCURABLE HEART DISEASE SOON CURED."

During the last two or three years very great improvement has been made in the treatment of the different kinds of disease of the heart. Cases formerly considered incurable now rapidly recover. The well-known specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., L. B., of Chicago, will send his New Special Treatment free to any of our afflicted readers who will mention this paper.

This liberal offer is for the purpose of demonstrating the great superiority of his new system of Treatments for heart troubles, such as short breath pain in the side, oppression in the chest, irregular pulse, palpitation, smothering spells, puffing of the ankles or dropsy.

They are the result of twenty-five years of careful study, extensive research, and remarkable experience in treating weak, dilated, hypertrophied, rheumatic, fatty, or neuralgic hearts, as each one requires different treatment.

The treatments are carefully selected for each patient, as regards their age, weight, and stage of each kind of heart disease. All afflicted persons should avail themselves of this liberal offer. No death comes more unexpectedly than that from heart disease.

Rev. J. W. Stokesbury, of Fallport, Mo., had head, heart, stomach troubles and nervous prostration. Three physicians failed to help him. He writes: "I regard myself cured."

The eminent Rev. W. Bell, D. D., of Dayton, Ohio, General Secretary of Foreign Missions, writes editorially in The State Sunday School Union: "We desire to state that from personal acquaintance we know Dr. Miles to be a most skillful specialist, a man who has spared neither labor nor money to keep himself abreast of the great advancement in medical science."

A thousand references to, and testimonials from, Bishops, Clergymen, Bankers, Farmers, and their wives will be sent free on request. These include many who have been cured after five to fifteen physicians and professors had pronounced them "incurable." Among them are H. A. Groce, 504 Mountain St., Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. Sophia Snowberg, No. 282 21st Ave. S. Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. A. P. Colburn, Blessing, Ia.; Mrs. M. B. Morean, Rogers, Ohio, and the presidents of two medical colleges, etc.

Send at once to Dr. Franklin Miles, Cor. Adams & State Sts., Chicago, U. S. A., for free treatment. He pays the duty.

tion on the 13th day of October, 1901.

Sebastain Cardinal Martinelli, Pro-Delegate Apostolic.

The letter of the Archbishop to the clergy is as follows: "Chicago, Oct. 26. — Whereas, the Rev. Jeremiah J. Crowley, a priest exercising faculties in the Archdiocese of Chicago, has grievously violated the laws and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church and of the Archdiocese of Chicago, and as he persists contumaciously in his unlawful conduct, therefore, after due warning from the Apostolic Delegation of the United States, as shown by the above document, which was delivered to the Rev. Jeremiah J. Crowley in person on Wednesday, the 16th day of October, 1901, and the said Rev. Jeremiah J. Crowley having failed to comply with the conditions laid down by the Apostolic Delegation within the period of time allotted to him in the said decree we hereby declare publicly and solemnly that the Rev. Jeremiah J. Crowley is excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church and all participation therein, according to the decree of His Eminence Sebastian Cardinal Martinelli, pro-Delegate Apostolic.

"The effects of this most grave censure of the Church are: 1. He is cut off from the communion and society of the faithful. 2. The faithful are forbidden, under severe penalty, to hold communion with him or assist him in his unlawful conduct. 3. He cannot receive or administer any of the sacraments of the Church. Should he attempt to give absolution in the tribunal of penance, and absolution is invalid and sacrilegious. 4. He cannot be present or assist at any of the public exercises or offices of religion in the Roman Catholic Church, nor can he be present at Mass, Vespers or any other public service in the Roman Catholic Church. 5. He cannot receive or fill any office within the gift of the Roman Catholic Church. 6. Should he die while under this excommunication he will be deprived of Christian burial.

All the pastors of this Archdiocese are hereby commanded, sub poena suspensionis, to attach the above decree and this letter on the walls of the sacristies of their churches for thirty days, in such a manner that it may be easily seen and read by all.

"This order goes into effect immediately upon receipt thereof. Given at Chicago, on this 26th day of October, 1901. Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago.

"By order of the most reverend Archbishop, F. J. Barry, Chancellor."

A RUSSIAN TALE.

Hallowen, or All Hallow's, as the feast of All Saints (November 1) used to be called, is, as every one knows, the day upon which the Church pays honor to the many saints not especially calendared in the feasts of the year. Now, in Russia, where the Greek Catholic, or "Orthodox," communion is the State religion, the feasts and fasts are almost like our own, for the Greek schism did not occur until the eleventh century. St. Henry (feasts, July 15), who opposed the schismatics, does not appear in the Greek calendar. On this fact hinges the following amusing law story:

In a certain Russian city one man sued another to recover fifty roubles, the debtor having promised to return the money on St. Henry's day. Having failed to do so for a long time, the lender discovered that the Russian "Orthodox" Church includes no such saint as St. Henry. The Judge before whom the case was tried was puzzled as to the proper verdict. The idea finally occurred to him that All Saints' Day ought to include all saints, whether Greek or Roman Catholic so he gave judgment that the roubles must be returned on the next All Saints' day.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE DELINEATOR.

A fitting climax to a year of remarkable advancement is The Delineator for December, between the covers of which is contained a rare collection of special features of varied interest. The winter fashions are pictured and described in detail; there is a delightful article on the Floral Fetes of Japan, illustrated in colors; the home surroundings of several stage favorites are entertainingly presented and described; there are three splendid stories by well-known authors, together with illustrated articles on holiday fancy-work and home-made gifts; new recipes, entertainments, and a wealth of other material of a seasonable nature, devoted to the pleasure and profit of every member of the household.

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...The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost
Gospel, St. Matt. xii. 24-30:
S. 10. Patronage of the B. V. M.
M. 11. St. Martin of Tours, B. C.

WOMAN.

She said: "What is there that I would not be
For your dear sake? What change of mind or heart
Would I not make in any every part,

MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENTS.

I have been asked by one of my correspondents which I think is to be preferred, a short or long marriage engagement, says a department editor of The Catholic Fire-side.

WHEN THE ROD WAS NOT SPARED.

The change of thought and conditions of mankind are no better illustrated than by the history of the rod, says The December Delineator.

THE NEW STYLE SKIRT.

The trend of fashion in women's skirts is toward a closer fit and more sheath-like shape from the waist to flounce depth.

ting of these flounces, which are on entirely new lines, is made the subject of an interesting comment by Mrs. A. L. Gorman in The December Delineator.

CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS THAT ARE GOOD TO EAT.

Ornaments that may be eaten come near reaching the ideal with children. The making of any number of goodies that may decorate the Christmas tree is described by Tina Bead in a finely illustrated article in The December Delineator.

DRESS MATERIALS FOR WINTER.

The rough-faced, long-haired materials that are so much worn this winter are illustrated in novel fashion in The December Delineator.

SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Become Like That on Which Their Hearts are Fixed.

Success is in the blood. There are men whom fate can never keep down — they arch jauntily forward, and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for fulfillment of your desire.

We want friends, so we scheme and chase cross lots after strong people, and lie in wait for good folks — or alleged good folks — hoping to attach ourselves to them.

The loss of an ounce of blood each day would wreck the strongest constitution, and to gain an ounce of pure rich blood each day, as can be done by taking DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD, you can build up the weakest and most delicate person.

And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky; but that you are a necessary particle of the whole.

UNIONS AND EMPLOYES.

Man's nature needs to be spiritualized that we may deal with temporal goods unselfishly. Never was there greater infatuation than the Socialist proposal, to set all mankind a-hungering after material goods alone, and then to make men up into fraternities and co-partnerships, in the fond expectation that they will not rend and prey upon one another.

The Secret of Strength

The blood is the medium through which every part of the body receives its nutriment, and as this nutriment is extracted from the blood, while it is passing through minute vessels at the extremities of the arteries, it is evident that in order to have health and strength of body there should be a full and free distribution of this fluid to all the parts, and it must be pure and rich in its flesh and muscle-making qualities.

THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE. — Careful observation of the effects of Parmalee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action.

THE FLOWER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

One of the rarest and most wonderful orchids known is a native of Isthmus of Panama. The early Spanish settlers named it Flor del Santo (Flower of the Holy Ghost), and those who have seen it readily understand why. It grows in marshy places from a decayed log or sometimes from the crevice in a rock.

DISEASE GERMS.

Disease germs only affect those whose vitality has become low, and very old and very young people. You can pass through an epidemic of grip, typhoid fever, and even smallpox if you have plenty of pure and rich blood and strong nerves.

AN OUNCE OF BLOOD.

The loss of an ounce of blood each day would wreck the strongest constitution, and to gain an ounce of pure rich blood each day, as can be done by taking DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD, you can build up the weakest and most delicate person.

CROSSES ARE ONLY GOOD IN PROPORTION AS WE GIVE OURSELVES UP TO THEM AND FORGET OURSELVES WHILE WE ARE BEARING THEM.

