

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## Feast of the Sacred Heart.

FATHER RYAN.

Two lights on a lowly altar;  
Two snowy cloths for a Feast;  
Two vases of dying roses.  
The morning comes from the east,  
With a gleam on the folds of the vestments  
And a grace for the face of the priest.  
The sound of a low, sweet whisper  
Floats over a little bread,  
And trembles around a chalice,  
And the priest bows down his head!  
O'er a sign of white on the altar—  
In the cup—o'er a sign of red.  
As red as the red of roses,  
As white as the white of snows!  
But the red is a red of a surface,  
Beneath which a God's blood flows:  
And the white is the white of a sunlight  
Within which a God's flesh glows.  
Ah! words of the olden Thursday!  
Ye come from the far-away!  
Ye bring us the Friday's Victim  
In His own love's olden way.  
In the hand of the priest at the altar  
His Heart finds a home each day.  
The sight of a Host uplifted!  
The silver-sound of a bell!  
The gleam of a golden chalice,  
He glad, sad heart! His well!  
He made, and He keeps love's promise,  
With thee, all days to dwell.  
From his hand to his lips that tremble,  
From his lips to his heart a thrill,  
Goes the little Host on its love-path  
Still doing the Father's will:  
And over the rim of the chalice  
The blood flows forth to fill  
The heart of the man anointed  
With the waves of a wondrous grace;  
A silence falls on the altar—  
An awe on each bended face—  
For the Heart that bled on Calvary  
Still beats in the holy place.  
The priest comes down to the railing  
Where brows are bowed in prayer:  
In the tender clasp of his fingers  
A Host lies pure and fair,  
And the hearts of Christ and the Christian  
Meet there—and only there!  
Oh! love that is deep and deathless!  
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!  
Oh! hope that will shine forever,  
O'er the wastes of a weary land!  
Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven  
In the palm of the priest's pure hand.

## THE SACRED HEART.

Blessings Granted to those Who Labor to Win its Love.

It would be impossible to tell the many blessings which are given to those who win the love of the Sacred Heart. If men and women, young and old, were only as solicitous for the love of the Heart of Jesus as they are for the hollow hearts of sinful mortals what a heaven on earth this world of ours would be! His Heart was never closed and will never be closed to the weakest of His children, for he has said, "Come to Me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

Your labors may not cease or your burdens may not be removed, but the love of the Sacred Heart will enable you to bear your cross so that when all that is earthly is passed away you may wear your crown forever and ever. His ways are not our ways—

"He is good when He gives,  
Wise when He denies, and  
Crosses from His hands are blessings in disguise."

Who can doubt the love of our Divine Lord for us? He the only begotten Son, co-eternal, co-equal with the Father, offered Himself as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of the almighty. What had man become by the sin of our first parents? The enemy of God, the slave of the devil, condemned to an eternal death, and plunged into an abyss of blindness and corruption. In this so odious and contemptible state Jesus loved him, and formed the design of delivering him from his misery and bestowing on him infinite favors. And in what manner did Jesus show the greatness of His love? In a manner surpassing all human understanding and conception. He carried His love to an excess which seemed unworthy of the God-man, but only the God-man was capable such seeming excess of all-consuming love. He did for sinful man what no man ever did for another, or a slave for his master, or a son for his father, or even the most ardent lover for the object of his love—"Greater love than this no man hath: that he lay down his life for his friend." He, the God-man, laid down His life for His enemies. By sin, men were the enemies of God and subject to the rigor of His justice.

What did our loving Saviour do to deliver them? We have seen that He offered Himself to His eternal Father as a sacrifice to redeem them, and to suffer the punishment due to their sins; and His offer being accepted by His Father, He executed what He had resolved to do in a manner which filled heaven and earth with profound astonishment: He sacrificed Himself for mankind with a generosity wholly divine; He came down from heaven in their behalf, and, investing Himself of all the pomp and splendor of His glory, was content to be born in the womb of an humble virgin in the crib at Bethlehem, with an ox and an ass as His companions. He led a life of poverty and suffering, and all this for the love of men. Every throb of His Sacred Heart was devoted to their eternal happiness. Jesus did not a single action, spoke not a single word, or shed not a single tear which was not in behalf of men. Let us call to mind the agony and torments of His passion His death on the Cross. Doing

so, can we fail to be amazed to see God Himself reduced to such a state for the love of men? Such was the love of the Sacred Heart for us—a love the most disinterested, the most tender and the most generous. It is to this love we owe all that we have and all that we expect from God. He loves us now as then. He is unchanged and unchangeable—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." His Sacred Heart is brimming over with blessings. "Ask and you shall receive."

"O Sweetest Jesus," exclaims St. Bernard, "what riches do You not enclose in Your Heart!" Another Father of the Church tells us to honor the Adorable Heart of Jesus by constant acts of fervent devotion. "Offer all your petitions to God through that Divine Heart; unite your intentions and actions to its merits, for it is the rich treasury of Heaven. In your troubles and perplexities seek refuge in the Sacred Heart, and be convinced that, though all the world should forget and forsake you, Jesus will ever be your faithful friend, and His Heart your secure asylum."

Determine, then, never to let a day pass without performing some pious exercise in honor of the Sacred Heart. Often, and especially when the arch-enemy of our salvation tempts you to estrange your heart from the Sacred Heart, say fervently: "Sweet Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may love Thee more and more!" O Sweetest Jesus, make my heart meek, and humble, and pure, like Thine!"

Let your life be one of continuous and intimate union with the Sacred Heart. This will be at once an indisputable proof of your love for our Divine Lord, and the source of numberless blessings for you and yours. To live in the perpetual love of the Sacred Heart, what a sweet and happy life! What a harvest of everlasting glory and boundless felicity shall it secure to you in the world to come! To lead such a life there is, no doubt, need of a great and generous love which will unite all the affections and all the powers of the human soul to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. But you shall be amply recompensed for these efforts and this love even in this life by the sweet consolation of being united to Him Who alone has a sovereign right to your heart, and by the happiness of knowing that you, being in the state of grace, each act of your life is being performed in union with your Divine Lord, and that every throb of your heart is in harmony with the throbbings of His.

Such a life gives assurance of a happy death, and of eternal glory after death, such as "the eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

## POPE LEO'S ANXIETIES.

England's Return the Dominant Thought of Rome.

The proximate conversion is, so far as may be judged from outward expression, the great thought that occupies the ecclesiastical mind of Rome at the present time. In circles where the opinions prevailing within the Vatican are most closely reflected that is now an absorbing topic of conversation. Indeed, the very air may be said to be filled with it, and every breeze that blows seems to resound with the words, "England" and "conversion." The subject enters into lectures and discourses, where, so far as appearances go, there is not the slightest connection between the themes discussed and the hoped-for conversion of England.

Perhaps one of the surest tests of the mind of higher ecclesiastics in Rome touching this now all-absorbing question was furnished yesterday afternoon by His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, the Pope's vicar in Rome. He presided at a meeting held in the Cancellaria palace, under the auspices of an association known as the Collegium Cultorum Martyrum, in honor of the third centenary of the death of St. Philip Neri. This voluntary association is established here for several years past, and its object is to open the Catacombs to public worship on the anniversaries of the saints buried in them, and to frequent these cemeteries as was the custom twelve hundred and more years ago. This association paid its honor to the memory of St. Philip Neri, who was called the third apostle of Rome, by getting up a series of conferences or lectures delivered by some of the ablest men in Rome. Yesterday evening, after Prof. Orazio Marucchi had spoken eloquently on "The Tombs of the Martyrs in the Ancient Christian Cemeteries of Rome," and Rev. Giuseppe Bonavenia had discoursed upon "Dogma in the Ancient Christian Monuments," the Cardinal Vicar spoke a few words on the occasion.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

Cardinal Parocchi, one of the most brilliant and thoughtful minds in the whole College of Cardinals, after complimenting the lecturers, began a discourse upon England and the recent letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English people, and the hopes he has that this effort on the part of the Pope may be fruitful. He described the English as a great people, full of sincerity and noble intelligence, grand in their

power and riches, and possessions scattered over all the world, and, still stranger, he spoke of them as a people who created a sympathy for themselves in the minds of others! But it was not for these reasons alone that he desired that they should listen to the words of the Pope, but rather that they should return to unity with the Church of Rome; that England, which had at one time been known as "the Island of Saints," and as "Saint Mary's Dowry," and as a patrimony of Peter, should again become united in faith, and, as one man, to the See of Rome. The words of the Cardinal were not only eloquent, but wondrously impressive. And many of the listeners, looking above and beyond these words, regarded them as a comparatively faithful reflex of the thoughts and hopes that occupy the mind of Leo XIII. on this same question.

BRITISH PRESS COMMENTS.

The Pope desires with a great longing that England shall be reunited to the Roman Church, and he again, as it was before the great separation in the sixteenth century, as he makes evident in his recent letter. The effect of that letter on the public mind of England has concerned him greatly. He has had the opinions of the press of that country translated into Italian and read to him. Favorable or unfavorable to his design and wish as they might be, they were all listened to alike with the deepest interest. On the whole, he is well satisfied with them. Whatever other differences there may have been between them, they are, in general, unanimous in respect and courtesy to him, and they all acknowledge the sincerity and elevation of motive which induced him to write this letter. This, which in Rome is looked upon as a new feature in popular opinion in England, has not only surprised but delighted the Vatican, and ecclesiastics are enthusiastic in their good wishes for the nation in which they now discover such excellent qualities.

While they are thus satisfied with the voice of the daily press, accepting it as the true representative of the opinions and feelings of the people, they look forward with curious anticipation to the more seriously pondered productions of the magazines, reviews and other more weighty periodicals. These latter, they hold, exhibit the conclusions of the higher and leading minds of the country. The articles appearing in them are frequently from the pens of the prominent ecclesiastics, scientists and statesmen of the time. Nevertheless, the feeling prevails that the expression of opinion in this department of periodical literature will not, in any important element, differ from that already almost unanimously expressed in the daily press, and this because the latter is the true voice of the people, and that which is to come cannot but ring in the same tones.

As to the Pope personally, he is still well, excellently well, in health. This morning I was present at the Mass he celebrated in the Ducal Hall of the Vatican. Dwellers in Rome, with scarcely less interest than those coming from other countries, desire from time to time to see the Pope, and to mark what ravages, if any, the passing years are making on that most interesting of personalities. It may be said of him, in this regard, that "time cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety" of that interest and curiosity which centre in this most conspicuous figure in the actual history of Europe.

Several groups of pilgrims from different European States assisted at the Mass celebrated by Leo XIII. at 8 o'clock this morning. There were Prussians and Bavarians, Tyrolese and Belgians, and a group of heterogeneous character made up of travellers or tourists from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Denver, and other cities in America, while a few English Catholics completed the crowd which assembled in this Sala Ducale, or Ducal Hall of the Vatican. This hall opens off the Sala Regia, or Royal Hall, which is itself a sort of vestibule to the Sixtine Chapel on the one hand, and the Pauline Chapel on the other, both of which chapels are rich in works from the hand of the great master of art—Michael Angelo. The Ducal Hall, at one end of which is an altar erected for the occasion and overshadowed by a high red velvet canopy, is divided into two parts. A group of stucco cherubs, struggling to uphold a heavy stucco curtain, forms the artistic feature of the division between the two parts of the Ducal Hall. The vaulted ceiling is painted in arabesques in wild abundance and variety with beautiful little pictures set amidst labyrinths of exquisite forms and color, all the work of Sabatini and Da Reggio Sesare Piemontese, Matteo Bril and Giovanni Flaminio. The hall takes its name from the fact that at one time it was appropriated to the reception of dukes and sovereign princes. "Old times are changed, old manners gone." Now it is used as a chapel for pilgrims who want to see the Pope.

PRAYING FOR THE WORLD.

