

The Catholic Record.

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

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1589.

Good-by.

(Baltimore Sun.)

Oh, little green grass and little green tree,
We'll soon be bidding good-by to thee;
The year's in the shadow, the sun's on the wane,
And little cool messages come with the rain.
Hands full of peaches and cheeks full of bloom,
Good-by to the beauty, good-by to the bloom;
The second brood nests are a-swinging in the trees,
And home-again robin sings sweetheart's desire;
Apples are falling and berries are gone,
And grave lady August is in the dawn,
With mist all around her and dew on her head,
And the brown in the grass where her weary feet
Tread!

CARDINAL GIBBONS FORTY YEARS AGO.

STIRRING CHAPTER IN THE LIFE-HISTORY OF BELIEVED PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

In Putnam's Monthly and The Reader for August there is an article which will carry an appeal to the affections of every one of the fifteen millions of Catholics of the United States. It is entitled "Cardinal Gibbons Forty Years Ago," and is a sympathetic and graphic description of the conditions under which the venerable American Prince of the Church lived and labored on the missions of North Carolina. The author of the article, Day Allen Wiley, a well-known Baltimore journalist, has illustrated his text from photographs taken by himself, including one of the picturesque brick Church of St. Thomas at Wilmington, and the "ugly dilapidated annex" which Bishop Gibbons called "home." The historic church is about to be abandoned, and the suggestion with which Mr. Wiley both opens and closes his article—that the Catholics of America unite to secure it and dedicate it forever as a monument to Cardinal Gibbons—will meet with widespread approval. The article is, in part, as follows:

Standing on the shore of the Potomac is a stately mansion that half a century ago was preserved by the American people as a memorial to the one they call the Father of his Country. The Cape Fear River flows to the sea, through North Carolina, past another building that might also be preserved as a memorial to a noted American, for it is indeed a reminder of the merits of a man who has been honored as the Cardinal Archbishop of the United States.

In the city of Wilmington—that quaint "Salem of the South," peopled far before Revolutionary times—were spent years in the career of James Cardinal Gibbons. The period when he called it home found a chapter in his life-history fraught with events which fall within the experience of few. Even a short time makes great changes in our country. He gave up his home in Wilmington not forty years ago, yet his words and deeds while Bishop of North Carolina are known to few outside of the little old city and those who lived in this part of the South during the stirring times immediately after the Civil War are mostly remembered by their headstones. About these years of his life his lips have thus far been sealed. Why? Because the innate modesty of the man prevents him from telling a tale he might tell that would perhaps show the manliness, courage and patriotism of this prelate far more clearly than any acts of his public career.

As we have to go back a little way to the days just after the war, Carolina had its share of the poverty and suffering. Throughout the State, which stretches from the Atlantic to the western mountains, five hundred miles away, were only a million people—Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and members of sundry other Protestant denominations; but the Catholic Church was represented by a mere handful of humanity, so few that a Catholic was looked upon as an curiosity more than this, as one unaccountably suspected, shunned. The rites of the Church were regarded as a sort of sorcery. In Wilmington, where the only church of this belief existed between Charleston and far-away Petersburg, in Virginia, the feeling towards those who worshipped in it was anything but kindly. Little girls whose parents attended it had their aprons torn in the street and suffered other abuses. Catholic children were looked upon as curiosities in the place, because the Protestant fathers and mothers threatened to close their doors if they were not excluded. Perhaps it was well that old St. Thomas, where were intoned the Mass and Vespers, was built of brick, with stout plank doors, otherwise it might not now be standing as a silent memorial of those once gathered within it.

As the curtain of history is rolled back, the man whose tragic death in part led to the coming of Bishop Gibbons to Carolina should not be forgotten. The name of Father Murphy is never mentioned here without remembrance of the dreaded plague which for months held the town in its grasp. Among the few who did not flee, but remained to nurse the sick and to administer the last rites to the dying of all beliefs was the brave Irish priest, who at last was stricken down among the victims of yellow fever. With the death of Father Murphy the Catholics of Wilmington were left without a counsellor to guide them. The Church was indeed demoralized, and on Archbishop Spalding devolved the task of restoring order out of chaos. The situation needed a man not merely of energy, but of executive ability and tact. He must be versatile to meet the emergencies. There were many willing priests, but the question was decided upon a young man who had been his secretary and his chancellor, one with whom he had been so closely associated that he knew every

trait of his character.

But more than priestly power was needed, and by the authority of the Pope, Father Gibbons became Bishop Gibbons. This was a part of his mission to build up the Church not only in town, but in country; to make peace if possible between Catholic and Protestant; to restore to those of his belief their rights as citizens, of which they had been in part deprived. * * * Such was the field to which the young priest was assigned after he had been vested with the episcopal robes. Those who gathered in old St. Thomas at the first service he conducted saw a youth with figure spare to frailness, but there was in his face the evidence of character and determination. He knew he was in charge of a people who for the time were outside of the town society as much as if they were outcasts. Most of them were in poverty. Some had lost their all in the war. None could be called wealthy. To them the future was one of hopelessness, for such was the crisis in the affairs of the church that the question had arisen if it should not be disbanded and the cities of North Carolina left without a congregation of the Catholic faith.

Then began the greatest struggle yet to be recorded in the life of James Gibbons—a fight to save his church. First, he must have a priest to assist him and to serve the people when he was journeying over field and through valley to reach the few scattered folk in the country. Fortunate was it that a man after his own heart became associated with him—a man willing to make sacrifices and endure hardship and discomfort in his zeal for his life work. Mark Gross was also young in years when, with his friend and Bishop, he entered upon his duties in Carolina as rector of St. Thomas, to remain there until 1890, continuing the work laid out by his superior. Father Gross entered into his labors with such heartiness that he soon won the esteem of the people, holding a place in their affection second only to that of the Bishop. The two lived together like brothers. The two are still standing—a little brick "lean-to," scarce two stories high, built in part from their scanty income. They could not afford a better place. The money must go to the maintenance of the church, as the Bishop expressed it. And this hotel was erected behind the church itself. The rear wall of the church formed the back of the house, the building being lighted on only three sides.

Here these men lived, year after year, Bishop and priest eating on a table of rough boards, and sometimes preparing their own food if they had no funds to get assistance. They slept on cots that stood on floors bare of rug or carpet. The home of many a laborer in the town was much more pretentious and comfortable. But the shelter cost so little to build and maintain that its builders could devote a part of their allowance from the Church authorities to aiding the poorer members of their flock. How many families were thus relieved from time to time by their charity is known only to themselves. Of Father Gross the story is told that if he had more than one hat, or an extra pair of trousers, he was sure to give them to some needy parishioner. On one occasion he came into the store of a friend with a laced shoe on one foot and a buttoned gaiter on the other. Asked why they were not alike, he replied that he had intended to give a pair to a poor man, but had made a mistake and given one of each kind. * * *

Within a year after the two men began their labors the clouds had broken. The broad-mindedness, and especially the Americanism, of the Bishop gradually changed the feeling towards him and his followers. From being distrusted at first, he became esteemed. Through his influence, the spirit of the town towards the Catholics was transformed from hostility to goodwill. The example set by their head was emulated by his parishioners, until finally the gap between Catholic and Protestant was closed apparently forever.

Only a very few remain of the group of the faithful who, Sunday after Sunday, knelt before the altar at St. Thomas in the 60's. Clearly do they recall the life of the present Cardinal, and the tales they tell depict not only his work among them, but his journeyings here and there in Carolina, when for the time he laid aside his official duties to assume the role of a Christian messenger to the country folk. As conditions at St. Thomas improved, he felt he could give more time to the greater field, and, leaving Father Gross in charge, he would be absent for a fortnight or more at a time. Where possible, he traveled by railroads, but so many households of the Church were off the few miles of iron highway that much of his journeying was done on horseback, or muleback, or by wagon.

"It was indeed a dilapidated affair," says Mrs. O'Connor, one of his early friends. "It was of the kind known as a 'democrat,' and drawn by two horses. The Bishop sometimes had a young priest with him, who drove, or a colored man, who assisted. The space they did not occupy had such things as sugar and flour and medicines. Most of it was for the poorer families with whom they might stop; but they also carried their clerical robes for ceremonies, and food for themselves, for many a time did that old wagon stop in the forest where they must eat their noon meal. We often ask the Bishop to give up the old wagon and get another, for it finally became so rickety that I thought it dangerous. To break down twenty miles from any human habitation is not a trifling matter. But he always replied that he thought the wagon might last a while longer. And when some of the

church members offered to buy him another, he answered, 'Friends, you can give me the money, if you will, for the church needs it, but not for any vehicle for my use.'"

Long ago, probably, the old "democrat" was turned into kindling wood or stored away to be forgotten; but it had rolled over thousands of miles of Carolina on its mission of mercy. It went into places where its owner risked life and health in succoring families ill of contagious diseases. It entered settlements where every stranger was looked upon as an enemy by the clan-ridden mountaineers. It traveled in the "Feud Belt," where men with loaded guns were accustomed to take by stealth the lives of their enemies. To venture into the rural districts of Carolina was to incur hardship and to risk danger as well. But the man who later wrote "The Ambassador of Christ" could well describe him, for in truth he himself was such, never hesitating to seek out the people of the Church, no matter what dangers and hardships might have to be overcome. * * *

Time spares nothing. For three-fourths of a century back, St. Thomas' been the centre of the Roman Catholic worship in Wilmington, but its days are numbered. The present priest has sold the church, and a newer and larger one is to take its place on a site secured elsewhere. If it is not torn down, it will be converted into a factory or warehouse, and what should remain a cherished historical structure will be debased from a temple of religion into a nameless pile of brick and mortar. Here, in an opportunity for the Catholics of America to perpetuate the memory of their dead, by uniting to secure it and dedicate it forever as a monument to him. The day might well come when Protestant and Catholic alike would unite in paying homage here not only to a distinguished priest and prelate, but to a statesman and true patriot.

THREE STRIKING CASES.

CATHOLIC PUPILS OF SECULAR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS COME HOME MINUS THEIR FAITH.

Usually at this time of year the better class of our Catholic journals begin an earnest advocacy for the cause of Catholic education in effort to convince Catholic parents that it is their solemn duty to send their children to schools of their faith.

We believe likewise also, only we may believe a little more firmly than some who have never had children to send to schools of any kind. We have seen much and heard more of the disastrous effect of sending to institutions where no faith was inculcated or bleak unfaith insidiously taught.

Some years ago we knew a young man whose wealthy parents conceived their duty to send him to one of the "great secular universities." A mere Catholic school would not do; he must be fitted for the high station he was born to occupy. He went. He excelled in his studies. He graduated with honors. He came home. They thought he would still be a Catholic—that his faith would be unshaken by the school and the associates he found there.

What was the case really? In a few brief weeks they were amazed to find him sneering at the simple faith they professed. Children might believe that they did, he could not—so he told them. Then they prayed and prayed, but the harm was done. A couple of years later he became a Unitarian. Several years afterward he dropped that. Now he is an out-and-out freethinker, his mind gradually tending toward the principles of anarchy. This is case number one. Case number two is more common. Frederick Augustus O'Mahoney is a student of a great secular school and came out with degrees enough to balance his name through life. Now he is a professor in a State institution and a Catholic—in name. Unhappily his Catholicism is of the queer kind. He doesn't think any of the priests of to-day are doing their duty. He is sure the nuns are not. If the Bishops would only consult him he would save them numerous blunders. He is inclined to believe the priests and nuns, sundering the Concordat and outcasting the churches. Leo XIII., he said, was wrong in condemning socialism, communism and anarchy; Pius X. wrong in condemning the host of modern errors. Why the Holy Father does not create a dozen Cardinals for the United States puzzles him, and why his parish priest doesn't consult him before he preaches is to him an inexplicable mystery. His opinion with regard to Catholic newspapers is that all of them ought to be burned unread. Most of us have seen this man, and some of us have wondered if he is not harming the Church more than he is helping her.

Case number three is a young woman—a graduate of the nearby University. Hoping to fit the young lady for a great career, her parents stunted themselves in order to have her crowned with graduation. For years they had heard that the school was a hotbed of unfaith, but they risked it. When she emerged she had more clothes than Kitty Casey and as much effrontery as a vaudeville actress, in stars and spangles. She ought to have been a Catholic like her father and mother. What was she? In reality a Nonthianian of the first degree. She held religion to be a superstition, and was quite sure the Catholic Church was wrong in all its teachings. She didn't see why it should oppose divorce; hinted that in opposing race suicide it meddled with a question outside its sphere, and over and over expressed a belief in trial marriages. "I'd rather see her dead than

find her holding awful views," her mother said to us a few weeks ago; and there was a sob in her voice as she so declared. Too late! Long ago she made a mistake in sending her to that school. Now the ruin is done, and the remainder of her life must be spent in regret and prayer.

These are not imaginary cases. Without exception they are taken from life, and scores similar could be added to them if space permitted. The Catholic school is not the equal of the secular institution? In a few respects—a very few respects—possibly, it is not; but recent years it is overcoming these defects and hastening to the forefront. Its development is the most phenomenal thing in America to-day. It may not assume to teach so many facts; it is giving solid instruction and its influence makes for the highest morality and reverence. Young men who come out from its halls do not join the army of the weak and depraved. They are strong, capable, progressive—youths not ashamed of their race or faith. The heads of its young women graduates are not filled with indelible notions and moon-struck madness. The Catholic school is helpful and safe. Send your child to it. Do not run the risk of having to spend the rest of your life in regret, like those we have mentioned. The time to decide is now.

THE POPE AND FATHER DOYLE.

IN AUDIENCE HIS HOLINESS SPEAKS OF THE MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.

The work of the missions for non-Catholics as it centres about the Apostolic Mission House in Washington received a special blessing and commendation from the Holy Father when he recently accorded Father Doyle a private audience.

"I impart my blessing to the Apostolic Mission House," said the Holy Father, "to all the missionaries who have gone out of it and to all who have co-operated by their generosity in the carrying out of the work of missions to non-Catholics. May God foster in a special way this apostolic work, and so make it flourish that it will not be long before every diocese will have its band of missionaries and the great work of the conversion of America to the true faith become an accomplished fact."

The words that he spoke seemed to be uttered with a specialunction, as though they came from the bottom of his heart. He expects great things from America in the next decade of years. From the watch tower of Israel he has often looked out over the earth, and he has often seen in the lands across the sea in the Western world the greatest hope of the Church. It warms his heart to realize the strong faith and the great devotion of American Catholics, and it gives him unwonted pleasure to see what aggressive measures are taken for the spread of the Church in the United States, anticipating the happy results of all this activity in the years to come. These thoughts undoubtedly added earnestness to his words as he placed his hands on the head of Father Doyle, kneeling before him.

Father Doyle related to the Pope the story of the inception, progress and completion of the Mission House, and told of the work of training nearly one hundred priests who have followed the footsteps during the past few years, as well as the wonderful work these missionaries are now doing in all parts of the United States. He spoke of his hopes, and of what may be done if the Catholics of the United States continue to support the work in the future as they have done in the past. As the Holy Father listened, his eyes glistened with enthusiasm, and his frequently uttered, "si, si, bene, bene," showing how closely he followed the statements and what warm sympathy they elicited from his fatherly heart.

There is one thing about Pius X. that distinguishes him, and that is he is a good listener. There he sits on the edge of his chair, white from head to foot, with his hands resting comfortably on the table before him, and he takes in all that is said to him with remarkable attention. His face is not vivacious, nor are his eyes brilliant, but there is a sense of repose and resignation about him. It is, with a kindly face, illuminated now and then with a placid smile. His features are strong and forceful. As one looks into them one sees where the mastery power comes from that can do the great things he has done in the last few years, particularly the latest of his acts, the reorganization of the Roman congregations.

As the conversation went on and he was told what distinguished this non-Catholic missionary movement, particularly its organization under the Bishops training the diocesan priests to be missionaries, he said: "Quite right, for the Holy Ghost has appointed the Bishops to rule the Church, and it is very proper that they should supervise the efforts for extending the borders of the Church. He approved most cordially the methods of the work as they were explained to him, especially that policy that forbids all contentious controversy, and endeavors to attract the non-Catholics by a plain and attractive exposition of Catholic teaching. He expressed some wonderment, and his eyebrows were raised in astonishment that any other way should ever have been followed. It all seemed to him the most natural way in the world. It is just the way that a kindly old man like himself would gather crowds about him and persuade them of the truth of what he believes.