Oblivion is the dark page whereon memory writes her light-beam characters and makes them legible; were it all light nothing could be read there, any more than if it were all darkness.

have responsibilities about their men beyond the payment of wages; that riches are placed in private hands for the public benefit; that a man may not do as he likes with his own, that Lazarus' sores must no longer be left to be licked by the dogs in the street.

And there are some champions of Christianity who have this to learn, that the future of the Church is with the people; not with the ghosts of fallen monarchies; but with the rough hands and brawny arms of the workman who now lives and is beginning to reign; that it is high time to interest themselves about Trades Unions and Co-operative Shops, thrift and profit-sharing, overcrowding and Socialism, and that if ever again kings are to be nursing-fathers to the Church, it is the people that must make such kings.

A BIGOT'S TRIBUTE.

(From Short Studies on Great Subjects.)

How strongly is the truth of history favorable to the Catholic Church when such a bigot as Froide was obliged to say as follows: "Never, in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never, that we know of, have mankind grown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful as the Catholic Church. In these times of ours, well-regulated selfishness is the recognized rule of action; every one of us is expected to look out for himself first and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of the Church ruled the State, with the authority of a conscience, and self-interest, as a motive of action, was only named to be abhorred. The Bishops and clergy were regarded simply and freely as the immediate ministers of the Almighty; and they seem to me to have really deserved that high estimate in their character. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness — these are the qualities before which the freedom of Europe have been contented to bow, and in no order of men were such qualities found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fulness of reverence Kings and nobles bent to their power, which was nearer to their own. Over Prince and subject, chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed, defenseless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity. They tamed the fiery Northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman Empire. They taught them — they brought them really and truly to believe — that they had immortal souls and that they would one day stand at the awful judgment bar and give account of their lives there."

THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE. — Careful observation of the effects of Parmalee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of these qualities.

THE FLOWER OF THE HOLY GHOST. — One of the rarest and most wonderful orchids known is a native of Isthmus of Panama. The early Spanish settlers named it Flor del Santo (Flower of the Holy Ghost), and those who have seen it readily understand why. It grows in marshy places from a decayed log or sometimes from the crevice in a rock. The leaf stalk ranges several feet in height and the flower grows from the bulb, bears 12 or 15 buds. The flower is pure white and is shaped something like our jack-in-the-pulpit. Inside the flower, right in the heart of it, is a perfect image of a dove, with drooping wings snowy breast, gold-tinted head, and crimson beak. No effort of the imagination is necessary to see the resemblance. It is a perfect image, exquisitely beautiful in tints and giving off an odour that no perfumer could imitate. The Spaniards named it the "Flower of the Holy Ghost." The native Indians, more superstitious, worshipped it as an idol, and would not let the ground on which it grew be touched.

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EDDY'S MATCHES
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are put up in neat sliding boxes containing 100 matches. No sulphur. No disagreeable fumes. Every stick a match. Every match a lighter. For Sale By ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

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Specially prepared.
Keeps out water.
A heavy bodied oil.

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COFFEE ESSENCE
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The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill. says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had over-spoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., New York, Jan. 3, 1901. Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1 1901. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Feb. 5, 1901. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once.

Do not delay Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 70 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

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Unequaled by any other.
Tenders hard leather soft.
Specially prepared.
Keeps out water.
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THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1901.

A RANCOROUS ITALIAN DEPUTY.

R. de Cesare is a member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies who thirteen years ago, in anticipation of the death of Pope Leo XIII., gave to the world a supposed momentous work upon "The Coming Conclave." He then named the "papabili" of that period, and probably considered that he had done not a little to influence the election of Leo's successor. In the interval the "papabili" nominated by the prophetic Deputy have all passed out of the world, with the exception of Cardinal Parocchi and Cardinal Capelatro, Archbishop of Capua, neither of whom would ordinarily be listed among the "papabili" of to-day. Nevertheless, R. de Cesare, quite unabashed, is writing once more upon "The Next Conclave," and picking out the coming Pope with all the confidence of an unconfounded wisacre.

In a long article, contributed to The North American Review, this Deputy at all events shows that he is a very close, if a very prejudiced observer of Roman events. In the present venerable head of the Church he can discern no good, and in the future of the Church nothing but confusion. Pope Leo, he says, has only one idea, the restoration of the temporal power. He sacrifices everything else to it. Furthermore, the Holy Father is daily increasing in "senility" and his "decaying will" is now merely a thing in the hands of Cardinal Rampolla, who, in turn, "is a man without friendships, emotions or impulses of generosity or affection." Neither is Cardinal Rampolla a remarkably gifted man, nor one of strongly marked character. He is but a "blind Conservative," who, in his "Sicilian obstinacy" sacrifices the church and flatters the Pope in order to retain himself in "supreme power."

Just imagine a man offering assertions of this nature to the intelligent people of the United States, and expecting them to look upon him as an impartial reviewer of the great question of Italy and the Vatican. Indeed, R. de Cesare would reveal Pope Leo to the world in a new light altogether; and without putting too fine a point upon it, in a vastly different light from the words in the "prophecy of St. Malachi" Lumen in Coelo, which he is universally regarded as answering. According to R. de Cesare, Pope Leo has thrown the German Catholics over for the sake of peace with Germany. He has aided the hand of Russia against the Poles in the hope of finding favor with the Czar. He has slapped the Catholics of Ireland and Malak in the face to please England. He has abandoned the flower of Spanish and French Catholicism even unto submission to Waldeck-Rousseau's Conventions Law. And all in the hope of winning the favor of European Cabinets in his battle for the temporal power against the Italian Government. Cardinal Rampolla has aided and abetted him in everything; yea, even to the extent of agreeing with Abdul Hamid in the Armenian massacres.

These are to say the very least startling revelations, and the great wonder is that the Catholic people of Germany, France, Spain, Ireland, etc., etc have never suspected that anything of the kind was going on. In their innocence and loyalty they have been from year to year holding pilgrimages to the Eternal City, and have been happy to receive the blessing of him whom they regard as the greatest of Popes.

There is a special revelation reserved for the United States. "Leo XIII. has no liking for Anglo-Saxons. It almost seems as though he distrusted them." The letters of His Holiness cannot, of course,

count against the bold assertions of R. de Cesare, who, though an avowed enemy of the Pope, professes to have an intimate knowledge of the Papal mind. Even the Anglo-Saxon, who is supposed to be the most reliable specimen of the human family, must see that R. de Cesare knows altogether too much and on his own incredible and crazy evidence, must be accepted merely as a writer whose mind is filled with rancor and all uncharitableness towards the Church and the Pope.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND THE BENCH.

In England the principle with regard to Catholic representation on the bench, which we explained in a recent article, is strictly adhered to. Thus at the present time a Catholic gets the appointment made vacant by the elevation of a Catholic. The Catholic Times, in noting this fact says: "The Catholic body must feel proud of the verdict given by the press on the Catholic judges whose names figure in the judicial changes which have just taken place. No language could be well be stronger than that in which The Times and the other great dailies pay tribute to the ability, legal knowledge and acumen of Mr. Justice Mathew, who becomes a Lord Justice of Appeal owing to the appointment of Lord Henn Collins, an Irish fellow-countryman of his, as Master of the Rolls in succession to Sir Archibald Smith, retired. The Times describes him as 'one of the greatest Nisi Prius Judges' and 'the first commercial lawyer of our time, comparable to Willes or Blackburn.' All the papers hold that his promotion has been too long delayed, and The Daily News declares that he is the one man who has a higher claim to the Mastership of the Rolls than Lord Justice Collins. Mr. Justice Day's retirement has also called forth high encomiums from the press of every shade of politics. The enviable lucidity of his judgments forms a theme upon which writers dwell, and The Times in referring to his earlier career recalls the days when his edition of the Common Law Procedure Acts was the text-book accepted by the profession and when the country admired his skill as a cross-examiner, his victories won from juries by his keen humor and his sagacity as the rival or successor of Ballantine and Parry. His co-religionists will very heartily join in the public wishes for the happy enjoyment of the repose which he has so well earned."

Our contemporary then adds: "The voice of the public has long marked out Mr. Joseph Walton, K. C., for a judgeship, and the verdict of the people has now been officially sanctioned. He has been appointed a judge of the King's Bench Division in the place of Mr. Justice Mathew, the new Lord Justice of Appeal. Mr. Walton's fitness for the position and his popularity may be inferred from the statement of an important daily paper, which differs from him in politics, that the news 'will cause infinite gratification.' The announcement has indeed elicited a chorus of applause, for it is a matter of public knowledge that the new judge most creditably and fairly won his way to the front. Educated at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, and Stonyhurst, he became a graduate of London University, and was called to the Bar in 1868. Mr. Walton began to win distinction in the north at a time when his friend, the late Lord Russell of Killowen, and other eminent lawyers were attracting public attention on the same circuit, and ever since his career has been a march forward. Acknowledged to be the foremost commercial advocate in England, he became the leader of the Commercial Court Bar. The leadership of the Northern Circuit, the chairmanship of the Bar Council, the Recordership of Wigan, election as a Bencher, and other honors and appointments fell to him quickly, and last year he was chosen as a Commissioner of Assize, a clear indication of the advancement that awaited him. Notably he holds a record of distinction. Upon one phase of it especially Mr. Walton deserves to be congratulated; that is, the unswerving loyalty to the Catholic Faith which he has shown under every circumstance.

