

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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THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

There are as yet some journalists who think that the Jesuits are the crafty, unscrupulous plotters so dear to the heart of the novelist of the ultra-sensational type. There are, however, a few books written by non-Catholics who do not support the thesis of the learned journalists, and to them we refer them for much needed information. The scribe who resorts to the devices of prejudice and of antiquated ignorance in order to throw discredit upon the magnificent society that has done not a little for the betterment of humanity, and that is to day in the vanguard of progress, is beneath contempt. He can, of course, cling to the little tin gods that have come to him as a heritage, but he will, if wise, conceal them from the public.

CARD PLAYING.

We have received an indignant letter in connection with our few words on card playing. To prevent any misunderstanding, allow us to repeat that we merely referred to the fact that "euchre parties" may set a bad example for the young. We know that in gatherings of that kind everything is done decorously, but again, that does not obviate the danger of inculcating some one with the gambling mania. It may not, and statistic may be adduced to prove that it does not, but there is always the possibility of evil. We can agree, however, that it is not an ennobling method of doing away with time, and that the spectacle of enlightened men and women wasting precious hours in card manipulating is not calculated to impress the children with the seriousness of life. And to this phase of it principally we took exception. If we ever hope to fashion the young into workers—to teach them at an early age the necessity of economy of time—we must not neglect the all-conquering argument of good example.

We should for this end deny ourselves even in things licit, and we can promise ourselves that if we devote the time demanded by card parties to the perusal of a good book, we shall add to the mental and moral stature both of ourselves and of our children.

"Games and other amusements," says Bishop Spalding, "doubtless have their uses, especially for the young, and for all who are feeble in body or in mind, but when we consider that they are generally occupations for wasting time, and so, a chief obstacle to human advancement, it is difficult not to condemn the apathy, the indifference to the meaning and worth of life which makes possible their universal prevalence. They are least harmful in the home, and even there what irreparable loss they involve."

A NOBLE INSTITUTION.

Amongst our institutions of learning there is none we think more worthy of our gratitude than the University of Laval. For a long time it has been the potent factor in the development of the country and an intellectual home for thousands of eager-hearted and truth-loving youths. We are not going to limn its history, but we may be pardoned for saying that with its earnest and splendid professors it is an impassible barrier to listlessness, lack of ambition and ignorance, and gives its students a profound knowledge of religion and the firm conviction that Faith and its reputed enemy, Science, can, as in the olden time, walk hand and hand, and always towards the light. That its training is of value is evidenced by the numbers of its graduates who have been, and are, prominent in every walk of life.

We have heard it stated that Laval is loth to part with the traditions of the past, and cannot, consequently, take advantage of the new fashions that find their way into other institutions. We confess, however, to a feeling of dubiouness as to whether the up-to-date improvements are deserving of the enlogies pronounced upon them, and are, to use a phrase much in vogue, of more practical value than Mr. Tesla's airy imaginings. But whatever may be thought of their importance, certain it is that Laval does not

so err on the side of conservatism as to not press into its service all that is demanded by the educational necessities of the time.

We may also remark that the problems that are now discussed, and oftentimes with barbarous ignorance, in newspapers and magazines have not even the novelty of originality. They are draped, it is true, in modern attire, but in substance they are the same questions that were answered, and for all time, hundreds of years ago. Hence we have often thought that if non-Catholic colleges were provided with the ordinary text-books of Catholic philosophy we should be spared much tressome prologing, not to say anything of the knowledge that their perusal would bestow upon students and professors.

As to science—and this is the chief diet of many colleges—Laval does certainly give every encouragement to its legitimate phase. We say "legitimate" because much of the current scientific jargon is learned and valueless nonsense, and, however useful to the newspaper notoriety of its utterer, can scarcely be credited with being an addition to the fund of scientific knowledge. It is simply a waste of time and fruitful source of prigs and charlatans. Laval, we believe has no scientific seers, but that it can boast of men who have been recognized authorities in the various departments of physical investigation and research is a matter of history.

A reason, we think, for the high position of Laval, and its hold upon the many who look to it for light, guidance and encouragement, is its care in the selection of professors. Not that all are known to fame, but that all are in love with their work, bringing to bear upon it the resources of the trained intellect, and striving to teach that "to know well is of quite other importance than to know much."

Prominent amongst the men who guide the destinies of Laval is Dr. A. A. Paquet, who has but a short time since published the last volume of his commentaries on St. Thomas. This work is now the theological text-book in many seminaries, and has, we believe, a chance of being adopted by the Propaganda. Cardinal Satolli has sent the author a gracious letter of approval, and, moreover, has been anxious to see Dr. Paquet in the professional band of the Eternal City. All this, whilst certainly an unimpeachable tribute to the ability of the author, is also a proof that Laval has still great teachers.

Dr. Paquet is comparatively a young man, and will, we know, do more for the cause of truth and glory of the Church. And he is a modest man, a stranger to the self-conceit which is the bane of vulgar characters and shallow minds. Were we to write as our hearts prompt us, we might be suspected of undue partiality. But we may say that Dr. Paquet is our ideal professor—firm in his grasp of a subject and in exposition of a lucid and dignified diction that we have never seen equalled here, save in the writings of Dr. McDonald of Antigonish—past master in the rapier play of debate—a strong, simple personality uplifting the students into the unsect world of faith and hope. Laval men all over the country will be glad to learn of the success of Dr. Paquet. And they who sat under him in times past are proud that the brilliant theologian whom they knew and loved and still remember has given such a notable contribution to theological literature.

THE CONFESSORIAL IS SACRED.

An interesting point was raised the other day during the course of a libel action in one of the London courts. A priest was on the stand. It was asked whether a confessor was bound to put certain questions to his penitents. Before responding, the witness appealed to the judge for guidance, and received the following reply: "You are not entitled to their penitents in the confessional, or the answers given." In England, the confessional is a legal immunity. The clergy seems to be silent on the point. But all judges who are not absolutely blinded with bigotry are agreed that the confessions reposed in the confessor are too sacred to be disclosed even in a court of justice. Similar cases have developed in America, and it is understood that the confessional is placed beyond the pale of the law-giver's prying.—Hartford Transcript.

Special to THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
THE GREAT CHICAGO MISSION.

The following letter was not written for publication, but there is about it the glow of a great victory. In this the Catholic people will certainly rejoice. That they may be sharers in the enthusiasm that are born of success we present the letter to them to read.

My Dear Father—

Chicago was a delightful experience, and for immediate results and enthusiasm was indeed a record-breaker. Two weeks for the non-Catholics were all too short. How ignorant of the details of a successful city mission are those who speak of the non-Catholic work as easy work! After Tuesday of the first week, we were busy from 8 a. m. till 12, and again from 1 till 6 p. m., answering questions of Protestants and giving private instruction. Every night from 7 till 7:45 we took turns at the convert class, and then from 7:45 till 8:30 answering questions, and the lecture. We rarely got to bed till 12:30, for dozens called after Benediction, and talked and quizzed and made private appointments for the next day. Siesta was an impossibility because of the nervous strain and the constant ringing of the door bell. Many of these folk are difficult subjects, as for example Christian Scientists, Dowiettes, and Christadelphians. As well talk to the moon, and convince the man therein. Yet it is an awful school of patience, and a penance far superior to eating eggs or fish for a number of days.

At the end of two weeks of the Catholic mission, we had six converts under instruction. At the end of the first week of non-Catholic mission we had sixty-seven; at the end of the second week of the non-Catholic mission we had one hundred and thirty-four; twelve of whom were negroes. The great majority were, however, not affiliated to any Church, but went according to taste to the best preachers. Many—at least twenty—never had gone to church at all, and yet longed in some vague way for God and Christ. One man said to me: "Father, last Monday night, was the first night I prayed for twenty years." I baptized him before the end. One woman who had taken poison in despair and been lately saved by the doctor after over twenty four hours of unconsciousness said: "This lecture has saved my soul from hell." We got her an herb boy of twelve. "Father," said an old Presbyterian of fifty, who had travelled everywhere and seen everything and knew his bible from cover to cover, "your Church's claim to be infallible, and therefore to be alone the Church of the Infallible God settled the question. I knew that back of you was the everlasting God." Another, "I despised good people, and thought them stupid bores, speaking inanities and hypocrisies at heart—all from the priest that prated money to take trips abroad, to our minister, who was trying to support his wife and family. I have known so many wicked respectable people that I gave up the God they stood for. Will God pardon me for my stupidity in judging them as true members—'and another entered the old Church." An old woman of sixty-six said: "Father, as a little girl some one taught me the 'Hail Mary' and said something about the Rosary. I was a Protestant in a little country town where Catholics were unknown. So I loved this Mother of Jesus, and I planted some rose buds in my garden, and when in summer time the roses came, I used to kneel down before them, kiss the petals, and pray my Hail Mary and ask the Mother of the Lord to keep me always good and pure. My prayer is now answered after over fifty years." Needless to say we baptized a saint, if ever there was one.

Out of the one hundred and thirty-four, we had fifty-eight men and seventy-six women, which was a good proportion we thought. Besides this, we instructed for four weeks nightly a class of forty-two adults for first Communion and Communion. Inquiry Class will net about two hundred more converts which, under Father Riordan, will ever increase with God's blessing. If only this field could be worked! One year in Chicago would easily net one thousand five hundred souls. Why can it not be done?

With the enthusiastic crowds, every inch of the church was filled and hundreds being sent away, we did with God's help speak like the whirlwind. A dumb man would speak under such circumstances. And then the Catholic lectures reached their number at least one hundred and fifty. I had over thirty marriages cases in a few days, and if we could have settled divorces, our convert list would have been increased to at least seventy-five. Many craved to become Catholics, but alas! they were married validly before. Only a half dozen were saved by the "unbaptized" saving clause; but the sacrifice is not generally made. They say "We will come back again Father,"—and they do not.

I expect this will be the starter in Chicago, for Father Riordan felt rather afraid of the non-Catholics not coming. But oh! they do desire it. One score asked us: "Why don't you Catholics people tell us about the Church? Why

do we so often get money from your pulpit, instead of the gospel of Christ? As luck would have it, many have entered a Catholic church but once or twice, and then heard nothing but the almighty dollar, and they went away never to return.

Some said, "Why don't you invite us more?" Others said they did not go to a Catholic church because "We are afraid to intrude. Again 'We have been ordered out of an indignant Catholic's paw.' One such fact repeated, will keep all that person's acquaintance away, etc.

We had the five priests of the house to assist us zealously—God bless them! They instructed anyone we named and at any hour. The result was that everything was perfectly organized, and our baptized converts passed a pretty good examination before crossing the line.

There were always a dozen or so non-Catholics for an interview and this was the case even if three or four of us were busy giving ten or fifteen moments to each soul. We felt that we could not afford to disappoint any, some of whom had possibly been waiting as many as ten years, some even twenty, and occasionally fifty years for this moment of grace.

Remember, too, we had three thousand six hundred and fifty confessions at the Catholic mission and about four hundred or more in addition during the non-Catholic. In closing Friday night, I announced that I would stay over Saturday to hear any would-stay and urged Catholics and Protestants to bring delinquents. One, however, now under instruction, brought a Catholic woman who had been away for thirty years, and they came in droves from 8 a. m. till 12:30 and even a few in the afternoon. We gave baptisms to two other converts who had been detained (one a Chicago University girl) so that the last of the thirty five came after I had packed away my case-book. I could readily have been busy every moment for two weeks longer. We gave out eighteen hundred "Pain Facts," and seven hundred and fifty "Mass Books." The attendance of non-Catholics was twelve thousand to thirteen hundred some nights, out of a total of nineteen hundred persons.