After the Pope had said Mass, amidst a silence only broken at lengthened intervals by the chanting of the papal choir of the Sixtine Chapel, or by the solemn sound of the Pope's voice while reciting the prayers, he went to a gilt kneeling-desk, for *prie dieu*, on the

gospel side of the altar, where he knelt, and, leaning over it, remained bent and motionless during the whole time that his chaplain celebrated another Mass. This was rather an interesting sight. Everyone in the hall could easily see his tall, thin figure, clothed in white, with head bowed down and silver hair that formed a sort of halo round the head shining out in strong contrast against the purple red curtains on the walls. There he remained prostrate for that half hour. Those in his immediate neighborhood could distinguish the sound of his voice in most fervent, though hushed, tones as he prayed, motionless and absorbed. You could not help wondering what were the petitions with which he besieged Heaven. The world is to him, perhaps, out of joint, and he feels the weight of the great task incumbent upon him of striving to set it right. He may have prayed for England that it might return to union with Rome; he may have petitioned for patience and guidance in his relations with France, whose government is trying his good nature to the utmost. France has always been known as "the Eldest Daughter of the church," but now most people consider her, in this respect, a very wayward daughter indeed. He may have thought of Italy in his prayers, whose condition is anything but flourishing, and where peace between Church and State is not by any means satisfactory. All these and many more thoughts may have directed the current of his prayers during this half hour when he, with bowed head, lay prostrate on the kneeling-desk. But who can tell the thoughts and hopes and aspirations of a Pope?

RECEIVING PILGRIMS.

On the conclusion of the chaplain's Mass, a bright red cloak, with golden braid, was placed upon the shoulders of the Pope, and he went out of the hall. The Pilgrims proper, who were distinguished by yellow crosses of silk affixed to their breasts, were conducted from the Ducal Hall into the loggie or corridors of Raphael, where they were ranged in lines along the walls. Meanwhile the Pope returned to the Ducal Hall, and having taken a seat upon the altar, granted special audiences to a number.

## AMERICA TO BE CATHOLIC.

A Famous Scholar Agrees With Father Elliott and Gives His Reasons Therefor.

Rev. William Barry, D. D. of England, the well-known scholar, contributes to the Liverpool *Catholic Times* an obituary sketch of Father Edward Barry, C. S. P., who died in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, on Holy Saturday. The article has a special interest for Americans, as in it Father Barry has much to say about the general state of religion in this country, which he has visited and studied. After speaking of the place which the Paulist Fathers have made for themselves in California, he continues, as follows:

They have come none too soon. Who can foretell the future of these new Babylonians—this Chicago, this San Francisco—with their immense and mixed population, their exciting turmoil of traffic, their self-government rising to heroic heights or sinking into baseness and jobbery, according as the people are sustained by a worthy ideal or lose sight of the commonwealth in private greeds and factions? Cardinal Gibbons was asked, the other day, if he judged that the republic of the United States would last a hundred years. He answered unhesitatingly, with the courage of a patriot, that it would. And what was its greatest danger? "The disregard of those Christian principles on which our laws and institutions are founded," was the reply. Now it seems hard to imagine that the principles of Christianity will long be held in reverence by men and women who are in no practical sense Christians. And figures on this head give a warning to Protestants as well as encouraging to Catholics. Let San Francisco be an instance. I read that, in this enormous and growing city, there may be reckoned 150,000 Protestants—counting by birth and descent—of whom not 18,000 belong to any church whatsoever! The Congregationalists are dying out with dying Puritanism. The Episcopalians, Presbyterians and even the Methodists lament their present condition and express themselves gloomily on their future prospects. The Church building does not keep pace with the population—rather, it is falling back, and while some edifices are closed for want of attendance, others show an increasing void as the pew-holders depart. There is some bigotry, a dropping fire of anti-Catholic propaganda; but, said one of the most eminent among Congregationalists, Dr. Horrion, to their dismay, not long ago, "In spite of all our statistics, Protestantism is losing ground and Catholicism is gaining it in these United States. The Catholic Church is gaining the multitude." A significant admission!

Certainly, the Church has neither given up her old stations in the city of St. Francis, nor failed to add to them and multiply their resources in proportion as the faithful enlarge their

demands for the spiritual and Christian life. The list of our religious institutions and the good works upon which they are engaged is delightful reading for all who glance abroad over the communion of saints and see what are its fruits and promises on the far distant shores of the Pacific, what a glow of energy is perceptible in its onward march, and how little the powers of the world can do against it while Catholics are true to themselves. But the question of questions for America is whether its indifferent and almost heathen millions, who have broken with their Puritan traditions and knew no other can be made aware of the message that the Church has for them.

And here I find Cardinal Gibbons, Father Hecker and Father Brady in complete agreement. The Cardinal lays it down that "American laws and institutions are founded on Christian principles." Father Hecker was never weary of preaching that the Declaration of Independence gave a death blow to Calvinism among Americans, and himself pointed out the essential harmony of its maxims with the doctrine published at the council of Trent concerning the rights and faculties of human nature. This view was upheld and expressed by Father Brady in detail, with a striking disregard for the timorous, hesitating, purblind methods which, on this side of the Atlantic, have brought about the serfdom wherein whole nations, Italy and France beyond all others, are lying bound at the feet of anti-Christian governments. The ruling power ought to be that of a Catholic majority, compared with whom non-believers are a handful. It is, and long has been, a mere syndicate of Atheists. How lay the axe to this pernicious root? Father Hecker was convinced that unless we cultivate and foster in our people a manly, self-respecting independence of character, an educated self-restraint, and the human virtues which spring out of this, we may not hope to persuade the English race of our mission from on high. We must commend the supernatural by qualities that all honest men can judge, and ascertain for themselves by temperance, sobriety, steadiness, by public service, by devotion to genuine science and culture, by good sense and charity in our dealings, by showing that the Catholic religion is the best religion in the world. On such principles Father Brady, like his fellows of the Congregation, shaped the sermons, lectures and instructions which he gave during the last twenty years. He was conservative of the articles of the creed, the essentials of sound discipline, the unity of faith. In all else, in the ten thousand lines and touches that make one nation unlike another, and the American most dissimilar to the European, he would praise and practise a true Christian freedom. He was quite willing, as Father Hecker was also, to see burnt up the hay, straw and stubble that men have built upon the one foundation. And I believe that on these principles, and on these only, will the America of the coming centuries find itself Catholic.

THE EIGHTH CENTENARY

Of the First Crusade.—Its Grand Close.

The celebrations in honor of the eighth centenary of the First Crusade— which have been proceeding since Friday last in Clermont, the capital of Auvergne—were brought to a close on Sunday by a grand historical cavalcade. It was at Clermont, as our readers remember, that Pope Urban II. preached the rescue of the Holy Land from the infidels, and that in answer to the enthusiastic shouts of the people, "Dieu le veut"—which became the device of Peter the Hermit and his fellow crusaders—the first crusade was decided upon. It would ill become the people of Clermont if, in an age of centenaries, they allowed the eighth hundredth anniversary of the great and epoch-making Council held in their town in 1095 to pass without fitting honors. They have not done so. The celebrations just concluded were a splendid success. The town was crowded with distinguished strangers, and at least forty members of the French Episcopacy took part in the ceremonies. Catholic France still shows forth in its old brilliancy and sincerity on occasions like these, when some of its deepest-seated feelings and most cherished and glorious memories are touched to fine issues. The history of the Crusades seems even more remote than it actually is to an age not readily kindled in any chivalrous or sacred cause. The "ages of faith" were made of finer stuff. From the eleventh century onwards veritable armies of pilgrims—save that their only weapon was the palmer's staff and their only armor his robe, turned their steps towards the Holy Land. In the year 1064 the Archbishop of Mayence conducted 10,000 men thither, but this body was attacked by Arabs and 3,000 of their number perished. It was such aggressions as this that led to armed pilgrimages. A spark sufficed to create an army, and this spark was brought by Peter the Hermit on his return from Jerusalem, and Pope Urban II., in his famous pronouncement, at the Council of Cler-

mont fanned it into a flame of unprecedented religious enthusiasm. The Crusades were thus first undertaken simply to vindicate the right of Christian pilgrims to visit the Holy Sepulchre. On the conquest of Palestine, however, the object of the Crusades enlarged and the efforts of the subsequent Crusades were directed to the rescue of the Holy Land from the Saracens. It is needless to follow even in outline the fortunes of the Crusades. The story is too well known. We rather wish for a moment to dwell on the fact that the ideal on which the movement was based was certainly one of the very noblest and purest that ever stirred a great body of men into heroic action. The history of the Latin Kingdom of Palestine, from its foundation at the end of the First Crusade down to its final collapse on the capture of Acre by the Turks in 1291, is, indeed, a distinctly human history in the sense that it is dignified here and there by deeds and vices sadly at variance with the Kingdom of the Crusaders. But none the less it was in its purer form the worthy issue of a thrill of religious enthusiasm such as it would be hard to parallel. *Autres temps autres mœurs.* To-day, perhaps, we fight with different weapons. The Empire of the Sultan is no longer a menace save to diplomatists. The corrupting doctrines of the Koran have done what the might of arms failed to effect. The power of the Turks is a thing of the past. Yet it is not without a deep significance that the eyes of the venerable successor of the great French Pope who inaugurated the Crusades also turned to the East. Keenly alive to every breath of progress, Leo XII. was not behind hand in addressing a Brief to Mgr. Belmont, the Bishop of Clermont, in which the Holy Father blessed the design of celebrating the Crusades, and pointed the moral of the celebration with that force and lucidity which mark all the utterances of His Holiness. The conquest of the East, which is dear to the heart of Leo XIII., is a pacific contest. His weapons are not human ones, but those of prayer. The Pope has undertaken the immense work of the recall of the Eastern churches to the fold of Catholicity—destined to be the crowning achievement of his glorious Pontificate against far larger odds, humanly speaking, than those Peter the Hermit and his companions in-arms had to contend with. But he does so with an enthusiasm and confidence assuredly not second to theirs. And who shall say that his success shall not be more immediate and more fruitful?

The Bishop of Clermont, in a striking pastoral addressed to his flock on the eve of the celebrations just concluded, very felicitously points another moral that may be drawn from the Crusade Centenary *festes*. If from the East we turn our eyes to the West, and specially to France, what, asks Mgr. Belmont, do we see? Unhappily, he replies, we have now need of a crusade at home. Our society "has gone back to barbarism in spite of the appearances of a greater material progress." To deliver people from the thrall of unbelief and to make assured the triumph of Christianity, such, according to the Bishop of Clermont, is the necessary crusade which must be undertaken to-day. "The peace and security assured to the Holy Land for a century would have been of longer duration, if not definitive, had the heads of Christian Europe remained as loyal and docile to the successors of Urban II. as were his contemporaries." So writes Mgr. Belmont, and he adds let us not make a cognate mistake. The successor of Urban II. calls us to a warfare in which the victory is more glorious because it involves the triumph of good over evil. Shall we be less enthusiastic in entering on the crusade?—Dublin Freeman.

## Non-Catholic Tribute to Nuns.

Mrs. Regina Armstrong Hilliard, editor and publisher of the *Social Graphic* of Memphis, Tenn., deprecates all notice of the fallen priest, Slatery, and his miserable companion. She says: "To analyze him or his method, or purpose, would be to elevate a nasty blackguard, desecrator of all religion, self-confessed reprobate and blasphemous; a man who did not hesitate to impugn his own mother and who mocked decency and God."

Mrs. Hilliard is not a Catholic, but she deems it her duty to vindicate truth and justice.

"She was educated in a convent. She has enjoyed the privilege of seeing the inner life of many such institutions, and she knows whereof she speaks. She knows that self-sacrifice, charity and compassion are domiciled in them. She knows that the poor and distressed and sick find here their all-pitying comforters."

"She knows that purity and the beauty of holiness belong to this noble army of women, who, like Christ's apostles of old, go forth bringing balm and mercy and blessing into the lives which need their gentle ministrations, never shirking carnage nor epidemics, but bravely wearing His cross though crucifixion go with it, and ever wearing the white flower of a blameless life."



Fadder. He says he's sure he ain't goin' ter last much longer.

"All right," the priest answered; "wait for me and we will go back together."

In a few moments he had changed his cassock for his coat, and the two started to the home of the sick boy.

The chill of November was in the air, and the hard asphalt pavement, glittering with patches of light from street lamps, gave a cold look to the street.