THE CORONATION OATH AGAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain, after having encouraged the Colonies to assert themselves in regard to Imperial questions, should not hide his head from the storm that is brewing in Australia over the Coronation declaration. Those Australian Catholics are not easily silenced. In this regard they resemble more the Catholic population of Quebec than the English-speaking Catholics of Canada. They are a very compact body, and with so able a leader as Cardinal Moran cannot fail to make their influence felt.

The following cable despatch of Monday morning last reveals the present aspect of the situation in no very cheerful light for the Government in England, that first encouraged the King's Catholic subjects to assert their self-respect and then tried to wave them aside with the childish rebuke that they did not know their own wants and were not united among themselves. It is plain enough that the Catholics of Australia not only know what they want, but insist upon having it.

The London despatch says: London, Nov. 3.—Cardinal Moran's menacing address, delivered recently in Sydney, on the subject of the anti-Catholic clause in the royal declaration, has caused a decidedly uncomfortable sensation in the Colonial Office, where the full text of the speech was received last week. Other utterances of like character are reaching Mr. Chamberlain, both from Australia and Canada. The latter are especially biting and insistent.

As a matter of fact, the situation between the government and the Catholic subjects of the Crown is so acute as to threaten an open rupture. Cardinal Moran warns Mr. Chamberlain that Australian Catholics intend to resent the result in the royal oath. English Catholics consider the remark as a reminder that Australians are a free people and mean to defend their rights. They are aware of Cardinal Moran's great influence, and also of the agitation proceeding among the adherents of the Catholic religion in every village in Lower Canada, and urge Lord Salisbury, in the interest of peace all over the Empire, to seek a remedy for the present periodical denunciations of the throne. They remind the Premier that 25 per cent. of the population of Australia and 43 per cent. of that of Canada are Catholic, and submit that their deep and intense feelings cannot safely be ignored.

Apropos of the return of the Duke of Cornwall and York, the Catholic press of Great Britain bitterly complains that throughout his tour Catholic Britons were estopped from presenting their grievances to His Royal Highness. The Tablet asserts that the question concerns the Duke more than any other man, and tells him that 12,000,000 of prospective subjects expect him not to sully the beginning of the reign by a gross slander of their religion. The Tablet points out that before the coronation oath can be properly taken by Edward VII. it must be modified so as to exclude the reference to the Irish established church, which no longer exists, and begs that the royal declaration be altered at the same time.

DEATH OF MGR. LAURENT.

The lamented death of Mgr. Laurent, of Lindsay, is a sad reminder to the Catholic people of Ontario of the loving regard in which priests of the French race who have labored among the English-speaking portion of the fold in this Dominion have invariably been held. We in Toronto knew the late Mgr. Laurent by frequent personal association, covering the long period of his forty years of priestly life. Like his namesake, the late Vicar-General Laurent, of this city, his career was an honor to the Catholic people, in the acts of religion and charity which adorned it, not at intervals, or on special occasions, but every day.

On Tuesday the clergy of all denominations in Lindsay and representative laymen of the Protestant body, attended the funeral services in St. Mary's Church, to testify their appreciation of his Christian character and the exalted standard of citizenship which he personified. In this connection it is not out of place to recall the fact that on

more than one occasion the late Mgr. Laurent had reason to publicly assert the truths of the Catholic religion in face of covert attack; and we say it to the credit of the overwhelming majority of the Protestant people of this province that his doing so served, as it should only serve, to enhance his name in the general estimation of his neighbors without regard to creed or class.

To the Catholic Church in Ontario Mgr. Laurent is a real loss. The Church honored him as she honors every noble son, and her prayers accompany him beyond the portals of death.

THE RED MASS IN FRANCE.

Last week we made some references to the "Red Mass" or Mass of the Holy Spirit which is held in England when the courts open after the long vacation. It is a sign of the times that in France the "Messe Rouge" has been suppressed this year for the first time in history. It is invariably celebrated in the "Sainte Chapelle," which was closed this time. In the large provincial towns, like Lyons, the Bench and Bar attended the Mass as usual, however.

LUMINOUS! LUMINOUS!

From The Globe's explanatory treatise on Christian Science in the issue of Nov. 5: "It was a belief essentially different from other religions since the time of Christ. By it disease was traced to a mental cause, manifested physically; when the thought was met, the manifestation disappeared."

THE GREAT FESTIVALS.

In accordance with the time-honored usage of the Church, the past week has witnessed the observance of those two great festivals, that of "All Saints" on Friday last, and "All Souls" on Saturday, thus reminding that part of the Church here on earth of those other portions—the Church Triumphant in Heaven and the Church Suffering in Purgatory.

The month of November is specially devoted to the Souls in Purgatory, that our prayers and good works may avail to relieve those who are powerless to help themselves. The word Purgatory means a state of purification or purging from sin by suffering, and as nothing evil can enter Heaven, the souls in Purgatory must there expiate the guilt attached to venial sins or the temporal punishment due to sin, unless we, by our prayers and above all by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, help to mitigate their sufferings or shorten the period of their temporary imprisonment.

While we have it in our power to assist the Souls in Purgatory, they will not fail to intercede for us in Heaven, and we will become participants of their prayers as sharers in the Communion of Saints.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Miss Ellen Stone promises to become as historic a personage as Bootle's Baby.

That French Deputy who called Chamberlain an assassin was literally inaccurate.

A priest who will be mourned in the Province of Nova Scotia, even as we are mourning the death of Mgr. Laurent here, was Rev. Dr. Murphy of Halifax, whose death is reported this morning.

Between Mr. Guthrie and the Christian Scientists, the unfortunate public won't have enough room for distinguishing the difference between a diphtheria germ and an L.L.D.

The shameful "Horos" trial in London, in which the one-time alleged "Convert from Rome," Miss Diss De Bar, figured, had become so much a fashionable resort that the newspapers threatened to publish the names of the "respectable" people attending daily in the court.

The Tammany hosts have been defeated in the New York municipal elections. The political "smart set" will have a day of rejoicing over the fact; but the people of New York will have to wait for proof of the better government which Mr. Seth Low, President of Columbia University, is expected to bring upon the city.

Canadians have marked the increasing disposition among the insurance companies to shirk the risks taken upon the lives of soldiers serving in South Africa. The companies only are not to blame, for instance the young men who went into Baden-Powell's police

insured their lives with a certain company. This company accepted, in payment of their first premiums their own notes on the security of a sufficient portion of their first four months pay. Since April last the company has appealed to every Ministerial Department concerned to have the money paid, but was put off on one pretence or another up to within a few weeks back. All this time the company was carrying these policies at its own risk, without having received any of the money — which the men were anxious they should receive — and now they have been obliged to drop them.

A loyal subject of the King in Cape Colony lamenting the ruin of war says: "What will become of this God-forsaken country? All the horses have been cleared clean out of it, and now the young foals that were left behind (only a few months old when their mothers were commandeered by the military) have been sent in. Rinderpest has nearly emptied the country of cattle, and now it is appearing again. Lung sickness is killing off the cattle, too. These things cannot be properly checked with the war raging round in this hell upon earth. What will there be left to the farmer? His sheep only, I believe, and they rotten with scab, as the Scab Act cannot be carried out even by the very best of farmers at present. When the war is over, and when we have conquered the two Republics, we shall have in this country a population of paupers — absolutely. The Jews will, no doubt, make money in Johannesburg and Kimberley as heretofore, but where do our ruined farmers come in?"

The report with regard to Cardinal Martinelli's being succeeded by Mgr. Falconio, which we published last week, has been received with satisfaction in the United States. The Washington correspondent of The New York Freeman's Journal says: "There is a rumor that Cardinal Martinelli will return to Rome during the month of December. More interesting than the movements of Mgr. Martinelli is the continuance of the rumor that Mgr. Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, will be his successor at Washington. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mgr. Falconio is a professed Franciscan as was Mgr. Martinelli an Augustinian. Cardinal Satolli, who was the first Apostolic Delegate to the United States, although not a professed monk, had been a familiar of the Benedictines. At this point it may be said that the indications are that the will of the Holy Father is broadly written in unmistakable characters. That part of Americanism, so-called, which has been twisted, methodically, to the detriment of a national aspiration, must fail. The Pontiff will not consent to novelties, nor will he stand idly by when attacks are made upon the "orders." This is plainly written so that all may read. Those who persist in useless warfare will find the fate meted to those who fight unwisely but valiantly."