THE ORDER REVERSED.

Questions Awaiting Answers From All Honest Protestants in Search of Truth.

A Catholic, grown weary answering the many questions propounded by our Protestant brethren, turns questioner himself. Here are some of the queries which he asks in the columns of Donohue's Magazine:

Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? Do you believe that He spoke the truth? Do you believe He meant what He said when He said to an Apostle, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church?" Did He not expressly indicate one Church, and only one? Where do you claim the title? In what do Protestants agree? What is your belief? A Catholic knows the articles as well as the grounds of his faith. Can a Protestant say the same? Catholics are quite contented with their religion and do not seek arguments to satisfy doubts. Why, on the other hand, are Protestants continually disputing about religion? Is not the reason in this, that they are uneasy, unsatisfied in their longings after truth? Christ promised, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and while Catholics, depending entirely and without any fear upon the word of Christ, are free from anxiety in matters of religion, Protestants, who take only what portion of His word pleases themselves, are always restless.

Do you say the Catholic Church of today is not the same as the early Christian Church, then what Church is? Some Church must be, because Christ promised His Church should always endure; that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and that He will be "with it all days, even to the consummation of the world." All the others outside the Catholic Church claim to be the Church of Christ did not come into existence until one thousand five hundred years or more after His death. The Catholic Church has all the links of an unbroken chain up to the Apostles themselves. If the Catholic Church failed in her mission of Christ, what Church for one thousand five hundred years took her place? What became of the promises of Christ? What means of salvation were placed before the people for one thousand five hundred years, and how?

Where do you get the Bible? Is it not from the Catholic Church that preserved it through centuries and through all the raids and destruction of barbarism and through what you call the "Dark Ages?" How do you know anything of the Bible during the fifteen hundred years before Luther? Except through the Catholic Church? If every one must read the Bible to know religion and be saved, what of those who cannot read in all parts of the world? What of those who could not afford to own a Bible in the days antecedent to printing, when a house was cheaper than a book? Where in the Bible do you read that

your own private interpretation is the rule of faith? Do you not rather read that there are many things hard to understand which the unwary turn to their own destruction? Where in the Bible do you read that the first day of the week (Sunday) shall be the day of rest instead of the seventh (Saturday) which the Bible explicitly appointed for the Sabbath? And if you observe Sunday, it is not wholly on the practice and authority of the Catholic Church that brought about and decreed this observance?

And what do you know about the Catholic Church? Did you ever try to learn just what she believes and teaches? Would you feel justified to attack any other society or organization, any individual or body of men, any State or nation with so little knowledge, with scarcely any fund of information but prejudice?

Was it worth while for Christ to have come on earth, to have preached His doctrines, to have spent His time and labor instructing and forming His Apostles, to have given them a commission to preach (not to write, you notice) if one religion is as good as another? Does it not belong to Jesus Christ, as God, to decide what we must believe as well as do to save our souls? And since He said that those who believe the Apostles shall be saved, but those who believe not shall be condemned, is it not wisdom and duty to believe the Church which alone has the authority of the Apostles, which alone has their doctrine and teaches in the name and with the authority not of human reason, which is capable of all errors, but of the Master of the Apostles and of us all, the Lord Jesus Christ?

MONGRELS.

From time to time we feel obliged to lift our voice in earnest protest against that eminently unsatisfactory school among our people which affects to rise superior to Catholicism as commonly understood, and practiced. Of all the underdogs which God in His wisdom permits pastors of souls to be afflicted, the most wearisome is the generation of curb stone reformers, back office oracles, bar room theologians, soap box sages, and sugar-barrel philosophers, who are forever airing the mingled censoriousness and "liberality" of their views, to the scandal of weak-kneed brethren and the delight of our-iders. The breed is not a rarity hereabouts, as "the man in the street" well knows. Why it is that persons whose whole intellectual outfit, so far as knowledge of religion is concerned, is limited to a few facts from the Catechism, imperfectly remembered and imperfectly understood, can speak out with a jumble of wrong notions, learned, parrot-like, from a socialia with indifferents, socialists and other latter day prophets, can have the face to pose as patrons of the Church and her ministers, is one of those mysteries of human nature which are past finding out. The harm done by them is greater, we honestly think, than is done by professed assailants of Catholicism. There are no foes like unto false brethren—no enemies like enemies in one's own household.

The self-styled "liberal," "intelligent" Catholic is an incarnation of ignorance, vanity, human respect and envy. The envy shows itself in his "yellow-dog" attitude toward the clergy. He thinks they ought to work for a living. He thinks they are intellectually and morally a much overrated body of men. He thinks that if the Apostles were to revisit the earth they would not recognize their successors in the ministry. If any movement is proposed in the interests of the Church in general or of his own parish in particular, he opposes it on the usual "yellow-dog" principles. Protestant smiles, and Protestant "taffy" are dearer to his heart than the faith of his fathers. From his point of view, loyalty is bigotry. He thinks that there is a great deal of truth in the up-to-date notion that one religion is as good as another. He has been known to declare that the clergy did an excellent stroke of business when they invented the Mass. "Mungrel Catholic" too strong a term to apply to a man who thinks and talks in this strain—to a prig who is too conceited to be a consistent Catholic and too cowardly to be a frank Protestant? When we hear his smug "I think," we recall the remark made by good old Doctor O'Leary when somebody sought to make him a present of his opinion. "You think! You think! What right, sir, have you to think?"

Gentlemen, buy yourselves catechisms. You will learn these, if you have the mind, that there is no need of your everlasting apologies for a faith whose beauty and consistency compel the admiration of all fairly intelligent, liberal thinkers. Your ignorance is your radical trouble. Go learn the meaning of charity which thinketh no evil and in its name stop your ill-natured bickering against men whose fair fame ought to be dear to you, whose shoestrings you are not worthy to tie, and of whose services you will be glad to avail yourselves one of these fine days.

—Providence Visitor.

The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.—Hare.

LUTHERAN MINISTER ON POPE LEO XIII.

How the Venerable Pontiff Impressed Rev. Mr. Zimmerman, of Syracuse.

Rev. Jeremiah Zimmerman, pastor of the First English Lutheran Church, Syracuse, N. Y., recently returned from a European trip, which included a visit to Rome. Speaking of a ceremony in St. Peter's, when Mr. Zimmerman and his wife were "within fifteen feet of where the Pope sat," the minister says:

"You ask me what is the most striking thing about Pope Leo. His face. It is the most remarkable face I ever looked upon. It is characteristically refined. Culture and gentleness, spirituality and Godliness are depicted in every line of his facial lineaments. The Pope's face is almost ashen white—as white as the robe that he wears. It is a long, thin face. The eyes are the most striking part of it. They shine. When the Pope smiles you are almost bewildered at the expression that comes over him. As he was carried down through the main aisle to his throne he blessed the vast concourse of people—there were thirty thousand present that morning—and now and then he would smile. Suddenly his face would relax and you could really see that nature was asserting itself and that it was only by the aid of that indomitable will power that is pent up in the great Pontiff that he was prevented from collapsing. The strain on him physically must have been great, but his will power was asserting itself, and although fatigued he would beam graciously out upon the vast concourse of pilgrims assembled from all parts of the world, and his blessing was given without his showing signs of breaking down.

"I think the Pope's will power must be extraordinary. His mouth is as firm as a rock. It is a mouth that is a true guide to his entire make-up, telling the person who studies him that he maintains with a firmness his convictions.

"Pope Leo is ninety one, and his life appears to be hanging on a silken thread. He is very slight in body, almost shadowy, but the great intellect is there in that minute framework, and one cannot but be magnetized by his powerful presence when one meets him for the first time. The Pope grows upon you—the wonderful eyes, the remarkable character of their brilliancy and lustre, the wide and finely chiseled mouth, the firm nose—all tend to stamp him as a man who was born to be a power in the world.

"No matter what a man's religious beliefs are, when he enters St. Peter's in Rome and sees for the first time seated on his chair Pope Leo XIII., a feeling of awe comes over him, and he says to himself, 'there is a man with a face such as perhaps I may never see again.' I studied the Pope's face for more than an hour, and I came away from the cathedral feeling that I looked upon a man who was most divinely marked by nature and whose breadth of mentality, culture and refinement, gentleness, kindness and firmness of character stamp him as one whose like the world rarely looks upon. The ordinary man dwarfs him when compared with Pope Leo—his presence is dominating and fills the entire space surrounding him.

"Our visit to St. Peter's and seeing Pope Leo will forever linger in the memory of Mrs. Zimmerman and myself."

SPIRITUAL WRITERS OF LONG AGO.

Father McSley, the Paulist, in his able articles in the Catholic World Magazine, is doing not a little to draw the attention of spiritually minded people to the older spiritual writers. There are undoubtedly many treasures in these old musty volumes. They were written by men whose whole lives were wrapped in contemplation, and who tasted of the divine sweetness, and who for this reason wrote of divine things with a marvellous eloquence. In the last issue of the Catholic World Magazine he gives us a translation of Hugo of St. Victor's "Praise of Love." The glow of fervent piety which characterizes the treatise, as well as the simple grace of language, makes the reading very charming. It is but a taste of the real sweetness and holiness which consumed the heart of this medieval monk. Hugo of St. Victor is but one of those scholars who pioneered the university movement in Europe. He is but a type of that class of men who prayed, and labored, and studied, and wrought until they made the Church of God the beloved of the nations. Yet in their lives there is a wonderfully attractive human side. They felt, and suffered, and renounced, in the cloister perhaps, with serge gown and tansured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

Religion and life are one, or neither anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither the food nor medicine of being. It is life essential.—George MacDonald.

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

LVI.—CONTINUED.