They drew their coats about them and hurried along in the face of the cutting wind. The plate-glass windows of the well lit stores had, for the first time, that hazy appearance which tells that winter is nigh.

They noticed that a drug store which they passed displayed a placard in the window, on which were the words, "Hot Soda."

"Nobidy seemed to stop to buy, as on other evenings, at the fruit stand on the corner; the heaps of golden oranges, rosy red apples and yellow bananas looked more brilliant than tempting under the light from the gasoline lamp which flared in the midst of them.

One stray bicyclist in a white jersey flew up the avenue, as if blown by the wind.

As the priest and the newsboy hurried along the sound of distant music reached them, and when they arrived at Stanton street they encountered two processions; one was a political procession composed of Italians, and led by a pioneer corps of young men with bear-skin caps and showy uniforms.

The men in the body of the procession carried colored lamps, torches and transparencies with their political sentiments in good Italian and bad English blazing upon them.

They shouted, swung their lanterns, waived their torches and twisted their transparencies at the slightest provocation. The funeral quiet which enshrouds nearly all the processions of the more phlegmatic people of the North was conspicuous by its absence.

A band of men in flaming red shirts and women with poke-bonnets from the Salvation Army barracks near Cooper Institute formed the other procession. They beat on tambourines and sang a hymn to the tune of "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

Great numbers followed both processions, and the priest and his companion made their way with difficulty through the crowd of people and finally reached their destination.

The house in which the newsboy lay dying was a rear one. You entered to it by means of a long narrow alley running through the front house, and so low that a moderately tall man would have to bend his head in passing through it.

The alley led into a yard, which served for several houses. It had been wash-day, and the hanging linen choked up all the open space.

A pool of water from a leaking pump awaited the coming of the priest, and in the darkness he stepped into it. The house in which the sick boy resided was the last of a row.

There was no oilcloth on the rough stairs, and the one defective gas burner left the halls in great darkness. In striking contrast to the rest of the house was the room in which the newsboy lay dying.

The mellow light from a large table lamp, covered with a pink shade, and the fire in the open grate, gave a warm, cosy look to the apartment.

An engraving of our Lord's Last Supper and a League Promoter's diploma filled the space over the mantel. On the opposite wall there were faded photographs of the late Cardinal McCloskey and the late Father Starrs, in old-fashioned frames, and a new one of the present Archbishop of New York, in a white and gold frame.

In the narrow bed-room lithographs of our Lord, with one hand pointing to His Sacred Heart, and of the Mother of Sorrows were visible. Two things struck one on entering the apartment—its cheerfulness and its religious appearance.

In the corner of the room the young newsboy was lying on a lounge, with the unmistakable look of death on his white face. His elder sister sat by him, tenderly smoothing down his brown hair upon his forehead, while the other one, several years younger than himself, sat at the foot of the lounge looking anxiously into his wandering eyes.

The three made up the family. Two friends of the dying boy were standing at his side when the priest entered; Tommy, who also sold newspapers, and Tony, a young Italian lad. The only cheerful-looking face in the room was that of the dying boy. He smiled as the priest came in and extended his thin hand to him, at the same time whispering an apology.

"I'm sorry for bothering you, Fadder, but I want ter bid yer good-bye—I'm going to our Lord to-night."

The priest took the cold hand, and kneeling on one knee by the side of the couch, rubbed the death-sweat from off the boy's forehead, as he said: "And I am sure, Johnny, that you are glad our Lord is taking you."

"Very, very," the newsboy replied earnestly, as he turned his eyes toward the ceiling, with a look of thankfulness in them.

They knelt about the bedside—the priest, the sisters of the boy and his faithful followers, and said the prayers for the dying. When they had finished, Johnnie remained motionless for a few moments, with his hands folded in silent prayer and his eyes looking up to heaven. After that he turned on his side, and reaching out his hand, said faintly: "Good-bye, fellers, and if I ever done yous any wrong I take it back. Forgive me, won't yer, fellers?"

The youngest of the trio, sobbing with grief, was the first to grab the outstretched hand.

"Good-bye, Tommy," the dying boy whispered. "I thought you'd go before me when the butcher cart ran over you, but," trying to smile, "I guess you've got as many lives as the cats in Cat alley."

One side of Tommy's head was terribly scarred where it had been bruised by the wheel of the butcher's cart, under which he had fallen one evening as he jumped off a street car with his bundle of newspapers.

Tony, the young Italian lad, was the next to take the hand of the dying newsboy, kissing it with the warm affection of a child of a Southern race and wetting it with his tears.

"He's jes' de same as San Luigi," he confided to the priest as he stood aside from the couch, drying his tears with a handkerchief, which might have been white some weeks before.

"He never missa de mass, he never play de hook, he never fighta, he never play de crap. He jes' lika," he added after some reflection, "Georgy Wash; he never, never tell a curse."

It was pathetic to listen to the little fellow's description of the little boy lying on the lounge, while his black eyes grew large and lustrous as the tears flooded them. Evidently he had somewhere come across a garbled edition of the famous hatchet story, and thus, in his compassion, added a new lustre to the fame of the Father of Our Country.

"Migsy," the closest friend of the dying boy, was the next one to come near the couch. Migsy was the name of the newsboy whom the priest met selling "extras" that afternoon on the Bowery.

He had been given that name by his companions because he was the surest shot at marbles (migs) in that neighborhood. For a moment as Migsy knelt by his suffering friend and took his hand and looked into his glassy eyes, it seemed that he, too, like the others, would give way to tears.

The dying boy drew him nearer to himself to whisper in his ear: "Remember what you promised me, Migsy. No more staying out at nights."

Migsy passionately pressed the cold hand between his two and answered: "Never, never again!" Migsy's eyes were filled with tears and his quick breathing gave signs of his mounting sorrow. He bowed his head a little closer to his dying companion, and whispered in the dull ear, as the suppressed grief was fast gaining a mastery over him: "It's breakin', no heart, Johnnie, for ter see yer dyin'."

Just then a sob from the foot of the lounge, where the younger sister was sitting, broke the silence of the room. It was Migsy's warning. It reminded him of the priest's words not to increase the pain and anguish of the dying boy's sisters. He drew his head up quickly, pressed the cold hand once more, saying: "Good-bye, Johnnie; I'll never forget yer," and then rose from his knees and with affected coolness made as if to brush the dust of the carpet from off the patches on the knees of his worn trousers. Johnnie nodded to him gratefully for the expression of affection as his tired head fell back upon the pillow.

"Say, fellers," Migsy remarked, as he joined his companions, "it ain't no use o' cryin'; yers only make it harder for his sisters, see?"

They dried their eyes at his bidding and dropped on their knees beside the priest, who had begun again to say the last prayers for the departing soul. And then death came. It came as softly as the kiss which the boy's elder sister was just then imprinting on his forehead. Up from the street floated the sound of a bell ringing in an electioneering wagon. Many a time had the dead newsboy shouted out the "extras" announcing the returns of the election. His funeral bell was therefore a fitting one.

The knowledge of the boy's death spread rapidly through the house, and the neighbors crowded into the room to see the body and to offer their services. They all drew back, however, at the appearance of a motherly old woman, with a brogue that was rich and sweet, who came into the room, puffing violently from the exertion of climbing the stairs. To her care, because of her great experience, was committed the preparation of the body for the undertaker.

The mixture of gas and water that that had been giving a miserable light when the priest entered the house was now extinguished, as it was after 10 o'clock. With difficulty he found his way down the rickety stairs. Through the alley came the sound of voices:

"I sell tomale, tomale. As I stand at de corner of de alley. And de people dey cry, as now dey go by. It's as sweet as a chicken-tomale."

Outside on the street a group of young lads were singing these words to an Italian who, dressed in a linen suit as white as snow, made an artistic picture as he stood behind his shining copper can with its cheerful-looking fire peeping out beneath. A woman came through the alley just after the priest, drawing her shawl more closely around her shoulders as she felt the night air chilling her.

"Say, Mikey!" she exclaimed, her teeth chattering with the cold, "stop your singing and go up and tell the undertaker to come down right away."

The singing ceased immediately. "Waddlersay, mudder? any-body dead?" inquired the boy, in an awed voice.

"Yes, to be sure," his mother replied: "do ye suppose any one would send for an undertaker for a live person? Little Johnnie is gone to heaven."

The boys' faces blanched at the news of the death. For a moment not one of them stirred.

"Are ye going to do what I told ye?" asked the boy's mother, impatiently, as she shivered still more from the cold, "or are ye going to stand there like an omadhaun all night?"

This admonition awakened the boy from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and without questioning any further he started on his errand, the rest of the group falling in behind him. They walked along without speaking for a few moments, not a little frightened at the news they had heard. The smallest lad of all was the first to break the silence.

"Jes'tink, fellers, while we was out in de street singin' poor Johnnie was in de house dyin'."

A shudder passed through them all and they hurried out of the gloom of the street to reach a better lighted spot. The words of the small boy gave them no consolation, but only made them feel as if they had committed a sacrilege. Some kind of reparation was in order. As they turned the corner Mikey halted under the welcome electric light and the company stopped with him.

"Waddlersay," he proposed tenderly, "ef we all go ter confession Saturday night and receive Communion for Johnnie on Sunday mornin'? Dat's wad he'd done ef he heard any of us was dead."

"We're wid yer," they all answered in a chorus.

This resolution seemed to revive their spirits and they gradually recovered from the shock they had received. The rest of the journey was spent in laudations of their dead friend.

Two days afterwards the funeral of the newsboy was passing down the street on its way to the cemetery. The white hearse shone in the bright November sunlight, and the white plumes on it tossed like bunches of feathery wild flowers in the crisp breeze. A wreath of roses, with the word "Johnnie" in purple stained immortelles, rested on the coffin. It was the gift of the newsboys. Children innumerable blocked up the side walk, to view the funeral procession, and especially to feast their eyes on the white hearse and coffin, which have such a wonderful attraction for children living in the poorer neighborhoods. On top of the second coach, holding the reins while the driver was pulling on his gloves, sat Migsy. He had hired the coach out of his own savings and had invited some of his friends to fill it. Tony and Tommy, together with four other juvenile mourners, sat inside.

An accident to a wagon on the street delayed the funeral for a few moments, and just then the priest who had attended the dead newsboy came out of a neighboring house where he had been on a sick call. He stepped up to the first carriage and said a cheering word to the two sorrowing sisters who were within. Migsy, from his seat beside the driver, caught sight of the priest, and hailed him.

"Good morning, Fadder," he said, as he tightly held the reins in both of his hands. "I put de two-year-olds in dere," motioning with his head toward the carriage; "meself and de driver kin take care of 'em." The priest gazed within at the six solemn little figures sitting bolt upright, looking strange in their Sunday clothes, and with their unwontedly sad countenances. They all raised their hats together, and put them on again in a mechanical kind of way. They answered the priest's questions in whispers, and seemed to be surrounded by an atmosphere of gloom, which even the pleasantries of the priest were unable to dissipate. The hearse began to get under way, and the priest turned his attention to the boy on the top of the coach.

"Remember, now, the best way for you to show how much you thought of Johnnie is to try to be like him."

"You bet, Fadder; you're goin' ter see a big change in me now. I promised Johnnie de day before he died dat I'd be a better boy ter me mudder, an' w' I sez I'll do, I'll do, when I sez it, for his sake."

The last words were shouted back at the priest as the coach rolled away swiftly over the asphalt pavement. Migsy tucked the blanket closely about him and after heaving a sigh which told that he was suffering, fumbled in the inside pocket of his coat for a moment and then reaching a cigar to the driver, asked in a blasé kind of a way:

"Have a smoke, pard?"

The driver looked at the youth in astonishment, but could discover no indications that the boy felt that he was doing anything extraordinary. Migsy, noticing the delay, imagined that it came from a want of confidence in the gift.

"Yer needn't be afraid of it," he added: "it's de kind I always smokes meself."

Overcome by the sang froid of the boy, the driver accepted the cigar and murmured his thanks. Migsy had been at funerals before, and he knew from experience that the proper thing for the mourners to do who rode with the driver was to provide cigars, to make the long drive to the cemetery pass as pleasantly as possible.