TOWARDS THE LIGHT.

Our thousands of Irish subscribers will be pleased by the following editorial which we extract from The Dublin Freeman's Journal:

"Mr. W. T. Russell has written a very remarkable book ('Ireland and the Empire' London: Grant Richards). It is remarkable because of the man who writes it, no less than because of what he says. The author was the chief champion of the Union in England. There was no Unionist candidate in the elections when Home Rule was the issue before the constituencies that did not clamor and beg for Mr. Russell's support. He was unquestionably a valuable supporter. He spoke with the fervor of conviction and enthusiasm. He was smitten with the feverish disease of Ulsteria, and made his audiences quake with his description of the horrors to which the loyal minority under Home Rule would be subjected by the tyrannical Nationalist leaders. Mr. Russell has changed his standpoint. He has read Irish history over again, and the results of his reading are apparently summarized in the book before us. No man has given a blacker picture of the infamous bribery and corruption with which the Union was carried than appears in this book. He describes the Government of Ireland under the Union, the poverty of the people, their exclusion from all the rights of citizens, their enforced emigration, their absolute hopeless misery at home, with merciless truth. He tells of the rise of Mr. Gladstone, and the measures of amelioration that followed. But, while he is still vehement in his denunciation of Fenianism, of the Land League, and of the Plan of Campaign, he is constrained to confess that without the stress of vigorous agitation no measure of relief for Ireland would have a chance in the British Parliament. It is a notable confession for a man who was and is a champion of the Union.

"Mr. Russell has, as we said, changed his standpoint in his reading of Irish history, in his more intelligent scrutiny of Irish events. 'I went over,' Mr. Russell writes, 'to fight for the Union on the platforms of Great Britain. I did so under two serious misconcep-

tions. I believed in the Irish landlords; I did not believe in the Irish leaders. My views have been completely changed on both those issues.' The wonder is not that such views have changed, but that they even existed. We remember that this man was an accepted authority on the platforms of Great Britain, who carried many a seat against Home Rule on the assumption that the Irish landlords were self-sacrificing patriots and the Irish leaders mercenary agitators. The double declaration was, as Mr. Russell now admits, doubly mistaken. But it served its purpose. It is amazing that anyone who knew anything of Irish landlords could be deluded into a belief of their disinterested 'loyalty.' Their loyalty was always distinctly and avowedly conditional. Their devotion to the Sovereign is to the coin, not to the King. The Irish leaders were not hurt by Mr. T. W. Russell's reckless calumny, and do not need his tardy atonement. There is always an open door for any man who desires at any stage to serve Ireland, and Mr. Russell's services should be the more earnest from motives of atonement. Mr. T. W. Russell no longer believes in the Irish landlords. No wonder. He sees him as Parliament concerned only about his aggrandizement. He sees him only anxious about his own interests, regardless of others. He sees him the resolute opponent of every reform. On the other hand, Mr. T. W. Russell has come to realize the splendid service rendered by the Irish Nationalists, whom he reviled to the country, whom he described as ruined by their machinations. Mr. Russell, with fine candor, confesses those pernicious delusions. But he still clings, though the cords have grown slender that hold him, to the Union, which he confesses to have been established by fraud. He thinks that if the Irish Land Question, the University Question, and the Financial Relations Commission Question were settled Ireland would be better off under an Imperial than a self-governing Parliament. The confessed mistakes serious and many, that Mr. T. W. Russell has already made should warn him against dogmatic pertinacity in his opinions. His pro-Union arguments are tainted by sophistry. He confessed that England has given absolute freedom to the Colonies. She has thrown the reins of self-government on their neck, and told them to go their own way. And he then argues from the analogy of the Colonists that Ireland should be content without Home Rule. 'Why,' he asks, 'should a country which has secured the passionate loyalty of her Colonies in every part of the world despair of Ireland at her own door?' Mr. T. W. Russell, Unionist, has himself supplied the effective answer, because that Home Rule which is conceded to her Colonies is denied to Ireland. When the Land Question, the University Question, and the Financial Question are all settled Home Rule will still be then clamoring for settlement. Meanwhile, while repudiating Mr. Russell's political creed, Irish Nationalists are willing to accept his aid in the great work they have undertaken, leaving him meanwhile to grope his way along the road which he has already travelled so far, and which will lead him eventually on to still wider reforms."

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The following agents are acting for The Catholic Register in the districts named. We bespeak for them from the clergy of Ontario and Quebec that hearty co-operation which our efforts to extend the circulation of this paper have met with in the past:

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John Morley's Tribute to Gladstone

(Continued from page 1)

I do not believe that fifty men — not even Sir William and I — would, perhaps, sit them out. Gentlemen, I will say this, I doubt whether in our whole Parliamentary history there has been an orator who exhibited the same high level of supreme oratorical excellence in so many kinds. I do not care whether you seek the secret of oratorical argumentative power, whether you seek it in clear, close-cut, sure-footed exposition of a very difficult and entangled business, or whether you look for a fervid and intense appeal to the highest emotion that can warm the human heart, or the deepest principles that can enlighten political reason, or whether you seek the utterance of a man borne onward by some mighty, rushing wind and strenuous effort to serve some high purpose of persuasion or act — I will undertake to say that whatever of those four kinds of oratory you may choose to dwell on, I may boldly undertake to say that in each of those several kinds and varieties I will find a master example in the speeches of the great and famous man whom we have met here to-day to commemorate (applause). It is, as an orator had nothing in common with the glittering, purple platitudes of Anarchias Klotz, an orator of the American race, or any orator of that species. In an early notebook he quoted, for his own guidance, a sentence of Cicero: "That no man can attain the glory of eloquence without the very highest qualities of zeal, of toil, of constancy, of knowledge." I remember once talking to Mr. Gladstone about how to make speeches (laughter). He had a poor learner, but he told me of serious preparations that he made, and then he said: "As for the words — well, the words come." The does not happen to all of us. But this is the point. His speeches, in spite of all the decoration of the rhetorical decoration, are saturated, as every sensible political speech ought to be saturated, in matter and practice, and apart from the extraordinary intellectual powers, apart from the glow of his moral genius, apart from those incomparable physical gifts which seemed to encase the soul of fire in a frame of pliant steel, he was a great orator in the only sense in which it is worth while for any man ever to talk to anybody, to any great audience, because he was always engaged on some practical object, some great piece of persuasion, or some great act. Besides,

HE WAS A GREAT ORATOR, BECAUSE

having the gifts, having hopes and thoughts about his country and about good causes, he was a most prodigious and indefatigable worker; and, secondly, and even more important, because of the tenacity and force of his will. Talk of Mr. Gladstone as a worker. Why — I speak with all respect — he would have been a match for any one of your Manchester gentlemen in your own warehouses and factories and mills and banks, just as he was a match for the ablest officials at the Treasury in the strict, laborious, accurate methods of business. No drudging city clerk in Manchester had more of the virtues of the counting-house. Nobody who has not worked at close quarters with Mr. Gladstone at framing great bills knows or can realize his searching exploration of details, the intensity and concentration of his scrutiny of facts, figures, and arguments, his mastery of clauses, sub-clauses, and provisos, his imperial command over the minutiae even of a schedule; and yet all the time — do not forget this — while he was all this, he was a shining instance of the maxim that "great thoughts come from the heart." He did not take the House of Commons languidly (laughter and applause). He regarded the honor and power of the House of Commons as one of the great bulwarks of English liberty and good government in England (applause). He honored the House of Commons and he taught the House of Commons to honor itself (applause). Now, I am going to say a word of deduction. A great idol of Mr. Gladstone, Bishop Butler, taught wisely of the danger of our great refinement of going beyond the plain obvious facts and appearances of things, and there is no doubt that sometimes you may find an over-refining in Mr. Gladstone in words, an excess of qualifying propositions, and so on. I really don't think there is anybody to whom that particular quality is less sympathetic than it is to the very humble individual who is now addressing you. But I will say, on the other hand, if you remember how carelessness in words, how slovenly confusion in the name of the same thing or matter, the habit of talking as matter of positive proof what is only possible or barely probable, when I think of all the mischief and folly wrought in the world by those loose habits of mind which are almost as much the master vice of the head as selfishness is the master vice of the heart, I declare I am inclined, in spite of occasional mutiny, to think we may well forgive Mr. Gladstone for what passed for sophistry

try and for subtlety, but which was in truth, a scruple of conscience, I came upon a sentence the other day from an old friend of mine, Professor Huxley, and he said — he was no great friend of Mr. Gladstone — "Here is a man with the greatest intellect in Europe, and yet he debases it by simply following majorities and the crowd." I know it is sometimes said that this great statesman was a mere mirror of the passing impulses, the numerous intellectual confusions of the public mind — that he had no eye for winds and currents and the rising of the tide to the very height which would float him and his cargo over the bar (laughter). I submit to you that that was the exact opposite of the truth (hear, hear). What he thought was the statesman's gifts consisted in insight into the facts of a particular era, disclosing the existence of material for forming public opinion, and directing public opinion to a given point; and I will undertake to say that everyone of his great achievements — aye, and even