"I consented, stipulating for the strictest secrecy; and one evening, during the week before Ned's departure, I called on Rahandabed, I retraced my way to my room on the pretence of a headache. There, telling my maid not to come to me until late next morning, I arranged my dress so as to make my resemblance to Ned even more perfect than I knew it was already, and I stole from the house. "A distance down the road I met Mackay, who was waiting with a conveyance. We drove to Elnabek, where we were married by Mr. Hayman, and I registered as Ned Edgar. Then we went to a hotel, remained until the early morning, and drove back to Barrytown. "I knew that Ned was accustomed to early walks about the grounds, and so I accompanied him, I hoped to escape closely resembling him, and I succeeded. I reached my room without being discovered, and it was not until I had been away from home all night. "Mackay had promised me to go to New York immediately. He did so, and I wrote to him that I had accepted a position as companion to Mrs. Dorothea in C—. In a few months, I accompanied you to New York for the purpose of being introduced into society. While there I found means of frequent secret communication with Mackay, to whom I explained my presence in New York by saying that I had been requested to accompany Miss Edgar, and that Mr. Edgar's kindness had induced me to accept of it. "I brought Annie Mackay with me from Barrytown as my maid, because I knew that she was her brother's sole confidant, and because I felt that, also, during the fast-approaching month of June, she must be a confidant. She never having seen me in company with her brother, and knowing that I was Mr. Edgar's daughter, did not dream that it was I who was her brother's wife; for, as he had told her all when he supposed that I was the heiress, so did he deceive her when, as he imagined, he was himself deceived. So, she also supposed it was Ned he had married; and she being obliged to tell her truth, I did so, she was startled and horrified. But I told her that I had practiced this deception on her brother because I loved him so passionately, and because I knew if he should discover how much I was above him it would break his heart. She was consoled, and she pledged herself to keep my secret as faithfully as I myself kept it. Not even to her brother would she give a hint of his mistake. "I did love Dick Mackay when I married him. I loved him so wildly that I thought I was willing to make every sacrifice for him; but, afterward, when I reflected upon what I had done, I became desperate from remorse and fear. No longer loved him, I wanted to get away from him forever. But I had to be cautious, and to pretend that I cared for him still, lest he might betray me in some way. "I passed sleepless nights in endeavoring to contrive some means of getting away from you during the month of June following my marriage with Mackay, and during which you intended to have me accompany you to some seaside resort in the vicinity of New York. Fortune favored me. Just when I had begun to be in absolute despair, you were summoned to England. "Edgar looked up from the letter to recall that English visit upon which he had been summoned. "He had gone on information sent to him by one of his English friends, a gentleman who was chaplain to a hospital, and who knew Edgar's early history. The information was that a man in exceedingly weak health, and giving the name of Henry Edgar, but who refused to tell anything else, had obtained admission to the hospital, and by his account you had things about him detected by close observation, aroused the suspicion, and finally firm conviction of the chaplain, that the dying man was the long-unheard-of Henry Edgar. On such information had Edward Edgar hurried to London, praying that it might be his brother, and that he might live long enough to clear the horrible mystery of which he had been the cause. But the man on Edgar's arrival had been in his grave a week! He thought of all that now, as he continued to look away from the letter, and he thought also how it tallied with the last elation of his brother which Odrotte had obtained. "At length he resumed reading, beginning again at the words, "you were summoned to England, and you pressed me to accompany you. I refused, alleging my fear of the voyage, my dislike to leave the society by which I was surrounded, everything that I could think of as an excuse. You reluctantly gave me my way, and I saw with relief your departure upon a journey that must certainly occupy a couple of months. There only remained Mrs. Stafford to be disposed of, and that I succeeded in doing by feigning to accept an invitation to Staten Island. "Mackay managed everything else for me. He had found an humble but respectable widow in a part of New York City willing to offer me a refuge, and accompany me, instead of Annie Mackay, to Staten Island. "Mackay showed this widow, Mrs. Banner, our marriage certificate, and told her that we wanted everything so secret that Mr. Edgar, upon whose bonny I depended, should find it out, and in his anger at my making such a marriage, would cut me entirely. But we did not tell her where Mr. Edgar lived. "My child was born in her house, and I remained there until July; then I joined Mrs. Stafford, who was quite unsuspecting, even though I had told her not to write to me while I was away, as it was an unpleasant exertion for me to answer any letters save those from my father. Almost immediately, I was invited to visit Rahandabed by the very friends with whom Mrs. Stafford and I were spending a few weeks preparatory to our return to Barrytown. I accepted the invitation intending to take Annie with me. I felt as if I must never lose sight of her. But she became ill, pined to go home, promising me sacredly, however, to keep all my secrets; and when Mrs. Stafford volunteered to accompany her, preferring to do so that she might return to her own home in Weald Place, I did not object. Mrs. Stafford felt no uneasiness at leaving me, as I was with friends. I went to

Rahandabed, writing to Mackay that I was going back there with Miss Edgar, and that on no account must he come into the neighborhood. I would always communicate with him in writing, but as he loved me, he must not come within miles of Rahandabed. That as I could not attend to our child, he must be father and mother to it. I felt assured that he would do all I asked, for I knew how madly he loved me. "Rahandabed was so gay, so delightful, I tried to throw away every care and be happy, too. I tried to forget Mackay; only when through very fear I wrote to him. I expected to meet Ned, but she had gone to visit some one in Albany, and did not return until I had been a fortnight the guest of Mrs. Dolan. "I met Mr. Carnew, and deeply as I once had fancied I loved Dick Mackay, I now loved Carnew. I struggled against it, but I could not resist being delighted with his attentions, nor could I bring myself to reject them. But I did not intend to do any great wrong. I meant if he should propose to me to tell him then why I could not accept him. "But Mackay disobeyed my wishes. He came into the neighborhood of Rahandabed. I caught sight of him one afternoon as I was riding on horseback with some of the guests. My blood boiled with anger and hatred, for I feared that he would accuse me. But he did not; only stood there looking at us, and as I passed, making a motion that seemed careless to others, but which I interpreted to mean for me to come out to meet him upon that road. I did so, that same afternoon, and found that I had interpreted his motion aright. I passed him as well as I could, and won from him a renewal of his pledge of secrecy, by promising to meet him again in a more secluded spot. "But that second secret interview was partially overheard by Ned, who recognized my voice. I fled, and afterward I contrived to make her think that she was mistaken. "When Mackay decided to take his own life, he sent a note to Rahandabed, intended for me, but directed to Miss Ned Edgar, for I had not deceived him. I saw her open the note and read it, and I knew at once, from the few words, that he had intended to reveal them. Together we went to the out-house where they had laid him, and I recognized my husband. "Edgar threw the letter from him, in a sudden paroxysm of anger and disgust; he remembered so distinctly the very words of Elina, when she had told him that Ned had sought her for company in going to view Mackay's remains. And then he remembered Dyke's plea for Ned, her oath of which he had spoken as a very link of evidence in her favor. And yet he, Edgar, had been so cruel, so blind! "He arose and paced the little apartment for a few moments to endeavor to gain some control of his agitation. Then he forced himself to finish the dreadful letter. "As I have told so much," it continued, "I may, in justice to myself, say that I married Brekbellev because I could not win Carnew, and also that I might go abroad to get away from any consequences of my secret marriage. "Edna Brekbellev. "The letter was finished, and finished without a word expressive of penitence or remorse for the terrible wrongs of which she had been guilty. In the first instance, she had not been the faintest trace of sorrow for the poor, old man whose son she had killed, nor for the wife whose happiness she had blighted; and, more than all, she had not shown for her abandoned offspring even the common regard of motherhood. "Sorely, here were traits to warrant her being the child of low parents; no daughter of her to whose portrait he now lifted his eyes, could have had such a character. Once again he went and knelt, as he did before, in front of the picture to let his anguish have its way; then, when he had somewhat calmed himself, and felt that he could return to Odrotte with some degree of composure, he descended to that gentleman, who, finding that he was expected to pass so long a time in solitude, had wandered to the other rooms on the hall, and was interesting himself in every object that he saw. "Pardon me," said Edgar, when at length he found him, "for forgetting so rangely all the rules of hospitality. But I shall try to atone for my negligence. I may claim your company for some days, may I not?" "It seemed so absolutely broken in appearance and voice that Odrotte, through sheer sympathy, had to make an effort to answer him. "Carnew and his wife will be here tomorrow. I intended, with your kind permission, to remain to meet them." "Certainly, Mr. Odrotte; and are they coming because—"he hesitated strangely—"because Mrs. Carnew has been told that she may be my daughter?" "No; Mr. Carnew was desirous that she should be told nothing about it, in order to have nothing to distract her from her reunion with me. So we arranged that she was to learn nothing about this mysterious proof of her parentage until she should learn it here, in your presence." "A pleased look came into Edgar's face. "I am glad of that," he said, "very glad; and will you satisfy me further by promising that Mrs. Carnew shall not be told until I give permission? Her reconciliation with her husband will be so much happiness that it can make little difference to defer for awhile the story of her parentage." "Odrotte bowed, as he answered: "I think I can promise that any revelation made to Mrs. Carnew shall be made only with your consent and approval." "That you, Mr. Odrotte." "In his voice, as well as in his manner, there was painful evidence of the struggle going on within him; as if he wanted to depart from his wonted cold, stern bearing, but was still bound to it by the pride with which he so constantly masked his feelings. "The signal for the late lunch sounded, and Edgar summoned a servant to conduct his visitor to one of the guest chambers, in order that he might be refreshed by an ablution before he descended to the dining-room.

LVII. "Happy Ned! Her joy seemed so complete that she almost doubted it, and she feared to go to sleep, lest she should wake and find it all a dream. The visit that she had contemplated making with her husband had never been so full of delight as was this one, when he was with her after so cruel a separation. And when she heard from his own lips how he had never ceased to love her, how his love had driven him to make that secret visit which had so frightened her, and how he had only waited for one word from her to make him flee to her, she threw her arms about him again and murmured: "My own true husband!" "They were so absorbed in themselves that they forgot the presence of Meg, to whom Carnew had been introduced lovingly by Ned, and with whom he had warmly shaken hands. The old woman smiled and nodded, and seemed as pleased as Ned could wish her to be, but evidently without comprehending what it was all about. They had not even closed the door of the room in which they sat, and Anne McCabe, in the apartment adjoining, where she was engaged in preparing as usual for the supper as the lady of the little home afforded, heard sufficient to fulfil her own prediction of some time knowing what had been the trouble in Mrs. Carnew's life. "Can you tell me now, Ned," said Alan, as she lifted her head from his breast, "to whom you gave the oath of which you told me, before you left Rahandabed?" "Yes, I can tell you now. Mrs. Brekbellev confided to me, at the time that Mackay's body was found, that she had married him in secret, first making me swear never to reveal it. As she has herself revealed it, I do not consider that I am any longer bound by my oath." "And how could you keep that oath in her case, after she had revealed it?" asked Alan, looking a little from him and looking down into her face, with new marvel at the character that could thus sacrifice its own dearest interest to a principle of honor. "I wrote to her, telling her everything that had occurred, and begging her to release me from my pledge; but, if she received my letter, she has never answered it." "Received your letter?" broke from him in a burst of indignation. "I feel sure she received it, but to have answered it would have been to disclose her own perfidy, becoming so hotly indignant, as he remembered how artfully Edna had once insinuated to him that Ned had a secret acquaintance with the young Mackay, that she could not restrain herself from coupling Mrs. Brekbellev's name with a curse. "Ned put her hand over his mouth. "We are so happy now," she said, "you and I, we have so much to be grateful for, that we can afford to forget Mrs. Brekbellev. We shall neither mention, nor think of her any more." "And then she stopped; by repeated kisses she reminded of Mrs. Brekbellev, to which his feelings with regard to that lady faintly would have given vent. "Anne McCabe announced the supper, and Ned conducted her husband to the homely little dining-room; but that evening it seemed the most charming place in all the world to the reunited couple. Alan and Meg with the reunited couple to Alan and Meg with the joyous vivacity of a child. Indeed, she could hardly be still, she was so happy, and though she looked very sweet, and very lovely in her simple dark dress, unrelieved by anything save a plain white collar and bands to match at her wrists; still, for the first time, she seemed to have grown; how even her face had lost its fullness, though that fact was now somewhat concealed by the bright, happy flush on her cheeks; and he felt with a throbbing pain that possibly the reconciliation had come none too soon. A few weeks more of what she had already endured, would have placed her beyond the reach of any earthly reparation. "It was hardly to be expected that either could eat, though both made absurd pretences of doing so, and then when each discovered the other's clumsy feat, there was so much ridiculous protestation, that it set them to laughing heartily. If Dyke had only been there, when Carnew assured her that he intended to make Dutton forget them in the future. "Anne McCabe was in some concern about sleeping accommodations for the handsome gentleman; the rooms were all so small and plain—but Ned assured her with the brightest smile that her husband could accommodate himself to any circumstance, and Alan surveyed with actual pleasure Dyke's room—the apartment assigned to him—when he entered it. "His difference from what you have been accustomed to, will make it a delightful novelty, won't it, dear?" said Ned laughingly, as she insisted upon making him closely acquainted with every object in the room. "If it were far less, to know that it was under the roof with you, would impart to it the sweetest of all charms," he said gallantly, and then he dropped into a chair, and insisted on drawing his wife down to his knee. "I must talk to you, Ned; I must hear you talk to me. My heart is so full, it seems as if nothing else will satisfy it." "And so it happened that everything came to be discussed once more, and even more fully. The conversation took such a turn that Alan found himself again excusing his conduct, by laying bare his wife every link of what had seemed to be such dreadful evidence against her. Her unaccountable absence from Rahandabed, her sick appearance when she returned, all of which had given such color to the charges against her. And Ned, as she listened to him, could hardly blame him for entertaining conviction in the face of so much proof; but then, she, in her turn, told all about that unfortunate visit to Albany, and how Meg had nursed her through the fever, and how afterward the people who had been so kind to her had gone to Australia. Carnew remembered then what Dyke had said to him relative to that visit, and he understood now Dyke's silence when he had asked for proof of Ned's Albany sojourn, for he saw Meg's mental condition. "The better part of the night passed before either thought of slumber, but then everything had been explained, and Carnew realized that never before had he appreciated, or known, the guileless, truthful, noble heart of his wife. "After breakfast the next morning, she would take him out to show him every