When he was told of the results of the non-Catholic mission movement, how widespread it had become, how every

religious order was co-operating in it, and how Bishops, priests and laity, persuaded of the great opportunity before the Church, were striving to do the best to make the most of it, tears of gratitude to God filled his eyes, and an exclamation of joy burst from his lips.

He then, stretching forth both his hands, bade Father Doyle go on with the good work, and he invoked a special blessing on all the priests and laity who did what they could to foster and advance the movement that held forth such hope for the holy faith in America.

It is undoubtedly among the great consolations of his pontificate that the Church shows such signs of progress in the United States. The dark clouds of oppression are over the Church in many other countries, but the sky above America is serene and inviting.

When the Holy Father rose to terminate the audience, Father Doyle presented him with one of the larger gold coins on which the legend "In God We Trust" is seen restored by act of Congress, with the co-operation of the President, and the story of the incident was related. He looked upon the restoration as an act of faith in God by the American people. It was to him most undoubted evidence that the religious sense was strong in America, and his comment was that he hoped that very soon that act of faith would become explicit in regard to all the doctrines of the Church; and as a token of this act of faith he would treasure the coin, and would see to it that some day, when these hopes were realized, the coin would be found in the Vatican collection.

Half an hour with the Holy Father furnishes the most inspiring experience. Selected for his high position by circumstances over which he had no control, and against which he naturally rebelled, he is all the more truly God's chosen means of speaking to men. There is more than human guidance in his counsels, and more than natural wisdom in his words. One comes from the Holy Father's presence with the deep conviction that he is in intimate touch with divine things.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

VALUE OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

There is a great deal of misunderstanding among the laws and discipline regarding marriage in the Catholic Church. It is not our intention to write several columns about the matter. The more there is written, the less there is understood. Suffice it to say, then, that marriage should take place before the parish priest and two witnesses, or before another priest, deputed by the parish priest. Otherwise, marriage is not only illicit, but invalid. In other words the contract is not only unlawful, but not a real marriage at all. Dispensations may still be applied for and obtained. When granted by the proper authority, the dispensation will be valid, and also the marriage contracted under it. But since Easter of this year, it is impossible for any of our Catholic people to be married outside the church, and to have their union honored by the name of marriage.—Intermountain Catholic.

FOR REUNION WITH ROME.

LORD HALIFAX FAVORED IT IN 1895. WORK GOING ON SINCE.

Milwaukee, Aug. 21.—That a general movement has existed in the Episcopal Church for a reunion with the Church of Rome was shown to-day when Father Fairbanks of St. Patrick's Church, one of the consultants of Archbishop Messmer, made public, with the consent of Lord Halifax, President of the English Church Union, a letter from Lord Fairfax favoring such a reunion. The letter was written in 1895, and the work for reunion has been going forward since then. The letter to Lord Fairfax follows:

"Though the difficulties in the way of reunion are enormous, from a human point of view almost insurmountable, what God wills must be possible, and if He calls us to work for it our duty is plain. If more approached the question in the spirit of your letter peace would be nearer than, unfortunately, it seems to be at present. Of course, there can be no real difficulty as to the questions of discipline, the point is can such explanations be given on disputed matters of doctrine as may make reunion possible without either side being asked to assent to a contradiction of what had been authoritatively taught? It seems to me that such explanations are possible, and that many of our differences are but really due to our misunderstandings.

"The authority by divine right of the Holy See, we ought, as it seems to me to acknowledge—indeed, I do not know that the Anglican Communion has ever denied it. Its jurisdiction in the sense which is often attached to the word of course we do deny, but on the other hand there is a sense in which I suppose it might be accepted, even by the least elastic of the Anglican clergy, and the question would be, is there a point discoverable which would satisfy what the Roman Church claims as divine right, and by our Lord's commission for the Holy See, and yet not contravene principles common both to the East and England?"

"I wish some informal conference could be got up between representatives of both sides."

Father Fairbanks then quotes from a letter of the late Bishop Nicholson of the Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee, who said, after reading the Halifax letter:

of the gross evils which come daily from this sad spectacle of a rent and divided Christendom. For reunion I have worked and hoped and prayed in all the twenty years of my ministry."—New York Times, Aug. 22.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The daughter of M. Fallieres, the President of France, will be married on Monday in the Church of the Madeleine in Paris to her father's secretary. Another daughter is a nun.

The reception into the Church of another Episcopalian minister is to be chronicled in the recent conversion of Rev. P. W. Hemans, late curate in charge of St. Nicholas, Blackwell, Eng.

King Edward VII. has signified a willingness to receive the distinguished prelates attending the Eucharistic congress during their stay in London, and it is believed that the effect of the meeting will be far-reaching toward the conversion of the land of the ancient Angles.

Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, addressing more than 400 of his priests at the close of their retreat at Kenrick Seminary, enjoined them not to permit in future the serving of wine or beer at church picnics, fairs or entertainments of any kind, or at the banquets of church societies.

English Catholics are interested in engagement of Mr. John Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's brother, to a younger daughter of the Earl of Abingdon. This brings the house of Churchill into close connection with the inner circle of the Catholic aristocracy, to which this branch of the Berties belong.

Eighty per cent of the men serving in the New York Fire Department are Catholics. Rev. Father Smith, the Catholic chaplain of the department, sits in the trial room when offending employes are brought up for discipline. The commissioner often turns a case over for decision by the chaplain.

The Pope who looked in excellent health at the dawn of the sixth year of his reign received an immense number of telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the world last Sunday, from heads of states, cardinals, and bishops. During the last week he again received in private audience Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Farley.

The music of the bells will be heard no more in France. In Lyons the clergy in charge of eleven parishes have recently been fined five francs each for ringing the church bells, thereby disturbing the slumber of citizens. Under the new law against religion in that country it is forbidden to ring the bells before 6 o'clock in the morning or late at night.

Quite recently, while Cardinal Richelmy, Archbishop of Turin, was celebrating Mass, an individual threw a box containing powder and cartridges into the midst of the congregation. A panic followed, but, happily, no one was wounded. The Cardinal, against whom this outrage was undoubtedly aimed, received a note of sympathy from the Holy Father.

Cardinal Gibbons had his farewell audience with the Pope last Saturday in the latter's private library. The Cardinal thanked the pontiff for having granted him all that he had asked for, both from the propaganda and the Vatican, and the Pope replied that where the interest of the Church in America was concerned nothing ever would be denied.

The Pope is stated to have announced that he intends to raise the Archbishop of Westminster, Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, to the Cardinalate, and the elevation is expected to take place at the September Consistory. Dr. Bourne is a young man for such an honor, being only forty-seven years of age, and this mark of favor will give general satisfaction in circles even outside those purely Catholic.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society of New York has inaugurated another praiseworthy work in the foundation of a club for Catholic boys. The organization having the work in charge will be known as the Ozanam Association, and will establish throughout the city a number of clubs, where the working boys of the neighborhood may assemble and where they will be entertained and instructed and saved from the evil influences of the streets and the pool rooms.

Seldom since the days of the pseudo reformation has there been a larger or more impressive pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket at Canterbury than that of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, which took place two weeks ago. Although during the past fifty years parties of Catholics from various parts of England have visited the scene of the martyrdom of the saint, nothing like an organized pilgrimage was made until the early nineties, and it was in 1899 that the Guild revived the ancient custom, and for the first time for three and a half centuries publicly carried a banner of Our Lady through the streets of the ancient city.

A horrible story is told of the way a number of Jews desecrated the desolate chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris. The affair was organized by an individual said to be the secretary of the Russian embassy, and besides the two hundred wealthy Hebrews of both sexes, there were present some alleged Russian grand dukes. The dances and indecencies that took place simply cannot be described. The exhibition of the Goddess of Reason in the old French revolution was very mild when compared with the unnameable things that were said to have been enacted in the Parody of the Mass, the distribution of Communion, and the like. Revolting indecency was combined with shocking sacrilege.

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A Novel by William J. Fisher.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Toilet and Other Poems," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII. TANGLED THREADS.

That same morning Dorothy took Mrs. Atherton out for a walk, but the former said nothing about the locket or her conversation with Sister Angela. She thought it best to wait awhile. Mrs. Atherton did much talking while they were out walking, but it cost her quite an effort to do so. Her memory seemed very bad; she could not summon up the words as quickly as she would have liked.

"You've been so good to me," she said to Dorothy. "Pray tell me who you are?" Thereupon Dorothy related how she had come across her in the Refuge down in the slums, and of her removal to St. Mary's where a wonderful operation had been performed upon her. It all seemed like a dream to the poor woman. She was surprised, dazed and could not collect her thoughts. The past two years were enigmas she could not solve. She could not recall a thing that had happened. Her mind was a blank. There was a missing link somewhere between the Past and Present. Her memory could not supply it.

"St. Mary's Hospital! St. Mary's!" she turned the words over and over again in her mind and for some time tried to recall memories that knocked at her heart's door. The sound of the word was familiar to her.

She raised her eyes to the imposing edifice beyond the green stretch of lawn and exclaimed: "Then that's St. Mary's—let me see!" And she turned about and took in the surroundings. "I have it at last," she said. "Why, to be sure, I'm in Bill-in-Bill!" She could not finish the word and Dorothy came to her rescue.

"Is it Billington?" she asked.

"Ah yes—Billington, that's the word. Why, this used to be my old home."

There was no doubt in Dorothy's mind now that the woman beside her was no other than Mrs. Atherton. A new-born joy filled her soul. For the first time in many months Mrs. Atherton knew where she was. But how she happened to reach Billington was a puzzle to her—a puzzle which even later she could not solve.

Dorothy was satisfied with her progress that afternoon. Before she left the hospital she looked up Sister Angela and told her about the new discoveries. "I am afraid, Sister, I shall have to resort to Sherlock Holmes's tactics to keep all this away from Charles's ears and eyes. I want to surprise him you know very soon."

"Yes, Dorothy," interrupted Sister Angela, "a bird whispered to me the other day that wedding bells were to ring some time in August for two people I know very well."

"You little dear!" ejaculated Dorothy. "Who ever told you that?"

"Ah, my girl, I know all about it. Your mother was here to see me the other day and told me."

"I'm afraid I shall have to give mother a good scolding. But then she didn't know I wanted to surprise you. Yes, Sister, Charles and I expect to be married the latter part of August, and I intend to keep this Mrs. Atherton surprise for him until then. What do you say?"

"It will be glorious, Dorothy. Just think how Charles will feel, when the patient upon whom he performed such a wonderful operation turns out to be his good friend, Mrs. Atherton, whom he has thought dead all these years."

"But I am so afraid, Sister, the cat will out of the bag long before the expected time and then all our plans will come to naught. Whatever can we do to prevent Mrs. Atherton and Charles from meeting in the meantime?"

"I heard the doctor saying he was going to take a holiday soon—a couple of months I think he said. Couldn't you manage to get him off as quickly as possible? With Mrs. Atherton between ourselves we could manage nicely, I think."

"That same evening Dr. Mathers dropped in to see Dorothy. They were seated in the drawing room and soon Mrs. Fairfax joined them. After some preliminary conversation Dr. Mathers said: "I think I shall take a holiday one of these days, perhaps in a month—the beginning of June. I am just about at the end of the tether."

"Yes, I am afraid, Charles, you are forgetting the laws of the conservation of energy," said Mrs. Fairfax.

"You must get away," interrupted Dorothy. "You are not well at all. Only to-day I heard at the hospital that you should lay off for a rest. But what is a month for you dear? You should have at least two, and, may be an especially delightful month full of that comfort and restfulness which you need badly, why not go as soon as possible?"

"That's good advice, Dorothy. I think it will be better to take a longer holiday."

Dorothy smiled. She felt sure now that the Atherton mystery would remain undiscovered as far as Charles was concerned.

"I am so situated now that I can easily go away. My patients are all off my hands so there is really nothing to keep me except you, my sweet." And she smiled good-naturedly. "I think I'll pack up and leave tomorrow for there is little knowing when something will turn up to keep me at home."

"I don't care how long you stay, Charles," Dorothy continued with a smile, "so long as you are back for the twenty-eighth of August. Remember I want you to dissect that wedding-cake. It's in your line you know, dear." And the three laughed loudly.

Just then Mr. Fairfax entered the room. "My! that laughter was enough to wake the dead," he exclaimed as he greeted them.

"Well, my girl, how is that stranger getting on up at St. Mary's? Did you see her to-day?"

"Very well, father. We went for a walk. She enjoyed it immensely. But, of course, her mind is still clouded."

"That was a wonderful case," the old

man said. "It speaks volumes for you, Charles. The whole city has heard of it."

The doctor lowered his eyes. He was an humble man and did not like fine compliments.

"The credit's not mine, Mr. Fairfax," he exclaimed. "It was the good nursing pulled her through. But she did remarkably well. Her eyesight and arm are better, and I really think in time her mind will clear up and then she will be able to tell us all about herself. At present we are perfectly at sea as to who she is and where she came from. I have not seen her for a long time, but Sister Angela gives me good reports."

Dorothy felt elated that Charles was going on the early morning train. This prevented him from dropping in at St. Mary's before leaving. Now that Mrs. Atherton knew she was in Billington the only natural thing for her to do was to ask all manner of questions. Dorothy wanted to make sure that Dr. Charles would not be the person to answer some of them. She wanted him hundreds of miles away for a little while.

The following day Dorothy called again at St. Mary's.

"Good morning, Mrs. Atherton!" "Good morning, Miss Fairfax," Miss Fairfax answered the patient. She had remembered the name. "My memory is getting better you see. I remembered your name."

"Don't call me Miss after this. Call me Dorothy, I like it better. I brought you some violets, Mrs. Atherton. They are just fresh from the florist's. Rent them lovely?"

"They are beautiful, Dorothy, I cannot understand why you are so good to me."

"Because I have learned to love you," the girl answered.

Dorothy could not help noticing how freely the woman talked. The night had indeed improved her mental condition. Now and then she would halt in the midst of a conversation, her eyes would wander, but it would only be for a second. Dorothy could not silence the woman's tongue. Now that Mrs. Atherton was returning to her right senses she had so much to say and so many questions to ask.

"Do you know," she continued, "ever since yesterday my mind seems to be clearing fast. Now that I know I am in Billington, I am not puzzled so much. But the last few years is all chaos and darkness to me. The last I remember I was in Beresvale," she continued. "It was a morning just like this, and I was sitting under the pine trees listening to the birds, but there the past ends. I don't know how I drifted to Billington and never shall."

"You said yesterday that Billington was your home," remarked Dorothy, as she looked at the gray-haired woman before her.

"Ah yes, child," she answered with a thrill of emotion. Just then a tear trickled down her cheek. "I lived here for many years. But then 'tis a long story. I shall tell it all to you some day. The incidents are coming back to me daily. Soon I shall have all the threads strung together again."

Then her thoughts drifted to her attending surgeon.

"My doctor has not been here to see me for a long time now. If I was really as sick as you say I was, then he must have done wonders for me. How shall I ever ask him his name? Do you know I never asked him his name. He is a stranger to me, but then I have been away from Billington so long. I believe he never even asked me my name."

"You were too sick to tell him. Believe me you were only able to tell us your name several days ago. And it is nearly a year and a half since the operation."

The woman looked strangely into the girl's eyes. She simply could not understand it at all. It seemed as if she had had a long sleep and was just now waking.

"By the way, Dorothy," Mrs. Atherton began, somewhat excitedly, "is there a Dr. Charles Mathers still practicing in the city? I know him very well once—but it is a long long story and—"

"Oh, do tell me, Mrs. Atherton!" Dorothy pleaded.

Dorothy felt sure now of the ground whereon she had been building. It was Mrs. Atherton. She knew it. She felt it, and her heart beat violently. It was the most exciting moment she had ever experienced.

"Do tell me the story!" she cried as the room fairly swam before her eyes.

"Tell me the story! I shall listen to every syllable. Dr. Mathers still resides in Billington. He is one of the greatest men in the city to-day."

She did not like to say "surgeon." She was afraid the word might carry the woman's thoughts to the man who had so often stood at her bedside.

