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# Catholic Record.

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#### The Catholic Record LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1908.

THE RELIGIOUS AND THE SEC.

ULAR WEEKLY. The Christian Guardian, echoing the

ory of the Montreal Witness, tells its reader; that the election of a Jew as Mayor of Rome, is the Roman reply to Pope Pius X.'s thunderings against

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Plain men, however-if they happen to be Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant—should be grateful to Pius K. for his outspoken condemnation of views which are incompatible with belief in the historical truth of the andamental doctrines of the Christian

THE EDITOR AND THE JEW.

A correspondent sends us an excerpt from the Osservatore Romano with the query " What do you think of intolerant policy of the Roman Catholic toward the Jew ?"

The excerpt embodies the editor's disapproval of Ernest Nathan as mayor of Rome. It contains not a word anent hostile policy toward the Jew, and resents Nathan's success, not because he is a Jew, but because he is a Freemason of the most virulent type. That the Jew has ever found a friend in the Vatican is a matter of history. Without citing many facts to substantiate this assertion, suffice it to say that the Marquise de Fontenoy points out that the first member of the Jewish race who ever obtained a European title of nobility received it at the hands of a Pope Leo XI., who raised to the patriciate, a Jew of the name of Perleoni. The latter at the time of his death filled the office of prefect of Rome, while still a professing Jew-a dignity which may be regarded as the mediaeval counterpart of that now filled by his co-religionist Ernest Nathan.

#### THE MONTREAL WITNESS.

In a note appended to a letter from a reader in the Montreal Weekly Witness we notice that this paper is wandering from the path of journalistic rectitude. When he says, anent miracles, that the Roman Catholic Church has been fain to record "puerile portents with no moral significance," etc., we are justiaed in asking for proof of this assertion. We are, of course, not ruffled by the dictum, but we are of the opinion that an influential paper should array it in the clothes of argument and not thrust it naked into the presence of its readers. The editor is not among those who scoff at miracles, and reject them, not because they are unsupported by evidence, but because, as Middleton contesses, that if they admit their testimony they must accept the facts and with them the Church they so lumin ously illustrate. Admitting the Scriptures, can he prove that the mode in which at one time God dealt with his people has been changed and the gift of physical miracles has been withdrawn from the Church. As to "puerile portents" we content ourselves with saving that the editor is ignorant of what the Church commands us to believe in the question of miracles. In deference to his reputation he should abstain from disseminating misinforma

tion, not to say anything of prejudice. UNAFRAID AND UNDEFEATED.

Despite the prediction that the Church in France would be vanquished by tyranny and spoliation, euphemistically styled democratic ideas, the London Saturday Review says that the Church is still in a perilous position, but the thing which has suffered most in the fight has been the conception of the omninotent state. The taking up of the gauntlet thrown down by French Jacobinism was an act of the highest heroism. To-day the cathedrals and churches of France hold larger and more earnest congregations than ever they held in the days of the Second

THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL.

In the Ladies Home Journal Dr. Box gives much and varied information about anything from a doily to a dough. nut. He tells the gentler sex how to scramble eggs and manipulate the buckwheat cake: how to build and decorate houses - to make useful articles to cost about 30c and to look the price. Not content with being arbiter of fashion and gastronomy he sighed for new worlds to conquer: and putting his doctor's cap on straight he marched

made a few tactless remarks about beliefs which are held by the majority of his readers. Why the gentleman, whose temper we opined, was as sweet as one of those steaks referred to now and then in the Journal, should have deserted his millinery - strewn path passes our comprehension. He writes so beautifully on what to give the baby, and how to fashion curl paper and to enter a train without falling over the conductor, that we regret to see him wandering so far adeld. It may be an advertising scheme, or a bid for notor that the subscribers can make Dr. Bok

Writing on progress in the Pailip pines, The Christian Guardian says:

which referred to blasphemy as " not very sensible remarks " bearing false witness. When the editor penned the foregoing words he either knew they embodied an untruth or he did not. If he knew, he slandered, if he did not, he manifested his ignorance. In either ism that is a disgrace to any country. Where the Church is concerned this individual is un-Christian enough to satisfy a rabid infidel. He does not consult learned Protestant writers; he is merely a recorder of prejudices, a disseminator of slander that intelligent Methodists are ashamed of. And yet he is an editor of a religious weekly for the household.