HIS LAST GREAT ATTEMPT AT AN ACHIEVEMENT

— that in everyone of those great causes he formed, or endeavored to form and create, the great public opinion upon which he knew he depended. I will take a case which ought to interest you, citizens of Manchester. He began the greater stage of his career by the Budget of 1853, which revealed to the country that it possessed a man with a great comprehension of the substantial interests and the growing concerns of trade and commerce. Did he run about feeling the pulse of popular opinion? No. He grappled with the facts with infinite genius and labor; and recollect, with Mr. Gladstone genius was labor (applause). He built up a vast plan. He carried that plan to the Cabinet. The Cabinet were against him almost to a man. They warned him that the House of Commons would be against him. The officials of the Treasury told him the Bank would be against him; that a great press of interests would be against him; but, like an intrepid and sinewy athlete that he always was he stood to his guns. He converted the Cabinet; he persuaded the House of Commons; he vanquished the Bank and the hostile interests; and, in the words of one of his successors, whom Sir William Houldsworth and I well knew and liked — Sir Stafford Northcote — he did all those things and turned for many years to come the current of public opinion with that force which was too powerful for any Minister to resist. Don't let it be said, that Mr. Gladstone was a man who always followed the flowing tide (hear, hear). If I may make another case, I only mention it — it is interesting to me for various reasons — it is the case of

THE IRISH LAND LEGISLATION

and don't think I say it because I chance, from accident of office, to know more about it than of some other things. This was, in my judgment, the most gigantic, the most complex, the most deep-reaching of his legislative achievements. The transformation of land tenures, always the most difficult of all processes in all countries, and the adaptation of law and institution to social fact and social need — this revolution which he effected in the relations between the man who tilled the soil and the man who drew the rent, this compulsory valuation of land as a preliminary to that purchase which we are all agreed to be the ultimate solution — this was effected, not with the flowing tide, it was effected against the ignorance of this country against the prejudice of this country, against the standing prejudice of both branches of the Legislature, who were steeped in the deepest doctrine of contract. You remember the events in the 'seventies. I will for a moment trespass on controversial ground. You will remember there was a great discussion, and for good reason, as to what was the policy of this country in respect to the Christian races on the Balkan Peninsula. Some of you may remember a very fine figure of Mr. Gladstone's on that point. He said these Christian races, standing between Turkey and Europe, were like a shelving beach which restrained the waves. A beach, it is true, is beaten by the waves; it is laid desolate; it produces nothing, it became nothing but a mass of shingle and rock, and almost useless seaweed; but it is a place behind which cultivated earth can spread and escape the incoming tide; and such, he said, was the resistance to the Turk of Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks. Well, in the great enterprise of his life, in the 'seventies, he made an opinion which eventually guided the policy of the country, and which had such a great effect for the good of the world (applause). One more point I will refer to. He misread the Civil War in America, which saved the American Union and prevented the horrid curse of the great slave power from growing upon American soil. He misread it in common with nearly all the leading statesmen of the time and most of the leading influences of the time — not in Lancashire (cheers). Well, but then, if upon that one occasion he

fell into error, do let us remember that no man was more ready to admit how grievous the error had been; and I will say this, that he made the noblest reparation that any statesman has ever made for a rash word by a healing deed when he made the Geneva Arbitration. Then, with regard to

THE ALABAMA DISPUTE ARBITRATION

it quenched the fires of animosity between the same race on two sides of the Atlantic, and it inaugurated the first substantial and great precedent for the substitution of reason for force, and something else for the deadly but not altogether avoidable arbitrament of the sword (loud cheers). I said that if Mr. Gladstone had done nothing else in the long period of time during which he wielded practically supreme power in this country, if he had done nothing else but that he would have deserved a statue of bronze or marble of fine gold in every city of the Empire (great cheering). His financial policy was quite simple, and because it was so simple, people said it was not original. It was that we would maintain our prosperity and our wealth by relieving and stimulating industry by keeping the financial credit of the country high, by lessening the load of old debts, by husbanding resources, by keeping a vigilant eye on outgoings. I had the happiness to know Mr. John Stuart Mill (hear, hear), of whom Mr. Gladstone said he was the saint of rationalism, and of whom, I think, he also said that he had the most open mind of his generation (hear, hear). Now, Mr. Mill used to say to us, who sometimes in those days were not such good Gladstonians as we afterwards became: "If ever there was a statesman in whom the spirit of improvement is engrained, and of whose career as a Minister the characteristic feature has been to seek out things which are required or admitted of improvement, instead of waiting to be pressed or driven to do them, Mr. Gladstone deserved that honor." (Applause.) Of course, we know that every Minister proposes, and sincerely proposes to place the advancement of the public in the forefront of all his schemes and operations, but some of you, perhaps, have never been in Whitehall (laughter). The shades of the prison house of Whitehall soon close round the infatigable of the reformer (laughter). Interest, sympathetically, even the milk of human kindness, interposes when the stern reformer comes to carry out his projects. Mr. Gladstone was not open even to the influence of the milk of human kindness in those matters. Think what it is to have a man for so many years as Mr. Gladstone was in possession of a supreme control of public authority, with a sort of driving power of his own, which, so far as I know, has seldom or never been equalled by any of our great Ministers who have been at the head of the Administration of this country, a man so imbued as he was with the interests of the public, with the necessity for improvement, with the necessity for thrift and for vigilance; and when all his exploits are measured and sifted and weighed I am not at all sure that in the first rank of them, perhaps in the first place in the first rank, would be placed the tradition that he started in our civil services a vigilant attention to the public interest as the master consideration; and we owe to him in no small degree the purity and efficiency of that great Civil service upon which so much of the nation depends (hear, hear).

NO MAN SO HATED AND DESPISED MORAL COWARDICE

and the faint heart. No life was ever less left to the shaping of hap-hazard. In small affairs or great, in public affairs or private, he acted from premeditated reasons, and trusted nothing to chance, nothing to the casual stars. In every sense of the word, and within the widest range of the spirit of the word, he abhorred a gambler (applause). Time would fail me to speak of him as a scholar, and mine is not the tongue to speak of him as a theologian or a divine. I would only remark that, so far as scholarship goes, he was no mere studious reader of books to relieve mental anxiety or slack the thirst of literary curiosity. Reading with him was habitual communion with the master spirits of mankind, as a vivid end nourishing part of each day's life. No doubt, something was left out in the wide circle of his interests. Natural science in all its speculations and extensions and increase of scientific truth, the extension of scientific methods, all that, no doubt, constitute the central activities, the intellectual activities of England and Europe during the last forty years of his life, to all that he has not entirely opened. I remember once going with him one Sunday afternoon to pay a visit to Mr. Darwin. It was in the seventies. As I came away I felt that no impression had reached him; that that intellectual, modest, single-minded, low-browed lover of truth, that searcher of the secrets of nature, had made no impression on Mr. Gladstone's mind that he had seen one who from his Kentish hilltop was shaking the world; but the omission of scientific interest was well made up for. The thought with which he rose in

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the morning and went to rest at nine was of

THE UNIVERSE AS A SUB-LIME MORAL THEATRE,

on which the omnipotent dramatist used kingdoms and rulers, laws and policies, to exhibit a sovereign purpose for good, to light up what I may call the prose of politics with a ray from the divine mind and exalt his ephemeral discourse into a sort of visible relation to the counsels of all time. I came on a letter the other day where somebody wrote to him and said — and the words were true — "You have so lived and wrought that you have kept the soul alive in England" (cheers). When he died Lord Salisbury said of him that he was a great Christian. Yes, and I would add that he was not a Christian for nothing (hear, hear). I think he must often have used to himself the language of Wordsworth — "Earth is sick and Heaven is weary of the hollow words that states and kingdoms utter when they talk of truth and justice." He, at all events, in face of all demands of practical politics, did his best to bring those considerations of truth and justice into the minds and hearts of his countrymen (cheers). He was a great teacher. Besides being a statesman, besides being a patriot, besides being a magnificent orator, besides being a scholar, he was a great moral teacher. His language would not be mine, but I do say that Mr. Gladstone, when he saw the nations going on a wrong path, saw high in the heavens the flash of the uplifted sword and the gleam of the arm of the avenging angel (cheers). Gentlemen, I thank you for listening to me, and I hope you will feel that it is a good thing for us to praise the great men and the fathers that beget us (loud cheers).