"Has he done well?" sighed the poor woman.

"Very well, indeed," was the answer. "Thank God! I'm glad to hear it."

"But, pray, tell me the story! Does it concern Dr. Mathers?"

"Yes, it concerns both of us," she added with a sigh.

Then the tears came to her and, while they were falling fast, Mrs. Atherton told the story of her whole life, just as it has been related in these pages—her leaving Billington, and her going to Beresvale, and her bitter hours of struggle in that place.

When she had finished, Dorothy was also in tears. She had listened a thousand times to a similar story that came from her fiancée's lips.

"Oh, I'm so glad to be back in Billington again," sighed Mrs. Atherton.

"That afternoon Dorothy looked up Sister Angela before leaving the hospital. The news was too good to keep. "You have straightened out the tangled threads at last," the gentle nun said to her, as they walked together down the paved walk that led from old St. Mary's.

CHAPTER XXIV. IN GOD'S GOOD TIME.

It was not until some days had passed that Dorothy again called at St. Mary's and asked for Mrs. Atherton, having in the meantime instructed Sister Angela to keep good watch over the patient.

"By all means keep the people out of her room," she said, "and don't let Father Salvini, should he return, in to see her. She asked me about him yesterday; they were old friends you know, and it did seem so good to be able to tell her that he was out of the city for a few weeks."

"Yes," replied the nun, "if she should tell him her name that would settle the whole matter. I know you are quite anxious to surprise him also."

The day Dorothy called for Mrs. Atherton she came for the express purpose of taking her down town for a walk. Now that the latter knew she was back in Billington again she felt quite keen to get a glimpse of the pleasant streets she once loved so dearly.

They walked on slowly; there was so much for Mrs. Atherton to see. When they had walked several blocks Dorothy could not contain herself any longer. There was something she wanted to tell Mrs. Atherton, and the sooner the better.

At last she summoned up courage and exclaimed, somewhat nervously: "Mrs. Atherton, I have a great surprise in store for you, and I simply cannot keep the secret any longer."

"Surprise for me?" questioned the woman eagerly. "I hope it is good news."

"Very. You will be grateful I know." "The other day you remember asking me about Dr. Mathers?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, you will be surprised no doubt to learn that the man who stood at your bedside many a day in the past—the man who performed the skillful operation that saved your life is no other than—"

"Charles Mathers," interrupted Mrs. Atherton, greatly agitated. She had almost expected it, but yet she hesitated. She could not believe it. It was all so very sudden. For a moment she grew dizzy and almost fell to the ground, but her companion held her in her arms.

"Yes," answered Dorothy, "he is the man."

"I can hardly believe it, Dorothy," gasped the woman. "It all seems so strange, and yet it can easily be true. It is years and years since last I saw Charles, and it is only right to think that time has so changed him that I could never have hoped to recognize him. And then, he would never know me in my white hair. I am a different looking woman now. But how did I happen to fall into his hands?"

"In this way. I sang at a concert down in the slums. It was arranged by don't know who. Charles accompanied me to the place. You know we were engaged."

"You're engaged to marry Charles?" uttered Mrs. Atherton, in surprise. This was the second bit of news Dorothy had kept for her, and it was almost too much for the poor woman.

"It all sounds like a fairy tale," she said. "To think that I should come to Billington, and that the boy, dearest to my heart, should save my life, and I not know him! Soon I shall have all the threads strung together again."

"No, I have not. My husband died years ago," she answered, in trembling voice.

"I wonder what his next question will be," she thought. Mrs. Atherton was playing her part well. So far she had not betrayed her secret.

"Then you are free to accept my offer?"

"I am. You are very kind, and I shall think it over and let you know definitely in a few weeks. Will that do?"

"In a few weeks! Just about the time that Dorothy Fairfax was to become the wife of Dr. Mathers."

Mrs. Atherton kept her word, and when at the wedding-breakfast she appeared in person with no less a chaperon than Dorothy, the charming bride herself and was introduced to the merry guests grouped around, as the long lost benefactress of Charles's early days, the gentle reader can best picture the commotion—the intense surprise—the feeling of surprise joy that shone in those smiling and tearful eyes of those staring for the moment through the smilax and the orange-blossoms.

THE END.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Mrs. Ransom Hill and her son sat on the "back stoop" in the heated dusk; they never used the front porch unless they had company. Both were silent after a long dispute. Suddenly the gate opened and a man's active step was heard coming to the rear of the house; evidently he was familiar with the habits of the family.

"Anybody at home?" was the cheery hail of a deep bass voice, and Mrs. Hill replied in astonished welcome: "That you, Cousin Philander? Well, don't it beat all? I'm tickled to death; where's your wife?"

"Oh, Ziny couldn't leave Lucy and the new baby, but she made me come. I thought I couldn't leave my patients, but my boy, Ransom, has been practicing a year and he offered to look after them. He's pretty smart, but the old doctor has plenty that like him best. Is that you, Lucius? Cousin Laurinda get a light, and let me see how you look, I've been gone twenty years."

"La me! Is it that long? Come in the kitchen an' I'll set you a bite to eat. Why didn't you write so we could meet you at the station?" and the hostess lighted the kerosene lamp.

"I didn't know in time. I got a letter asking me to be color-bearer for the Mexican war veterans in the parade tomorrow and I had to hurry like mad to get here. Now let me take a look at you. Well you've held your own wonderfully. I wouldn't take you to be upward of forty. I thought you would be worn to a shadow. I've always heard so much about your bad health."

Mrs. Hill sighed. She was meekly conscious as she said: "Yes, Cousin Philander, I've been a terrible sufferer. I can't never count on myself. I'll be as well as I'm now an' then I'll be took with the awfullest spells like Grandma Boyd used to have, only if there's any odds mine is worse'n hers was. But my; Philander, you look dreadful rugged, and you're as spry as a boy, an' you must be sixty-two. I'm just sixty."

The doctor laughed. "That comes of riding over the Illinois prairies in all

kinds of weather." He turned to look at the young man. "What's the matter with you, Lucius? You are thin as a rail, and you must be over six feet tall. Stand straight, my boy! you look as if you'd had a long sickness!"

His mother answered: "No, Cousin Philander, he ain't sick, only a little bilious. I'm givin' him yellow dock and sassaaparilla for it, an' I guess he's worked too hard fixin' the picnic grounds for 'Independence Day'; you see, there's agoin' to be the biggest celebration the township ever had."

"Independence Day," repeated Dr. Case, "how natural that sounds here. Out in Illinois we only say 'Fourth of July.'"

"Well; whatever you call it, there's good to be all kinds of doin's. During the war nobody took much heart in keepin' the day, but now peace has come an' the slaves is all free, so the whole township has jined in an' lots of the old inhabitants is comin' back to help. I don't know when I've lotted on a celebration as I have on this one, an' you're surprisin' us this way just puts on the cap sheaf. Now, Cousin Philander, set down, an' Lucius an' me'll have a cup of tea with you," for the hostess had bustled from kitchen to pantry while keeping up the conversation.

"I don't see that you've lost any of your knack in cooking," said the visitor, "everything is as good as it was the last time I was here."

"Well, Cousin Philander, there's a lot in knowin' how, even if you hadn't got much strength; do have another of them tarts. I manage to keep Lucius fed an' clothed an' that's all I want. Oh son, you must get up early and wash off the rockaway an' brush off the cushions."

"You won't need the rockaway," said Lucius eagerly. "you an' Cousin Philander can go in the new buggy, an' I'll ride in the big waggon with the folks that's on the program."

"What you want to poke yourself up there for," demanded his mother; you ain't on the program."

"Yes, I be," said the son defiantly. "I'm agoin' to read the Declaration, the minister's got an awful cold an' can't speak above a whisper, so I agreed to take his place."

"You ain't a goin' with them folks. You know I'm likely to have one of these spells after wearin' myself out doin' up your white linen suit an' cookin' all day to get ready," Mrs. Hill's obstinate chin and thin lips showed her determination.

"Blame it all!" cried Lucius, desperately. "you needn't overwork. I want you to keep a hired girl, an' I'm ready to put the washin' out. I asked you to go to the general table an' not bake nothin'."

"Oh, yes, you're dreadful willin' to have me keep some wasteful hussy for you to court right under my nose, an' you know with my weak stick I can't eat victuals that I ain't used to, you've got to be right with me so if I git took sudden you can take care of me."

"Come, come, Cousin Laurinda, don't be foolish. I'm a doctor and you'll be safe with me; courtin' is all right; Lucius ought to have a wife and three children by this time; all my children are married. I'd like to 'beau' you around again the way I did thirty-six years ago 'Independence Day.' Don't you remember, you were huffy at Ransom and I was mad at Ziny because they went home from singin' school together, so we rode in my buggy and we passed them on the road an' Ziny made a face at you? We made up afterward and you and Ransom stood up with us, when we was married; Ziny and I have laughed over that day many a time."

"We're goin' to eat by ourselves, I won't mix with a crowd," said the hostess, ignoring her cousin's effort at cajolery. "Lucius, you've got to mind me, or you know what'll happen," she began to tremble violently, a red spot burned on each cheek, she threw up her hands and screamed.

"Catch her, Cousin Philander, she's off in one of them plaguey fits. Oh Lord! what shall I do?" said the frightened son.

The doctor received the patient in his arms, quietly laid her on the floor and unfastened her belt and collar. "Don't be scared, my boy, I know how to manage her; go into the pantry and fix some mustard draughts to put on her feet."

As she seemed unconscious, he followed Lucius, who was working with nervous haste.

"Oh, Cousin Philander, don't leave mother; she might die an' I couldn't forgive myself. I hadn't ought to have crossed her, though she's terrible provokin'."

"Put more mustard into that paste, Lucius, I want it good and strong. Your mother isn't going to die. I've seen hundreds of such attacks and never knew them to kill the patient, but they often shorten other people's lives."

Dr. Case was thinking of Ransom Hill, who died at 30.

"The best thing you can do when she's taken this way is to put her flat on the floor if a bed or lounge isn't handy, to loosen her clothing and let her come to by herself. You stay here while I put the mustard on her feet, then I'll come back to talk to you."

Returning, the doctor found the young man wiping tears from his face. "Now tell me, Lucius, what brings on these paroxysms?"

"Is that the name of 'em?" queried the son. "Well, most anythin' that goes agin' the grain; they begun to come on soon after I was born an' father was awful distressed about 'em; he died when I was eight years old. She had a spell that frightened him so that he run to the neighbors barefooted in the snow to get somebody to go for the doctor, he took an awful cold, had lung fever an' only lasted a fortnight—for all I was so little, he made me promise to take care of ma an' I've kept my word."

"They didn't come on very often after that till I grew big enough to ask to go round with the other boys an' to stay out till dark, but then she had 'em every few days an' I couldn't bear me out of her sight. Finally I got tuckered out an' run away three—four times, but I couldn't hold out, I was so afraid, she'd die an' I'd turn around an' come back."

"You see, she loves me pretty near to death, an' wants to do everythin' for me, but she won't let me have no liberty. I've got a middlin' good voice an' I wanted to sing in the choir, but when I left her to go to practice she just went out of one fit into another. She don't want me to git married, an' she's pretty near got the hydrophobia about girls."

"When I come of age thirteen years ago, I had a notion of waitin' on Polly Clark, but when she found out my wife would have to live with ma, she wouldn't hear of it. She married ten years ago an' she's a No. 1 housekeeper. Several times I've seen girls that I'd been glad to have married, but ma always upset everythin'."

"Do you remember father's step-brother, Henry Meigs? He went to Iowa about the time you moved to Illinois—well his girl, Fidella, got the Center school, here, an' bein' a stranger she s'posed her Aunt Laurindy would be willin' to board her, so she come right to our house; she's real pretty an' sings the nicest kind, an' she wanted to help ma about the work, but she hadn't been here a week before ma worst fits wither her; I was up four nights with her an' six or seven times she lost her breath so long we thought she was really gone. Cousin Fidella had to go away; she's boardin' at the tavern now."

The doctor stole in to look at the patient. "She's quiet," he announced. "Lucius, whom does the farm belong to?"

"It's ma's while she lives; you see father thought she was so weakly she wasn't long for this world, so he wanted her to git all the good out of his property she could. He set a sight of store by her and thought I'd git it as soon as I was able to hand 'er it."

"You're thirty-four years old, Lucius. What wages have you had since you were twenty-one?"

"I hadn't had nothin' but my victuals an' clothes an' a dollar or two of spendin' money once in a while. I did stan' out for an agreement to pay me somethin' reasonable, but she had a dozen spells inside of a week an' I quit askin' for it; she says I might have patience till she's in her grave an' all she scraped up an' saved 'll be mine."

"My lad, Grandma Boyd had this trouble, and she lived to be ninety-eight—she'd be living now a hundred and fifteen years old, if she hadn't fallen down stairs one night and broken her neck. Your mother will outlast you if things keep on this way. Don't be frightened at her symptoms—she's coming to now; I hear her stir."

Lucius stood in wonderment. "Do you know for certain that these fits won't kill her?"

"I'll stake my medical reputation on it, my lad; now here's a prescription I want filled for her; go to the drug store at the Center and take your time; I'll look after your mother."

"Good land," cried the son in wrath and chagrin, "has ma made a fool of me all these years?"

"Not only you, but herself—hurry out before she finds you are going," and the doctor walked into the kitchen with a glass of water and a spoon as calmly as if he did not hear her groaning and calling:

"Lucius! Lucius! my feet's burnin' up; don't let a dym'n woman suffer so; oh! oh! oh!"

"I've sent Lucius to get some medicine for you, Cousin Laurinda; it's only the mustard draughts that you feel; the counter irritation is just what you need, now take this powder."

"I don't believe I can swallow; oh dear! you don't know how to wait on me; you hadn't orter sent that boy away. Oh, my feet, my feet!"

"Down with that powder, Laurinda—there, it's gone."

"Take off them draughts, Philander. I won't have my feet blistered, I'm going to that celebration."

"Your better, but you must keep the mustard on a while," said the cousin good-humoredly.

"I shan't, nuther," cried the patient, rising hurriedly and jerking off the draughts, she shook her clothes, and felt of her disordered hair. "What do you let me lie on the floor for. I'm pretty near skin and bone, an' my back's as sore as a bile."

"I wanted to put a stop to your fit as soon as I could, and dropped you in the handiest place; now I want to talk to you while we're by ourselves. What wages have you paid Lucius for the last thirteen years?"

"Wages to my own son! He's had real good clothes an' the best of victuals an' washin' an' I've give him spendin' money when he needed it. Oh, oh, I believe I'm taking another spell!"

"Don't you think of it; if you do I'll put a mustard plaster the whole length of your back. Now listen, that boy can sue you in court and get pay and interest too for the time since his majority."

"An' this whole place an' the money in the bank comin' to him when I'm gone an' my time ain't far off, my heart's about give out an' the way you're treatin' me 'll finish it!"

"See here, my good woman, your boy is a good deal nearer death than you are unless you treat him better; don't you see how narrow his chest is and how he stoops and has that cough? He takes after Ransom Hill; you and I are Boyds and none of them die undernity and by accident. Let him have some pleasure and marry if he wants to."

"He can marry as soon as the breath's out of my body an' not a minute before; there ain't anybody here fit to keep house for him after the way I've raised him; there's been a lot of silly do-less girls a runnin' after him, but I've kep' him out of their traps."

"How about Cousin Henry Meigs's daughter, Fidella? I've heard that she's as smart as chain lightning."

"She's too all-fired smart," answered Mrs. Hill, forgetting propriety in her anger, "she's going to be the goddess of liberty to-morrow, settin' on the platform with a slew of men an' singin', 'The Star Spangled Banner'; there's more brass in her face 'n there is in my big preservin' kettle. I was a dumb fool to take her in the house—she's been after Lucius full-time ever since she come here. I'm real thankful the minister's waitin' on her stiddy now; that's what makes Lucius look so

womble-cropped. I don't think when I was so tickled to see you that you'd come to make trouble between a weekly woman and her only child."

"You—a weekly woman!—pshaw! Cousin Laurinda, you're tougher than a hickory switch; but you're beginning to gape, you'd better get into bed, if you want to keep Independence Day to-morrow."