The white hearse and the few carriages which followed it rolled rapidly along the streets, dodging all kinds of vehicles on their way. Two other hearses were waiting at the ferry when they arrived. Finally their turn came, and the boat with the coffin enclosing the dead newsboy moved out with much creaking and ringing of bells from its moorings and paddled across the rushing river alive with small and large crafts.

After leaving the ferry boat a long,

dusty ride brought the mourners to the cemetery, and they entered its gate to the solemn tolling of the almost never-ceasing bell, which registers the entrance of every new tenant into the city of the dead.

When the prayers had been said in the chapel over the body, it was brought to the open grave to be laid away in its final resting place. The sad little group collected around the coffin, and the grave diggers slowly lowered it to rest on the top of the two other crumbling coffins which contained the remains of the dead newsboy's father and mother.

Migsy dropped on his knees by the side of the grave. He took up some of the soft earth and held it in his hand while he said a short prayer, interrupted once or twice by the heart-breaking sobs of the dead newsboy's two sisters. The sharp sound of the gravedigger's first spadeful of earth striking the coffin awoke him from a reverie. He held the handful of earth over the open grave for a moment, and then letting it fall softly, lest he might injure the silver plate of the shining oak coffin, he registered his vows:

"No more stayin' out nights; no more disobeyin' me mudder."

A great lump in his throat made him pause for an instant; then he finished—"and I'll try ter be like you, Johnnie."

The red earth lay deep on the coffin of the dead newsboy.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

CONVERSION OF NICOLAS NERLI.

In that period lived Nicolas Nerli, banker in the noble city of Florence. When the morning bell rang he was at his desk, and when it rang at noon he was still seated there, and all day he made figures on his tablets. He lent money to the Emperor and to the Pope. And if he did not lend money to the devil it was because he feared to do unsuccessful business with the one who is called the smart, and who abounds in stratagems. Nicolas Nerli was audacious and defiant. He had acquired great riches and despoiled many people. That is why he is held in high honor in the city of Florence. He lived in a palace wherein the light that God created entered only by narrow windows; and this was prudent, for the house of the rich must be like a citadel, and those who possess great goods do wisely to defend by force what they have acquired by ruse.

The palace of Nicolas Nerli was ornamented with grilles and chains. In the interior the walls were painted by skillful workmen, who had represented the virtues under the appearance of women, the patriarchs, the prophets and the Kings of Israel. Tapestries hanging in the rooms offered to the eyes the histories of Alexander and of Tristram as they are related in the novels.

Nicolas Nerli made his wealth dazzle the city by his foundations. He had raised outside the walls a hospital the frieze of which, sculptured and painted, represented the most honorable actions of his life; in acknowledgment of the sums of money which he had given for the church his portrait was placed in the choir. One could see him kneeling, his hands clasped in prayer, at the feet of the very holy Virgin. And he was recognized by his cap of red wool, and by his face bathed in yellow grease, and by his quick little eyes. His good wife, Mona Bismantova, wearing an honest and sad air, and so that no one could ever imagine that any body ever had any pleasure in her conversation, was on the other side of the Virgin in humble attitude of prayer.

This man was one of the first citizens of the republic; as he had never spoken against the laws, and as he had never cared for the poor, nor for those that the powerful condemned to fines and to exile, nothing had dignified in the opinion of the magistrates the esteem which he had acquired in their view by his great wealth.

One winter night, as he came home later than usual, he was surrounded at the threshold of his door by a crowd of beggars. He pushed them and spoke harshly to them. But hunger made them savage and bold as wolves. They formed a circle round him and asked for bread in a plaintive voice. He bent to pick up stones to throw after them, when he saw one of his servants coming with a basket full of black bread intended for the stablemen, the cooks and gardeners.

He told the man to come to him and threw the bread to the beggars. Then he went into his house and slept. In his sleep an attack of apoplexy made him die so suddenly that he still thought he was in bed when he saw, in a place where there was no light, Saint Michael, illuminated by a light coming from his own body. The Archangel, scales in hand, placed on the heaviest side the jewels of widows that the banker had in pawn, the multitudes of scrapings of coins which he had unduly retained, and certain pieces of gold which he alone possessed, having acquired them by fraud. Nicolas Nerli saw that it was his life which Saint Michael was weighing before him, and became attentive and anxious.

"Sir Saint Michael," he said. If you place on side all the gains that I have had in life, place on the other if you please, the beautiful foundations by which I have magnificently proved my piety. Do not forget the dome to the church, nor the hospital outside the walls, which was built entirely with my money."

"Do not fear, Nicolas Nerli," answered the Archangel, "I will forget nothing."

And with his glorious hands he

placed in the lightest scale the dome of the church and the sculptured and painted frieze of the hospital. But the scale did not come down. The banker became anxious.

"Sir Saint Michael," he said, try to find something else. You have not put on this side of the scales my beautiful holy water vessel of St. John, nor the pulpit of St. Andrew, where the baptism of our Lord Jesus Christ is represented in life size. It is the work for which I have paid a great deal of money."

The Archangel put the pulpit and the vessel of holy water over the hospital on the scales, which would not come down.

Nicolas Nerli felt a cold sweat on his brow.

"Sir Archangel," he asked, "are you very sure that you are right?"

Saint Michael replied, smilingly, that, though they were not on the model of the scales which the money changers of Paris and Venice use they did not lack exactness.

"What!" exclaimed Nicolas Nerli, looking very pale. "This dome this pulpit, this cistern, this hospital with all its beds weigh no more than the feather of a bird?"

"You see, Nicolas," said the Archangel, "the weight of your iniquity is heavier than the number of your good works."

"Then I am to go to hell?" said the Florentine, and his teeth chattered with fear.

"Be patient, Nicolas Nerli," said the celestial weigher, "be patient; we have not yet finished."

And the beatific Michael took the black bread which the rich man had thrown to the poor the day before. He put the loaves in the scale, which came down suddenly as the other went up, and the two scales remained on the level. The needle marked perfect equality between the two weights. The glorious Archangel said to the banker:

"You see, Nicolas Nerli, you are good neither for heaven nor hell. Return to Florence. Multiply in your city these loaves which you gave at night when nobody saw you, and you shall be saved, for it is not enough that the doors to heaven should be open to the thief who repented and to the fallen woman who cried. The mercy of God is infinite. It will save even a rich man. Multiply the loaves the weight of which you see in my scales."

Nicolas Nerli awoke in bed. He resolved to follow the advice of the archangel, and to multiply the bread of the poor in order to enter the kingdom of God.

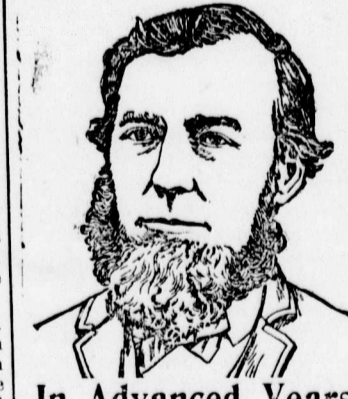
During the three years which he spent on earth after his first death he was pitiful to the unfortunate and a great giver of alms.

Catholics and Protestants.

"There was a time," says the Independent, "when no Protestant seemed to be able to look upon the Catholic Church with the least degree of toleration or allowance. He waged war against it as though it were an evil thing, and only evil. The great amount of prejudice has obscured clear vision, both on the Protestant and Catholic side. We hope that the time is at hand when this prejudice will be dissipated, so that Catholics may come to understand their Protestant fellow-Christians, and appreciate them for what they are; and that a similar view may be taken of Roman Catholic Christians."

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London, Saturday, June 22, 1895.

12TH OF JULY PREPARATION.

It is announced that Mr. J. D. Traynor of Detroit, P. G. M. of the Orange Order of the United States, has been invited to address the Winnipeg Orangemen on July 12. Mr. Traynor is also Supreme President of the A. P. A. A more clear declaration than this of the identity of objects and methods of the two associations could scarcely be looked for. The identity of the two societies was positively declared by Rev. Madill in the Orange P. P. A. A. P. A. gathering in Windsor last year. It is evident, therefore, that the attempt to boom P. P. Aism into life was nothing more than an attempt to revive the dying influence of Orangeism. The same principles characterize both orders, and for the most part the same men belong to both, and the failure of the P. P. A's is the failure of Orangeism.

We notice also that Mr. Clifford Sifton, Attorney General of Manitoba, has been invited for the same purpose. Mr. Sifton has proved by the no Popery speeches he delivered during the Haldimand campaign that he is made of just the right kind of cloth to grace a 12th of July platform, and so we are not greatly surprised to find this invitation extended to him. The plain opinion which Mr. Sifton expressed at Montreal concerning the Orangemen, as being "quite reliable to shout for you, to cheer for you, and to vote against you," meaning that they are not actuated by principle, would have been enough to prevent any self-respecting body from having anything to do with the gentleman afterwards, but were we to expect the Orangemen to exhibit any self-respect at any time, we would be egregiously disappointed, and if Mr. Sifton has any self-respect he will decline the invitation, which he cannot accept without stultifying himself. We may perhaps presume, however, that he will find the position congenial, for consistency and an honorable pride are not characteristics of the genus "the no-Popery lecturer."

An Orange platform on the 12th of July is not the place for a statesman to appear in, but it is quite a suitable place on which a narrow-minded fanatic may spout out his bigotry.

To Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, Grand Master of the Orange body of Canada, a similar invitation has been extended.

From Mr. Wallace's antecedents we could not expect much better taste than that he should accept the invitation, but it will certainly be a queer conglomeration of opposites if all these gentlemen come together—which they certainly will not do. It would scarcely work to have Mr. N. Clarke Wallace defending the Dominion remedial order, while Mr. Sifton and other speakers were denouncing it as the handing over of Manitoba to be ruled by the Quebec hierarchy, as Mr. Sifton represented the matter in his Haldimand speeches.

Mr. E. F. Clarke, ex M. P. P. of Toronto and editor of the Orange Sentinel, and the Rev. J. J. Roy are also among those invited. They are well qualified to adorn the occasion, which needs only that the speakers utter calumnies by wholesale against Catholics, to ensure that it will be the success of the season.

It is some satisfaction to see that the identity of Canadian Orangeism with Apsism is practically acknowledged by the invitation extended to Mr. Traynor of Detroit. When the Orangemen are thus compelled to lean upon such broken reeds, it is equivalent to an acknowledgement that, like its American second self, it is losing its political power.

We may add that as it has been announced that Mr. Clarke Wallace is to be present at the London demonstration it may be presumed that the Winnipeg one will be spared the incongruity of listening to addresses from him and Mr. Clifford Sifton from the same platform.

AS THEY SOW, THEY REAP.

On the subject of religious teaching in the schools our esteemed contemporary the Canada Presbyterian has certain views which it thinks should prevail above all others. Before giving its sentiments on the question it quotes in a recent issue from the Presbyterian Observer as follows: "Prayer in the Public schools is now very rarely heard: in some States it has wholly ceased. But there are not a few who see, and are ready to acknowledge, that in the exclusion of the Bible and of prayer from the schools, a moral element of much value has been lost. Perhaps its recovery is now an impossibility, but some efforts in this direction have been made at various points. The other day a committee of Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen met in Ansonia, Conn., to confer on the subject, and the committee agreed that prayer shall be made, and that the Lord's Prayer as found in the gospel of Matthew shall be the form of prayer used."

On this the Canada Presbyterian remarks that: "If professional agitators, demagogic politicians and men who are Protestants or Catholics for what they can make out of their religion, could be compelled to keep their hands off scripture selections, and a form of prayer satisfactory to all parties except Infidels could easily be agreed upon in any Province of Canada except perhaps Quebec. If every trace of religion is obliterated from the schools of Canada the people will have none but themselves to blame. Catholics and Protestants alike allow men to inflame their minds, and keep themselves before the public by stirring up sectarian strife."

We cannot allow this bold assertion to pass without entering our solemn protest. Alike! Catholics and Protestants alike! We would like to know wherein there has been any such aggressive intermeddling on the part of Catholics with the liberty of Protestants to educate their children after their own manner, as we have witnessed day after day on the part of Protestant synods, conferences, presbyteries, general assemblies, ministerial associations, secret society lodges and similar bodies in regard to Catholics.