thing about the farm, regretting that the severity of the season prevented her taking him to the old, loved word of her childhood. "But, next summer, Alan, you must see it." "Yes; next summer, Ned; and now, can you get read, immediately to accompany me from here?" "Immediately?" with surprise, and a little shade of dismay in her voice, "I was hoping you would stay here a week at least." "She was on the point of adding something about delaying as long as possible her meeting with any of the people at Rahandabed, but she checked herself, fearing that this might give him pain. "I should be glad to stay a week, a year, if you wished it, Ned, but we both owe something to Odrotte for what he has done, and I have promised to meet him some time to-day." "Odrotte!" she repeated, "indeed, we do owe a great deal to him; he has been the means of proving my innocence. Where are you to meet him?" "In Brytown; in Mr. Edgar's house." "Mr. Edgar?" "A new, strange, and half melancholy light came into her eyes. "I had forgotten about him," she continued, "he is to be told of what his daughter has done." "They had returned from their survey of the farm, and were about entering the house, when Ned asked the last question, and Alan waited to answer it until both were in the little sitting-room. Then he turned to her: "Ned; do you suppose Odrotte or myself could permit Mr. Edgar to remain in ignorance of my daughter's conduct, which so?" "Yes; in company with me. Do you shrink from the meeting?" "A little; I fancy that even the knowledge of my innocence may scarcely change his wonted distant manner to me, since my guiltlessness has only been proved at the expense of his daughter's character." "Well, we shall see," answered Alan, kissing her, and she left her, to give in order to the hired man to be ready to take them to Sangeries, in time for the next down train. "It was Odrotte who met Mr. and Mrs. Carnew on their arrival in Weald Place, and after he had shaken hands with the lady, and bowed in grateful pleasure to her murmured thanks for what he had done, he begged to be excused while he drew Alan aside; there was a brief conversation between them in a very low voice, and then both rejoined Mrs. Carnew. Immediately after that Edgar entered the room. Neither Alan nor Ned were prepared for the change in him; he seemed such an utterly broken old man. His hair and beard were quite white, while his eyes, that had been so keen and large, seemed now to have shrunk in their sockets and to have lost their lustre. He was strangely stooped, and even his gait had a sort of totter; while his manner— that manner which had been so stern and so repellent—was strangely, almost touchingly gentle and submissive. "He came forward like one about to plead for some favor, and as Ned watched him, both shocked and touched as he was, tears sprang to her eyes. It was to her he came first, addressing her in a voice that was in full keeping with his appearance, cracked, and even husky. "Mrs. Carnew," he said, "I am such an old, blighted man now, that perhaps you will waive the apologies I ought to make for my treatment of you in the past, for what I ought to say since you have been so wronged by one of mine." "Ned could control herself no longer. Over the hand he had extended, and which she had warmly grasped, she bent her head and let her tears fall as they would. "You weep?" he said in some surprise. "For you," she answered, looking up; "I am so sorry for you." "He turned from her to the two silent and sympathizing gentlemen, asking in the same cracked, husky voice: "Has anybody told her? Does she know?" "Both gentlemen simultaneously shook their heads, and he seemed to be satisfied. Withdrawing his hand from Mrs. Carnew, he crossed to Alan. "Once before I bade you welcome here, when I did not dream of such a cloud as this, and thought perhaps to cement my own happiness before your visit should end; now you are also welcome. You will remain for a few days, will you not? All of you?" "He turned to each successively, and Odrotte, with a look at Alan, meant to convey to that gentleman that it was better to consent, underook to answer in the affirmative for the party. "Upon which Edgar rang for servants to conduct them to their rooms. "It required all Alan's comforting powers to make his wife cease to grieve about Mr. Edgar. "I am so sorry for him," she said; "he seems so utterly blighted. If the change had been described to me I could not have believed it. If Elina were to see him now it would surely break her heart." "It was the first time she had mentioned Mrs. Brekbellev's name since the subject of that lady had been closed between herself and Alan, and he could not refrain from saying: "I doubt if anything this side of the infernal regions could break her heart." "Poor old Edgar, as we also are impelled to call him, since he has all the marks of age, met his guests at the dinner table. It was painful to watch his struggle to retain his old wonted dignity; and the very evidence that he gave of his own consciousness that his old power was gone, made the exhibition still more painful. "Carnew and Odrotte, for sake of the pale, troubled lady who sat opposite the host, endeavored to lighten the gloom of the meal by cheerful conversation; but

the weight still remained, and all were glad when they could retire. "Almost immediately after, a message was brought to Alan, requesting him to meet Mr. Edgar in that gentleman's private study. He kissed his wife as he left her to obey the summons, and he entered her to have out of her face his returned, the troubled look that made him so anxious. She smiled as he promised to endeavor to do so, and in order to keep her word, she threw herself on a couch that slumber might dissipate her thoughts of Mr. Edgar. "Edgar was seated when Carnew entered his presence, and he motioned the young man to a chair near him. "Odrotte has told me that he made you acquainted with everything," he said, in the cracked voice that seemed to have taken permanently the place of his own. "And you are quite convinced of the entire innocence of your wife?" "He spoke with a slow, trembling voice that, in addition to his cracked tones, made it somewhat painful to listen to him. "I am quite convinced," was the reply. "Edgar fumbled at something in his breast-pocket, and drew forth Mrs. Brekbellev's letter. He placed it open before his companion. "That, Mr. Carnew, will insure still further your convictions. Read and know how your wife has been wronged." "Carnew pushed it from him. "I do not need to have my conviction still further insured. I know my wife's innocence, and I only regret my stupid blindness to it before." "But read this letter, Mr. Carnew, in obedience to my desire to have you do so," and Edgar placed the closely-written letter under Alan's eyes. "Thus requested, Alan read it, his face flushing and his lips setting themselves more firmly together in the effort required to suppress his indignation, as he learned the long tissue of cruel deceit that had been practised by the writer. When he had finished he made no comment, at which Mr. Edgar seemed relieved; and he hastened to prevent any remark upon it, for he said, as he took the letter and hurriedly replaced it in his breast: "We will not refer to that subject again, Mr. Carnew." "Alan bowed; he could not trust himself to speak just then, for if he did, he must have given vent to his indignation, and that he would repress for the sake of the unhappy man beside him, whose stabs were deeper than any that had been inflicted upon himself. "Edgar spoke again: "TO BE CONTINUED."

Prejudices have softened greatly in Dean Bissett's personal experience, and the expressions of genuine good will from Protestants in private and in the press, on the occasion of his departure for a brief visit to America, are in striking contrast to his early memories. "The Anglican body in Scotland is quite Ritualistic and is doing there, as in England, a great work for Catholics, in familiarizing the Protestant body with Catholic ideas and forms. Even the old Presbyterians are softening, and men like Ian MacLaren have done their part in breaking down prejudices. "It is a curious fact, and worth repeating here that the last lineal descendant of John Knox, who had so large a part in turning Scotland, from her allegiance to the True Faith, became a Catholic, and later a priest at Notre Dame University, Ind. "Dean Bissett will spend a month or more in the United States, and can be addressed meanwhile in care of the Pilot. "He is a typical Scotchman, tall, clear-cut, clear-minded and earnest, with a suggestion in his face of his distinguished countryman, Sir Walter Scott.—Boston Pilot. "A DIFFERENCE OF BASIS. "What is the difference between the 'inspired' writings contained in the Bible and the equally good advice given in books published to-day? Why are they not both on the same basis? Are they not both 'inspired?' "The difference is that the former has God for its author while the latter has man for their author. When God reveals something by inspiring a man to write or speak it and guarding him from error in announcing it, we believe that something on the infallible authority of God, Who can neither deceive nor be deceived, and not because we perceive its intrinsic truth. When a man reveals his thoughts we know that they come from a fallible mind, a mind as liable to err as our own; and therefore we hesitate to accept them as true until our own mind after reflection perceives their truth. An uninspired man may state the truth, but we know that he may also state the false. We cannot, therefore, accept his statements on his sole authority. We must use our own judgment to determine which of his statements are true and which false. It is then our own judgment, and not his, we are following when we accept what he says as true. "But when God speaks through a man whom He has inspired, or through His Church, which He guards from error in delivering His Word, we know that He not only speaks the truth, but that He cannot deceive by speaking the false. We are, therefore, not called upon to determine what statements of His are true and what false. As the false is absolutely excluded, we are bound to accept what is said as true, whether we perceive its truth or not. The highest conceivable evidence that it is true is that God has said it. There is no alternative but to accept it or deny the veracity of God; and to deny this is to deny God's existence, for if He be not infinitely perfect He is not at all. "To sum up. We believe what God reveals to be true because it must be true whether it meets with the approval of our judgment or not. And we believe what man says as true, providing it meets with the approval of our judgment. What is true is, of course, true by whomsoever said. But our reason for believing it true is different when it is said by God and when it is said by man. Our reason in the first case is divine authority—infallible. Our reason in the second case is human authority—fallible, whether it be our own or another's private judgment. Thus it is seen that the basis of belief is different in the two cases. "But are not they both—the Bible and the books published to-day—"inspired?" "The word "inspired" affords another illustration of the inconveniences of words that have two or more meanings, and the care with which they should be used if we wish to avoid misunderstandings. The word when used in reference to the Holy Scriptures means that the writers of those books were inspired of God, and so under the divine influence that God Himself is the real author of the statements recorded in them. "The word when applied to other literature, such as the books of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Dante, and other great men of genius, is not used in the above theological sense. When "inspired" is attributed to these it is in a figurative or metaphorical sense. They are inspired by the Muses, by genius, noble sentiments, love, anger, enthusiasm, but never in the sense that the writers of the Scriptures were inspired of God. The latter guarantees the truth of what is said; the former does not. "Men are said to be "inspired" by greed, avarice, revenge, ambition, etc. Here the difference in the meaning of the word is apparent.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal. "Two things are against all possibility—to enjoy more of this world's goods than was from the beginning decreed, and to die before thine appointed time. "Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honor; he would shame the world, and not the world him. "Learning teaches how to carry things in suspense without prejudice till you resolve.—Bacon. "A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.—Shenstone.