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DISTINGUISHED SURGEON'S CONVERSION.

Dr. Frederick Loeber, the distinguished chief surgeon of Toronto Infirmary, New Orleans, passed away some days ago. On his deathbed he accepted the Catholic faith. Racially Dr. Loeber was a Jew, but in religion he was a Lutheran. His father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather all were distinguished Lutheran ministers. Dr. Loeber himself was a graduate of the University of Hesse-Darmstadt. Three years ago Emperor William, of Germany, conferred on him the Order of the Red Eagle.

SKEPTICISM.

— This is unhappy an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

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THE ROSE OF PARADISE

By REV. F. X. MCGOWAN, O.S.A.

The shades of night were falling fast and thick on the mountainside and the confused mass of monastic buildings, perched like an eagle's nest upon an inaccessible rock, shone amidst the last rays of the setting sun in a golden glory. The towers, embattlements, donjon and pierced spire rose from the top of the mountain like a sheaf of fire, casting its splendid beams far out on the horizon. Below on the hillsides, the tints were softer, and in the vapory distance of pale violet, relieved here and there, with a streak of orange color, appeared an immense forest which extended from the base of the mountain to its very top, forming about the lofty hill an impenetrable and mysterious cincture.

A tall, slender man, clothed in sombre habit with his arms folded on his breast, stood in deep thought at the turn of a path that wound its course around the mountainside. He had remained here for several hours immovable and impassive as a statue, plunged in some strong, possessing trend of meditation. He was suddenly roused from his pensive state by something; the tones of a bell rang out, sending its long summons, a desperate call, to every echo in the deep still forest. The monk drew back the capouch which covered his eyes and began slowly the ascent to the monastery. Night was now enshrouding the mountain. All noise and tumult had ceased and the stillness was general and solemn. At intervals, deep voices seemed to ascend from the aged oaks, like human cries or appeals, but they soon died away and heavy silence reigned again. Rays of light darted here and there like lightning playing in the woodland, streaking the depths of the thickets with fantastic stripes of color. Voices were now heard distinctly and torches glimmered in the distance. "Ho, Brother Elias! Brother Elias, ho!" Several monks emerged from a nearby glade and came out into the open road, their faces the picture of anxiety.

"Here I am, my brothers," said the religious repressing a smile. "What are you afraid of?" "Brother Elias," answered a young monk bowing, "our most Reverend Father commended us in virtue of holy obedience to go and find you. It is growing late and it is not safe to be in the forest. There is everything to fear—an accident, an ambush. The lord of Rocca-Secca is very badly disposed against our place, and his minions might harm you. And if we were to lose you, the glory of our Order, certainly the most Reverend Abbot would die of grief."

Brother Elias, catching the last words, repeated them thrice: "All the glory of our Order, the glory of our Order, the glory of our Order. You know not." Here he became all at once silent, and the other religious, respecting his silence, refrained from speaking. But the looks which they exchanged told eloquently in what high esteem they held the humble monk, the learned, illustrious Brother Elias, who was the true, indisputable glory of their whole Order. They guarded him with jealous care.

Many years before this incident, on a fine spring morning, a woman passed through the portcullis of the monastery (for in those early days the abbey and monasteries had all the defences of a castle on account of the sudden attacks of barbarians or other enemies) and going to the reception-room asked humbly to speak with the Abbot. A child with singularly beautiful features and deep, mild eyes accompanied her timidly. This woman came to present her youngest child, Elias, to the Father-Abbot. She desired to consecrate him to the service of the altar. The child dreamed of nothing but censures, prostrations and sacred hymns. Sometimes he asked strange questions of his parents, who were modest vassals of the abbey, and the latter embarrassed for an answer, sent him to the chaplain who was also unable to satisfy the child's restless mind. His parents thought that they perceived a manifestation of the Divine will in these extraordinary signs, and they were willing to be separated without delay from their beloved son. The Abbot welcomed him with open arms, and he was clothed in a coarse woollen habit. His silken curls were sacrificed; the symbolic crown turned around his head an aureole with a golden reflex, and the little oblate gravely presented the wine of the sacrifice to the priest at the altar.

The years sped by quickly, and the child grew into manhood. He moved apart from the other novices, who may have been too turbulent for him, and he walked for

hours on the ramparts of the abbey. Brother Elias never broke away from his long meditations, except in the presence of the master, whom he questioned frequently and eagerly. His dreamy eyes would then glow with fire, and his companions, even the master himself, would listen in wonder to the words that fell from his youthful lips, the echoes of the profound thoughts that crowded into this head of twenty years. At the close of the "Schola" the aged master bowed before the abbot and in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "Most Reverend Father, I think that I may now chant my Nunc Dimittis."

At length, one day after a spirited theological joust, in which the most profound questions had been expounded, discussed, commented on, and often resolved, and in which Brother Elias, implacable in his irrefutable arguments, had carried away the victory from his rivals, leaving them no other advantage but that of being vanquished by him, while the young students almost panted for breath as they listened to his nervous, facile, eloquent and dominating words, the venerable master quitted his chair, and descending to the hall, clasped the scholar of his predilection to his bosom. With deep feeling, he said: "My son, take my chair; it belongs to you by right. Let me be a learner henceforth; let me listen to your lectures. You will be the glory of our Order and the light of Holy Church."

Brother Elias was installed in the chair of the master, and gave himself more than ever to long and deep study. In his cell was a pile of manuscripts and parchments (printing was unknown in those days), treatises on theology, dogmatical and mystical, sacred scripture, metaphysics, astronomy, in fact on every science human and Divine.

Hundreds of scholars sought his advice almost with emulation. His reputation for learning crossed the threshold of his monastic homes, and his word was authority in every house of his Order. Monks, doctors and learned strangers visited the abbey, undeterred by length of journey or inclemency of season. They came to submit their difficulties to the superior intelligence of the humble monk, and in their enthusiastic admiration they called him "Doctor illuminatus." "Doctor irrefragabilis." The old master had prophesied truth. Brother Elias was really the glory of his Order. When he passed along the cloister, the novices, the brothers, the monks and even the prior inclined to him respectfully.

A change, however, came over the learned brother; for some time he appeared to be dejected in mind and almost morose. Brother Elias smiled no longer. He scarcely paid attention to those who spoke to him, and when he did answer, it was in a vague, precise way. His thoughts were elsewhere. Sometimes this young master hesitated in the middle of a sentence, his eyes wandered, and when he was free, he went far away from the monastery, burying himself deep in the most frequented parts of the forest. Disquieted by this odd behavior, the monks tried to divine the cause of it and said to one another in a low voice: "What is the matter with Brother Elias? What troubles him?" The more aged monks shook their heads and said that they did not know. The young monks declared that Brother Elias was working out some mysterious problem or was engaged on some great treatise.

Brother Elias, the learned, illustrious scholar, the grand theologian and irrefragable philosopher, who had climbed the loftiest heights of thoughts and had solved and determined the knottiest questions of sacred theology, was now assailed by one of the fiercest onslaughts of hell.

Brother Elias doubted. Doubt, with all its black horror, invaded this luminous mind. Like a never-dying worm, doubt had stolen into the noblest chamber of his intellect and there this blighting worm, extending its ravages, had strewn about it the fatal work of ruin, desolation and death. Brother Elias, the subtle metaphysician, had allowed himself to become the prey of the grossest sophistry. A voice murmured in his ear: "Brother Elias, you think, perhaps, you have reached certitude, you who have transcended the limits of all knowledge. You are the mere plaything of numberless phenomena. Have you yet penetrated to the substance or essence of being?" And the tempter's voice added: "Brother Elias, what is the good of all these fasts and austerities? Are you sure, brother, of the great

herafter?" The monk's thoughts were wrapped in darkness. Night was fast closing in on his poor brain, and his mental torture was simply agonizing. He threw himself on the cold floor of his cell; he covered his body with sackcloth and iron chains, and he severely scourged his bleeding shoulders. "O God," he cried in heart-broken accents, "Oh God, I want to believe, I want to believe." Darkness still brooded over his soul and his doubt was inexorable. One beautiful winter evening, when the genial sun warmed his nature, Brother Elias perceived a small scaffolding that had been erected in the cloister—that dear cloister which had witnessed his happy youth, and now recalled to his embittered heart the pure joys of former days.