These bodies appear to have a mania for intermeddling in a matter which does not concern them at all, and there is nothing that will please them where Catholics are concerned, unless the latter consent to such terms as every petty agitator may think proper to impose: and even if Catholics were to agree to the terms which these bodies are so anxious to force upon them, they would not be content. The itch for meddling would work upon them to make them invent something more obnoxious than they have yet presumed to propose.

What business is it to these bodies if Catholics are resolved to educate their children with a knowledge of the Christian religion? Can this harm Protestants? Will it prevent Presbyterians from inculcating the five points of Calvinism if they see fit? Surely not, or if they see fit they may banish religious teaching from their own schools, as for the most part they have done already. This they acknowledge now with remorse of conscience, else why the wailing which the Presbyterian Observer sets up in the above extract because "prayer in the Public schools is now very rarely heard and that in many places it has ceased entirely."

It was the set purpose of these bodies from the beginning to deprive Catholics of the liberty to educate their children as their consciences dictated, and as the only means of doing this, they succeeded in driving religion out of the schools in which their own children were educated, and this is the state of things they now deplore. Their eyes are now partly opened to the extent of the evil they have brought down upon their own heads, without involving Catholics in the catastrophe, as was their intention. But if Catholics were not involved, it was owing to their own watchfulness, and to the immense sacrifices they made for conscience' sake. It was not without decades of struggling that they secured a fair school law in Ontario, and then it was only through the legislative union with Lower Canada that they obtained the same rights to educate their children in accordance with their conscientious convictions, as were long enjoyed by the Protestants of the Lower Province. In the United States these rights have not been granted to this day, but Catholic education for Catholic children was too important a matter to be overlooked, and as the sects succeeded to their heart's content in making the Public school system godless, the Catholics found their remedy by submitting to the law, and helping to educate the children of Protestants in the schools of their choice, against

which the Presbyterian Observer now raises its voice so loudly: but for their own children they established schools of their own, and supported them out of their own pockets.

The Catholics have solved the difficulty for themselves. They foresaw the evil of which our Protestant friends are now complaining, that the "exclusion of the Bible and prayer," and to this should be added, the exclusion of positive religious teaching, has eliminated "a moral element of much value," and by so doing has contributed much to the spread of irreligion and the relaxation of moral sentiment.

We can assure our esteemed Toronto contemporary that we have no intention to try the compromise experiment it proposes, to break up the Catholic school system, which permits distinctive religious teaching, in order to introduce a nondescript religious teaching which shall consist merely of reading a few mutilated biblical selections without comment, and a form of prayer which will be dictated by our Presbyterian friends.

Do we object, then, to the Bible, or to the Lord's Prayer? Not at all; but we do not regard the proposition as securing a sufficiency of religious instruction: and, besides, this must be remembered, which the Canada Presbyterian seems to have forgotten, that the King James' version of the Bible which it proposes to force on all the Catholics of the Dominion, Quebec excepted, is not the version of which Catholics approve, and we have no intention to be coerced into its use.

What injury does the Catholic Separate school system of Ontario inflict upon our Protestant neighbors? We are aware that in a few instances Protestants do send their children to the Separate schools, but when they do so it is by their own choice, and through the kindness of the Catholic trustees who admit them, even though the law does not allow them to hand over their school tax to the Catholic school fund. There is, therefore, no compulsion in the matter. On the other hand, Protestants do not contribute one cent to the Catholic school fund in any shape. The Catholic schools are supported solely by the taxes of Catholic ratepayers; and this is true even in regard to the small apportionment received from the Government under the name of "the school grant," inasmuch as the Government money thus paid is simply a recognition of the fact that Government funds are derived from the whole people, Catholics and Protestants alike. We are therefore within the bounds of reason when we ask that the synods and conferences and presbyteries, and the Protestant religious press, leave us alone on the subject of education, that we may manage Catholic education in our own way.

It is not in Canada, or in America alone, that this policy has been adopted by the sects to secularize the schools, that is to say, to drive religion out of them entirely, in the hope of depriving Catholics of the liberty of having Christian schools. The same thing is happening in far-off New Zealand. The Christian Leader in a recent issue said:

"Dread of the denominationalism which Catholics and Anglicans desire has made the Presbyterian Assembly of the Northern Church in New Zealand hesitate to ask for Bible reading in the Public schools, while the Congregational Union distinctly state that they oppose any interference with the secular system in fear of the Episcopal Churches making education sectarian."

The godless school system in New Zealand is maintained through fear of Episcopalianism, as well as of Catholicism, but in Canada and the United States Episcopalianism has for the most part thrown in its influence with the opponents of religious education. It is true there have been from time to time synodical resolutions passed in favor of religion in the schools, but such action has been only half-hearted, and has never been followed by any practical steps which would indicate that the resolutions were serious—and in some instances, as in Manitoba, the action of the Church of England authorities seems to have been taken more to put an obstacle in the way of Catholics obtaining justice than to secure recognition for Anglican parochial schools. In all these cases, whether the hostility comes from Presbyterians, Anglicans, or any other denomination, as they sow so shall they reap.

The finest choir in the world is that of St. Peter's in Rome, known as the Pope's choir. There is not a female voice in it, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adeline Patti is leading. The choir is composed of sixty boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal chords, and some of the best singers are not over nine years old. At the age of seventeen they are dropped from the choir.

THE OUTLOOK IN ARMENIA.

The position assumed by the Turkish Sultan in regard to the Western powers is certainly a phenomenal one, reminding us of the eight crusades which from A. D. 1095 to 1291—a period of almost two centuries—agitated the Christian world.

The Turk was then perhaps even more impudent than he is now, for at a time when communication with the West was much more difficult than it is at present, and much less rapid, it was not so easy to realize that an army of Christians might possibly overrun his country, and so he could more boldly bid defiance to Christian power: and, besides, when men were more evenly matched in warfare than they are at the present day, relying solely on individual strength and courage, the result of a contest between Christian and Turk was more doubtful than it is now when the terrible machinery of war is brought into the contest. Now it is civilization which must win in the end, and of this the Turk is conscious, so that it was thought that the time of Moslem defiance of all Christendom had passed away forever. It seems, however, not to be so.

If Christendom were a unit on the religious issue, we cannot conceive that the Turk would dare for a moment practically to tell the Christian world that within his domain he would, as in past ages, maintain his right to oppress in every form his Christian subjects, whether by grinding them down with oppressive taxes, or by murdering them in cold blood: yet this is what he has done.

It was foreseen that there would be other difficulties, independently of those arising out of religious differences. Between the European powers there is such a diversity of interests that it is almost impossible to have them work together for any single purpose. It was, therefore, a matter of some surprise when it was announced that England, France, and Russia had agreed upon a common course of action, and that for the purpose of ensuring the future safety of Christians, they would hold an investigation into the circumstances of the Moosh massacre, as a preliminary to active interference.

The investigation has been held, and is now closed, the result being that the worst that has been said concerning the atrocities committed has been fully sustained. It remains, then, for the three powers—representing Catholic, Protestant, and schismatical Europe—to take action.

What the consequences will be it is hard to foresee. On the Sultan and his promises, absolutely no reliance can be placed. The demands for reform in his methods of government have been made before now over and over again with always the same result—or rather with the result that impunity in one atrocity made those which succeeded more hideous in detail than any which had occurred before.

The Bulgarian horrors were severely punished by the Russo-Turkish war whereby the practical independence of the Balkan provinces was secured. This punishment has not taught the Turk wisdom, and the Armenian horror is in this respect worse than the Bulgarian, as it has been proved to have been perpetrated by regular soldiers acting under orders from Constantinople. The Bulgarian horrors were perpetrated by irregular soldiers acting on their own responsibility.

A telegram informs us that so outrageous was the conduct of the Turkish commissioners who took part in the Moosh investigation, that the European delegates were forced to tell them at the close of the proceedings that they would have nothing further to do with them. The immediate reason for this rupture was the refusal of the Turks to examine important witnesses in regard to the Armenian outrages. The grounds of refusal are stated to have been most farcical.

As we mentioned in our last week's issue, a joint demand was made by the European powers for stated reforms in the government of Armenia. These proposals have been resisted by the Sultan, and as yet they have not been acceded to. It remains to be seen whether or not the powers will insist upon their execution. If they act in concert, there is no doubt the Turk will be obliged to accept them, or perhaps terms more humiliating still if there must be an appeal to the sword; but the trouble is that it is doubtful whether the accord of the three powers will go to the length of insisting so far on what has been demanded, that is, whether they will go to the length of

enforcing their demand by active intervention.

There is much speculation in regard to the reasons which have induced the Sultan to take so bold a stand as that which he has assumed, and it is thought that he must have some encouragement from some quarter, as yet unknown.

There was a suspicion that Russia was playing a double game, and that its desire is to induce France also to withdraw at the last moment and leave England embroiled alone with Turkey. England undoubtedly would be able to deal effectually with the matter if left alone, but unless the other powers act in unison with her, there is another danger that she might find herself face to face with Russia and Turkey in close alliance against her, in which case the relief of Armenia would be further off than ever, especially if the German Empire were also to range itself on Turkey's side.

Germany has hitherto kept aloof from joining in the demand for redress, and there is room for the suspicion that it looks with no favor upon the proposal of the other powers to interfere or that it is anxious to see them embroiled in such a way that it may step in for a share of the spoils of victory in case of their success, or that it may even induce the whole triple Alliance to range itself at the critical moment on the side of Islamism.

In evidence of Russia's good faith it must be stated that the Russian Government has already sent reinforcements of troops to Kars and other points on the Armenian frontier, presumably for the purpose of enforcing the demands which have been made in conjunction with England and France. England may be herself the power which will withdraw at the last moment, though it is not likely she will let Russia act alone in a case where the revision of the map of Asia is the stake, close upon the confines of her Indian Empire.

Taking all things into consideration there is great uncertainty what will be the real move on the political chess-board. When the Crusades were in progress, from six to eight centuries ago, it was owing to the jealousies of the European States and the Greek Empire that those great expeditions lost in the end all that was gained in the beginning. It is much to be feared that similar causes will operate similarly in the present crisis.

MANITOBA'S ANSWER.

Manitoba has at last given its answer to the Remedial Order issued by the Dominion Government on the school question—or at least Mr. Greenway's Government has done so, and that answer is just the one we have all along expected—a refusal to grant the remedy to Catholic grievances.

Mr. Greenway being too ill to be present at the opening of the Legislature, the disclosure of the Government's policy was made by Attorney General Sifton. It was in the form of a notice of motion, containing a memorial to the Dominion Government absolutely refusing to take action to restore to Catholics their undoubted rights in regard to education, and giving reasons why these should not be restored. It is scarcely necessary to say that the reasons given are simply a rehash of Mr. Sifton's speeches during the Haldimand campaign. It represents that the establishment of a set of Catholic schools might be followed by a set of Anglican, and possibly by Icelandic and Mennonite schools, a state of affairs which "we contemplate with very grave apprehension." It is said that such a measure would "seriously imperil the development of our Province."

To this we have to say that the bugbear is an imaginary one. If Catholics retain the right of establishing Separate schools, and of supporting them, they will use their right very much as it is used in Ontario. They will establish schools only where they can support them in a state of efficiency; and where they can do this, there is no just reason for throwing an obstacle in their way. There would be no good reason, even if the constitution of the country did not make provision for Separate schools; but as there is such a provision, the argument of the Provincial Government is simply a make believe of having a valid argument to offer.

It is a piece of refreshing coolness for the Manitoba Legislature or Government to inform the Government of the Dominion that while they themselves have the monopoly of knowledge in regard to the state of the Catholic schools of the Province, the Dominion Government has no information on

the subject nor the means of obtaining information on which to form a correct judgment:

"We believe that when the remedial order was made there was not then available to your Excellency in Council full and accurate information as to the working of our former system of schools. We also believe that there was lacking means of forming a correct judgment as to the effect upon this Province of the changes indicated in the order."