The powder did its work effectively; she was sleeping soundly when Lucius returned, and the two men talked for hours. Early as they arose in the morning, they found the housewife already up. The strange quiet that falls on a family after a hysterical scene was in evidence. Lucius and the visitor were cheerful and he surprised his mother by offering to make concessions. "We'll go in the rockaway, ma," he remarked. "I'll look after you while Cousin Philander's carryin' the flag in the parade, an' he'll set with you while I read the Declaration."

It was a glorious "Independence Day," the 300 wagons and carriages all gay with flags were preceded by the column of soldiers from the recent battles, the sparse line of Mexican veterans led by Dr. Case, the bands of music, the open barouche with the chairman of the day and the orators, and the miniature Greek temple drawn by white horses wherein sat the goddess of Liberty, in more expansive skirts and more fluff of ruffles and lace than one would have desired for a classic divinity, but she was amazingly pretty and the Phrygian cap became her well. There were marches and counter-marches, the bands nearly burst their instruments in patriotic ardor. Lucius sat quietly beside his mother during the evolutions, while Cousin Philander bore aloft the faded banner he carried in the Mexican campaign.

"At last," announced the chairman of the day, "we are ready for the intellectual feast that will precede our material banquet, and Rev. Mr. Palmer will give the invocation." Dr. Case took Lucius' seat and the young man walked to his place on the platform with his shoulders squared and his head erect. The prayer was duly inclusive of all nations, peoples, and colors, with the special petitions for our own glorious country; the minister was a stranger, but he evidently knew what was demanded of the occasion and gave no scant measure.

"Next," proclaimed the chairman, "we shall have 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

The goddess of Liberty stood up in all her white draperies and her strong young soprano was audible to every listener; then the chorus of four voices was heard, that of Lucius perfectly distinct.

"Just look at that bold trollop, a smilin' at my son. She ain't satisfied with the minister trailin' after her she's bound to have Lucius crazy about her, too," whispered Mrs. Hill.

"Tut, tut," said her cousin. "I used to know a girl that had five or six beaux at once before she married Ransom Hill."

"The Star Spangled Banner" ended, to the sound of delirious applause, and then Lucius rose to read the immortal Declaration, his mother thrilled with pride in spite of herself, as his clear tones rang out. She had never known he was capable of making a figure of mark in public. After him came the orator of the day, whose flamboyant speech set the audience wild, then "John Brown's Body" tuned the pulses to rhythmic delight before the refreshments were served.

Cousin Philander actually prevailed upon his hostess to add her luncheon to the general store and to sit between him and her son at the guests' table.

It was a wonderful reunion of the residents of the township, and the pilgrims who had returned from the West. Dr. Case was greeted by hundreds of old friends and his cousin was elated at his popularity; the visiting doctor to remain for the concluding exercises. "We are to have some very fine tableaux, followed by a brilliant display of fireworks."

"Hadn't you and I better go home, Cousin Laurinda?" asked her guest. "I'm afraid you'll be worn out with all this excitement."

"No, I feel reel chirk," said the flushed woman. "I believe that medicine of your'n has just hit the spot 'n I want to stay 'till the last dog's lung." Gamma Boyd used to say, "Look, there goes Fidelia, traipsin' around in that long white dress with the minister!"

The tableaux began with a ragged colored man, his bundle on his back, pointing to a large gilt star on a dark blue background; the next presented a mild looking dog, supposedly a bloodhound, smelling the track of the fugitive. A piece of meat tied to a string was slowly drawn by an unseen hand to lure the dangerous beast toward his prey; then a pretty mulatto girl stood on a block exposed for sale, the auctioneer roughly grasping her shoulder; "Uncle Tom" was displayed lying on the floor with angels attending him, one of the small seraph's wings was a little out of place, but the audience ignored slight discrepancies; the goddess of Liberty then appeared with a shackled slave kneeling before her, her torch broke the iron and the bondman rose free.

"This," said the chairman, "ladies and gentlemen, completes our program, but a little impromptu drama is about to be enacted; please remain quiet. The goddess preserved her pose as the curtain rose again and Lucius Hill, with his hands fettered, stood before her. "Goddess of Liberty," he said, in a clear, loud voice, "you have set the colored people free, now I want you to emancipate a white slave; I am thirty-four years old an' I've never had one day of liberty, I didn't have any real childhood; since I was fifteen I've worked as hard as most any negro in the land. I hain't had as much pleasure as one of them that had a clever master; most of the men of my age has got a home an' a wife an' children. I hain't nothin' to call my own. I promised to take care of my mother an' I've give her about half of the seventy years a man's supposed to have; you may think it shows a mean disposition of me to tell my family affairs out in public like this, but I'm gettin' desperate, god-

dess; it's come to the pass that I'll drown myself before I'll stan' this thing any longer. I've just read in the Declaration of Independence that all men's got a right to life, liberty an' the pursuit of happiness an' the 14th amendment says that there shan't be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in this country. I hain't a dollar to my name, nor a roof to call my own, but I ain't afraid to warrant you a livin' if you'll help me hunt for liberty an' happiness; set me free, goddess; set me free; make this my 'Independence Day.'"

Fidelia stooped to undo fetters, then she pulled off her Phrygian cap and, taking her lover's arm, stood as calmly as if she had rehearsed the play a hundred times. The strange minister stepped forward and began reading, "Deeply beloved, we are gathered together in the sight of God and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman—"

A smothered cry escaped from Mrs. Hill's lips, but Dr. Case held his hand over her mouth and the ceremony proceeded, while he whispered, "Don't you dare to have hysterics here; behave yourself now, if you don't want Lucius and his wife to leave the country." "But what an awful thing he's done," wailed his mother, "to tell the whole township that I treated him so bad. I never meant to make him a slave."

"Well, you've kept his nose to the grindstone all his life and he didn't see any other chance for freedom. You've only yourself to blame," said the doctor, with the candor of Job's comforters. "I can't live without him; I've looted on leavin' him well off an' if I kep' close it was only for his good," sobbed Laurinda.

"See here," said the physician, "if you wish to keep your son at home, go and congratulate him and Fidelia, tell them you'll build a house for them and you'll pay him the wages he's earned and lease the farm to him, and then you must quit having those spells."

"Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I'd died last night an' then he'd felt sorry."

"You couldn't die in one of your fits if you tried—come, Laurinda, if you'll put a good face on it, half the folks will think what Lucius said was something made up for the occasion; you don't want to show that the coat fits you."

Mrs. Hill washed her face and, escorted by the doctor, penetrated the throng that gathered in joyous excitement around the bridal pair.

"I wish you much joy, Fidelia, an' you too, Lucius. I s'pose you'll want to go off on a little tour, but when you git back I want you both to come home. I'm goin' to build you a house an' your wages 'll be in the bank for you, son," said the mother amicably.

"Hain't she got spunk, Fidelia?" whispered the groom. "I never looked for her to take it so well."

"I'm going to be real good to her, Lucius, she does love you, and I'll stand most anything to pay for stealin' you from her," returned the wife.

The fireworks seemed a proper climax for so exciting a day, and Mrs. Hill staid till they died out in a blaze of glory, then she said to the young couple, "I do hate like fury to have you go to the tavern, children; come home an' I'll be as clever as I know how. You'll want money for your trip, Lucius, an' you can't git it till morning."

"Let's go," said Fidelia, and the old rockaway carried the quartet back to the farm.

A year and a half later, Dr. Case received an exciting letter: "Dear Cousin Philander: You and Cousin Ziny must come here right off, we've got a pair of twins, the cutest little things that ever was, an' ma's tickled all to pieces over them. The minister that married us is coming to christen them week after next, and we feel that we must have you here. They are boys and one is going to be named Philander Day and the other Ransom Independence."

Fidelia and ma send love and say they won't take no for an answer. Yours affectionate, LUCIUS HILL.

P. S.—Ma don't have any more of those spells. Fidelia gets along with her first rate.—Mary Tracy Mott, in The Springfield Republican.

STEADFAST FAITH AND CHANGEABLE RELIGION.

It has been our lot to witness one of those spiritual phenomena that may be likened to eclipses of the sun. For a time the face of the great luminary that lights men's souls is obscured to the view of half the earth, to some hidden so completely as to seem blotted wholly out from the face of the heavens. There is no reason to doubt now; it is, alas! too true that the birth of Modernism brought blight to the spiritual life of some hitherto bright and exalted lives, as well as to lives of an inferior kind whose faith was insecure by reason of a low quality of moral fibre and a lymphatic, emotional temperament. It is a weakness of human nature almost as old as human nature itself. The desire for novelty in the objects of man's worship goes back farther than the days of the patriarchs—to the antediluvian epoch in fact, it would seem, from the fact of the Deluge having been sent to wipe out the foul idols of man's worship, whether they took the shape of his own passions or their ideal embodiment in shapes of stone or metal set up as altars. "How oft shall he of changing gods and faith complain who trusts thee, fickle one!" the greatest of Roman poets makes a complaining lover lament, proving that in pre-Christian days instability in form of belief and fantastic tastes in choice of deities disturbed the mind of soberer Paganism and made the authority of the State tremble at times for its stability.

Modernism is a present-day manifestation of that fickleness and uncertainty which caused the Athenians to raise on the Hill of Mars an altar to the Unknown God—a feeling of dissatisfaction regarding the deities they knew but did not trust, and an elusive hope that perchance their desire for a knowledge of the true faith might one day bring them a *deus ex machina*, so to speak, to solve the great mystery of life and being and the enigma of the universe.

The Modernism of to-day is doing in-

formally the very same thing, in destroying the faith that its devotees had held and leaving a blank for the unknown substitute. There must be a sensible result of this encroachment of the sea of doubt, as far at least as England is concerned, judging from the manner in which the subject is treated by the Bishop of Newport, the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, in "The Bulletin of the (Euvre Expatriate" for the month of June, this year. He declares that "even with our own Catholic flock those who read and think are threatened with the danger of losing all faith in revelation and supernatural religion." This is a very serious condition of things, most assuredly, as regards English Catholicism, but we would stake a good deal that the Catholics of Irish descent are not the class who give ground for alarm. It is mainly a question of religious environment, and the environment over there, judging from the Bishop's bird's eye view of it, is mainly agnostic. He says:

And of the chief elements in modern religious confusion is the meaning which people attach to the word faith. There is, first, the strictly Protestant acceptance, derived from Martin Luther, that faith is a mere trust in the Saviour, with a conviction that you are "saved." Such "faith," apart from charity, obedience, contrition and amendment, is not faith in the New Testament sense, but rather impertinent and unreasonable presumption. But with many people—perhaps with most people outside the Catholic Church—faith is a vague acceptance of God, Jesus Christ and the world to come. It is a weak and colorless persuasion that there is a God above and a world out of sight.

The ordinary and popular Protestantism of to-day is as different as possible from what it was even half a century ago. Sin, grace, redemption, the world to come, our Lord Jesus Christ and Almighty God's own nature have all, in spite of the letter of the Bible, in spite of the text of the formularies, undergone, in the minds of Englishmen and Scotchmen, a perceptible and essential alteration.

For this reason Dr. Hedley insists that Catholics must be prepared to show that their faith is not only an essential portion of their being, but one that can and shall be defended as a thing resting not on hearsay and tradition, but on the evidence of revelation, miracles, the lives of the saints and the continuous existence of the Church. Catholic faith is an unquestioning reliance on the word and works of God, and is the greatest and most truly precious heritage that man possesses.

Like the spirit of Caesar confronting Brutus at Philippi, the ghost of Luther rises now and again in our day to warn those who are falsely ambitious or vain enough to imagine themselves, like himself, to be instruments in a great purpose. The great doctrine of "justification by faith alone" is blown to the winds. It is repudiated by such of his followers as still possess any faith, but the great majority of those who once called themselves Protestants reject both the doctrine and the faith altogether. What were Luther's own reflections on the results of his work as he neared the end of his earthly course? We learn of some of them from Michel's Life, as translated by Mr. Hazlitt. In one of his conversations he said, regretting that he has gained little for himself by having left the cloister, while flattering himself that he had "done much for the world":

I, in my turn, am hostile to the world; there is nothing in all life which gives me any pleasure; I am utterly weary of life. I pray the Lord will come forth with and carry me hence. Let Him come, above all, with His Last Judgment, I will stretch out my neck, the thunder will burst forth, and I shall be at rest.

One of the listeners observed that if the world subsisted for another fifty years a great many things not then foreseen would happen. Luther exclaimed: "Pray God it may not exist so long! Matters would be even worse than they have been. There would rise up infinite sects and schisms which are at present hidden within men's hearts not yet mature. No may the Lord come at once! Let Him cut the whole matter short with the Day of Judgment, for there is no amendment to be expected.

These direful prophecies and forebodings were such indications of the depth to which the apostate's conscience was stirred by the memories of his terrible sins. There is a terrible undertone of despair about them, too, which reminds one of the great Greek tragedies and the prevalent shadow of the Nemesis which follows gigantic crime. Luther built wisely so far as he knew, but he built not for the earth-quake. He made the dam, but never dreamed of providing the floodgates.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

INDULGENCES. INTERESTING LECTURE DELIVERED BY BISHOP CONANT.

"Indulgence" was the theme of an interesting lecture delivered recently by Bishop Conant before the Bible study class at the Women's Club house, Los Angeles. Bishop Conant gave a history of indulgences and described their meaning in the Catholic Church. He said in part:

"According to the definition of the catechism an indulgence is a remission of the temporal punishment due to sin after the sin and its eternal punishment have been remitted by the sacrament of penance. Indulgence has no effect until sin has been remitted. Consequently it requires that the person receiving its benefits be in the state of grace; that is, to possess the friendship of God either in Innocence of life or by reason of the pardon of God for the sins which have been remitted. According to the teaching of the Catholic Church every sinful man has in it two things resulting from man's offense against God. One is guilt and the other is punishment. If the sin be a grievous one, the guilt on the soul is grievous and the punishment deserved by it is both eternal and temporal. If the sin be but venial, the punishment due is but temporal. Eternal punishment is remitted with the pardon of the guilt of grievous sin, but there frequently remains an obligation

to satisfy by reparation for the fault committed and consequently temporal punishments follow in the wake of sin and are satisfied for by the personal dispositions of the repentant sinner or by acts of penance to which are attached special blessings which stand in the way of satisfaction for the temporal punishments. According to the teaching of the Catholic Church the scope of indulgences is entirely outside of sin and necessarily supposes the previous pardon of sin."

Bishop Conant said that the authority in the matters of indulgence by the Church was found in the commission which Christ gave to the Apostles for the forgiveness of sins, and that as there was in the Church the ministry of reconciliation invested by Christ with Christ's own power over sin, so that authority was over the punishment due to sin as well as to sin itself. He cited the action of the Church toward the adulterous woman and that of St. Paul towards the incestuous Corinthian and said that the Apostle was fulfilling the ministry of forgiveness by not only remitting his sin and then forcing him to acts of penance, but also by remitting the part of the penance which had been imposed.

The Bishop explained that an indulgence was a share in the merits of Christ as also a share in the merits of the saints. It served as an encouragement to acts of penance and deeds of goodness by being in the nature of a reward for special acts of devotion, of mercy and of charity.

Indulgence stands as a form of helpfulness to the individual who may be spiritually unable to rise to the heights of personal satisfaction due to the justice of God and is a result of that doctrine of the Church known as the "communion of saints," in which the spirit of brotherhood enables the good to help one another and thus gives strength to the weak and bear one for the other the burden which justice demands."

MEMORABLE WORDS.

Not less needed by present-day polemics than by the ardent spirits to whom it was addressed, is the following advice of Frederic Ozanam. He was one of the ablest and most zealous controversialists of his time; but his piety made him compassionate toward his opponents, and his sense of justice caused him to be generous. Golden words are these. "We must never begin by despairing of those who deny. It is not a question of mortifying but of convincing them. Refutation is humiliation enough for them, when it is conclusive. Whatever be the disloyalty or the brutality of their attacks, let us show them the example of a generous controversy. Let us beware of exasperating their pride by abuse, and let us not drive them to damn themselves rather than retract. The number of those who doubt is greater still. There are noble minds who are led astray by the views of early education or by the force of evil example. Many of them feel bitterly the misery of their unbelief. We owe them a compassion which need not exclude esteem. It would be politic, even if it were not just, not to thrust them back into the lessening crowd of impious unbelievers; to distinguish their cause, and not confound strangers with enemies. . . . There are some who, after having waited a little while for these tardy ones, lose patience, and grow irritated with their slowness. Let us not lose patience. God is patient because He is eternal; so likewise are Christians." — The Ave Marie.