WHAT PROTESTANTS SAY.

Protestant writers of reputation scorn to use the slander that the Church is opposed to popular education.

Canon Farrar in his " Christianity and the Race," Lect. v., p. 186, says : Consider what the Church did for education. Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted that torch of learning which otherwise would have been extinguished long before. demand. A religious education incomparably superior to the mere athleticism of the nobles' hall was extended to the mean-

est serf who wished for it." The Scotch Calvinist, Laing, in his manner: "In Catholic Germany, in manners and morals, is at least as genthe people, that the Popish priesthood munity in Catholic lands. . . Educa tion is, in reality, not only not repressed but is encouraged by the Popish Church and is a mighty instrument in its hands and ably used," Again, this writer, no lover of Rome, says in the same work, p. 413, that the Popish Church is advancing stealthily but steadily . . . adapting herself to the state of the public mind and to the degree of social and intellectual de velopment in every country from the despotism of Naples to the democracy

of New York. and others, do not allow their hostility to the Church to blind them to the facts of history. And these facts are so clean-cut as to allow no man, jealous of his reputation, to say that the Church is opposed to popular education. We venture to say that the intelligent Methodist would recoil from the slander to which we have referred. But the Guardian editor is whose pagaacity knows no discrimination, and whose methods are devoid of either thought or Jearning. He should vote for prohibition of intemperance in as-

Our joys are joyless unless we have some one to share our delight. The mind forgets much of its sufferings when our griefs have found a mate, and in every emotional occurrence our social natures cry out for company and companionship. The noblect actions of companionship. The noblect actions of a man are seen in his efforts to rear a a man are seen in his efforts to rear a salts were \$1 an ounce, its popularity family and provide for them a home, and he cannot descend to a baser use than to hanced. The cheap things are seldom

PIOUS VAGRANTS - WHAT'S IN A NAME;

In one of my former missions there was a Methodist minister who told a strange story of his early religious ex-periences. That it was substantially true I have every reason to believe. According to this story, he was the son of Catholic parents, and the name bore out his statement. Some of those Methodist clerical names are well calculated to set us a thinking. He had been prought up after the usual manner of Catholic boys; had gone to confession several times, and had received his first Communion. A good old grand mother had taught him to say the hads and even are ministed by the relety, or a proof that he has a soul above beads, and even as a minister he re a bonnet. We are certain, however, tained a few lingering traces of his early devotion to the Blessed Virgin. wary of printing crude preachments by parish church, and pew rent was in touching his most valnerable part—his those days the general rule. When he pocket. to stand or sit in some one else's pew. THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN. When about thirteen years out the star performer in a little tragedy, which left its impress upon him during the balance of his life. On one occaone which made rather for popular ignorance than for popular education."