Then they advise the Governor-General and Council to study up the question, and they will give all possible aid toward enlightening them!

To bear them out in their position they maintain that the Catholic schools before 1890 were in a most deplorable condition of inefficiency, and that there has been no attempt made to show the contrary. This is a mis-statement. Archbishop Taché has maintained and shown the contrary in his little pamphlet on the history of the school question. Still we do not mean to say that the schools were perfect, or beyond possible improvement. With the sparse Catholic population, many of them poor Indians or Half-breeds, we could not expect the high state of efficiency which exists in most of the schools of Ontario. It was the duty of the Government to aid in establishing greater efficiency, and not to abolish the schools legally, as it has done.

Another mis-statement of the memorial is to the effect that the restoration of Separate schools as demanded by the remedial order, means the restoration of all the defects of the old system. There is nothing in the remedial order to justify such an assertion.

Some there are who interpret Mr. Greenway's memorial as meaning that he might consent to the establishment of an efficient Separate school system such as that which exists in Ontario. We do not see our way toward putting such an interpretation on his words. We take them to be an absolute refusal. We have no right to supply hidden meanings to plain words, and our inference is that Manitoba has voluntarily renounced its right to manage the Catholic school system, so that now the question is relegated to the Parliament of Canada. It is the duty of the Dominion Government to repair the evil done, by re-establishing Separate schools with the least possible delay; and as Mr. Greenway announces that the Manitoban Government will throw every obstacle in the way of the successful working of such schools, it is manifestly the duty of the Dominion to provide for them in such a way as to leave them entirely independent of local interference. If the Dominion Government neglect to bring in a measure of relief we hope some private member will undertake the duty.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is to be regretted that the fanatical faction still holds such prominence in the little parliaments of our separated brethren now being held throughout the country. At the Methodist Conference recently held in Strathroy the Rev. W. McDonagh submitted a resolution in regard to the Manitoba school question, the object of which was to influence the Government as against the Catholics in the settlement of the difficulty. Independent of the unfriendly sentiment conveyed in the document there is also to be found the usual reference to the "Romish" hierarchy, hierarchical assumptions, etc. We have only to say that the Rev. Wm. McDonagh is himself a striking example of the great need of ethical training in our schools, and it is indeed a most laughable circumstance to find such a man sneering at the assumptions of other people when we remember that a few years ago, while engaged in a controversy with a prominent citizen of Strathroy, he copied, and had published whole pages of "Junius" and signed "Rev. W. McDonagh" at the end of them. He has since been known as the Rev. "Junius" McDonagh. It is a noticeable fact that the no-Popery orator in all conditions of life has something peculiarly wrong in his make-up.

BISHOP W. A. LEONARD, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio, at the last annual State convention of the diocese, denounced in emphatic terms two classes of clergymen whom he styled "traitors in the camp who have done great damage to souls by their innuendos and their interpretations of service while using such forms of expression in their sermons and teaching as to protect their authors from immediate discipline under the laws of the Church." He explained that by



THE PASSIONISTS AND THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

London Catholic News. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the Pope's letter which has just been issued to the English people. No document of recent years has created more eager expectancy. None has more completely baffled invidious criticism; or displayed more evidently the double character of saint and diplomatist, which has compelled the admiration of the civilized world, for the venerable head of the Church.

Those who expected that the address would deal with the vexed question of Anglican Orders have been disappointed by its cautious reticence. The credulous folk, who gave credence to the foolish rumours about the celibacy of the clergy, which have lately been murmured in the English press, may be disappointed to find no reference to this trumpety in the Papal letter. How long will they continue the easy dupes of enterprising journalists, who know how to tickle their fancy with extravagant fables about Rome, purporting to emanate from behind the scenes. People who could swallow such a double dose of obvious nonsense as the marriage of the Catholic clergy, and work themselves into the belief that the Pontiff was about to construct a *modus vivendi* by sacrificing principles for which we have fought for more than three centuries, and which are incorporated in the doctrine of Catholicity are incapable of appreciating the inflexible conservatism of the Church, or the wisdom of her venerable head.

Will they never understand that in Catholicity there can be no shifting of positions, no sinister manoeuvres, no capitulation of dogmas, however bitterly attacked: in a word, no compromise with error, however plausible in appearance. The Church must ever be as tenacious of her doctrine as the rock on which she is built is eternally fixed and immovable.

But the saintly Pontiff is conscious that he is burdened with the care of the faithful, and that his solicitude must extend to all those who by baptism have been made members of the Church of Christ. In words which are transparently sincere he confesses that his sympathies as well as his responsibility, interest him in the return of England to the unity of the Catholic Church. He has, therefore, eschewed all minor issues, and controverted topics, and addressed to the people of England words of paternal advice and invitation, to relinquish their errors, and return to the old faith of their Catholic ancestors.

That his kindly words will be flouted by extremists, who proclaim that "nothing good can come out of Rome," we have no doubt. Already they have sounded their tocsin, and rallied their windy warriors; they have hoisted their bogey, and started a marching to the tune of "No Popery." Fortunately, however, their filibustering excites no one now a days, but the martial and frothy biglanders themselves.

There are those who will misinterpret the quiet and conciliatory tone of the letter, and construe the Pope's abstention from polemics into a conscious weakness of his position. But in his first address to the English nation as such Leo XIII. has too much instinctive culture and refinement to wound their susceptibilities; and besides he is conscious that the "whys" and the "wherefores" and the triumphant vindication of the Catholic doctrine and the faith that is in them could be furnished to the seekers after truth by every priest and educated Catholic layman in England.

But apart from the redoubtable Quixotes, whose periodical fits of anti-Roman mania excite the pity and the laughter of their intended victims, apart from those whose mental vision is tinted by prejudice, there can be no doubt that the letter of his Holiness will be welcomed and received with respect by many earnest minded Protestants.

To us Catholics it is amazing how any logical mind can remain in communion with a Church which originated in the lust and cupidity of a monarch, and the contemptible obscurantism of a time-serving prelate, who whimpered for his life, and vainly recanted, when the *auto da fe* was testing the sincerity of his convictions. But in this Erastian religion there are logical inconsistencies, which, independent of its ignoble origin, divest it of any claim to credibility. The confused medley of doctrines, which are simultaneously approved and anathematized in the Protestant communion, makes it impossible for themselves to formulate a creed, or for outsiders to compass their belief in any definite or organic body of doctrine. For purposes of controversy they have all the advantages of skirmishers, who can skip from place to place according as their position becomes vulnerable. There was some very instructive, and what we might term amusing reading, in the reports of the Easter vestries, which have just been submitted to the English public. *Tot capita quot sententia.* But it was too severe an exaction upon human gravity to restrain a smile, at the travesty of the Catholic Ritual to which we were treated by Anglican clergymen in their churches during Holy Week. What was "idolatry" and "Popish mummery" half a century ago is now the order of the day, in spite of the loud protests from certain quarters. His Protestant Lordship of Liverpool has under his crook a heterogeneous flock that bleat in such different and discordant notes, that no human ingenuity could fancy

their agreement in a common sheep-fold, or regard them as belonging even to a similar species. To confirm to-day in a church where confession and the worship of the Blessed Sacrament are inculcated, and to confirm to-morrow in a church where these are denounced as Jesuitism and priestcraft and idolatry, requires a very capacious stomach, and a digestive organism, not to say countenance, of brass.

It is, however, in no spirit of ridicule that these idiosyncrasies are alluded to but to confirm a theorem which was evidently in the mind of the Holy Father when writing his letter. With his keen insight into the trend of current events, he saw that to reason and prove to the people in their present frame of mind, was to expend a useless waste of energy. His reliance for the conversion of England is not upon controversy nor dialectics, but upon instant and fervent prayer to the Father of Light and Grace. The introduction of the name of St. Paul of the Cross into his letter shows the peculiar drift of his own mind. For this great saint, though never destined to labor in person for England's conversion, may justly be regarded as one of her Apostles. He prayed without ceasing for fifty years, for the return of the English nation to the Faith of their fathers, and in his children of the Passionist Order we must recognize a powerful instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for carrying into effect the designs of their sainted founder. It must indeed be flattering to the tissues of St. Paul of the Cross mentioned so pointedly by the Papal letter in connection with England's conversion. And for all English Catholics, it is doubtless a subject for gratification, that their countryman, Father Ignatius Spencer, of the same Passionist Order, is accredited by His Holiness with the inauguration of that Holy League of Prayer to whose efficacy the Pope attributes the great Oxford Movement, and the reception of Dr. Newman and his companions into the Church by the saintly Passionist, Father Dominic of the Mother of God.

It was in 1838 that Father Ignatius Spencer commenced to work publicly for the extension of his holy league, and to this purpose he devoted his energy and resources of his after life. When he died his lonely death at Carstairs, in 1864, he had preached two hundred and forty five missions and retreats, and pleaded in almost every convent and monastery of Europe for prayers for England's conversion. It is now more than thirty years since his brethren laid him to rest in St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, beside the remains of Father Dominic, his companion and emulator in working for the conversion of England; and while the eyes of Catholic England are turned to the last resting-place of these two apostles, they will best interpret the wishes of the Father of the Faithful by praying that the spirit of Dominic and Ignatius may still animate the sons of St. Paul of the Cross, and be commemorated by them to the Catholics of England, and those single minded Protestants who need only to see the truth in order to embrace it. The watchword of all English Catholics deserving the name, must, now be that of Father Ignatius Spencer — "Pray for England — pray for her conversion." And the signs of the times are indeed misleading if these fervent prayers do not gather into the one fold of Christ vast numbers of wandering souls who are straying aimlessly without an accredited guide, or submitting reluctantly to the usurpations of their own benighted shepherds.

**The Pan-American Congress.**  
N. Y. Freeman's Journal.  
The Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education will hold its deliberations at Toronto from July 18th to the 25th. The object of this congress is to bring workers in all religious bodies into closer association in the interests of educational, philanthropic and reform movements. Instead of an effort to set forth doctrinal differences, the object sought is the practical union of practical men on behalf of practical affairs which make for the betterment of society. The fact that Archbishop Ireland will be present and take part in the proceedings is evidence that the spirit and motive of the movement is good and wholesome.

The Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, writes to the secretary, Mr. S. Sherin, in reference to it as follows:  
Dear Sir: From all I have been able to learn of the aim, object and intended action, under wise and prudent direction, of the Pan-American Congress, it seems to me the convention is calculated to aid the cause of human progress, Christian brotherhood, and civic and social harmony and peace. I am sure it will receive the general approval of our Canadian prelates and the hearty co-operation of the Catholics of Toronto. With best wishes for the success of your work, I remain, dear sir, sincerely yours,  
F. RYAN, rector,  
St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.,  
May 13, 1895.

Not many business houses in these United States can boast of fifty years' standing. The business of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose incomparable Sarsaparilla is known and used everywhere, has passed its half-centennial and was never so vigorous as at present.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Hooley's Corn Cure.

A NOBLE CONVERT.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit." This may seem a strange epithet to choose for one who was placed in the highest rank of England's proud aristocracy, and who was surrounded from her birth to her death with all the luxuries and consideration which great wealth and high position bring with them. But the late Duchess of Buccleuch was an instance of what God's grace, faithfully corresponded with, can effect, whatever may be the condition or circumstances of our life. Lady Charlotte Anne Thynne was the second daughter of the second Marquis of Bath. She was born in 1811, and when she was eighteen she married the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. She was only thirty when she was called to the highest post in the English court, being Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria from 1841 to 1846. But the Duchess was not overmuch influenced by the vanities of the world. Her spirit soared to higher things. She was attracted to the Oxford Movement, in its zenith in the Forties, which some one has cleverly called "the years of the *fortes*,"—the strong men. In 1855 a great tide of conversion set in toward the Catholic Church, and among these was that of the Duchess of Buccleuch. Thus she spent the last forty years of her life as a Catholic, and was as fervent and devout at the end as at the beginning.