THE OLD ORIGINAL LIFEBOAT.

Father Bernard Vaughan, addressing a large public meeting recently at Leeds, England, on behalf of the funds of the National Lifeboat Institution, said he felt he had some right to speak for such an object because he himself belonged to the old original Lifeboat manned by the Twelve who pulled in the boat called the Barque of Peter, and which had rescued countless souls along the coastline and on the open sea. No one could deny that his Lifeboat had a fine record!

The eloquent Jesuit also drew a moral from the ordinary lifeboat, of which he described the designing, the displacement, the buoyancy, the stability, together with the variety of materials needed in the right construction. So, too, he continued, must every character be built up. Then there was the launching, and the trial voyage and how about the chart pointing to shoals, quicksands, etc., in one instance, and the map of life, with its pitfalls and dangers, on the other. The compass, always pointing true, was like the voice of conscience, an exhortation and a warning—a "do" or a "don't" or "you must" or "you must not."

In Love and Unity. I can assure you that the spirit of fraternity, of devotion, of love in the American hierarchy and the bond of union between that body, the clergy and the laity was never stronger than it is to-day. I hope that this will continue.—From Cardinal Gibbons' speech at Catholic Club reception in New York.

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anything for the household from foreign markets, provided it is possible to obtain the same things from home.

The Irish housewives throughout the whole country are responding splendidly to this national appeal. Many of them are even depriving themselves of many comforts simply because they cannot obtain the articles they require from Irish sources. This policy on the part of the women of Ireland is saving millions of pounds to the country and is giving employment to thousands of workers in various Irish industries.

Already the effect of this policy is felt on the porpoises, which are becoming more empty every year from the fact that employment is being found for people who would otherwise have no alternative but to become paupers. It has also had a sensible effect on emigration. This year there were less emigrants from Ireland than from England or Scotland, and this is considered to be wholly due to the revival of Irish industry.

THACKERAY ON THE GREAT MOTHER CHURCH.

How it makes your heart beat when you first see it (St. Peter's)! Ours did as we came in from Civita Vecchia, and saw a great, ghastly, darkling dome rising up into the gray night, and keeping us company ever so long as we drove, as if it had been an orb fallen out of heaven with its light left out. As you look at it from the Pincio, and the sun sets behind it, surely that aspect of earth and sky is one of the grandest in the world.

There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, who writes himself, English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore to the other one can see the neighbor cliffs on clear days; one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass and not drown beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church, I believe among many people have no idea; we think of lazy friars, of pining, cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants, worshipping wood and stones, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like common-places of Protestant satire. Lo! yonder inscription, which blazes round the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars; it proclaims to all the world that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which hell shall not prevail. Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights, that have been burning before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Faith seems to be realized in their figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday; others, to be as blessed as they, walk the world even now, doubtless; and the commissioners of heaven, here holding their courts a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their power shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk to-day. Are there not crowds ready to bear witness to their wonders? Is not there a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes to back and beseech them? Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest, today who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the church has just proclaimed a saint—hand in hand they hold by one another till the line is lost up in heaven.

Come, friend, let us acknowledge this and kiss the toe of St. Peter! —Thackeray.

ESSENTIAL IRRELIGION OF SOCIALISM.

With the imprimatur of Archbishop Farley attached to it, there has just appeared a work by Father Ming, entitled "The Religion of Modern Socialism," published by Benziger Bros.

The enquiry pursued by the learned Jesuit is outside the scope of economic socialism, and throughout the work he makes it his business to show that, according to the teachings of his high-priesthood, in accordance with the principles of social socialism, as apart from industrial socialism, the movement is essentially atheistic.

Hence the chapters that appeal most to us are those which deal with socialism in regard to what it thinks of religion and the belief in a Supreme Being. In Chapter 4, Father Ming, in his record of the circular statements of the great teachers of socialism in respect of this point. Dietzgen, in his principal work, declares that social democracy has no religion in the sense of belief in God. Bebel openly declared in the German Reichstag, in 1881, that "in politics we profess republicanism, in economics socialism, and in religion, atheism."

Belfort Bax loudly asserted that socialists "despised the other world with all its stage properties, that is, the present objects of religion." He adds that as the religion of slave industry was Paganism, so the religion of serfage was Catholic Christianity or Sacerdotalism.

The New York Volkszeitung, the principal representative of scientific socialism in New York State, wrote in 1901 that socialism and belief in God, as taught by Christianity and its adherents, are incompatible; that socialism has no meaning unless it is atheistic.

That socialism is hostile to religion, is shown, suggests Father Ming, in the classic declaration that "religion is a private affair" (Economic Programme). The consequence of this is to deprive the Church, in a socialist code, of its lawful rights and property, and to banish it into privacy where it is unable to defend itself when attacked as a social body. It practically takes the education of youth wholly out of the religious teacher's influence or guidance.

Atheism, meanwhile, is given every opportunity of pressing in public. A representative social-democratic trade-paper of Germany, namely, the "Zim-

merer," asserts that social Democracy, as a philosophical system, can have no other relation to the Church than to reject its supporters and to wage relentless war on by far the greater part of its doctrines.

It necessarily follows, says Father Ming, that the triumph of socialism will mean the abolition of religion and if socialism triumphs, it will be a victory for unbelief and unbelief is a victory for socialism.

Socialism denies the entire system of revealed dogmas; and the God of Christianity is to the socialist no less absurd than the God of the primitive savage. To Lafargue, God is not better than the heathen gods. The cheap blasphemer, Blatford, of London, denies the morality of the teaching of Christ. Here is a type of this egrotous penny-a-liner's argument:

"Man never did and never could sin against God. For man is what God made him, could only act as God enabled him or constructed (sic) him to act, and therefore was not responsible for his acts and could not sin against God. If God is responsible for man's existence, God is responsible for man's act. Therefore—"

But why go on with such tiresome twaddle? We are surprised that Father Ming should condescend to quote as much as he does of this illiterate person who besides trying to attract a little notice has fallen back on the methods of the London "penny" as a last pathetic resort to fill the larder and keep himself in shoe-leather. At least the atheistic socialists of Germany and Italy have scholarship to support their socialistic fantasies.

Father Ming concludes: As a result of all our discussions we arrive at this conclusion, to wit, that scientific socialism, after doing away with the worship of a personal deity, either leaves no room for any religion whatever, or advocates one that is more absurd, and far more pernicious than irreligion itself.—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE CREED OF THE MODERN.

THE GOSPEL OF GETTING-ON HAS SUPPLANTED THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

"I question very much if a man of the Middle Ages, were he to return among us, would see signs of progress in anything around," said the Rev. John Ashton, S. J., in an address delivered at the jubilee of the Catholic Young Men's Society in England in the early part of this month. What would chiefly surprise him would be the innumerable contrivances designed to minister to our ease and comfort and to increase our pleasures and enjoyment of life, but Father Ashton doubts whether he would regard as an age of light one in which the Gospel of Getting-on had supplanted the Gospel of Christ.

"Were he to go into our crowded cities and glance at the places of amusement, the music halls, for instance, with the long queues of people waiting outside for admittance, he would probably conclude that if the modern makes money, it is not for the purpose of hoarding it, for he is no miser, but that he may get as much enjoyment out of life as possible, though it is evidently to the detriment of the supernatural principles of Christianity. Were he to notice the tall chimney—stacks and gaunt, ugly warehouses, he might be excused his doubt whether aesthetics and knowledge of the canon of art had kept pace with purely scientific lore. Perhaps on the whole he might doubt the claims of the modern to point the finger of scorn at the people of the Middle Ages."

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Father Ashton, in his very able and timely address, goes on to ask if Catholics are not themselves in danger of being carried away by the tide of worldliness—if they are not in peril of drifting with the stream and leaving to strikers against it those animated only by natural motives and merely social zeal.

"Our attitude, say, towards poverty is different from that of Socialists," he says, "but because that is the case our efforts on behalf of the poor ought not to be less strenuous than theirs. It is of vital importance that with the advance of the democratic spirit and the development of democratic principles the future should find us no less sympathetic toward the poor and no less self-sacrificing in their behalf than others may be, and the danger lies in the fact that, like others, we may part with the money-making street, like others, we may be determined to make the most of this world. Again, it is not easy to listen with equanimity to the charge levelled against us by Socialists that it has been left to them to combat militarism, and to advocate, as one of the most important items of their programme, the abolition of war. Surely, there should be no need for us to be reminded by them that the message of Our Lord to the world was one of peace and love; while He insists most relentlessly on the forgiveness of our enemies. It may be necessary at present at least, that the country should go on arming itself to the teeth, that millions should be spent on armies and navies, while our poor are starving; but at least we ought not to be content that others should adopt and strive after a Christian ideal while we listlessly look on, or perhaps set it aside. When the question of compulsory arbitration is in the air, when universal peace congresses are held, and when there is a vista of possibilities opening up before us, it behooves us to watch the changes that are afoot, and the opportunities that may be presented.

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES IN PRACTICE.

"There will be no wars if only people will put into practice the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. It may be that, as an Anglican prelate once said, the British empire could not be run for a week on the principles of that sermon, but the fault lies, not with the principles. We have undoubtedly a long way to go yet, but at least let us recognize what is or ought to be the end of the journey, and above all, let us not be beaten by others in the endeavor to reach these Christian ideals.

"More than ever it is necessary to bear in mind that we are the disciples of one who was meek and humble of heart, of One who if on occasion, He allowed the chief of the apostles to carry a sword, it

was only to bid him to put it up again, for 'all that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' It is, then, for us to see to it that this extinction of war is not brought about apart from the Church, not by preventing others, but by co-operation with those who labor for its consummation.

"Our loftiest ideals are of a supernatural order, and we must neither forget them nor set them aside because of the materialism and the worldly spirit of the age in which we live. Hence the importance of availing ourselves of those supernatural means that have been placed in our hands in order to help us to attain these ideals.

"A few words on two of those means. As you know, the Pope has recently been encouraging frequent, nay, even daily Communion. Supernatural strength is needed to strive after and attain supernatural ideals, and that strength is above all imparted in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. Here, then, is one excellent means by which we may prevent ourselves from being dragged down to the level of the principles of this world, and be not only the best of citizens, but a 'gen sancta,' a holy people, holding the teaching of our Lord in all its purity and integrity, and handing it on to those who are to come after us.

SPIRITUALLY RUN DOWN.

"But there is another means that has recently been put into our hands. It is that which goes by the name of a retreat. St. Ignatius wrote a little book called the 'Spiritual Exercises,' in which he sets down the thoughts which brought about a reformation in his life, and eventually made a saint of him. To these thoughts, priests and religious recur every year, for some days, generally eight, in order to bring before themselves the lofty ideals of their vocation, and brace themselves up again to strive after their attainment. But it would be a mistake to suppose that these exercises were written for the sake of priests and religious. They were rather written for the sake of laymen. Moreover the moneyed and therefore the leisured classes have had it their power for years past to make a retreat, but we have yet to learn that they are the only ones who need one or can benefit by it. Do we not all of us get run down spiritually as well as physically and therefore need a retreat even as we need a holiday? But these exercises of St. Ignatius can do more. If I may sum up the fruit which the saint intended to be derived from making a retreat, it is the acquisition of the apostolic spirit—a spirit which is required of all of us at the present day, of the working man no less than of the priest or religious. For wherever ever there is a man who can be an influence for good, whether by word or example, among his fellow-men, who can stimulate them to a better life, who can instill into them Christian principles, and who can command the respect, admiration and approval of others by the uprightness of his own life, there is a man who can do the work of an apostle.

"We must see to it that the spirit of Christian and supernatural ideals is kept flying; and be not less, but more, eager than others for their realization. It must never be said that we, the children of light, are less wise in our generation than others, or justify the reproach that we know not of our own spirit we are. Our high calling requires that we should be more strenuous to extend the Kingdom of God than others who may do something in that cause, but who have only the 'anima naturaliter Christiana' to guide them. Let us have but little sympathy with the plea that human nature is weak. It will be time enough to make such acknowledgments when we come to examine our consciences, and not while our hand finds it to do a great work in the cause of our Divine Master."

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THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Mr. E. W. Thompson, special correspondent in Canada of the Boston Transcript, found quarters in Quebec, during the celebration with the Christian Brothers. Apparently it was the first time he had made a close observation of a religious order, and he was struck with admiration of the system under which they work. He wonders whether a similar organization of Protestant teachers might not be possible. The practice of the order, he recognizes, makes the economic problem, but he thinks that devotion to the work of teaching, without any mercenary motive, is the mainspring of such a community, and that this might be found even among married men. He does not feel sure, however, for he adds that the principle of the Christian Brothers' act of doing all for the glory of God may be essential to the success of the system.—Casket.

PROTESTANT PRAISES NUNS.

It provokes thought, occasionally, to look at conditions away from home and the place in one's neighborhood. Over in France they are preparing to expel more nuns from their convents. In this country distinguished Protestants are publicly commending the work of Catholic sisterhoods.

The latest to do so is Judge David J. Brewer, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. In a lecture a few days ago delivered at Harvard College on "Our Duties as Citizens," he deliberately declared:

"What single organization has done more for the orphan than the Catholic Church? What one, whether an asylum, more for the sick and afflicted? If you were to select a single fact and form as typical expression of the great thought of charity and kindness, whose work you select, than the face and form of a Sister of Charity? As some poet has said in a poem entitled 'The Little Sister of the Poor':

Amid thy city's dust and din
Your patient feet have trod;
When ever sorrow, in its own
You do the work of God.

You seem in many a shadowed place
A glory from above
The best of hearts in your own face,
And in your heart is love.

Your brow is lined with other's cares,
And aches for other's need;
You bless the dying with your prayers,
The living with your tears.

In times when epidemics rage, when death seems
To haunt every city home, who are the devoted ones
To risk their lives in caring for the sick and paying

the last offices to the dead? Surely, as the fusion of this two in your mind, you see the presence and form of those who face in the Man of God.

A judge in the highest court of the United States says this. Yet France ruthlessly turned the Little Sisters of the Poor out of their homes in many cities. Still, for that matter a few years ago, there was a shameless secret organization in this country who wished to do the same thing. It is a queer world. Those who earnestly strive to do most good are made to suffer most.—New World.

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Contemplative men have mused upon heaven and heaven's mode of life. In the desire to picture the full happiness of its holy inhabitants, they have fancied all sorts of fascinating scenes. They tell us of beautiful gardens filled with flowers, of great celebrations upon the feast days of our holy Church, of musical concerts, and of grand receptions given to new-come saints of distinguished merit. The offices of the Church even given us such glowing ideas, for in the ritual of the dead there is an invocation and an invitation extended to the angels and saints to meet the soul departed. "May the angels lead thee into paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; may the choirs of the angels take thee up and mayest thou have rest with Lazarus, once the poor man."

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pecting it was another of his flock who was not in condition to meet his pastor's eye, he asked: "Who's that in the cart?" "I don't know, sir," said parishioner number one. "You don't know?" cried the priest in astonishment. "Don't tell me that, you rascal, who is it?" "Now, your reverence," said he, with a propitiating grin, "how could I know who he is when the man himself don't know who he is?" "If anybody should ask us, what kind of a believer or unbeliever the writer of the words above quoted may be, we should reply: 'The man himself doesn't know what he is, nor what he means, how can we tell you? How does he know there was a man who spoke as man never spoke before?' The Jews who are highly intelligent people, would ridicule such a statement. He has read it in the book of course; but it may be 'error of record,' or a bit of 'oriental imagery,' or even 'pure falsehood.' Men read the Sacred Scriptures nowadays as the child reads his book of stories. The story which pleases him, the child believes, —the story which is unpleasant, or unacceptable, he sets aside. Further, he goes on: 'Love. . . must purify itself by action. 'If thou lovest me, feed my lambs.' There is no other way evidence." But those words "feed my lambs" are easily printed. The typesetter's case contains all the letters wherewith to produce them. Who said them? And how does he know? —Casket.