APRIL 13, 1901. THE LATE NINE TEEN "Of all the epitaphs another on the tomb of old Century, who "mind" it will soothe, should any be the following most of the pen of the ab Parliament of Ca place of honor at le speaking races wa felted their Christi The article in q The Canadian M ruary last, and w for the benefit of who may not hav seeing that most ervative monthly. By Martin J. Griffin, Nineteenth Now that the y are numbered, an opening of a new of mankind to list of the voices that teach us in the n be without value for a moment the that taught us on the meaning and sages they have l During the last of the intellectual masses of thinking by a comparative men of strong ch views. They we—using that wor well understood had so far yield the scientists tha ture and its obje pose, of religio deprived of all n finality, of autho estimation, was continually unc covering anytho pety without th conclusions; a valley of shao unapproachable expressed them of practical esse philosophic discus literary criticism poetry. They a tive minds of the schools of thought ing. They thoug many thousands their various fo ated the litera doubt them was was bigotry; to the note of ema Revelation w their presence. And so for h lights of a scie it over their th of intellectual sternest claim the pontiffs of Their infirmit remain with u of their work Time, "that g with cold imm much of it w them has in so of set purpose incidentally a dying spee ing what—w sions together the first lather do all they hoped to est gher all th confessions ar fore try reac comments. T memory of so a warning t any case ser was the clai authority. Few men o such tempera part of the Stuart Mill. a wide and v by his writt probably in rectly, the o United King his life work. He by his alca faculty h could, the Christianity wards it; b singular pos any belief i sum up the both directi sage to poet had to say? "In Engl see many of general reco foras in in through life course of be been attende man well be might even causes of de work in the coun balanc ment." "That w be forced to its stancr countered

THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Of all the epitaphs crowding one another on the tombstone of the poor old Century, whose three months' mind it will soon be time to celebrate, should any of us care to do so—the following most valuable paper from the pen of the able Librarian of the Parliament of Canada, deserves the place of honor at least for the English-speaking races who have never forfeited their Christian heritage.

The article in question appeared in The Canadian Magazine for February last, and we give it in extenso, for the benefit of those of our readers who may not have the advantage of seeing that most interesting and instructive monthly:

By Martin J. Griffin, Parliamentary Librarian.

Now that the years of the century are numbered, and we pause at the opening of a new period in the history of mankind to listen for the first notes of the voices that are to reach us and teach us in the new time, it may not be without value and interest to recall for a moment the tones of the voices that taught us and are silent, and the meaning and effect of the last messages they have left for our guidance.

During the last half of the century the intellectual leanings of great masses of thinking people were guided by a comparatively small number of men of strong character and striking views. They were either "scientists" — using that word in its popular and well understood sense—or men who had so far yielded to the influence of the scientists that their views of literature and its object, of life and its purpose, of religion and its sanction, were deprived of all notion of certainty, of finality, of authority. Man, in their estimation, was a being destined to continually investigate without discovering anything; to think perpetually without arriving at any definite conclusions; to wander always in a valley of shadows in pursuit of an unapproachable mystery. These men expressed themselves in the language of practical science, the language of philosophic dissonance, the language of literary criticism, and the language of poetry. They appealed to the receptive minds of the young. They created schools of thought. They had a following. They influenced the studies of many thousands. The terminology of their various forms of thought permeated the literature of our age. To doubt them was feeble; to deny them was bigotry; to agree with them was the note of emancipated intellect.

Revelation was on the defensive in their presence. Historic Christianity was a mass of narrative futilities. The saints and sages, martyrs and doctors, the guides of mankind during a thousand years, were persons with inadequate knowledge of scientific data. And so for half a century these new lights of a scientific dispensation lorded it over their adherents with a security of intellectual tenure surpassing the sternest claims of the feudal barons or the pontiffs of the middle ages.

Most of them have passed away. Their influence, though dimming, remain with us still. The great body of their work has suffered some wronging. Time, that gatherer all things mortal, with cold immortal hands, has heaped much of it with dust. But each of them has in some fashion—not always of set purpose but only by accident or incidentally—left us what we may call a dying speech and confession indicating what—when we put all the confessions together—may be asserted to be the final failure of all they attempted to do, all they tried to teach, all they hoped to establish. We propose to gather all these dying speeches and confessions and place them briefly before your reader with a few obvious comments. They may refresh the memory of some. They may serve as a warning to others. They will in any case serve to show how slender was the claim to so much vogue and authority.

Few men of the past generation had such temporary authority over a large part of the educated public as John Stuart Mill. In the region of politics—a wide and varied area—he exercised by his writings great influence. He probably influenced directly or indirectly, the course of legislation in the United Kingdom. With that part of his life-work we have no present concern. But he also exercised his great logical faculty in undermining, so far as he could, the popular belief in revealed Christianity. He had no animosity towards it; he tells us he occupied the singular position of never having had any belief in it at all. When he came to sum up the results of his life-work in both directions and to leave his message to posterity what was it that he had to say? On the subject of public affairs, this is the message:

"In England I had seen and continued to see many of the opinions of my youth obtain general recognition, and many of the reforms in institutions, for which I had through life contended, either effected or in course of being so. But these changes had been attended with much less benefit to human well-being than I should formerly have anticipated because they had produced very little improvement in that which all real amelioration in the lot of mankind depends on, their intellectual and moral state; and it might even be questioned whether any real cause of deterioration which had been at work in the meantime had not more than counterbalanced the tendency to improvement."

That was a melancholy confession to be forced to make. Its great merit is its sincerity. Other "reformers" encountered like experiences in the

course of time; but most of them were silent, or, "Often glad no more, They wore a face of joy because They had been glad of yore."

When Mr. Mill came to discuss the situation as regards graver things than political reforms, he had an equally melancholy confession to make, and a most hopeless message to send us. He said:

"I am now convinced that no great improvement in the lot of mankind are possible until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought. The old opinions in religion, morals, and politics are so much discredited in the more intellectual minds as to have lost the greater part of their efficacy for good while they have still life enough in them to be a powerful obstacle to the growing up of a better opinion on those subjects."

What a prospect was here laid before reformers—and what a prospect for humanity! All human hopes and interests in morals, politics and religion were smothered under the wreckage of outworn schools and creeds, and there was no possibility of improvement in any direction till a great change had taken place in the fundamental constitution of the modes of thought of mankind. The teacher of this melancholy doctrine could hardly have concealed from himself the probability that no such change would be likely to take place in less than a geological period, in less than a time so long that the mind refused to contemplate it; and in the meanwhile what was to happen to collective human society, and what was to become of the individual? Fortunately for mankind, Mr. Mill and his followers were powerless to prevail over the teachings and tendencies of many centuries of moral, political and religious systems under which humanity enjoyed so many blessings, and under which it suffered evil mainly when it went its own wilful or wicked way.

Another of the band of distinguished men who impressed themselves upon the minds of students, and ineluctably purely materialistic views of life was Professor Tyndall. He was propagandist and aggressive at times and fought his battle single with all who came forward to confront him. His last message of importance was delivered in the Belfast address, in 1874 running into seven editions in one year, this famous address had a circulation rarely given to scientific lectures, and has not yet been wholly forgotten. It was prepared with great care, and was the result of a life of scientific study. It contained the last word which a confessedly great thinker had to say regarding the hopes and destiny of man. "I thought you ought to know," he said, with some degree of condescension, "the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary."

And what, in fact, in this environment? It consists, to all appearance, in the first place, of a claim on the part of science to supreme authority. He says:—

"The inexpressible position of science may be described in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest from theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory. All systems, whether religious or scientific, must, in so far as they do submit to its control and relinquish all claim to authority. Acting on this principle, the sciences of the past, and it is simply fatal to-day."

Twenty-five years of discovery and discussion have rendered redundant unnecessary so much on the part of theology as on the part of science. The notice to quit, which Professor Tyndall so perceptively gave to theology has proved to be not enforceable by ejection. The tenant continues to be the holder of the fee. The grounds on which the man of science dictated terms of surrender to theology were very strong. "The whole process of evolution," he admitted, "is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man; nevertheless it is 'simply fatal' for theology to interfere with this inscrutable mystery. Ultimate conception of the origin of man, he asserts, is 'here unattainable,' and 'each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with his own needs.' Theology must remain an Utilitarian still. Science must indeed discuss its problems without intolerance or bigotry of any kind"—except in instance of the fact that theology results in "intellectual death," which is not bigotry at all! "No exclusive claim is made for science, you are not to erect it into an idol," he says; still, the position of science is "unexpressible," and "we claim the entire domain of cosmological theory"—which is, of course, not an exclusive claim at all. Science, he alleges, claims "unrestricted right of search" on debatable questions; but in the region of cosmological theory Theology must not stake out any claim. It is certain, he admits, that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer "will undergo modification," meanwhile Theology must please stand aside while the process of modification goes on, while each scientific dogmatist excommunicates his brethren in turn, abandons theory after theory and passes unconvinced and unconvinced "into the infinitesimal of the past." From the last speech and confession of Professor Tyndall it is obvious that humanity can gather little to encourage it in a world full of trials, temptations and sorrow.

There was a time when Mr. Matthew Arnold took himself by his disciples, as the exponent of theories of literature, science, theology, and the conduct of life, which were to be substituted for the overthrown and outdated orthodoxes of our own age. The affable condescension with which he informed the upper classes that they were barbar-

ians, the middle classes that they were materialized, and the lower classes that they were brutalized; the sad scorn with which he assured the middle class—which has produced nearly all our best literature—that what they needed was education; the calm assurance with which he asserted regarding paganism and Christianity, that both were fathoms and both were gone—were paralleled only by the self-confidence with which he offered his own final solution of the vexed problem of intellectual humanity. Here is his last dying speech and confession:

"More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear ineffectual; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, Essay, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is the condition of all science'; and what is a passion without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge'; and the popular mind relies now, on philosophy, planning itself on its reasonings and its logic and its judgments; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall withdraw our selves from having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness the more we shall prize the 'breath and finer spirit of knowledge' which is to us as poetry."

Here we have, if possible, a more hopeless and unacceptance substitute for any form of religion than all the others. If Mr. Arnold had for a moment reflected on the vast masses of mankind, on the diversities of races, on the ignorance, the barbarity, the low civilization of the mass of mankind, on the absolute impossibility of their being approached in any form by poetry such as he had in his mind, he would not have had sufficient sense of humor to refrain from such an expression of serious opinion. But that was all he had to offer us, to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us, to create in us a new heart and renew a right spirit within us. The pity of it!

One more name, still living among us, remains to be noted. In 1896 Mr. Herbert Spencer completed the purpose of his life by publishing the last volume of his system of Synthetic Philosophy. An industry hardly ever surpassed, learning acquired by earnest labor, honesty as to facts never challenged, ingenuity in comparison and interpretation quite beyond compare in our time—all these good qualities his work exhibits; and his object, like that of Arnold, is to interpret life for us, to sustain us, to console us, by means of science, not poetry. And what is the last message that after six and thirty years of thought and labor, he has to leave to his followers, who are to be found all over the world in great numbers? This is part of it:

"Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments, seem unaware that whatever of mysticism and dogma is added to the new. Or, rather, we may say that transferred from the one to the other is accompanied by increase of force and intensity. In what is added to the new, science substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, then leaves us in presence of the awfully inexplicable."

That is, in effect, science is more religious than religion, because while the explanation of religious mysteries have a certain feasibility, the explanation of the mysteries of science is no explanation at all. Scientific reasoning is an obvious mystery itself. The conclusion of the message is as follows:

"But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is no scientific explanation of the world as manifested to which the (man of science) can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed."