As the years flowed on they only unfolded to her humble, loyal spirit more and more of the divine beauty of the Church; and she grew daily more devoted to her faith, more grateful for her conversion. She became a widow in 1884; and then withdrew from society, and spent the last years of her life almost entirely in her dower house, Ditton Park, Windsor. Here she was frequently visited by Queen Victoria, who held her in high affection and esteem. In all her words and actions she showed the humility of her character, and the purity of her heart; she well fulfilled the duties of her high position, being a perfect type of the *grande dame*.

Some nuns, who had undertaken to carry out one of her pious works, once had occasion to go to the house of a Catholic family in London who had recently come into great wealth. They were made to understand that they were unwelcome to the mistress of the house, too much occupied with her entertainments and her costumes. The next day they went to the Duchess, and no guests were more honored or treated with greater consideration. "There is a difference," they said afterwards, "between a rich woman and a great lady."

About the time of her own conversion her brother, Lord Charles Thynne, was also received into the Church. After the death of his wife he became a priest, and the private chaplain of his sister, who thus enjoyed the happiness of daily Mass for many years.

Her good works were numerous; her ear was always open to any appeal for help, and she bestowed abundant alms. In 1885 there was a great movement among the Protestants in London for the rescue of the numerous poor women and girls who disgrace the streets of the great city. Some of the Duchess of Buccleuch's friends told her that Catholics were remiss in this respect; and that, besides the refugees of the Good Shepherd, there should be a house in London where these poor, strayed ones could be received at any hour of the day or night. The Duchess met with many contradictions and discouragements, but held to her purpose. She engaged the services of a religious institute in her enterprise, and the Refuge of Our Lady of Pity was started by the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, on St. George's Day, April 23, 1885. It began in a very humble way, with beds for three or four. But it went on steadily increasing, and in 1888 a country branch was founded. There are now, between the two houses, fifty beds generally filled; so that it may be computed that nearly fifteen hundred cases have been dealt with during these ten years.

When people tried to discourage the efforts made by St. Ignatius for these poor creatures in Rome, he replied that if he saved one he would be content. There have been many failures; but in all cases some good was done, a chance given, and nearly all were admitted to the sacraments. There have been many solid conversions. Numbers have made their first Communion and received confirmation. Touching stories could be told of erring ones restored to their parents and miserable homes made happy.

This work afforded the Duchess deep consolation in these declining years of her life. She rejoiced in its fruits, and had great confidence in the prayers of these poor wailed and strays, which were fervently offered for her. Her closing hours were full of peace. All that Holy Church could do was done for her; and almost the last thing she understood on earth before she became unconscious was that the blessing of the Holy Father had been sent to her, to comfort her as she passed away from scenes of earth to the arms of her God.—Ave Maria.

**Everywhere We Go**  
We find some one who has been cured by Hooley's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are praising this great medicine for what it has done for them and their friends. Taken in time Hooley's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier.

Hooley's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.

THE DRINK PLAGUE.

**A Vampire That Sucks the Life Blood.**

Of all evils that have cursed mankind, crushed woman's heart, sent youth to destruction, driven virtue to the resort of shame, and smoothed the pathway to hell, none can compare with the evil of intoxicating drink. Astonishing it is that more of our upright citizens do not attempt to wipe out the plague. It is pleasant to address the young and intelligent men of this vast union, the men who are to be the formers of public opinion for a next generation, and to lay before them the fearful havoc of this terrible enemy. If a disease—small pox or fever—broke out, so that a hundred would be laid low, how every expedient would be tried, how the cases would be isolated, yet this disease is destroying daily thousands, and where are the citizens that seek the remedies? Were a mad dog abroad, you would raise a hue and cry, seize any weapon to stop him in his murderous career; yet worse than a hundred rabid dogs is the demon of drink, and you are not up in arms against the monster. Were a stagnant pool to appear in the centre of the city, and to offend the senses with its green impure films, and its noxious stenches spreading miasma, and seeds of all manner of diseases, you would petition the corporation, hammer at the doors of the municipal authority, and demand the removal of the deadly danger. And yet, worse than stagnant pools, we see the pools of vice belching their alcoholic fumes over the land, opening the doors to invite the young men to destruction; and where are the men to stand up and demand redress, protection—demand the wiping out of these manufactories of drunkards!

Not only do the poor suffer from intemperance—all classes are victims. Where goes your tax money? To pay policemen for arresting the products of those drunkard factories, to pay asylums and prisons for holding the wrecks of humanity. Seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. of the inmates of these places are there on account of drink. Business men suffer from its ravages. Enter that house where the drunken father has left the impress of cold poverty—a broken stove, a few shattered chairs, ragged children, empty cupboard, dirt and filth greet your eyes. Had not that man's money gone to the saloon, it would have gone to the hardware house for a stove, to the tailor for clothes, to the grocer for food, to the carpenter for furniture, to the painter, the butcher, to every honest trader, but not to the saloon.

Statistics tell that seventy-five thousand men go down, in America, every year, to drunkards' graves. Say one were to pass every minute, the vast army would take forty-eight days in marching past. Two hundred per day; eight per hour going into eternity through drink. If these could be summoned from the saloons where they were murdered, the railway tracks where they were smashed, and offered a lease of life on condition of taking a temperance pledge, how gladly would they not, one and all, jump at the glorious chance of a respite, of a salvation they can never know! This demon of drink grapples with man in his physical, civil and spiritual life. It is a good thing to have health; glorious to be strong—without it there is no real happiness in life, yet nothing ruins the health, nor saps the strength like drink. It is never necessary, no matter how tired one may be, a young man can work longer, better, and with less fatigue, when he is a total abstainer.

Alcohol is a poison; if infused into the veins it produces instant death; taken into the stomach, it courses through the system, and puts all its part out of order. If a stranger intruded into a polite family circle, he would receive gentle or pointed hints that he was out of place. Your system is a family composed of its organs and members, let alcohol intrude, and the headache, the bad stomach, the abnormal pulse, all these are hints that the presence of the stranger is hurtful. But let the intruder be a mad man, who proceeds to smash the furniture, you seize him and eject him. Too much alcohol, what is called being drunk, abuses the members of the system, and they all rebel and strive to fire out the intruder. That self-preservation so instinctive in every organ of man, rebels against the presence of alcohol.

Some mistakenly say that drink helps to work. It does, for it will make you work in your old age, when you should be enjoying at ease the fruits of life's labor; it will drive you to work when it has robbed you of a power to perform your labor. Take a man upon a noble horse; while he is steady and keeps firm grasp of the rein, the beauty and power of the animal are his; but if he relaxes, the steed takes the bit between his teeth, rushes off, tosses the rider to earth, drags him to death in the mud. So with our unguarded passions; if in drink we let go the reins, the demon rushes away with us, flings us to the ground and tramples us in the mire—and finally kills us outright.

Drink is a vampire that sucks the life blood; a serpent that stings to death; a demon that haunts the whole life; a ghost that tracks its victim to the grave.

Intemperance grapples with man in his family life—the highest and best life man can have. It is not good man should be alone; he must have his family, his home. A good man should

have his home, where he can sit in peace and enjoy its sweet repose. The Angel of Peace is at his fireside; but when the Demon of Drink enters, the Angel of Peace takes wing. Everything good, noble, high, elevating, disappears in the presence of the monster of hell; all beauty departs when the phantom is on the threshold. From being a quiet abode of joy and love, that home is transformed into the ante-chambers of hell. Go to the cold cellars where vegetate the victims of drink; it was the breath of intemperance that blew out the fire, that carried away the food, that tore the clothing from the bed. It grapples with the spiritual life of the soul. You can talk to a murderer, to a thief, to any bad man, and he can understand you; there is a chance of repentance; he can be reasoned with; but not so the drunkard. He is less than the dumb animal, he is a caricature of his Creator. He defies God's mercy, for if the demon drunk there is no salvation for him. After all this, in God's name, what are we going to do? What are you men going to do about it? You are not drunkards; no! But have you no example to show—no lesson to preach by your life example? "Touch not, taste not, handle not." It is God's remedy; when on the cross, upon Good Friday, as He was expiring, and had undergone every species and degree of mortal torture, He wished to preach a lesson of temperance—and He cried out in agony, "I thirst, I thirst."

He was expiating the unnumbered sins of the unreckoned drunkards. And he took the gall and vinegar, although the mixture augmented His thirst.

If you wish to stop the ravages of drink you must go to the opposite extreme and become a total abstainer. This appeal is not made from base and unworthy motives; it is not made through the fear of being drunkards, but for the sake of Christian example and Catholic penance. Christ, who thirsted for our souls, will bless every one who becomes a total abstainer—bless him with wealth and happiness in this life, and joy and glory in eternity.—Rev. A. P. Doyle.

An Attack on the Cardinal.

The Rev. McCrory, of Diamond Alley, in Pittsburgh, undertook to show in a recent sermon that Cardinal Gibbons approved of mob violence in the treatment of ex-priests engaged in defaming the Church. A Presbyterian minister of the same city, Rev. E. R. Donohoe, severely criticized Rev. McCrory, for his attack, and warmly defended the Cardinal. This graceful act of Christian courtesy was acknowledged by the Rev. Mr. Donohoe by personal letter to the Rev. Mr. McCrory in which His Eminence says: "This unjustifiable misconstruction of another's words and motives, indulged in by Rev. McCrory, is unworthy of an honest man. The offense is only aggravated when committed by one who is a leader of others, and who professes to teach the doctrine of truth and charity. I am happy to think that this man is not a fair specimen of the Christian preacher. The knowledge that I have from a personal acquaintance with several gentlemen of every denomination convinces me that the Rev. McCrory is an unfortunate exception in a body of honorable and respected Christians."

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A resident of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly removes pulmonary troubles."

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

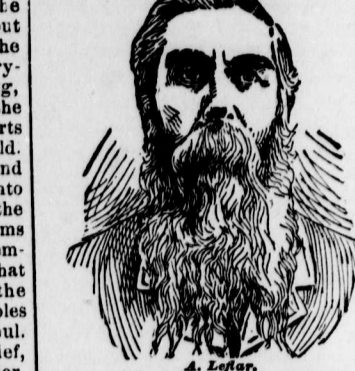
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Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Saratoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc.

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**Cottolene**  
and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave it a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's why we always fry ours in Cottolene.

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Drink is a vampire that sucks the life blood; a serpent that stings to death; a demon that haunts the whole life; a ghost that tracks its victim to the grave. Intemperance grapples with man in his family life—the highest and best life man can have. It is not good man should be alone; he must have his family, his home. A good man should



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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday after Pentecost. THE OCCASIONS OF SIN.

Be sober and watch; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, couch about seeking whom he may devour. (I. St. Peter, v. 8.)

A good business season is this, my brethren, for our adversary the devil. He may now modify his roar and limit his search, for the season itself, with its many temptations in the form of amusements, will accomplish no small share of his mean and villainous work.

Do not misunderstand me. Our religion is not stiff-necked, nor does it exact long faces. Recreation is necessary for some, it is good for all, and many of the amusements it affords are harmless and innocent in themselves; but while seeking what rest and enjoyment we can for our bodies, we must remember never to do so at the expense of our souls.

The Apostle in to-day's epistle would seem to give us, in two words, a golden rule whereby to govern our conduct and safely guide us in all our recreations—"Be sober and watch." Excess in anything is never praiseworthy, and always defeats the very good it was intended to secure. Sobriety should be practised in all things—in our eating and in our drinking, in our work as well as in our play. It is the balance-wheel governing the mental and physical powers of the whole man.

But mark well, brethren, that sobriety is not sufficient in itself, for the apostle warns us not only to be sober but to watch. Vain is the boast of the man armed with a pledge, or fortified with a firm resolve that makes for sobriety, who does not watch, and who fancies that he is strong enough with that shield alone to risk the strongest temptations.

Watchfulness has to be employed, particularly during this season, given up as it is to so much relaxation; and this watchfulness is to be observed by all, at the fashionable quarters of the rich, as well as at the resorts of the poor.

The toilers have little, indeed, to amuse them in this life, and God forbid that they should be deprived of the few enjoyments they are able to secure!—but in the same breath I say: Better they should die from want of recreation than that they should secure it at the expense of their souls, at some of the vile places at which it is offered.