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London, September 11-19

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

HORROR OF MORTAL SIN. As He entered into a certain town, there met Him ten lepers, who stood afar off and lifted up their voices, saying, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. (Lk. xvii. 16.)

One of the comparisons we most frequently meet in Holy Scripture is to call sin—mortal sin—the leprosy of the soul, because sin, in its effect on the soul, very much resembles the devastating and blighting effects of leprosy on the body.

Leprosy in olden times, and to-day where it exists, is one of the most loathsome of all diseases. It is contracted by contact with persons infected by it, and once one is infected by it it gradually poisons the whole system. The various members of the body, as the touch of poison comes to them, slowly fester, rot, and then shrink away. There is no power in medicine to cure or even to alleviate this terrible disease. Once the disease attacks its victim he is beyond the skill of man. To prevent the infection spreading to healthful persons, the lepers were cast out from human society. They were relegated to a spot by themselves, and by law were not allowed to come near to any one.

So the lepers in the Gospel "stood afar off and cried out." They did not dare to come in contact with any one, and did others approach them unawares they were obliged to cry out that they were unclean. So that they were exiled from society, home and all the joys of life to exist in a living death. What a horrible sight it must have been to be with our Lord and see these ten lepers—living sepulchres that they were—afar off raising their handless arms in attitude of supplication and crying out with tongues that were nearly devoured and lips that were polluted with the terrible disease, "Jesus, have mercy on us!"

What leprosy is to the body that sin is to the soul. Like the leprosy, sin is contracted by contact with sinners or by going into temptation. It is by touching the pitch the sinner becomes defiled. Once the poison of sin enters into the soul it steals away all its beauty and innocence.

The innocent soul in health is mistress of her own energies. She calms the risings of rebellious nature. She keeps in check the inclinations to evil. The tranquillity and peace of conscience that one enjoys are but the vigor and strength that comes in the possession of health. But the contamination of leprosy enters in, and she who was mistress of the fairest kingdom on earth becomes a slave to the passions, degraded, destitute, and powerless in the midst of a thousand foes. She loses the peace that comes from union with God. She is deprived of her relish for prayer. There is taken from her that sense of the awful judgments of God. This is but the beginning of the terrible havoc sin makes on the soul.

There are secondary stages in the disease, when the sinner becomes so possessed with his deliriums he no longer finds pleasure among the innocent. He has made himself an outcast from God, he now shuns all that is good. The corruption seizes on all his faculties and powers. His mind can think of naught but sin, his desires are for lower and still lower sensual gratifications, his imagination becomes filled with all foulness, and one by one the heaven-born gifts that were his in the health of innocence, fester and rot away, so that he takes on corruption and it enters like water into his flesh and oil into his bones.

Externally he goes about his daily routine of duty, but his external show covers but a mass of rottenness. Oh, dear brethren! has this awful leprosy been yours—have you gone into the dark and slippery path and thus contracted this terrible disease? If so there is for you only one remedy. No human power can stay the progress of the evil. It is the divine touch alone that can heal you. It is the divine lips only that can say to you, "Be thou clean." Like the lepers in the Gospel, as you come into the presence of our Lord in the Church cry out to Him from afar, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" He will listen to your cry, and going, showing yourselves to the priests in the tribunal of penance, the leprosy will be healed, its foulness washed away, and you will be restored to spiritual health.

THE MASS.

The Lamp, the organ of the High Church party in the Anglican church, commenting on the late Pan-Anglican congress, whilst commending the liberality and widespread interest of the assembled dignitaries, complains of a noted want of devotion to divine worship especially that of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Here is how the writer vividly draws the contrast:

"The crowning feature of the service was the presentation on the high altar of the cathedral by two hundred and fifty Bishops present of the united offering of the Anglican faithful, which amounted to £35,000 sterling. But whose was the devotion of this vast assemblage to the Real Presence of Jesus Christ, Body, Soul and Divinity, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass? Where did they give public expression to his desire before the eyes of the world in unmistakable fashion? There were indeed numerous celebrations of the Holy Eucharist in London churches during the session of the congress, but with the exception of certain high Masses in a few well known ritualistic churches on Sunday they were confined to low celebrations and were attended by scant congregations. The reporter of the English Church Times attended the 8 o'clock Mass at Westminster Abbey on the morning when the congress opened and he found no more than a hundred persons present.

THE RESULT OF THE BREACH WITH ROME. The first notable act of her reformers after the Church of England ceased to be a Catholic was to de-throne the Mass from its position as the supreme Sacrifice of the Christian altar, the all-prevailing Act of Divine Worship; and

Cramer's substitute for it was principally an expurgated Litany, the psalms of David and the Te Deum. Never perhaps since the Reformation were these sung more charmingly and "tear compellingly" than at the opening and close of the Pan-Anglican congress, but a Miserere, however wretchedly sung, or St. Ambrose's great hymn, or the grandest alleluia chorus ever composed, is but a mess of pottage when offered in exchange for our Catholic birthright, the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It was no doubt a majestic sight to see two hundred Anglican prelates, proceeded by mace bearers, bringing their gold like the Magi from afar and solemnly depositing it upon the high altar of St. Paul's until the accumulating flood swelled into a grand total of nearly \$17,000,000 but the truth remains that one consecrated host uplifted in the hands of the poorest and humblest priest in the Catholic Church is in God's sight an infinitely more sublime spectacle.

"We feel constrained thus to put on record our disappointment that as far as the members of the congress addressed themselves to the all important matter of Divine Worship they should have chosen to approach the throne of the Most High after the manner of Protestant Episcopalians rather than as inheritors of the ancient Catholic traditions of the Church of England.

"The Catholic remnant in the Anglican Church for seventy-five years has battled hard for the restoration of the Mass to its rightful place in public worship, and withal wonderful has been our success, but can we reasonably entertain the hope that with one voice the Anglican Episcopate will again proclaim the true doctrine of the Mass, or with unity of faith celebrate the Eucharistic mysteries in a truly Catholic manner until we recover that union with Rome, the loss of which was the initial step to the throwing down of our altars and the casting us into a corner of the Sacrifice of the Mass?"

THE PRIEST.

He stands at the foot of the altar in his snowy vestments, his altar boys around him; he ascends the altar steps alone.

Without him there would be no Mass, no confessions, no communions.

Of all that great churchful of people at last Mass he is probably the only one fasting. The rest had their fragrant coffee, their Sunday morning's breakfast hours ago. That is a long fast. Try it some Sunday. It will give you a headache, make you feel half sick—but try it, anyway.

He stands at the altar alone. Other men have come from homes where wives and children await them; he put that possibility away from him years ago.

Other men meet on the streets, stand and chat, argue politics and so on by the hour.

Other men go to theatres, clubs, amusements; his calling shuts him off from all that.

Other men choose their place of residence, their associates; he goes where he is sent.

How different from the rest of the world he is in the confessional.

When we are sick or worried or annoyed we speak sharply even to our dear ones and find ready excuse for ourselves for so doing. Suppose he allowed such things to make him short and irritable with us when we go to confession?

We get out of patience, disgusted with people when they will not do as we think they should. What if he became disgusted with us when we go to him week after week, or month after month, with almost the same story of weakness, unfaithfulness and sin?

When people will not do as we want them to we leave them alone after a while to go their way. What would become of us, if he let us go our way?

We fly to others with our troubles. He has the sorrows of hundreds brought to him. Think you that his heart is not touched, that he does not feel for his people and suffer with them in their afflictions?

And when we do feel grateful to him, how seldom we let him know.

We are not bound, of course, to thank the priest for what it is his duty to do, but his heart is human, after all, and gratitude and appreciation are, without doubt, as becoming to him as to us.

In that most beautiful and most holy relation which exists between the priest and his people all are equally bound before God; he "so to watch as to give an account of our souls;" we to profit with the greatest care and faithfulness by what God sends to us through him.

St. Francis de Sales says that we should regard our priests "with a reverence that does not diminish our affection and an affection that does not diminish our reverence."

A priest once promised a certain woman that a favor from God should be granted her. He promised it "in the name of God." It was granted. A dear Protestant relative to whom that woman told the circumstances said: "As God's minister and representative, he stands in the place of God to you. When he promises you a thing 'in the name of God' it has to come true." Wonderful answer from a Protestant! Wonderful consolation to us, when "in the name of God" the priest pronounces the words of absolution over us and bids us "go in peace."

In his care and watchfulness over us we have a type of the loving care of the Father who gave him to us. In the sacrifices he makes for us there is a symbol of the infinite sacrifice of One whose humble follower he is, and from whom he receives whatever beauty of character he possesses, as the tiny pool reflects the glorious sun. In his wisdom and knowledge for us there are shown the workings of that spirit of truth and holiness whom the Father promised to send in His Son's name into His Church.

Never in this world shall we realize what we owe to the priest. We are too full of our own wants and needs and we take our blessings too much for granted to think a great deal about it.

But if ever we save our souls it will be, under God, through his hands.

Then, having more knowledge and seeing more clearly than we do here, we shall comprehend what our priests have

Advertisement for 'SAFE LOCK' Galvanized Steel Shingles. Includes illustrations of houses, public buildings, and stores. Text describes the shingles as being fireproof, waterproof, and resistant to wind and rain. The Metal Shingle & Siding Co. Limited, Preston, Ont. and Montreal, Que.

done for us. We shall regret, if regret can enter that happy place, that we did not more often cheer his heart by gratitude and obedience.

Let us, then, reverence him, obey him, love him with a holy affection and thank God for him.

Let us pray day and night that our dear Lord will comfort and strengthen him here and reward him for all eternity among His saints in heaven hereafter.—The Monitor, San Francisco.

THE CHURCH OF ROME THE CHURCH OF HISTORY.

An English Protestant, Mr. George Sampson, recently reviewing Ranke's "History of the Popes" in the London Daily Chronicle, wrote as follows on the Catholic Church in European history:

"It is a simple fact that in the history of Europe the Church of Rome is the Church of the centre, the other bodies being merely provincial institutions. The Church of history is not the Church of England, nor the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, nor the Society of Friends, nor the Union of Ethical Societies. The Church of history is the Church of Rome as Newman asserts in the passage where he sadly admits that the 'unbeliever Gibbon' is our only worthy ecclesiastical historian. But I will go further, and say that the church of English history is the Church of Rome; for it gave us our cathedrals, set the form of our prayers, marked out our parishes, taught us our duty to the poor, nursed our laws and our learning, won us much of our liberty, and laid the foundation of our last four centuries of progress. Without knowing something of this great Church, you can understand very little of English history, and to minimize the historic importance of the Papacy because you happen to be a Protestant is as stupid as to minimize the historic importance of The House of Austria because you happen to be an Englishman."

ANARCHY IN RELIGION.

It is somewhat peculiar that just at a time when there is a general outcry against anarchy in the State, there should be so much of it in religion. The determination to throw off all authority in religion seems to grow with what it feeds upon. Creeds must have no authority, the consensus of opinion formed after a conflict of ages must have no authority; beliefs which made epochs in history and produced generations of heroic men and women must have no authority, the mighty men of the past who changed the face of the world must have no authority, the lawgivers of the world must have no authority, the apostles must have no authority, except such as belongs to other sages, and these have no authority, the Bible must have no authority, nothing must have authority except the opinion of the man expressing it, and he must be at liberty to change the opinion before noon. A council may be called to pass upon the fitness of a candidate for ordination, but it must have no authority to bind, or the beliefs which he holds. * * * If this is not anarchy in religion, then there never has been anarchy nor ever will be or can be. And if anarchy is to be treated, this is the place to begin. It is useless to denounce the anarchy of the man who is haranguing on the street corner while supporting a more fundamental and destructive form of it in the pulpit.—The Advance (Congregationalist).

A Convert's Opinion.

Here is what Father Robert Hugh Benson, a convert, and the son of the late Dr. Benson, Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, says about the Catholic Church:

"The Church promises a great deal, but my experience is that she gives too many more, and if you put on the balance the most successful life outside the Church, and the most unsuccessful and disastrous life within her fold, a thousand times rather choose the latter. The Catholic Church is supremely what she promises to be. She is the priceless pearl for which the greatest sacrifice is not too great.—Sacred Heart Review.

A Twelfth-of-July Incident.

We have grown so far away in Boston from the old-time anti-Catholic bigotry that it comes to us with a slight shock to know that Orangemen still hold picnics and have an acute distaste for anything green. To show, as Mark Twain puts it, "How slight a cause may lead to crime"—or riot and bloodshed for that matter—on Saturday morning, July 11th, a body of Orangemen on their annual outing were passing through the South Station when one of their number noticed on the news stand a book entitled "Anne of Green Gables." On ascertaining that the publishers, Messrs L. C. Page & Company, had their offices opposite the South Station, they marched in a body across the street, the band in the meanwhile playing the most horrible and heartrending dirges. The demonstration was cut short by the tactful attitude of one of the company's editors, who conferred with the leader of the Orangemen and explained that, although the title might appear offensive, the heroine, "Anne" had hair of a distinct orange hue. On hearing this explanation, "Anne" was adopted as the mascot, and the party proceeded on their outing in high glee.—The Boston Republic.

The Son of a Great Convert.

The sudden death of the Rev. William Burns, chaplain of Nazareth House, London, just after preaching an earnest sermon on the Blessed Eucharist, and while the elevation bell was ringing, recalls the story of a convert family whose devotion to the faith was remarkable. The father, a native of Scotland, was the founder of the well-known publishing house of Burns and Oates. So great was his love of the Church and zeal for its progress that after his conversion he refused to issue any but Catholic books, of which at that time there was crying need. Mr. Burns' five daughters entered religion, and after his death, in 1871, his wife also went into a convent. His son William had already become a priest, and was exercising the ministry in Spanish Place, London, the nearest church, as it happened to the great publishing house founded by the head of the family.—Ave Maria.

O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. Includes an illustration of a bottle. Text describes it as a Canadian barley malt made from selected barley in such a way as to change all the constituents of the grain into easily digested nutrient; adding hops to this product gives the properties of a nerve tonic, inducing sound and refreshing sleep. W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto General Agent.

Advertisement for Wilson's Fly Pads. Includes an illustration of a fly. Text: "Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed." Sold by grocers, grocers and general stores. 10c per packet, or 5 packets for 50c. Will last a whole season.

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Advertisement for Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason. Text: "A New Book by Father Lambert. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents. The Catholic Record London, Canada."

Advertisement for The Mutual Life of Canada. Text: "One Year's Growth. The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms. The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in 'hard times.' Last year the New Business of the Mutual Life of Canada amounted to \$7,081,402—a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855 bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848—a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440, and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year. The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—In Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$906,221; in Income \$171,147 and in surplus \$300,341. Agencies in all the principal towns and cities in Canada. Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT. London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. Assets \$84,449 88. Liabilities (including re-insurance Reserve) \$314,999 38. Surplus \$48,816 16. Security for Policy holders \$62,916 30. Incorporated and licensed by the Dominion Government. Operates from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Conservative, reliable and progressive. HEAD OFFICE, 82 and 84 King Street, TORONTO. Hon. JOHN DRYDEN, President. D. WEISMILLER, Sec. & Manag. Director.