Surely, after so many years of thought and labor on his own part, assisted by the thought and labor of so many others, his predecessors of the eighteenth as well as the nineteenth century, Mr. Herbert Spencer ought to have been in a position to give us a more robust and definite creed, especially in view of the noticeable strength of his faith and sagacity, the martyrs and doctors of historic Christianity. Was it worth while to labor so long to produce so little? The Dutchman in "Knickerbocker," in his famous attempt to jump over a mountain, took a preliminary run of two miles to get up speed, but was obliged to sit down at the foot of the mountain to take breath! All the scientists in turn refer to Mr. Darwin with reverence as their master. Professor Tyndall in his Belfast address tells us that Darwin overcomes all difficulties and crumbles all opponents with the passionless strength of a glacier. Let us consider for a moment what is the final message and confession that Mr. Darwin has left to humanity for its consolation and hope. First he tells us (1873) that "I have never systematically thought much on religion in relation to science, or on morals in relation to society," and this, in the case of most men of good sense, would have prevented further declarations. But your scientist likes to have opinions, and so, in 1879, being pressed by a correspondent, he formulates an opinion: "Science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself I do not believe that there has ever been a revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities." The mental process is clear enough; the habit of scientific research made him cautious about admitting evidence—as to Christ, though not as to corals; doubt as to Christ; naturally induced doubt as to Revelation; and doubt as to both rendered the ques-

tion as to a future state one of extreme dubiety. At times Mr. Darwin's doubts took a different form. "The Universe," he wrote in 1881, "is not the result of chance,"—but the fact that man's brain was developed from that of a monkey rendered him doubtful whether his opinions were at all trustworthy on that subject—though, of course, on questions of science said brain was of infallible authority. In reply to the Duke of Argyll's remark that his own views on "Earthworms and Oshide" made it clear that these things and their uses were "the effect of and expression of mind," Mr. Darwin replied, "Well, that often comes over me with overwhelming force, but at other times, and he shook his head vaguely, "it seems to go away." It is obvious, of course, that Mr. Darwin was right when he said that he had never given much thought to science in relation to religion. It is not so obvious that Prof Tyndall was correct in describing Mr. Darwin as "the most terrible of antagonists."

The summary of scientific confessions would, perhaps, be incomplete without at least a passing reference to Professor Huxley, whose life has been so recently published. He was a great master of scientific data and demonstration. In point of industry, sincerity and ability he was conspicuous. But he posed also as a theologian, and no man was so little fitted for the office. The strictest of disciplinarians in the use of language for scientific purposes, he permitted himself and others the most loose and ineffective use of words in discussing theological questions. He was even fiercer and vindictive in his denials of the doctrine of immortality. But the careful reader of the life will see that his mind was often hovering about that doctrine and half disposed at times in its direction. Thus, writing to Charles Kingsley in 1890, he uses these words: "I neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing it; but, on the other hand, I have no means of disproving it." And again: "It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force or the indestructibility of matter." Ideas like these kept agitating his mind, and like Darwin, whom we have quoted, he had moments of doubt and despondency. Finally, in 1883, writing to Mr. John Morley (vol. II, page 62) he says: "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1901 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way?" The words have been much discussed, explained, defended and put aside by some as a mere bit of penitence. But they go to prove that the scientific dogma's was not more sure of his negative position than were his scientific brethren, and that his last dying speech and confession, like theirs, was a confession of failure and confusion.

In discussing these eminent men and their teachings as to science in relation to Christian society, one is conscious that there is an undercurrent of ridicule in the discussion which is struggling to come to the surface. The mental attitude assumed by them, their confessions of ignorance and their assumption of authority, their claims to freedom of discussion, and their constant insolence towards Theology, their declarations as to the progress of science, and their admissions that everything is a mystery still; their sneers at Christian dogma as an exploded wreck, and their uneasy consciousness that they are, nevertheless, constantly on the defensive against it—all these uneasy attitudes and unconscious revelations, have a tendency to make serious minds refuse to treat them seriously. Nor is this disposition confined to these who resist and resent the conclusions of science so far as they are opposed to the doctrines of revealed Christianity. Their own friends and followers are, at times affected, afflicted with the like tendency towards ridicule. In his notable, but probably a little overlooked "Valdettory," Mr. John Morley expressed with a certain reserve, yet a certain degree of sensibility men regarding the general failure of agnostic propagandism. He said:

"Speculation has been completely demoralized. This is a tremendous change to have come about in little more than a dozen years. How far it goes, let us not be too sure. It is no new discovery that what looks like complete tolerance may be in reality only complete indifference. Intellectual fairness is often only another name for intolerance and inconclusiveness of mind, just as love of truth is sometimes a fine phrase for temper. To be piquant counts for much, and the interest of seeing on the drawing-room tables of devout Catholics and high-church Anglicans articles of articles regarding divinities, creeds, and Churches all heading into limbo, was indeed piquant. Much of all this elegant dabbling in its idly has been a creature of fashion. The aesthetic has had his day with the fine ladies, like the black footboy of former times, or the spirit-rapper and table-turner of our own. When one perceived that such people actually thought that the Churches had been raised on their feet again by the purple apologies of Mr. Mallock, then it was easy to know that they had never really fallen. What we had been watching, after all, was perhaps a tournament, not a battle."

This satirical mood was not the mood in which Professor Tyndall had written. With fought and won our battle even in the Middle Ages. Why should we doubt the issue of another conflict with our broken foe?—That was his way of putting it. Mr. Morley was forced, or felt free, to confess that the foe was not broken at all; and that the forces of scientific agnosticism were in many respects even shatter forces. But even shatter forces may be dangerous. Those who in a freak of fashion pretend to disbelieve, may, and often must, in the end, become actual disbelievers. In any case they lose their hold on the certainties of faith, and grow cold in their thinking and their feelings. Across the centuries there comes to us a message of more authoritative moment, and with a promise and a menace which give us a stronger assurance of truth and a higher sense of our destiny and duty: for our assurance—"I am the Lord thy God;" for our guidance—"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him;" and for our consolation and reward—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

High Pressure Days. Men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own nowadays. Never were the demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, more numerous. The first effect of the pressure worthy effort to keep up with all these things is commonly seen in a weakened or debilitated system, a defective nutrition of both body and brain, and in extreme cases in complete nervous prostration. It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigor and tone to the nerves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. From personal knowledge, we can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose. It acts on all the vital organs, builds up the whole system, and fits men and women for these high-pressure days.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual. Are you a sufferer with worms? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Worm Cure. It has never been known to fail.

A LIFE SAVER—Mr. James Bryson, Cambridge, writes: "I was confined in my bed with inflammation of the lungs and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine and less than a half bottle cured me. I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

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REV. GEORGE H. NORTHBROOK, Editor. THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1901.

FRANCE AND THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS. A despatch from Paris states that negotiations are going on between the French Government and the Vatican.

RUSSIAN QUAKERS AND MARRIAGE. The Doukhobors or Russian Quakers who have settled in the North-West have proved themselves to be very quiet and industrious settlers.

CONVERSION OF FRANCE'S LEADING LITERARY CHARACTER. The conversion of Mons. Ferdinand Brunetiere in Paris to the Catholic Church is causing a great sensation throughout France.

true Church, as he himself declares. He has published his "Actual Reasons for Believing," the text of which is most profoundly philosophical, and is likely to produce as much effect in France as Newman's Apologia caused in England.

WALDECK ROUSSEAU IN A QUANDARY.

There is now very little doubt that Mons. Waldeck Rousseau, the French Premier, finds himself in a quandary regarding the bill for the suppression of the religious orders. It has been stated that Germany had entered into some negotiations with the Holy Father to intervene as mediator with the French Government.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CREASING.

It will be interesting to our readers to learn that in Norway there is a strong movement towards the Catholic Church.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

It is stated that the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is to be held in a couple of months in San Francisco, will again take into consideration the question of divorce.

INVALID AND ILLICIT MARRIAGE.

CATHOLICS OF Fredericton, N. B., asks for an explanation of this difficulty in regard to the impediment of clandestinity as decreed by the Council of Trent.

This decree, by special proviso is made applicable only to places where it has been duly proclaimed or published, and the Provinces of Quebec is one of these places, though it is applicable there only to the case where both parties are Catholics.

We also unhesitatingly approve of any effort to lessen the number of divorces which are granted in the United States for the most trivial causes; and almost for no cause at all more serious than a slight dispute which the Judges think it proper to regard as "an incompatibility of temper."

Our first thought is that we must say with regret that the position which we may now presume will be taken by the Episcopal Convention is glaringly inconsistent with the former attitude of the Episcopal and Anglican Churches.

There is not the least doubt that Christ made a revelation regarding the sanctity of marriage, and that it is, therefore, a matter of importance to know precisely what He meant when He said: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Already in the proposed decree, which is likely to be adopted, there is an approach—a very great approach—to the Catholic doctrine on the indissolubility of marriage, and an admission that the Episcopal practice has hitherto set Christ's teaching aside.

But when both parties are Catholics, even though they be bad and non-practical Catholics, they are subject to the law on clandestinity, and a clandestine marriage between them is invalid, and does not become valid from the fact that they live together after their supposed marriage.

Mrs. Deloit now asserts that she was a Protestant when she was married by the Rev. W. S. Barnes. The whole matter was thoroughly examined by the ecclesiastical authorities, and it was decided that she was a Catholic coming under the law which governs such cases.

Our readers are already aware that Judge Jette's decision was that the marriage laws of the Catholic Church, including the law of clandestinity, are in force in Quebec, so far as Catholics are concerned.

The decree of Trent was made civilly applicable to Canada by an edict of Louis XIV., and thus, long before Canada became a possession of Great Britain the Tridentine decree was part of the

Canadian civil law. It is plain, therefore, that Justice Jette's decision that the Deloit marriage was null is not an attack upon Protestants, but was a decision founded upon the law as it stands, and has stood since long before the capitulation of Quebec and Montreal.

It will be remembered by our readers that E. Deloit and Miss Cote were married in Montreal in May 1893 by Rev. W. S. Barnes of the Unitarian Church, and for several years they lived together as husband and wife, three children having been born of the marriage.

Owing to some family disputes or dissensions, the parties separated, and it was then that Mr. Deloit discovered the effect of the decree of the Council of Trent which made the marriage null in the Catholic Church, and he was informed that it was also null according to the civil law.

Mrs. Deloit appealed to the higher court of Quebec, and the division was reversed by Judge Archibald, on the plea that the ecclesiastical court which has declared the nullity of the marriage had no jurisdiction in the case.

According to this decree, whenever it has been duly published, marriages not contracted before the parish priest of the contracting parties, or a priest deputed by him or by the Bishop, and in presence of two or three witnesses, are invalid from the beginning.

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THE DELPIT CASE AGAIN.

The now celebrated Deloit marriage case has advanced another stage in the Superior court of Quebec for which an appeal was made by Mrs. Deloit on behalf of the validity of the marriage before the civil law.

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But when both parties are Catholics, even though they be bad and non-practical Catholics, they are subject to the law on clandestinity, and a clandestine marriage between them is invalid, and does not become valid from the fact that they live together after their supposed marriage.

Mrs. Deloit now asserts that she was a Protestant when she was married by the Rev. W. S. Barnes. The whole matter was thoroughly examined by the ecclesiastical authorities, and it was decided that she was a Catholic coming under the law which governs such cases.

Our readers are already aware that Judge Jette's decision was that the marriage laws of the Catholic Church, including the law of clandestinity, are in force in Quebec, so far as Catholics are concerned.

The decree of Trent was made civilly applicable to Canada by an edict of Louis XIV., and thus, long before Canada became a possession of Great Britain the Tridentine decree was part of the

Canadian civil law. It is plain, therefore, that Justice Jette's decision that the Deloit marriage was null is not an attack upon Protestants, but was a decision founded upon the law as it stands, and has stood since long before the capitulation of Quebec and Montreal.

It will be remembered by our readers that E. Deloit and Miss Cote were married in Montreal in May 1893 by Rev. W. S. Barnes of the Unitarian Church, and for several years they lived together as husband and wife, three children having been born of the marriage.

Owing to some family disputes or dissensions, the parties separated, and it was then that Mr. Deloit discovered the effect of the decree of the Council of Trent which made the marriage null in the Catholic Church, and he was informed that it was also null according to the civil law.

Mrs. Deloit appealed to the higher court of Quebec, and the division was reversed by Judge Archibald, on the plea that the ecclesiastical court which has declared the nullity of the marriage had no jurisdiction in the case.