Understand this well, my brethren, that there are some places of amusement very dangerous and forbidden to Christian people. The Sunday excursion, which means the desecration of God's day in dancing and drinking and carousing, is undoubtedly both scandalous and dangerous. It robs God of the special worship due to Him; it only offers a man opportunities of debasing himself.

You, who work all the week and who have Sunday alone for rest, demand, and may well demand, relaxation and recreation; then take it and God bless you in it; but take it in sobriety and watchfulness, take it with your families about you, and take it only after you have fulfilled the positive law of worshipping God by hearing Holy Mass.

Another forbidden amusement, and one of the curses of our city, is the Saturday night picnic. Beware of it! It is the haunt of our adversary the devil. Let our Catholic young girls shun such places if they value their virtue, for the serpent lies hidden in the very grass they tread. Many an innocent girl has made her first false step at these night picnics; and, in sorrow we have to confess it, many a girl has learned at these resorts to drink in public, without a blush, her first intoxicating glass.

Fathers and mothers, if you really love your daughters you should move heaven and earth to keep them from such occasions of sin and ruin. You should be willing to make any sacrifice, to put yourself to any expense, to supply them with suitable and wholesome recreation.

And what shall I say of the Catholic young man who visits such places? I can tell him plainly he is already the prey of his adversary the devil; he is encouraging and supporting resorts that tend to degrade women and brutalize men. Young men, this is not a profitable trade you are engaged in, even if you look at it from a natural standpoint. The chances are against you at these resorts; you will be neither sober nor watchful, and the result will be ruinous to your best interests, both spiritual and temporal.

Methodists Declare Smoking a Sin.

The Methodists have declared smoking to be a sin. In the Delaware conference of the A. M. E. church on Tuesday, Bishop Raley decided that smoking is a sin. Hereafter, he said, any minister in the conference who shall be convicted of using tobacco will be dealt with as one who had violated a law of the conference.

THE BEST is what the People buy the most of. That's Why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale of All Medicines.

NOTE:—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. O., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Acme. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Rudder.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with honest eyes of blue. As you watch the vessels that slowly glide on the level ocean floor? Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass away from our view. And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move at the breeze will. Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in distance gray; But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds their sails that fill. Life's faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a staunch man at the wheel. And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of a man is there; There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does not feel. The force of the purpose that shapes her course and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide treacherous sea; Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale; And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whenever the tumult may be. For the will of man, with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail.

—ST. NICHOLAS.

A Good Lesson.

The late Edward Fordham Fuller said that he attributed his intense sympathy for animal suffering to a whipping his father gave him to teach him that his pony had the same sensibilities as himself. Whether the learned gentleman who related this circumstance concerning his early education in humanity meant to imply he could have been instructed in no other way, we do not know; but it is a well-established fact that military officers, especially those who have seen active service, and have witnessed the terrible sufferings endured on the battle-field, are noted for being the most tender-hearted men that adorn the human race.

Six Hints.

The following are six things a boy ought to know: First—that a quiet voice, courtesy, and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentleman. Second—that roughness, blustering, and even foolishness are not manly. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle. Third—that muscular strength is not health. Fourth—that a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one. Fifth—that the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty. Sixth—that the best capital for a boy is not money but a love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

Her Son John.

Few men have ever combined sternness and inflexibility of purpose with tenderness of heart to such an extraordinary degree as Stonewall Jackson. Of his kindness his widow relates this pleasing example in her biography of her husband:

Near the close of one of his most arduous campaigns an old woman called at his headquarters, and to the amusement of the young staff officers said that she had come to see her son John, who was with "Jackson's company." She was much surprised that they could not tell her where John was, for he had been with "Jackson's company" in all the battles.

Her persistency finally changed the young men's amusement to annoyance; and when General Jackson came in and heard her simple story he listened with as much politeness as if she had been some grand lady, and after gently reproving the young officers for laughing at her, he ordered that every company of his corps should be searched for John, who was at last found, to the inexpressible delight of his loving old mother.

Saint Agnes and her Lambs.

Dear children—Who among you are named Agnes? To them and to all of you I offer this page from over the seas. Agnes, you must know, means Lamb—at Mass we sing "Agnus Dei, Lamb of God." A pretty name, is it not, for a child of Jesus and Mary? Well, long ages ago, in the year 304, there lived in Rome a young girl named Agnes. Not one in all the schools as clever as she, and she was very beautiful, but she only gloried in being a Christian and in loving Christ with all her heart and soul. In the company of her parents she went to the hidden spots where Mass was said, and there received in Holy Communion the God whose name was hated, and who promised her martyrdom to His followers, and Agnes became a martyr.

A young Pagan nobleman asked her to marry him.

No, said Agnes; you hate the One I love. I belong to one Spouse alone. He revealed Himself to me, and spoke of the beauty of His home and of the "crown that awaits me."

"Who is He?" "He is Christ!"

On hearing this, the Pagan had her brought before the judges, who tried to make her change her faith first by promises of gold and jewels and honors; then by threats of every cruel torture. At last the proconsul cried: "Choose: adore our gods this instant—or be punished."

"I shall not adore your gods: I scorn your threats."

As she was carried to a place of punishment, an angel from heaven took his stand by her side. The young nobleman rushed at her, but the angel touched him and he fell back dead. Agnes knelt and prayed for him and he came back to life, arose and proclaimed himself a Christian. Seeing this the people cried out: "She must die! she is a magician!"

Agnes was thrown into the midst of a great fire, but the flames leaving the

Christian virgin untouched, leaped out among the people. This second miracle made the judges more furious still, and a soldier was ordered to pierce her neck with his spear—and thus was Agnes united to her Spouse by martyrdom.

Her parents and her friends carried her body out of Rome and buried it in a catacomb by the tombs of other martyrs, near the hidden chapels, where Agnes had often knelt at Mass and received Holy Communion. Eight days later her parents were kneeling by her tomb, in the dead of night, when she appeared to them, amid a choir of virgins, and surrounded by a celestial light. At her side was a little lamb, whiter than snow. Agnes spoke to her parents, bidding them not weep, and telling them of the glory and happiness of heaven.

This was long ago—sixteen centuries ago—but Agnes is not forgotten. Over the spot of her martyrdom a beautiful church has been built; and the catacomb where she is buried is called St. Agnes' catacomb; and a wonderful church is there, and each year, on the day of her feast, her story is recalled by the blessing of St. Agnes' Lambs.

It is a touching and pretty ceremony: the church is filled with Romans and with strangers from over all the world. After High Mass, two little lambs, alive, are carried in on silver trays; they are snow-white and covered with ribbons and roses. As they pass through the crowds, all the church is astir, to catch a glimpse of the lambs, to touch and stroke them, or to kiss them if possible. Mothers lift up their babes and bid them: "Look at St. Agnes' Lambs."

They are placed, one on each side of the High Altar and are blessed by a Bishop. So sweet they look as they raise their heads and gaze about, or curl down and hide their noses between their pretty feet!

Another stir as they are carried out, another attempt to touch and kiss them, and away they are driven in a grand coach by men in livery, and are laid at the feet of the Holy Father. The Pope blesses them and once more they enter their coach and are brought to the convent of St. Cecilia where the kind nuns will care for them and the wool-shorn from them will be made into Palliums.

The Pallium is an ornament which Archbishops wear when officiating. These palliums are laid upon the tomb of St. Peter, and are sent to the Archbishops of the Catholic world. The Archbishops represent more especially the authority of the Holy See; and this authority comes from Christ. It was given to St. Peter, as well as the command "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep," said my friend to me, as we looked upon it for the first time—and is it not beautiful, dear children; is it not full of meaning and sublime souvenirs? The tomb of St. Peter, the wool of the lambs upon it,—the successor of St. Peter, Our Holy Father, the Pope—the lambs and the sheep of the true fold of Christ spread throughout the wide world—and the Palliums taken from St. Peter's tomb and sent to East and West, to North and South!

To it all clings the memory of St. Agnes, the Virgin-Martyr who loved her Divine Spouse and in heaven follows the Lamb of God wheresoever He goes. Is not her glory great? You must not forget her.

"POEMS AND LYRICS."

Very Widely Reviewed by the Canadian and American Press.

The Metropolitan.

The Metropolitan of last Saturday says: "Canadian poetical literature has been materially added to by a new volume, 'Poems and Lyrics,' just published by Dr. J. K. Foran, of this city." After quoting several extracts and favorably commenting on the same the critic continues: "Dr. Foran's strength seems to lie in his descriptive poems, and the book should meet with considerable success amongst all Canadian lovers of poetry."

The Montreal Daily Witness.

The Daily Witness thus refers to the volume: "Patriotism for Canada and the memories of Ireland beat through the substantial volume of poetry just issued by Dr. J. K. Foran of this city, through D. & J. Sandler & Co. Among numerous selections which might be quoted to give an idea of 'Poems and Lyrics,' as the book is called, the following is perhaps most representative." After quoting in full the poem: "Have you Seen?" the review thus closes: "Historical and descriptive poems have a large place in this work. Religious, domestic and college poems are also well represented. The easy flow and the catchy rhyme mark every poem. Dr. Foran, in his prefatory note, says that these verses were 'written at haphazard and in all manner of places, from the forests of the Black River to the halls of Laval, from the Indian wigwam to the House of Commons; in newspaper offices and government offices; in court rooms and lumber camps; in monastic retreats and election campaigns.' Dr. Foran, though yet a young man, has made valuable contributions to the literature of the day, among his works being 'Simon, the Abenakis,' 'Irish Canadian Representatives,' and 'The Spirit of the Age.'"

Ayer's Pills promote the natural motion of the bowels, without which there can be no regular, healthy operations. For the cure of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, constipation, jaundice and liver complaint, these pills have no equal. Every dose effective.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER

Relates how her Daughter's Life was Saved—Anemia and General Debility Had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave—Physicians Held out no Hope of Recovery—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life-Saver.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anemia and general debility, has apparently awakened more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irrecoverably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease. Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French Canadian, wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wall paper and paint and glass establishment is at 146 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the whilom invalid, vasculating between death and life, is a promising young lady of seventeen



She lay on a couch like one dying.

years. She is a student under the nuns in St. Jean Baptiste school on Primrose Hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, laying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly vanishing and they powerless even to raise a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man gravely told the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said. "I had been told again and again that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I have now to say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave instead of attending school every day, the liveliest of the lively. It began like this: the poor girl was coming to me three or four times a day exclaiming: 'Oh ma! I have such a terrible headache. I cannot stand the pain of it.' This went on for a long time—weeks in fact—until we began to look at it in a very serious light. We had almost every French doctor in the city called in, but with no result. Sophie got worse and worse. Her face was small and yellow while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic and so weak she could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and she lay on her eyes sank into her head and she lay on that couch as one dead, taking no interest whatever in things going on around her. Then it was we became confirmed to the popular belief that she was going to die. It was agonizing to look at her, but we became partially resigned to the fate that appeared to be overtaking us. She was watched day and night, but we could detect no change unless for the worse. All hope had gone. I had read of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about this time I noticed a description published in the Free Press somewhat similar to Sophie's case. Something seemed to urge me to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some and began giving them to her one at a time. Before long we saw an improvement, and gradually increased the dose from one to two and then to three at regular intervals. It was incredible

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to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone Sophie was able to be up and around again, and a further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit, for we had stopped doctor's medicine and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills, and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there and the happy rosy-cheeked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvellously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this wonderful medicine."

Just as the reporter was leaving Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her lithe physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests her faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

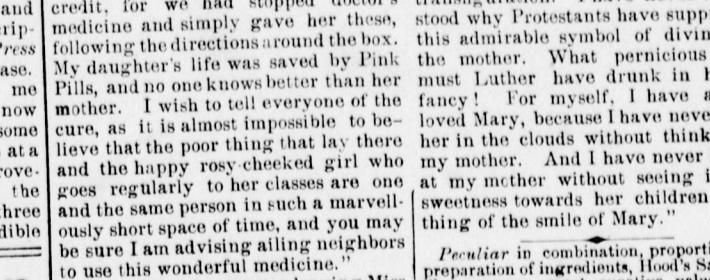
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