The brother drew near and without saying a word gazed in astonishment at a young novice on his knees, who was painting with care and delicate hand and color a beautiful Madonna. The mother looked with motherly tenderness on the Divine Infant who clung to her loving embrace. With one hand she pressed her son to her bosom, and with the other she offered Him graciously a rose of admirable color. The novice finished the painting of the rose. "Oh! what a lovely rose!" cried Brother Elias. The novice in surprise turned his head, and seeing the master, blushed deeply. "Is it not beautiful?" said the monk, and pointing to the frozen garden, added: "I cannot see what flower in this season could have served you for a model." "Oh!" replied the novice, "this rose is not of earth; I saw it in Paradise." "In Paradise?" the monk murmured pensively. "Ah! in Paradise!" He passed on as usual dreamingly. He could find no rest, no peace of mind. His troubled thoughts returned, and he was sorely beset by them; his temples began to throb violently. "Ah!" he murmured again, "he saw it in Paradise. The poor child! He can scarcely stammer out a few bad syllogisms, yet he knows. And I who have fathomed all knowledge, who have opened out new and magnificent worlds of thought, I do not know, I am the victim of cruel doubt." He pressed his trembling hands in anguish against his feverish brow. "Ah, if I could only see a rose from Paradise!" In his agitation Brother Elias trampled heavily on the yellow turf. The sun was descending over the hills, being gradually quenched in the evening mist and bathing every object with golden dust and splendid coloring.

When the master returned to the abbey, the bells were chiming gaily, their musical, sonorous tones ringing over mountain and valley. They announced the approaching festival of Christmas. In the cloister the monks, fixed with the spirit of the blessed feast, half chanted the refrain: "Puer natus est nobis. Et vocabitur Deus, Fortis, Alleluia!" The novices were hurrying to and fro and had the air of serious care. They spoke in low voice, checked all tendency to noise and whispered to one another for whatever assistance they needed. "Brother Anselm, do not forget to place the 'Gloria in Excelsis Deo' over the crib." "Brother, please get me the 'Santo Bambino' which the Holy Father sent us last year from Rome. Be careful with it." In the large basilica it was wonderful to see a mountain erected, a grotto made, a forest arising, and a brook running noiselessly over shining white pebbles. Shepherds were walking toward the crib, carrying snow-white lambskins in their arms, and beautiful ladies, shepherdesses, made profound obeisances to Madame, St. Mary. The old monks smiled, not without an air of melancholy and with a look or gesture encouraged the simple piety of the industrious novices.

At length all was finished, and the religious retired to take some few moments of needed rest, preparatory to the celebration of the morrow's solemn feast. Mute, immovable, with his capouch lowered over his head, Brother Elias gazed wistfully at the Infant God lying before him on the hard couch. What fearful, what pleasant recollection that humble crib recalled. Ah! his soul was rent with sorrow; his heart was overwhelmed with bitterness. He saw himself again a child kneeling on the altar step, while the Abbot traced round his head the crown which made him Christ's servant. Later in the fulness of his free intelligence, he swore at the altar obedience and fidelity to the same Lord. For Jesus' sake he wished to be poor; for Christ he wished to crucify his flesh. Powerful emotions took possession of his whole being; the picture of the past troubled him; he was disquieted at the memory of that solemn day when, with uplifted heart and trembling members, he gave himself entirely to God, as he lay prostrate on the marble floor of the sanctuary. The bishop, he saw once more, imploring over him the spirit of fortitude, the whole court of Heaven, and with hands yet moist with the holy unction, he arose a priest, a priest for eternity. He had sacrificed the spotless Victim. Oh! then there were light, peace and happiness in his life. Now there was naught but darkness, fear, despair. His hands writhed in torture and his eyes wandered wildly.

Suddenly a heavy chill shook his body violently; his breath heaved spasmodically; his trembling knees sank beneath him and he fell forward with his face on the floor. "O God, if it is true," he cried, "that Thou, the eternal Word, became flesh, died and arose on the third day from the tomb, full of life, I beseech Thee to manifest this truth to me. Thou wast a Man of sorrows. Come to my assistance in this hour of distress. Have pity on me, a miserable being, according to Thy great mercy. O Lord, I have believed in my weak understanding, but I have sinned. To Thee alone, the Universal Principle, the Common Centre of being; to Thee, the Only Incomparable, Incommunicable One is due all honor, all glory. Take from me, Lord, my knowledge; give me faith, O God, faith!" Stretched on the cold pavement, his body shook with a violent tremor. "Pity, O my God, pity," he sobbed.

A delightful calm now settled over the poor agitated monk, and a voice spoke in his soul: "Something more than fasts and sackcloth is necessary. Be meek and humble of heart. While you bend your head before My sovereign Majesty, confess at the same time your nothingness. Peace be to men of good will. May My light shine upon you! Now arise."

The monk obeyed the injunction of the interior voice; he arose and saw in divine ecstasy the frail statue, the Santo Bambino, let fall from its little hands a most exquisite rose of deep red color. Amazed, Brother Elias cried out in a loud voice, "hat awakened his brethren in the abbey: 'The rose of Paradise! The rose of Paradise!' His eyes filled with tears, and in accents broken with emotion, he exclaimed: 'I believe, Lord, I believe!'

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

We take the following from The Barrie Gazette of Oct. 30. The Globe of the 21st contained reports of two vigorous and well-timed sermons on this subject, delivered in Toronto by Rev. Dr. Langtry and Rev. E. C. Caley.

Dr. Langtry deprecates the divorce of religion from our system of common school and university education, and regards it as one of the results of "accursed sectarianism," that were the teachers are permitted, nay are required to teach all the truths of literature, history, science, they are not permitted in this Christian land, to teach the truths of the Christian religion. He predicts, as a result of this system, in the long run, the formation of earthly, selfish and sensuous characters, and all those crimes that are detrimental to the human race. If this state of things is not remedied, it will end, says Dr. Langtry, in the destruction of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the substitution of a Celtic Roman Catholic population.

Rev. Mr. Caley speaks to the same purpose, and asserts that the Sunday School teaching is not enough. "Imagine," he says, "the chorus of criticism, that would be heard, if lay arithmetic were taught in our schools, but once a week." Mr. Caley does not suppose that if St. Paul were Minister of Education he would dream of setting up a system of education "including every branch of knowledge except that of religion."

It argues well for our country that the clericalism of the different religious denominations are placing themselves on record, as advocates of the necessity of religion as an integral element of our educational system. We find reports of sermons on these lines reported every week, and from every part of the country. It was not so some time ago, but public sentiment has undergone quite a change recently, and it is not at all too soon that those charged with the teaching of the gospel, interested in the welfare of the people and the prosperity of their country, should become convinced of this necessity.

The welfare of the state depends on the virtue, morality and intelligence of the people, and the virtue, morality and intelligence of the people depend on religion. This will not be denied by any one professing the Christian religion. Without religion they have no basis, nothing to stand on, no guide, no sanction, no support, and are sure in the hour of trial to fall through, to fail utterly, as the history of pagan nations of antiquity, as well as the common judgment of mankind, in all ages, and nations amply proves. Education without religion only sharpens the intellect, and fits men to be adroit rogues and swindlers, as we are but too painfully experiencing in our own country, which bids fair, if a remedy be not soon procured, to supply its proportion of swindlers and sharpers, if we may believe the daily reports of the journals. No doubt much may be done, and is done, by Sunday Schools and home influence to supply the defects of our education, but by no means enough. The influence of the Sunday School, under the best possible management in a community, where the religious instruction is so scanty, the people so worldly, so engrossed in business, home influences in favor of religion are very feeble, and the amount of religious instruction given, except in comparatively few families, is hardly worth counting.

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The virtues needed to secure good citizenship in this life are to be obtained by seeking and promoting the virtues that fit us for eternal life. This follows necessarily from the fact that man is created with a spiritual nature and for an immortal destiny. If he existed for this life only if he were as some Socialist pretend, only a monkey or gorilla developed, or were like the beasts that perish, religious knowledge would not be necessary to subdue the violence of human passions, but as man is constituted, pagan philosophy is inadequate.

We know well, by experience, that even the secular virtues are not secured, when sought, at the end of education and of life, but only in educating and living for that which is not secular, and in securing the virtues which have a promise of the life of the world to come. Man is not all soul or all body, but a union of soul and body, and, therefore, his education should include in their union not separation—for the separation of the soul and body is the death of the body—both spiritual education and secular, so that man's knowledge may lean upon, and be guided by higher motives.