According to this decree, whenever it has been duly published, marriages not contracted before the parish priest of the contracting parties, or a priest deputed by him or by the Bishop, and in presence of two or three witnesses, are invalid from the beginning.

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to obey the well-known Church on this matter. It is not for the purpose of the final decision of the that we write thus on the to give the reasons for which of the Church stands as it is to show the injustice of the tacks made on the Church tion with this matter.

A MINISTER CORRECTS EPISCOPAL HEEDS.

The rector of the First Episcopal Church in San Rev. Dr. Kummer, in a recent advanced very peculiar views subject of prayer and natu sering that it is futile to peporal favors. In reply I Sasia, S. J., wrote an able, convincing article to the S. J. Father Sasia said:

In reading the report of which I suppose to be su curate, I find that our lea er holds that we should no more temporal favors, su than to fertilize the parche the staying of floods, the storms, for the recovery of delverance from the rav postlence, because, accord such prayers are against law, and are consequentl ignorance, cowardice, se unfaith. All such supp ected to implore some tem tal blessing are contrary truth and are never answ God of Truth. They are God's laws of matter, min These are what might be vanced, liberal views of I reproduced here from his Are they sound? Are t from a Christian standpo they entitled to the indo acceptance of reflecting us calmly examine them, the unbiased, unprejud judge for himself.

From the strange view reverend doctor it would have never been the history of the past any a cited instance of tem granted by Almighty God prayer, and this for the s as he tells us, that the gr favors is an impossibil implies the violation of law. We have more than conutation to give to the trine of the Methodist m of all, as the saying has I

FACTS ARE STUBBORN and whenever they are f tate against a new theory is impossible for any thi resist the conclusion to w evitably lead. Now this one.

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Here our reverend ronted with the follow able argument, and it argue either horn of *argumentum cornutum* horned argument, as call it. Either the a above referred to, or t genuine and true, or t rejected as spurious, false. There can be no If we admit and true and genuine, as w the vast majority of them to be, what becom Kummer's theory that v for temporal favors, prayers, beg, in his t rary to the natural g granted? As the old l say—*Ab esse ad posse* from the actual exist of a given fact we can fer its possibility. For, or event were intrinse it could never happen pened, then it was pos

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BILLY.

"The kindling hasn't been brought in, Frank."

"You've got to bring it, mother."

"When are you going to?"

"In a minute."

"Again quiet reigned in the broad farm-house kitchen, where the sun lay cheerful and bright, this wintery morning."

"Oceasionally Frank rustled a page of the book he was reading. Mrs. Holloway looked out of the pantry, where she was sitting squish for the week's supply of pies, and saw him still by the window."

"Frank," she said again, "why don't you bestir yourself? You've got to get the kindling wood."

"No'm, I haven't forgotten," returned Frank, without raising his eyes from the book.

"Then why don't you go?" demanded his easy-going mother, returning to her task.

"Yes'm, in a minute."

Eph Daggett, the hired man, came in just in season to hear the last dialogue.

"Y'jings, Frankie, you're slower'n a toad funeral," he drawled. "An' your minutes, air longer'n Parson Amsten's sermons. Your name should be 'Crateration Holloway,' stead o' Frankie."

"I dew hate ter see a likely boy like you spiled by a bad habit," pursued Eph, as Frank closed his book an' grumbling, went out for the wood. When he arrived at the shed for the second armful, Eph was fitting a new handle to his axe.

"It's growin' on you, boy," he said, with a twist of his wide mouth.

"What is?"

"Procrastination. It's sproutin' out all over you. When yer mother speaks to ye, ye'd oughter jump."

"You'd really oughter break away from that 'ere bad habit o' yours," continued Eph, after a moment.

"D'you know, whenever I see a lad like you Frankie, fallin' into a bad habit like you be, I'm reminded of Billy."

"Billy who?"

"O'n, just Billy. He hadn't no other name."

"Who was he?"

"Billy was a bear."

"A bear o'?" Frank sat down on the chopping block, prepared to listen.

"Lest's hear about him."

"Wal, I don't mind—seem'n I've got this pesky helve ter fix," said Eph. "You know, Frankie, I come from way up in 'Roostick county. Thereuster we bears there."

"There are now," said Frank; nearer than 'Roostick, too."

"Ya-as," said Eph; "but there were bears that were bears in them days. I've seen 'bear marks' on a beech or sycamore in the spring higher'n a man's head."

"Bear marks?"

"Ya-as; don't you know what I mean? When the bears come out of the hollow logs and caves in the spring the ol' he's go stechin' up agin the trees an' bite the bark as high as they can reach; sort o' a-er—what d'you call it when them old knights used to throw down in the arena, you was reading me 'bout 'other day?"

"A guttlet—a challenge," replied Frank.

"Ya-as, that's it. The old bears do that as sort o' challenge to any other bear comin' that way—shows how big they air, y'see."

"But what about Billy?" demanded his listener.

"Don't never be in a hurry," advised Eph. "That's as bad a habit to get into as procrastination."

"But I was tellin' you a bear story. It was about w'en I was a boy, back in 'Roostick. I was nine years old, I guess. One day in April I was up in our wood lot with father, w'en we come across a little young bear cub—the cutest critter ever you see."

"Father said he wouldn't tech it if'r fear the old bear was round; but I picked it up an' scatted for home as fast as I could go."

"Mother was as sot agin havin' the critter round as father'd been about techin' it. But all us youngsters begged sot they let us keep it. We took it on milk an' johnnycake, an', bless you, how it did grow! Y'never seen anythin' like it. 'Twas as playful as a kitten after a while, an' would stan' right up on his hin' legs an' box at us like a regular puggerlin' (Eph sounded the 'g' hard). 'An' before winter we had to put mufflers—like boxin' mittens—on his pawes sot he wouldn't scratch us. O'course, Billy didn't mean ter hurt us; but he didn't know how to keep his claws sheathed w'en he got excited."

"He got so big 't mother was all the time sayin' he'd hurt us; but we didn't really believe it. Y'see, we was all nater him, an' he was so cute we hated to give him up; still, he was a bear fr' all that."

"It come erlong in the next spring—the spring Billy was a year old. He growed like a weed an' stood on his hin' legs taller'n I did. He was bou'n big 't that yearlin' calf o' yer father's. Wal, soon's we began ter plow that plaghy bar began ter be a trouble to us. He seemed ter think the kitchen garden was jest made for him, an' w'en the young veg' tables showed up he rooted at 'em like a hog."

"Course we couldn't stan' that, an' we driv' him out, an' finally one day I got mad at him an' jumped in with a hoe handle an' fetched 'im a blow on the snout. Now, a bear's snout, like a bull's nose, is his tenderest p'int. I reckon it got his dauder up, an' he growled and grabbed me by the ankle—I got the marks there to this day."

"Wal, sir—would you believe it!"

—It took father an' Uncle Eph'am both ter drag that little rascal off! He was so strong 't they could scarcely manage him, and mother was so scared 't father got his gun an' shot him, though we young uns cried like good fellers over it. I didn't mind my ankle, but I hated to see Billy shog. "Wal, Frankie, there's the story. An' it's jest that 'bout yer habit o' sayin' 'wait a minute'—'u like any other habit, for that matter. Habits grow big an' strong, an' get the best of us, like Billy, the bear, 'fore we know it."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Making the Most of Life. Alexander the Great, who came early under the tutorage of Aristotle, said that he owed his life to his father, but to his teacher he owed a greater debt, because the latter had taught him "how to make the most of life." This is a lesson which few are able to learn. It is easy to look back with the judgment born of experience and see where mistakes were made that took from life its flavor, that turned hope to disappointment and joy to sorrow, but while the moments are going by it is hard to decide upon the wisest course or to know just what will make the most of life.

There is too much striving and too little contentment in the world. Present good is disregarded, and instead of seeing how much happiness can be found in the little that is possessed, the desire goes out to the unattainable, and the result is a disgust for what might bring happiness on a smaller scale.

There is a desire in almost every heart for prosperity. This is natural, because no one likes to see some one else without any greater ability the winner in the race after wealth, but when wealth begins to gather, instead of enjoying it there comes a desire for more money, more power, more work. No stone is left unturned which can serve to elevate or add to the position of the seeker after society honors, and the result is an amount of insincerity and heart burning which would surprise the uninitiated. Ambition does not tend to happiness. Alexander, in spite of the teaching of a philosopher came to the point of weeping that there were no more worlds to conquer.

The one who makes the most of life is not the ambitious schemer, but rather that one who with patience and diligence accepts his opportunities and makes the best of them. But for one who learns this lesson there are scores who do not recognize it until powers are wasted and life is blotted and marred with a thousand mistakes which are beyond remedy.

The Envy of Sinners.

The wise man give this warning in the Book of Proverbs: "Let not thy heart envy sinners."

That envy is the snare of snares to young men. The sinner seems to be having the best time. They forget that the best of a thing is the way it turns out. Are old sinners having a better time than old saints?

Now the first symptoms of this envy of sinners is the question, "What is the harm?" No one ever asks what is the harm of prayer, self-denial, or praise, or Christian service, or of the joy of the Lord. No one asks what is the harm of incommunicable integrity, of invariable truth telling, of cleanness of life, of sobriety, of manliness and courage. No one ever asks what is the harm of the society of the wise and the pure, of good books, of flowers and poetry and music. No one ever asks what is the harm of vigor of body, of rational exercise, of industry, economy, kindness and the helping hand.

Therefore, always guard your health. Health makes us enjoy a crust of bread with a cup of water, while the most sumptuous banquet has no charms for the sick. Next to honor, health is the dearest possession to man or woman.

Be prudent, but do not be mean. The poorest person has the power of doing some good to a fellow-sufferer. If ever so little, give to the worthy needy according to your circumstances. It will make you feel better, and always gives pleasure when remembered.

Besides, many a poor person has become fortunate, and the friends of adversity should win the gratitude of all true hearts.

Benjamin Franklin said: "The way to wealth is as plain as the way to the market. It depends chiefly on two words: Industry and frugality, that is waste time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything."

Luck was spelled with "P." Under the caption "Mining Success That Were Not All Luck" the February issue of Success contains an article by Robert Mackay on the discovery of the great Comstock property.

The way the four great partners got together interestingly told: "Just beyond the 'divide' two men kept a store. They were James L. Flood and William O'Brien. They had saved some money after a few years of trading with the miners were ready for a deal in one of the mines, and had faith in Mackay and Fair. So, when Mackay walked into their store one morning and remarked, 'Jim Flood, if you and O'Brien will put up the money, Fair and I will put the brains, and I think the four of us can buy the 'Con' Virginia and make something out of it.'

"How much do you want, John?" said Flood.

"Eight thousand dollars."

The deal was closed on the spot. The history of the "Con' Virginia" is as well-known, almost as the story of Washington and the cherry tree. Before the four miners had exhausted their money and their credit. There seemed to be nothing in the rock they brought out of the earth. Other miners met them day after day and laughed at their apparently hopeless task. They were jeered and made fun of. But they kept serene faces and sober minds, and were not to be thwarted by the idle talk of idlers.

One morning, when the prospect seemed blackest, a friend said to Mackay:

"John, luck has gone against you; why don't you quit and go prospecting?"

"The man who figures on luck in mining," said Mackay, "is a fool; the man who figures on doing a lot of hard work and not losing his grit will get something."