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1908. SEPTEMBER 5, 1908. CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. A Great Getting-On Asset. President Eliot, of Harvard says, "I recognized but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman, namely, an accurate and refined use of the mother-tongue." Sir Walter Scott defined "a good conversationalist" as "one who has ideas, who reads, thinks, listens, and who has therefore something to say." To be a good conversationalist, able to interest people, to rivet their attention, to draw them to you naturally, by the very superiority of your conversational ability, is to be the possessor of a very great accomplishment, one which is superior to all others. It helps you to make a good impression upon strangers. It helps you to make and keep friends. It opens doors and softens hearts. It makes you interesting in all sorts of company. It helps you to get on in the world. It sends you clients, patients, customers. It helps you into the best society, even though you are poor. No matter how expert you may be in any other art or accomplishment, you cannot use your expertness always and everywhere as you can the power to converse well. If you are a musician, no matter how talented you may be, or how many years you may have spent in perfecting yourself in your specialty, or how much it may have cost you, only comparatively few people can ever hear or appreciate your music. You may be a fine singer, and yet travel around the world without having an opportunity of showing your accomplishment, or without anyone guessing your specialty. But wherever you go and in whatever society you are, no matter what your station in life may be, you talk. You may be a painter; you may have spent years with great masters, and yet, unless you have very marked ability so that your pictures are hung in the salons or in the great art galleries, comparatively few people will ever see them. But if you are an artist in conversation, everyone who comes in contact with you will see your life-picture, which you have been painting ever since you began to talk. Everyone knows whether you are an artist or a bungler. An Indicator of Culture. Every experience of your life, every book you have read, every person who has conversed with you has influenced the quality of your conversation. You do not need to tell me whether you are educated or ignorant, whether or not you have been to college, have educated yourself, or have practiced high thinking. I can tell that by the quality of your conversation. The richness or poverty of your language will betray what your associations have been. Your travels, the quality of your observation, the variety of your experience are all reflected in your speech, pictured in the words you use. Nothing else will indicate your fitness or coarseness of culture, your breeding or lack of it, so quickly as your conversation. It will tell your whole life's story. What you say, and how you say it, will betray all your secrets, will give the world your true measure. Most of us are bunglers in our conversation, because we do not make an art of it; we do not take the trouble or pains to learn to talk well. We do not read enough or think enough. Most of us express ourselves in sloppy, slipshod English, because it is so much easier to do so than it is to think before we speak, to make an effort to express ourselves with elegance, ease and power. Poor conversers excuse themselves for not trying to improve by saying that "good talkers are born, not made." We might as well say good lawyers, good physicians, or good merchants are born, not made. None of them would ever get very far without hard work. This is the price of all achievement that is of value. You Can be a King in This Art of ARTS. I know a business man who has cultivated the art of conversation to such an extent that it is a great treat to listen to him. His language flows with such liquid, limpid beauty, his words are chosen with such exquisite delicacy, taste and accuracy, there is such a refinement in his diction that he charms everyone who hears him speak. All his life he has been a reader of the finest prose and poetry, and has cultivated conversation as a great art. You may think you are poor and have no chance in life. You may be situated so that others are dependent upon you, and you may not be able to go to school or college, or to study music or art, as you long to; you may be tied down to an iron environment; you may be tormented with an unsatisfied, disappointed ambition; and yet you can become an interesting talker, because in every sentence you utter you can practice the best form of expression. Every book you read, every person with whom you converse, who uses good English, can help you. A noted society leader, who has been successful in the launching of debutantes in society, always gives this advice to his proteges, "Talk, talk. It does not matter much what you say; but chatter away lightly and gaily. Nothing embarrasses and bores the average man so much as a girl who has to be entertained." There is a helpful suggestion in this advice. The way to learn to talk is to talk. The temptation for people who are unaccustomed to society, and who feel diffident, is to say nothing that is new and listen to what others say. Good reading not only broadens the mind and gives new ideas, but it also increases one's vocabulary, and that is a great aid to conversation. Many people have good thoughts and ideas, but they cannot express them because of the poverty of their vocabulary. They have not words enough to clothe their ideas and make them attractive. They talk around in a circle, repeat and repeat, because, when they want a particular word to convey their exact meaning, they cannot find it. If you are ambitious to talk well, you must be as much as possible in the society of well-bred, cultivated people. If you seclude yourself, though you are

colleage graduate, you will be a poor converser. **Brainy Men Dumb While Shallow Talkers Entertain.** We all sympathize with people especially a little shy, who have that awful feeling of repression and stifling of thought, when they make an effort to say something and cannot. Timid young people often suffer keenly in this way in attempting to declaim at school or college. But many a great orator went through the same sort of experience, when he first attempted to speak in public, and was often terribly humiliated by his blunders and failures. There is no other way, however, to become an orator or a conversationalist than by constantly trying to express oneself efficiently and elegantly. If you find that your ideas fly from you when you attempt to express them, that you stammer and founder about for words which you are unable to find, you may be sure that every honest effort you make, even if you fail in your attempt, will make it all the easier for you to speak well the next time. It is remarkable, if one keeps on trying, how quickly he will conquer his awkwardness and self-consciousness, and will gain ease of manner and facility of expression. Everywhere we see people placed at a tremendous disadvantage because they have never learned the art of putting their ideas into interesting, telling language. We see brainy men at public gatherings, when momentous questions are being discussed, sit silent, unable to tell what they know, when they are infinitely better informed than those who are making a great deal of display of oratory or smooth talk. People with a lot of ability, who know a great deal, often appear like a set of dummies in company, while some superficial, shallow-brained person holds the attention of those present simply because he can tell what he knows in an interesting way. They are constantly humiliated and embarrassed when away from those who happen to know their real worth, because they cannot carry on an intelligent conversation upon any topic.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
A STORY OF SIX HOURS.
Shipwrecked, eh? Well, no, I've never been shipwrecked yet; but I was once a good deal nearer it than I ever want to be again; and if a man's hair can turn gray in a single night, as some folks say it can, that night's work ought to have turned mine as gray as a badger. It was my fourth voyage, and we were homeward bound, from Bombay to Southampton, with a full number of passengers. I was only a youngster then, and, like all young hands, I'd a great longing for a taste of "the perils of the sea," and all that sort of thing. But when I did get a taste of them, as you'll see presently, I didn't like 'em quite as well as I expected. We were several days out from Bombay, and it might be about two hundred and fifty miles from the island of Socotra, which lies in between Africa and Arabia as I dare say you recollect. I was fourth officer that voyage, by the way. The weather had been splendid from the very first, and looked like staying so right through. All the people who had been sick were getting quite brisk again, and everybody was as jolly as could be. About seven o'clock one fine evening we were all on deck, watching the sunset, and calculating how soon we should be in the Red Sea, when my attention was attracted by our third officer, Harry Lee, who was a special chum of mine. He was a slim young fellow, not much older than myself, but cool as a cucumber and brave as a lion. I was just going to have a word with him, when I saw him lift his head and begin sniffling the air uneasily, like a startled deer. Then he slipped down the ladder leading from the hurricane deck into the waist, and went hither and thither for a moment or two in a hap-hazard kind of way, just as if a dog does when he's looking out for a snug place to lie down. I could see that his behavior puzzled the officers quite as much as it did me. Before any of us could say a word, back he came again, and, going up to the captain, said something in such a low voice that I could only catch one word of it. But even that one was quite enough to double me up for the moment as if I'd been hit by a cannon ball. The word that I caught was "Fire."

To try a man's nerve in real earnest, I don't think there's anything in the world like a fire at sea. A fire on land is bad enough, where you have a chance of running away from it; but at sea, where you're hemmed in between fire on one side and water on the other, it's like nothing I can think of except the feeling you sometimes have in a bad dream, when you see something terrible coming rushing down upon you, and then suddenly find yourself rooted to the ground, and not able to stir a limb to escape. Show me the man who can face a sudden alarm of fire on board a ship without wincing, and I'll show you the bravest man on the face of the earth. But it's one good of such a shock as that when the first stun is over it braces you up at once. We all felt that our only chance was to keep cool and to do our best, and we drew ourselves together to do it.

"Mr. Lee," said the captain quite coolly, though his hard old mouth was set like a trap as he said it, "the passengers must know nothing of this, whatever happens. Just go aft and get them down into the saloon for some music, and then, as soon as you can get away without being noticed, come here and lend us a hand."

Away went Harry accordingly, and presently we heard his voice down on the after deck as brisk and cheery as if there was nothing the matter. Down trooped the passengers in a body, for Lee was a great favorite with them, and was always getting up something for their amusement. In another minute or two we heard the piano going, and one

song, with all the rest joining in the chorus:
"My uncle went out to fish one day,
When 'twas just getting dark,
And something pulled so hard at his line
That he thought he'd hooked a shark.
Instead of a shark 'twas the hull of a ship
That had sank there a year before.
But just as he'd got it the line broke short,
And down went the ship once more."

I did send a shudder through us all, I can tell you, to hear them so merry, and singing so carelessly about ships going down, and all that, with death gaping for them all the while. But there was no time to think of it just then.

Well, the captain called up our men, and told them there was a fire in the fore hold and that the sooner they put it out the better. He said it so lightly and cheerily that you might have thought the whole business was a mere trifle, and that they had nothing to do but to go and quench the fire at once. And as he finished speaking I saw that he had bitten his lower lip until it bled.

To work we went, then, one and all. We knew better than to take off the hatches and let in the air upon the flames, so we cut holes in the planking, and trained the nozzle of the hose-pipes through them. Then we began pumping away with all our might.

But just as the work was in full swing, two of the passengers—youthful fellows just married, who were going home on leave—came on deck suddenly and saw at the first glance what was going on.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, going up to them, "we didn't expect you here just now; but since you are here, you must please stay and help us. We can't let you go back now."

One of them agreed at once; but the other begged hard to be allowed to go and see his wife before he began. However, the captain wouldn't hear of it, so at last he went and fell to work alongside of his comrade, and they both stuck to it like men right on to the end.

But, work as we might, the fire seemed to gain upon us, and between ten and eleven at night the hatches had to go. The moment they were off, up spouted a roaring jet of flame twelve feet and more above the deck, with such fury that I began to lose heart, for there seemed to be no chance of mastering that. But we weren't at the worst of it yet, for all at once I saw our chief officer turn as pale as death, and he gurgled out, as if the words choked him, "the gun-powder."

When I heard him say that, it turned me quite sick and faint, for I knew well enough what he meant. In that very fore-hold, and close to the place where the fire was at its worst, there were eight ammunition cases, containing powder enough to blow the whole ship to bits.

For a moment we all stood like so many statues; but just then we heard old Captain Weatherly's voice, clear and cool as ever.

"I won't order any man on such a job as that; but we might get that powder up somehow. Who'll follow me?"

Down he went and he was hardly down before there were six of us beside him.

We flew at the powder chests and tugged them out of their places one by one, while the men on deck kept pouring down a perfect cataract of water, to fight off the flames from us. What with the smoke and steam, the stifling heat, the shouting of the men and the roar of the fire, the dancing and flashing of

faces and arms out of the darkness and into it again, and the feeling that at any moment we might all be blown into the air together, it was just like being in the thick of a battle.

One, two, three chests were handed up on deck. We had hard work for the fourth and fifth, but we managed them at last, and then the sixth and seventh. When it came to the last, I felt as if something must happen then; but up it went, and presently I found myself on deck again, hardly knowing how I got there, scorched and bruised and half choked, and black as a sweep from head to foot.

It was nine at night when we began to pump; it was three in the morning before the danger was fairly over. The passengers knew nothing of it until it was all done, and then we made as light of it as we could. But I can tell you that, although I am not more of a coward than other men, I don't think anything on earth could tempt me to go through those six hours again.—David Ker in Our Young People.

HALF-HEARTED SERVICE.
One is often struck by the evidence of a desire on the part of many persons, Catholics included, to gain heaven at the least possible cost of personal effort. The Catholic of this type is anxious rather to know what things he is strictly obliged to perform or to avoid than to make any sacrifice whatsoever for God or his fellowman. He is selfish, loves his own ease and cares only to have a pleasant time without breaking the law of God too seriously. He does not care to walk in the broad road of sin for he knows to what it leads. He really wishes to save his soul provided it can be done without too great an effort on his part.

The non-Catholic is more consistent. He believes that his obligations are very few and they do not trouble him much. He does not think seriously of his duty

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WHAT THE CATHEDRALS TAUGHT THE PEOPLE.

An article, "Sermons in Stone," in the London Spectator (Protestant), considers the Cathedral of Laon, France, which is said to be peculiarly "the erudite Cathedral."

"All round her walls are carved figures that taught the layman, high and low, of the early Middle Ages, most of what he knew about things intellectual. There are the seven Liberal Arts, plain to see with their symbols pointing out the sanctity of gifts of the intellect; there is the Erythrean sibilyl who foretold Christ's coming, showing the holiness hidden in profane learning; there is Philosophy, blindfold, with her ladder, a figure most eloquent to an age in which Boethius was so popular among all classes. And besides her special mission of teaching how all wisdom is the handmaid of faith, Laon is rich in such sculptures as covered all these early monuments of popular education. Looking up and down at the beautiful traceries of walls and towers, you have hard work to count the images of the Madonna, high and low, in vault and niche and coping, crowned and worshipped holding up her Baby, and treading the dragon under her feet."

Then the Spectator goes on to tell some plain truths about the Cathedrals of the Middle Ages and their effect upon the lives of the people among whom they were erected. It is a common-place among Protestant controversialists that in the Middle Ages the people were untaught in Scripture truths by the Church. The Church of the Middle Ages is apprehended as a monstrous organization holding in bondage the minds and souls of the people. The Church is charged with keeping the Bible hid safely away out of reach of the people, and the old fable of Luther's finding the Bible is still believed, though happily not any longer among scholars. The writer of this unsigned article Spectator leads us to infer that he believes the poor of the Middle Ages were better taught in religion and morals than the poor of today. He says:

"It was because they preached the Gospel to the poor that these cathedrals so dominated secular life in the Middle Ages, and not alone the hungry and naked poor, but the poor in wisdom and intellect. The Church remembered, as in every revival she remembers, that her strongest call to the world is in the call of the fisherman; and she considered, too, that an enormous portion of those she had to teach were poor in all sorts of ways, and had to receive a message they could understand. The sculptures and paintings that are a dead letter to our generation were veritable lesson-books then. The poor were politically an account; they were depressed, incredibly ignorant, and irreligious; the 'storm' people, unsteady and ever untrue, of Chaucer's day, the 'many-headed multitude' of Shakespeare's. But the same class is a class of electors and suffragists now, when Revolutions and Reform Bills have marked such astonishing stages in the position of the masses, and still they require to have a Gospel preached to them that they can understand. They understood well enough the significance of the saints and symbols that preached to them from the walls and windows of Laon Cathedral. And it was no remote and unreal idealism that was preached to the ignorant and the sinners by the religious figures that looked down on them from every height of the church. Notre Dame de Laon was not only the embodiment of charity and tenderness in a rude age, the beautiful symbol of grace stronger than law, the advocate of the desperate, whose mercy saved those who had the justice of God would condemn, but she was a practical person who tolerated no evasions within her own domain. There is an amusing story in the annals of Our Lady of Laon which tells how certain wool merchants, in danger of shipwreck on their passage to England in pursuit of wealth vowed great gifts to their patroness if she could deliver them safe on shore, however they evaded their promise, and were speedily overtaken by swift and severe judgment, for on their way back with distended money-bags they were robbed of both the new and the old goods, to the edification of some English merchants traveling in their company. The sort of story was a practical warning to the weaker brethren warning them the impropriety of breaking troth. And although the symbolism of that day may be a dead letter to ours, still Philosophy blindfold, with her ladder, might be translated into a fruitful sermon for Polytechnics; and it is just as necessary as ever to teach the poor the plain truths of morality and religion which the church walls taught the earlier ages. It is an excellent thing that national education should now be an affair of legislation, but a national education is useless which excludes religious teaching. And people who are wise enough to revive theories of education are not always experienced enough to know how very deep is the ignorance of the ignorant on some points which are quite beautifully legislated for. The poor of the Middle Ages, with all their ignorance and their too often miserable social conditions, had certain national advantages which our age lacks. They were taught by eye and ear all sorts of lessons of morality, humanity and faith. The great placid oxen that have looked down for centuries on the toiling beasts of Laon, the picture of the ox and ass worshipping at the manger, the careful exposition of certain verses of the Bible which read differently to modern ears—all these things were practical lessons to the unlearned. So were their mystery plays, their endless stories and legends of saints, and the Bible stories they knew so well from pictures and carvings and plays."

What, then, is that Heaven for which we must live, if we are wise? To say that it is "God" should be enough. Heaven means the happy and secure Home into which our only true Father leads the children that He has loved with an everlasting love. But who, by mere natural power, can look upon God and live?

INFANT BAPTISM.

PRECEPT FOR SAME FOUND IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In answer to a correspondent who inquires if there was a precept for, or example of, infant baptism in the New Testament, the Rev. John Price writes in the Pittsburg Observer:

The precept for baptism of infants is implied in the necessity of baptism for salvation as expressed in the words of Christ: "Except a man be born of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God" (John iii, 5). The use of the word water plainly indicates the means of the new birth, and in all the ages past has been universally understood of baptism. The word "man" does not mean a male. No one has ever thought of excluding women from the necessity of baptism. "Man" is only found in English versions, and has the force of "any one" or "one."