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LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL.
 Monthly Competition—Form IV.
 Senior Division, 1st, James Hennessy; 2nd, Daniel Kennedy; 3rd, Joseph McAuliffe. Form IV, Junior Division, 1st, Lawrence Martin; 2nd, Albert Heck; 3rd, Adolph Grant. Form III, Senior Division, 1, J. Walsh; 2, J. Gavigan; 3, W. Macdonald. Junior Division, 1, F. Murphy; 2, R. Stormont; 2, B. Murphy.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, BOYS.
 Honor Roll, October, 1901.—
 Form IV.—J. Power, F. Cardine, G. Connelly, W. Mogan, O. Miller, W. Quigley, J. Doyle. Examination—G. Froman, J. Doyle. Form III. (Seniors)—F. Penneylon, J. Kenny, H. Adams, J. McCabe, B. Christie, S. Quigley, T. Quigley, F. Judge, W. Filby, M. Johnston, L. Kane. Examination—J. Egan, W. Filby, Form III. (Juniors)—V. Ryan, A. Mogan, L. McCarthy, H. Flynn, V. Buckley, G. Cullerton, R. Kerr, B. Haffey, F. McDonnell, W. O'Connor, L. Clancy, J. Walsh, D. O'Neill. Examination—V. Ryan, V. Buckley, H. Flynn and J. O'Brien. Form II. (Seniors)—R. Donovan, H. Mulvogue, E. Gloster, J. Gloster, J. Anderson, F. Sheehy, J. Cassidy, A. Brennan, J. Foley, J. O'Connor, J. Himmcl. Form II. (Juniors)—J. Murphy, W. Daly, J. McCabe, J. Spies, F. Newman, J. McLellan.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL, BOYS.
 Honor Roll for October, 1901.
 The following are the names of the boys who obtained testimonials for deportment and application during the past month:
 Form IV, Senior Division—Excellent, Martin O'Grady, Daniel Davis, James Kenny, Neil McGrath, William McGowan, Daniel Kennally, Joseph McAuliffe, James Hennessy, Charles Ceceri; good, Frank Giroux, Albert McDonald. Junior Division—Excellent, Albert Heck and Rudolph Brazil (equal), Arthur Leonard, Lawrence Martin, William Hennessy; good, John Bonner, John Ellis. Form III.—Excellent, F. Ungard; good, John Gavigan, L. Leonard, B. Murphy, F. Murphy, E. Seitz.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.
 Honor Roll for October.
 Form I.—J. Seitz, J. O'Heath, P. Dec, E. Hurlley, G. Somers. Form II.—J. Clancy, D. Coll, D. Doyle, A. Kirby, G. Harrison, L. Lee, H. Lavelle, L. Langley, J. McCarron, E. Zeagman. Form III.—E. Kelley, J. Norris, W. Oslcr, J. Madigan, J. Thompson.

THOROLD SEPARATE SCHOOL.
 Third Class—Good conduct, M. Swinton, K. Swinton, M. MacNamara; spelling, 1st, C. Manley, 2nd, Mary Swinton; 3rd, B. Ferguson.

THE CHRISTMAS SALE.
 The object of the Annual Christmas Sale held in the Confederation Life Building, corner Richmond and Yonge streets, is well known. The Sisters of the Precious Blood, for whose benefit the sale is held, have led their unostentatious lives of prayer and good works in our midst for some twenty-five years. In sorrow and trouble they have comforted many hearts, while to their prayers many ascribe the spiritual benefits and even temporal favors granted them. The annual sale is held to pay off the debt contracted in building the present monastery. The ladies who have it in charge may be relied upon to make it even a greater success than ever. In addition to a grand display of fancy-work, novelties of all kinds, there will be a unique collection of decorated china. Concerts by the very best talent will be given each evening during the sale, of which particulars will be given later. Handsome prizes are to be given away every evening and on Saturday, Nov. 30, Santa Claus will anticipate his usual date and distribute from a huge Christmas tree gifts to every child. The sale opens at luncheon hour, on Monday, Nov. 25, when a recherche luncheon will be served. The sale will close Saturday evening, Nov. 30. Luncheon and tea will be served every day; arrangements can be made for suppers, five o'clock teas, etc. Look for further particulars next week.

MGR. LAURENT, DIED OCT. 31, 1901.

The tears of his people fall fast on the bier,
 For the hand of the Lord is upon them;
 And bowed down with sorrow,
 With anguish and fear,
 They gaze on the home that's beyond them;
 The face of their pastor has lost its life bloom,
 His voice is now silent and still;
 Its form that they cherished is fit for the tomb,
 His soul has gone out at God's will.
 Yet why should we murmur, from him that we part?
 Who showed us the way should be trod;
 And who bore through life's burdens a kind trusting heart
 In the merciful love of his God;
 Who in youth and in manhood one object alone
 Had sought without favor or gain;
 To live for his God, and for sin to atone
 And Heaven's high glory attain.
 No base thought of self ever clouded his soul,
 No struggle too hard or too weary;
 No work overgreat that would lead to the goal
 Some poor wandering heart that was dreary.
 Many wounded and sore has he found by the way,
 And from shoulders the burden has taken;
 Many groping in darkness he's brought to the day,
 Who through sin the true path had forsaken.
 He has led his loved children with fatherly hand
 Up the hill where science abides,
 And taught them that knowledge and truth alone stand
 In the mind where religion resides.
 Ever urging, e'er helping them strength to acquire
 In all that was noble and great,
 He accomplished in life his one grand desire,
 His lesson—to labor and wait.

In the close of the year, in the church that he loved,
 Closed the door of his earthly life's day;
 May the dawn of the Saints, God's chosen beloved,
 Shine on him and show him the way—
 To the home he has carved on the great book of life,
 To the foot of the throne of the King;
 To that rest of the weary, that follows the strife,
 And where angels God's praises shall sing.
 Dead bells shall toll for our Father that's gone
 To join the fond friends of his youth;
 But behind him the light of his virtue hath shone
 With holiness, justice and truth.
 Then let misereres our rosaries tell,
 Take in mercy, O Lord! our good priest;
 May his purity, love, and kindness to all,
 Be the garment he'll wear at the Feast.
 K.M.O.L.
 Lindsay, Nov. 3rd, 1901.

AN EASY WAY OF MAKING A DOLLAR.
 The Register will give one dollar cash as a premium to the person who will obtain the best bargain from any of the advertisers in this week's issue of The Catholic Register.
 All you have to do is to read over our columns, correspond with or buy direct from any of our advertisers (mentioning this paper), and forward a copy of your receipted bill with a description of the article purchased to us.
 We will examine the list of sales and award the prize to the person whom we will consider to have obtained the best bargain.
 It does not matter if the bargain be not obtained personally. A purchase by a relative will entitle you to compete. All we require is a copy of the receipted bill, made out in your relative's name. Allowance will be made for out-of-town purchasers.
 The winner's name will be announced in The Catholic Register of 21st November.

A Costly Wedding.
 Wealth, after all, is but a relative term, and the canny Scot affords the latest proof of it. "One man may be passing rich on \$40 a year," says a writer in a Glasgow newspaper, "and another may be miserably poor on \$400. This was beautifully illustrated to me the other day, when, driving past a popular Ayrshire 'place of drinks,' I was hailed from the roadside by a man who claimed friendship on the strength of 'living next door when we were boys.' He was getting married, he said, and on that, I suppose, was feeling unusually happy. 'Man, come on in and let me stann you something,' he said. 'Don't think I've nae money. There's a pound note. Would you believe it, no' a week sin' I had hant three pound, but what wi' buying furniture and things I've spent the tither twa. Aye, and afore the wadden's over, I believe that pound'll be melted tae. By gawd, gettin' married's the thing to rin awa' wi' miler. But come on in and hae a drink.'"

The Coronation Organist.
 At the coming coronation of King Edward there are many perquisites in connection with the appropriation of which there is sure to be much morri-fication in the newspapers and some trouble in domestic circles. The service will be held in Westminster Abbey, and one of the perquisites here is the beautiful organ, which has been "obtained" by the officiating organist for the last four coronations. Possession of the instrument has been amply compensated for. "The organist at the coronation service," says The London Chronicle, "will probably receive a check for \$100 in settlement of all claims, and naturally the question is who will be the lucky man to be appointed to the post. Since the coronation of George III., the composer to the Chapel Royal has always superseded the regular organist at the Abbey and at the late coronation of George V. was appointed over the head of Turle. The present composer to the Chapel Royal, and organist at St. James' Palace, is Dr. William Greer, and people are wanting to know if he will play his high and outer Sir Frederick Bridge from the Abbey organ next June."

Telegraphing at Sea.
 Marconi still continues to make progress with his instruments for wireless telegraphy. The latest feat accomplished by the improved instruments installed on the Cunard Liners was in locating the Lucania the other day, while cautiously feeling her way through a dense fog off Sandy Hook. The result showed that the difficulties of communicating with vessels lying in port, on account of high buildings, iron roofs, masts and the like, had been overcome by the superior construction of the new instrument.
 The operator of the Lucania also reported a very successful "talk" with the company's liner, the Campana, which passed at midnight, on October 8, when the two steamers were in mid-ocean. From 11.05 o'clock on Tuesday evening until 5.15 o'clock the next morning, approximately six hours and ten minutes, the two steamers, proceeding on through the darkness, with a strong westerly gale blowing, were in communication. After Captain McKay of the Lucania had asked of Captain Walker of the Campana the condition of the weather through which the latter had passed, this message was received:—"We experienced some rain and fog on the Banks, and have seen no ice. All well and happy." Three messages were received from passengers on the Campana, to be retransmitted when the Lucania arrived off the Nantucket Shoals Lightship. This was duly done as the liner sped by the station. 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