The four partners did not lose their grit, nor did they rely on luck. One afternoon the rumor spread over Virginia City that the "Con' Virginia" mine had struck a body of ore. It spread as wildfire often swept over the Nevada prairies. The four men left their mine at sundown and walked down C street amid a babel of cheers. The next morning the Consolidated Virginia stock had gone from 30 cents to \$500 a share, and another day up to \$500 a share. In three days it was announced that the body of rock was so large that its value could not be estimated. In two weeks the United States Government was negotiating with the owners of the mine for the redemption of bonds whose values had been affected by the Civil War. In two months the financial centers of old Europe had felt the shock, and about the same time Mackay, Flood, Fair and O'Brien were millionaires beyond the dreams of avarice.

CONVERSION OF BRUNETIERE.

From the Literary Digest.

Not since the conversion of Newman has the Roman Catholic Church made so important an individual conquest as in the case of Ferdinand Brunetiere, who was the editor for many years of the Revue des Deux Mondes, has been regarded as the ex-celso head of French letters. The event is a sensation among literary folk all over the Continent, far, aside from his position as a sort of literary dictator of France, he is an acknowledged master of French prose and the ablest critic since Taine. The Literary Era (Philadelphia, February) thus speaks of him and his new religious belief:

"In his earliest efforts as a lecturer in the name of France, Brunetiere was known as something more than a dilettante; he was an agnostic; none of his works encourages agnostic confidence in orthodox belief; his studies of the French classics—and he has gone as deeply into them as all of his contemporaries put together—do not give any hint that he regarded faith as an article of very great moment. His declaration, therefore, that he has come to believe, and believe as profoundly as the Catholic Church, has caused a sensation which is not only of the greatest interest to the public, but also of the greatest interest to the literary world. It is of interest to learn that Brunetiere was first set to thinking of the possibility of belief on marking the gross materialism of the so-called Anglo-Saxon races. To him the British have no religion, and when he visited America he looked in vain for anything more of religion than forms and platitudes. Six years ago Brunetiere had occasion to visit the Vatican, and, incidentally, he recorded an interview with Leo XIII. Writing of the event afterward in the Deux Mondes, he made a somewhat mysterious allusion which at the time puzzled curiosity. 'What the Pope was good enough to say to me it is not to be expected that I should reveal here.' Presently, however, he began an exposition of the words of 'Eugle de Meaux,' Bossuet; and in the delivery of a course of lectures on this prelate he has led men of letters to find both inspiration and satisfaction."

In whatever place you may be, pay due respect to your guardian angel. Care you do in his presence that which you would be ashamed to do before a man? Be devoted, then, to this illustrious guardian; be grateful for his care and watchfulness.—St. Bernard.

When you are feeling tired and out of sorts you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Be sure to get HOOD'S.

THE THINGS OUR CHILDREN READ.

"We are letting our young people run riot among all sorts of books," truly remarks the New Century. "Thoughtful and scrupulous librarians complain that mere children are permitted to read every volume advertised or talked about. There is neither law, public opinion nor parental surveillance to prevent this. We are not narrow or illiberal in this matter; it is the novel is to-day worthy of the serious attention of philosophers and sociologists; but young persons of sixteen—even of ten and eleven—can not be reckoned as serious students. The publishers' advertisements seem to apply to one of his works, he cordially announced that to read it meant the death of virtue in the young heart."

SUFFERING WOMEN.

A Message of Hope to the Weak and Depressed.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN TELLS OF HER RELEASE FROM THE AGONIES THAT AFFLICT HER SEX AFTER THREE DOCTORS HAD FAILED TO HELP HER.

The amount of suffering borne by women throughout the country can never be estimated. Silently, almost hopelessly, they endure from day to day afflictions that can only fall to the lot of women. The following story of a suffering and released woman, Charles Hoeg, of Southampton, N.S., ought to bring hope and health and happiness to other sufferers. Mrs. Hoeg says:—"For nine out of the thirty two years of my life I have suffered as no woman, unless she has been similarly afflicted, can imagine I could suffer and yet have lived. Three weeks out of four I would be unable to move about and, indeed, at no time was really fit to attend to my household duties. I consulted physicians—three of the most skillful doctors in the county of Cumberland at different times had charge of my case. These all agreed in their diagnosis, but the treatment varied; and while at times I would experience some relief, at no time was there any hope given me of a permanent cure. Many a night when I went to bed I would have been glad if death had come before morning. I never had much faith in proprietary medicines, but at one time I took a half dozen bottles of a blood-purifying compound that was highly recommended. This, like everything else, failed to help me. There seemed to be not a particle of blood in my body. My face was absolutely colorless, and my appetite almost entirely deserted me. I often saw in the newspapers letters testifying to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but nine years of suffering and discouragement had made me too sceptical to see any hope of relief, when doctors had failed to effect a cure. But at last I came across the story of a cure near home—that of Mr. Moses Bess of Rodney. I know that at one time he had been regarded as a hopeless consumptive, and his cure through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, determined me to try them. I had not taken two boxes before I had begun to feel better, and grew confident of a cure. I kept on taking the pills, all the time feeling new blood in my veins, activity returning to my limbs, and the feeling of depression gradually wearing away. To many women it may seem incredible that the mere making of new blood in my veins all restore to a healthy condition misplaced internal organs, but this has been my happy experience. My pains have all left me, and I am now as healthy a woman as there is in this place. This health I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have rescued me from a life of suffering, not from the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Painful of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. These pills are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

If you are scrofulous, dyspeptic, rheumatic, troubled with kidney complaint, general debility, lacking strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Out of Sorts—Symptoms. Headaches, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a true saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and in this case the point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Farmley's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

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THE THINGS OUR CHILDREN READ.

"We are letting our young people run riot among all sorts of books," truly remarks the New Century. "Thoughtful and scrupulous librarians complain that mere children are permitted to read every volume advertised or talked about. There is neither law, public opinion nor parental surveillance to prevent this. We are not narrow or illiberal in this matter; it is the novel is to-day worthy of the serious attention of philosophers and sociologists; but young persons of sixteen—even of ten and eleven—can not be reckoned as serious students. The publishers' advertisements seem to apply to one of his works, he cordially announced that to read it meant the death of virtue in the young heart."

SUFFERING WOMEN.

A Message of Hope to the Weak and Depressed.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN TELLS OF HER RELEASE FROM THE AGONIES THAT AFFLICT HER SEX AFTER THREE DOCTORS HAD FAILED TO HELP HER.

The amount of suffering borne by women throughout the country can never be estimated. Silently, almost hopelessly, they endure from day to day afflictions that can only fall to the lot of women. The following story of a suffering and released woman, Charles Hoeg, of Southampton, N.S., ought to bring hope and health and happiness to other sufferers. Mrs. Hoeg says:—"For nine out of the thirty two years of my life I have suffered as no woman, unless she has been similarly afflicted, can imagine I could suffer and yet have lived. Three weeks out of four I would be unable to move about and, indeed, at no time was really fit to attend to my household duties. I consulted physicians—three of the most skillful doctors in the county of Cumberland at different times had charge of my case. These all agreed in their diagnosis, but the treatment varied; and while at times I would experience some relief, at no time was there any hope given me of a permanent cure. Many a night when I went to bed I would have been glad if death had come before morning. I never had much faith in proprietary medicines, but at one time I took a half dozen bottles of a blood-purifying compound that was highly recommended. This, like everything else, failed to help me. There seemed to be not a particle of blood in my body. My face was absolutely colorless, and my appetite almost entirely deserted me. I often saw in the newspapers letters testifying to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but nine years of suffering and discouragement had made me too sceptical to see any hope of relief, when doctors had failed to effect a cure. But at last I came across the story of a cure near home—that of Mr. Moses Bess of Rodney. I know that at one time he had been regarded as a hopeless consumptive, and his cure through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, determined me to try them. I had not taken two boxes before I had begun to feel better, and grew confident of a cure. I kept on taking the pills, all the time feeling new blood in my veins, activity returning to my limbs, and the feeling of depression gradually wearing away. To many women it may seem incredible that the mere making of new blood in my veins all restore to a healthy condition misplaced internal organs, but this has been my happy experience. My pains have all left me, and I am now as healthy a woman as there is in this place. This health I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have rescued me from a life of suffering, not from the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Painful of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. These pills are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

If you are scrofulous, dyspeptic, rheumatic, troubled with kidney complaint, general debility, lacking strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Out of Sorts—Symptoms. Headaches, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a true saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and in this case the point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Farmley's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

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WH

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

THE PORTULANTS TAKE THE HABIT IN THE CHAPEL OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD AND TWO YOUNG LADIES TAKE VOWS.

No ceremony could have been more awe-inspiring or soul elevating than that which took place in the chapel of the Precious Blood...

The young ladies who took the habit of the Precious Blood on Monday morning...

An Irish Language Society has been formed among the pupils of the Ottawa High School...

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

The ceremonies peculiar to Holy Week were observed in St. Mary's Cathedral...

DIocese of London.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Masses were celebrated at 7 and 8 o'clock...

DIocese of Hamilton.

The Holy Week services were begun at the Cathedral on Wednesday evening...

DIocese of Kingston.

The services in the city churches Easter Sunday were in keeping with the custom...

DIocese of London.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Masses were celebrated at 7 and 8 o'clock...

great pleasure in receiving such an agreeable surprise...

lighted to night's lecture, still many would have come were it only for the sake of looking upon the dear old face of the illustrious Governor Forster...

"GLIMPSES OF IRELAND"

Those who attended the Illustrated Lecture given under the auspices of the Irish Benevolent Society...

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Woman's Work

in preparing appetizing and wholesome food is lightened by this famous baking powder.



Light Biscuit, Delicious Cake, Dainty Pastries, Fine Puddings.

Absolutely pure. It adds healthful qualities to the food.

ROYAL Baking Powder

The 'Royal Baker and Pastry Cook' - most practical and valuable of cook books...

There are cheap baking powders, made from alum, but they are exceedingly harmful to health...

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

THE WIZARD'S KNIGHT

By William Barry

Dr. Barry is a man of the world, as well as a Catholic divine. 'The Wizard's Knight' is a story of the life of a young man...

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process...

LEAFLETS FROM LORETO.

The Easter number of this always bright and interesting magazine comes to us laden with the brightest gems of the minds of Loreto's gifted pupils...

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, April 11. - Grain, per cental - Wheat \$1.18 to \$1.20...

JUST BE GLAD.

O heart of mine, you shouldn't be so nervous. Have you known what we've missed of calm we couldn't have...

C. M. B. A.

Resolution of Condolence. At a regular meeting of Branch 37, C. M. B. A. held in their hall...

VOLUME

The Catholic

London, Saturday

THE CANADIAN

We beg to assure Canadian Magazines published in our country a great deal of interest in question was violent antipathy...

THE FRIAR

There is a border that separates views of the operating at would find belittled against fact. We ven hand but we nearly repositular pres-

HOW TO MAKE THE JUBILEE. The Jubilee which His Holiness Leo XIII. declared open on June 11, 1900...

A PAYING BUSINESS

52 Weeks a Year. For agents handling our two great labels - 'The Wizard's Knight' and 'The Wizard's Daughter'...

Banners, Badges, Pins, Buttons

FOR RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES, FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS, SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

T. P. TANSEY,

Manufacturer Association Supplies 14 Drummond St. Montreal, P. Q.

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We have for sale the Catholic Home and Little Folk's Annuals for 1901 still in stock...

CLARKE & SMITH.

Undertakers and Embalmers 113 Adelaide Street West. Telephone 25.

PETERBORO REAL ESTATE CHANGE

50 farms for sale all sizes and prices. 20 garden lots from 1 to 20 acres.

COWAN'S Hygienic COCOA

Royal Navy CHOCOLATE. Are the favorites with most people. Buy COWAN'S.

SITUATION WANTED.

WANTED SITUATION AS LADY'S COMPANION and Nurse for Invalid. Address 'A B,' CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London.