In the original language of St. John the indefinite pronoun "tis" is used, which is employed to designate any one. The language of Our Lord includes every human creature without regard to sex or age. To exclude anyone is to take an unwarranted liberty with the text. Jesus also said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God." (Mark x, 14). Would it not be forbidding them to come to Christ, if they were to be refused baptism? As children share in redemption they have a right to share in the ordinances of Christ that apply to the efficacy of redemption to their souls.

The doctrine of original sin holds that all who are born of Adam are infected with its guilt, unless by special privilege as in the case of the Virgin Mary. All born in sin need regeneration, and as children are born in sin, children need regeneration, and, therefore, need to be baptised, the mode by which regeneration is accomplished according to the express words of Christ. There is no instance of infant baptism as such to be found in the New Testament. But there is well-founded presumption that infants were baptised. We read in the New Testament that whole households were baptised, as those of Lydia, Crispus the jailer, and Stephanas, and it is probable that at least in some of them there were children. It would be something unnatural if the father of a family should make a complete change in his religious life and his children be excluded from it. Besides, Jewish converts would naturally seek to have their children baptised, for in the old covenant children were circumcised or solemnly dedicated to the Lord; if not the exclusion of their little ones would have been clearly stated to them, which is not the case. And, at least, baptism of infants is nowhere forbidden in the Scriptures.

The continuous practice of the Church from the days of the Apostles is the best evidence that infant baptism was administered from the beginning, and at the same time is an uninterrupted commentary of our Lord's intention and the meaning of His words. It is not likely that a practice reaching back to Christ is a mistake or an unwarranted innovation. When Christ gave command to baptise all nations we can rest assured that the scope and application of His charge was fully understood by the Apostles.

The fact that there is no precise instance of the baptism of an infant to be found in the New Testament militates no more against its necessity than does the absence of a precise text commanding Sunday to be observed and the Sabbath Day of the old law set aside as no longer of obligation warrant anyone to conclude that such a precept was never given by Christ or by His Apostles. In both cases, the practice of the Church is as strong as any text would be.

METHODIST'S TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WHY MEN ATTEND HER SERVICES—THE MASS AND THE CROSS AS CENTRES OF ATTRACTION.

From the Wilkes-Barre Record.

"Shall we go back to Christ? If not, to whom?" This was the question of a sermon delivered at the Plymouth, Pa., Methodist Church recently by the pastor, Rev. James Benniger. It was based upon Peter's question as recorded in John vi, 68: "Lord, to whom shall we go?" "Thou hast the words of eternal life."

After speaking of the universality of this cry in this day, as in all others, the speaker told of the various schools in the time of Christ—the Sadducees, or the Pharisees or materialists; the Essenes, or ascetics, and the followers of Christ. He declared the various schools of the present day to be divided practically the same as in the time of Christ, and then argued the general unsatisfaction of the first three as compared with the real Christian religion.

In concluding, the speaker argued that "if men would only come back to Jesus, how He would tone up the life and give back the lost glory. He only can satisfy because only He 'has the words of eternal life.'" Continuing, he said:

"We hear much carping and criticizing these days about the different methods to attract men to church. The Protestant world has gone almost to the limit in adopting means to secure this desired end. We have seen the magic lantern exhibition, and listened to addresses on the lake poets; we have heard classical singers and eloquent orators, but the men were no nearer the kingdom than before. We have fumed and fussed and worked ourselves into a frenzy, while the Catholic Church without any effort on her part, has gone on in the even tenor of her way solving the problem to the satisfaction of her hierarchy.

"How does she do it? How does she get men out of bed on Sunday morning at an early hour—men who work late on Saturday night? How does she fill the streets on a Sunday morning with worshippers when the Protestant world is fast asleep? I know some of the explanations that are offered, but they do not explain. Many that we have heard and read only seem childish twaddle. One man will tell you that the Catholic Church contains nobody but ignorant people. But is that true to the facts of

the case? Do we not know of brilliant lawyers and judges and professors and business men who are devout worshippers at her shrine? But if it were true that she only held ignorant people, would not the criticism pay her a high compliment? For every Protestant clergyman in Christendom knows that the hardest people to get along with are ignorant people. A Church that can gather and hold the ignorant rabble has a vitality very much to be desired. But the criticism is not true.

Another man will tell you that the Catholic Church sears people into her fold. How often have you heard that? But that explanation is no better than the first. You can readily see how one generation might be frightened into doing something, but who is willing to believe that twenty generations can be worked upon in the same way? The searow method is bound to play out with the growing years. No, such explanations as we usually hear explain nothing. Her secret lies deeper.

The reason the Catholic Church succeeds, in spite of our misgivings, is because she is true to the central fact of revelation. She makes the death of Jesus the centre of her devotion, and around that point she organizes all of her activities. When you see a company of Catholic people Sunday morning on the way to church, you can be assured of this: they are not going for the sake of a music; they are not going to hear an eloquent dissertation on 'Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde.' They are going to that place of worship to attend the Mass. What is the celebration of the Mass? It is what we call the celebration of the Lord's Supper. That fact is kept prominently before the mind of every Catholic. What is the first thing you see as you approach a Catholic church? A cross. What is the first thing you see as you enter the church? A cross. What is the first thing you see a Catholic do as he seats himself in that church? Make the sign of the cross. What is the last thing held before the eyes of a dying Catholic? A cross. He comes into the church in childhood imbued with the death of Jesus; he goes out of this world thinking of the death of Jesus.

"Whatever may be our opinions about certain other features of that Church, here is one thing at least from which we ought to draw a lesson. If that Church has succeeded by magnifying the cross, why not every church? "If the dark negations of these three schools that I have set before you are failures, to whom shall we go but Christ?"

"All that is noble and elevating in our civilization is there because He is there. If this world is to be regenerated, it will only come through His work in the world. Shall we, then, go back to Christ? Better still never leave Him."

ARCHBISHOP RYAN ON ANGLICAN REUNION.

His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, thinks there may be a corporate union of Anglicans and Episcopalians with the Catholic Church in the near future. Asked for his views on the Anglican-Roman union which some ministers and laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, recently, the Archbishop said:

"It is a continuation of a movement that has been going on for some time in England, aiming at a reunion with Rome. The movement existed here before the adoption of the open pulpit canon, but the passage of the canon seems to have hastened it."

He was asked if the Episcopal clergy could be received into the Catholic Church in a body. "They are not priests. They would have to be ordained. The clergy of the Greek Church are priests, and when a number of them came into the Catholic Church they were recognized as valid. They came on the ground that concessions would be made to them in certain matters which were not essentials, but the matters of discipline, such as receiving communion under the forms and the marrying of clergy before ordination. Then there are the Syrians and Ruthenians, which are excepted as valid. They are one in the articles of faith and essential discipline, and all are united in the Catholic Church under the Pope the successor of St. Peter."

THE CENTRAL CROSS.

In a place of justice, at Rome, they take you sometimes into a chamber with strangely painted frescoes on the ceiling and around the walls, and upon the floor, in all kinds of grotesque forms. You cannot reduce them to harmony, you cannot make out the perspective; it is all a bewildering maze of confusion. But there is one spot upon the floor of that room, and one only, standing upon which every line falls into harmony, the perspective is perfect, the picture flashes out upon you, and at that only, the design of the artist that painted it.

I believe that this world is just as bewildering a maze looked at from every point except one. I look back upon the records of history; I look upon the speculations of science; I endeavor to gaze into the future of the world's career; wherever I turn I am opposed by the mysteries that hem me in and crush me down, until I take my stand at the foot of the cross. Then darkness and discord become lighted harmony, the mystery is solved; the night that shuts me in becomes radiant with the divine light and glory. At the foot of the cross, art, science, literature, history becomes at once to me a

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divine, a glorious blessing. And so I claim for my Lord his rightful dominion over all the works of His hands. We will gather all the beauties of art, all the treasures of music, all that is brightest and best in the world, and we will lay them down at His feet, for 'Worthy of the Lamb that was slain to receive glory, and majesty, wisdom and riches, and honor and glory.' His is the sceptre, His is the right, His is this universal world.—Cardinal Manning.

ST. JOSEPH'S JUNIOR NOVITIATE, TORONTO.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools have, with the cordial approbation of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario, recently opened a Junior Novitiate in Toronto. Boys and young men desirous of entering the Order will be admitted and prepared for teachers' certificates. The Brothers make an earnest appeal to those noble and generous souls who feel that Almighty God has called them to labor for His glory and the education of youth. All particulars will gladly be given on application to Rev. Brother Director, St. Joseph's Junior Novitiate 28 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Natural Religion.

Up through the mystic depths of sunny air I leaped to God—O Father, art Thou there? Sudden the answer, a flute, I heard; It was an angel, though I seemed a bird.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

SOLEMN SERVICE FOR DECEASED PASTORS—REMEMBERING THEIR SHEPHERDS OF THE PAST.

On Thursday, August 13th, there took place in Richmond, Ont., a celebration quite unique in these parts. It was a Solemn High Mass for the repose of the souls of the deceased pastors of that place. There were a number of the neighboring priests present and a large concourse of people from all the surrounding parishes. The solemn service was chanted by Rev. Father Browning, the present pastor of Richmond. He was assisted by Rev. Fathers Cavanaugh and Fay as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, of Corby and South March. Rev. Fathers Foley of Fallowfield, and Hadden of Almonte were also in the sanctuary, and very Rev. Canon J. Sloan, of St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa, was the officiating priest. The Mass was a most touching appeal to his hearers to remember their venerable deceased pastors. The preacher dwelt upon the doctrine of the Church on this matter and treated some of the salient points of charity and self-sacrifice in the careers of the venerable old Fathers of the diocese. He exhorted the people for the unique period of forty-four years, and for the patriot rebellion of 1837. Canon Sloan's personal attendance there was of itself a reminder of olden times as he had from the early eighties been a successor to Father O'Connell in Fallowfield, which had till shortly before that been a mission attached to Richmond.

After the service in the church the clergy and people repaired to a cemetery, where a beautiful new monument, erected over the grave of the late Father O'Connell, was unveiled. The monument is a splendid work of art, and is a fitting memorial to the memory of the great pastor of that place.

It may not be inappropriate to remark that this monument is a tribute of respect to the deceased pastor from the people of Richmond, Fallowfield and Goulbourn. Though the venerable old priest was buried in the cemetery of St. Joseph's, he had practiced the strictest economy, owing to his prodigal charity to the needy, his means were scant at the end of his days. He resigned the parish of Richmond when he had reached the great age of eighty-nine, and two years after when he died it was found that but \$200 was still to his credit after his funeral expenses were paid, and this he bequeathed to the Sisters of the Holy Family. He was a man of simple life, and his own humble estimation of himself denied himself every luxury, and yet when many of his old parishioners saw this beautiful stone for the first time they expressed the opinion that it was just such as would have suited his taste among the exquisite methods of calling to mind his thoroughly Catholic and typical life character. This service was the termination of the Jubilee celebration of the erection of the present structure of St. Philip's of Richmond. The parish of St. Philip's of the diocese of Ottawa, Canada, was first established here by Rev. Father McDonnell, in 1838. This priest was an early chaplain of the army, and he came over with the Highlanders who settled in Guelph. He afterwards became first Bishop of Ottawa. The new village of Richmond, a time when the structure was built in 1821 and here Father Heam officiated at the services held from time to time. He was succeeded by Father Cullen in 1827, and Father Smith was the first to take up permanent residence in 1829. Father Smith was one of the most energetic and devoted advocates of his time, and he retired from the parish in 1848, when the new diocese of Ottawa was formed. Father Smith went to Smith's Falls and remained under his own Bishop, the present in charge of Kingston diocese, Mr. Phelan, till his death. Father O'Connell worked two years in Richmond as curate, with Father Smith, that is from 1846 to 1848, and then took sole charge of this parish. In its primitive state Richmond parish included most of the County of Carleton, extended into Lanark, and crossed the confines of Renfrew. The present parishes of Almonte, Pakenham, Cook's Bay, March and Fallowfield were then merely parts of the present diocese.

In 1827 the old church of Richmond was burnt as a result of the bitter religious animosities of the time. Perhaps more than anything else that could be stated to show how true and the better spirit of the age has wiped out many of the misunderstandings of the past, is furnished in the generous and kindly tribute tendered to Father O'Connell by the Protestants of Richmond when, after a residence of thirty-four years there, he was about to take his departure in 1848.

Father O'Connell was succeeded by Father Dunn in 1849, and the news is just to hand that this com-

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paratively young priest too is nearing his end in the hospital at Cornwall. Father McGovern, who died a year ago in Ottawa, succeeded Father Dunn in 1846, and he in turn was succeeded by Father Newman in 1849 and Father Browning, the present pastor, took up his duties in this old parish in 1856 and still holds the place of spiritual authority there. To his zeal and thoughtfulness is due the success of the very creditable celebrations that have recently taken place there—the golden jubilee and memorial service for all the deceased pastors. May his pastorate there be crowned with every manner of success.

DIED. O'Connell.—In Guelph, on the 17th of August, 1898, Sister Mary Joseph O'Connell, of St. Joseph's convent, Hamilton. May she rest in peace.

DIED.—In Toronto, on July 24th, 1908, at the residence of his son, Mr. J. J. Doyle, 504 Queen Street West, Mr. John Doyle, aged ninety years. May his soul rest in peace!

LEARNER.—On August 4th, 1908, accidentally killed on Muskoka Wharf, North, daughter of D. H. LeLanc, 320 Wellington Street West, Toronto. May her soul rest in peace.

An English Edition of Denifle's "Luther and Lutheranism." The Very Reverend Lawrence F. Kearney, O. P., Provincial of the Dominicans of the Province of St. Joseph in the United States, has secured all the singular rights to an English edition of the monumental work of Father Denifle, O. P., on "Luther and Lutheranism." The translation will be made by Rev. Albert Reinhardt, O. P., a priest of the Province of St. Joseph. Father Reinhardt has already begun the work, which will be pushed steadily to its completion. This will be glad news to all English scholars, who see the appearance of Father Denifle's great work in German, having been waiting for an authoritative English translation.

WESTERN FAIR, LONDON. The Western Fair of London, Ontario, is expected this year to eclipse all previous Exhibitions. A very large amount of money has been expended on the grounds and buildings, thereby giving increased accommodation to visitors and exhibitors. The prize list has been very generously added to, and several new features inserted. For cattle exhibitors the milk testing contest will be interesting, for which good prizes have been offered. Manufacturers will be busy, and machinery will be running which is always interesting. The Old Curiosity Shop, Carpet Weaving, The Bakery, and many other interesting exhibits will be seen. Don't miss this year's Exhibition. Prize lists, entry forms, and all information on application to A. M. Hunt, Secretary, London, Ont.

NOTICE. For the next few weeks we intend offering special prices on all flowers for home or altar decorations. Carnations 15 cents a doz., frosted roses 40 cents a doz., chrysanthemums 40 cents a doz., American beauty roses 40 cents a doz., electric light shades 20 cents each, flower pot covers 5 cents each, candleabra shades in silk and foliage 25 cents, tissue paper hats 5 cents each, large fans 5 cents each, other fans 1 cent and upwards. These goods have always sold at double these prices. If not satisfied will return the money. Write Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Box 45, Brantford, Ont. 1539-3.

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WANTED A TEACHER FOR S. S. NO. 6. Man- teagle, holding a first or second class certificate. Duties to commence at once. Reply stating salary and qualifications, to Edward E. Levey, sec. treas., Maynooth, Ont. 1539-2.

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER WITH NORMAL second class certificate for school section No. 2, Grand and Hinesworth. Salary \$400 per year. Address Casper Verlesgers, Sec., Trout Creek, Ont. 1539-1.

GOOD CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED IN Separate school for the opening of the school year. One room school. Salary \$550. Man- teagle preferred. Apply by wire to Rev. F. Cannon, Fort Frances, Ont. 1539-1.

APPLICATIONS FOR EITHER SENIOR OR junior room of Mr. Carmel Separate school wanted at once. Qualifications for senior room second class professional or better, for junior room second class model or better. Apply stating salary and experience, to Joseph Glavin, Sec. Treas., Mt. Carmel, Ont. 1539-2.

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