We are not surprised to see a paper is in the unwittingly entered the pew of a somewhat crusty individual. The pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew and in the graffest manner possible ordered the little fellow out of the content of the pew and in the graffest manner possible ordered the little fellow out of the pew and in the graffest manner possible ordered the little fellow out of the pew and in the graffest manner possible ordered the little fellow out of the pew was far up in front, and the manner possible ordered the pew of a somewhat crusty individual. The pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front, and the did so, he passed in front of the pew was far up in front sion he unwittingly entered the pew of seat, and bade him stay out. Smarting under the public hamiliation, the boy left the church, and no form of pe it again. The parents themselves were rather nerligent, and they did not seriously object when later on he became a regular attendant at the Methodist Sunday school. A wealthy case he is an exponent of the journal- lady of the same religious persuasion took a fancy to him and offered to put him through college. The parents were flattered of course, and eagerly ac-cepted the offer. They did not wake up to the importance of such a decis ion until their son returned to his home a duly accredited Methodist min ister. Vagrant Catholicity had once again demonstrated its ability to undermine the foundations of Catholic again demonstrated its ability to undermine the foundations of Catholic faith. It was a few paitry dollars versus a child's soul. The price of a few sittings in church versus their boy's eternal salvation, and the boy was sectional salvation, and the boy was sectional salvation. eternal salvation, and the boy was sacrificed on the altar of Mammon. We hear a great deal now-a-days about the barbarism and savagery of the poor idolators who sacrificed their children to the cruel gods of pagan times. They were at least animated by religious serted by their pastors and parents and motives, and their heroic sacrifices left to their own ignorance and weakwere dictated by genuine, if mistaken zeal. They compare favorably with present day parents who wilfully en-danger their children's salvation rather than make the few sacrifices which duty and religion imperatively

The vagrants are the original taxdodgers. They attend church, as I have already asserted several times, but bear none of its burdens. They hear Mass, but refuse to contribute to Notes of a Traveller " answers the the maintenance of him who ministers Christian Guardian in the following at the altar. They will do anything rather than pay. They are not paupers, except when it comes to contributing. France, Italy, and even Spain, the They have their excuses, of course, education of the common people in They do not come to church often reading, writing, arithmetic, music, enough to rent a pew. They cannot afford it just now, but they will do better at some indefinite future date. erally diffused and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and while. Then there are two or more kind of evil forces. They are without not by keeping back the advance of parishes of different nationalities, and any guide or protector, uncared for, ev have not arrived at a decision as the people, that the Popish priesthood of the present day seek to keep shead of the intellectual progress of the comthe people, that the Popish priesthood to the one with which they will affiliate. It is a safe guess to make that they never will. When some emergency arises, such as baptism, a marriage or a funeral, they are very profuse in their promises. They well aware that in such cases the traditional zeal of the priest can be relied upon, and that of two evils he will al-ways choose the least. If the canonical regulations as to parish affiliation were rigidly enforced, they would be in sore straits for a pretext, but the bruised reed is seldom broken and the smoking flax is seldom quenched. Where the system in force is a combination of pew rent and seat money, they will enter a pew with all the assurance of the real owner, and when discovered they will merely smile at the collector for his pains. Sensitive? Catholic Italy, says Hallam, supplied the fire at which other nations plied their torches. Guizot, Gibbon, and penurious and stingy, and they through life dodging a financial sponsibility whenever and wherever possible. They are in reality the recipients of the charity of those who make it possible for the Church to ex st. But charity has been upon from the beginning, and there are nearly enough of the generous and self-denying to make up for the shortcom ings of those who are the reverse. To reader will please notice that I put it "nearly always." There have been instances in which meanness became spidemic, and the priestly victim, sound by the vow of obedience to his Bishop, live to regard with bitterness the day he became a priest. No priest would dare stand in his pulpit and treat in plain terms of the miserable, contemptible, small subterfuges to meanness in the care of the temporalities of religion. There is a saying in

the newest creation from Paris and THE BUSINESS SIDE OF RELIGION. advantage of their cheapness. The fact that it costs them nothing, or next to nothing, has much to do with the lack of appreciation shown by the vagrants for the priceless heritage of Catholic faith, known by the generic term of "religion."

SOUNDS FINE. We often hear it said by well in-runed laymen that if exact business inciples were employed more gener-y by priests, the results would be e satisfactory in every way. Exact iness principles mean presumably this case an equitable assessment de by competent laymen, which essment every professed member ght to be obliged in some way to . All this sounds fine, but there a few difficulties. The chief diffisulty is that the wealthy will seldom ment to an equitable assessment, other difficulty is that it makes the condition of the deserving poor a matter of common parish gossip. A third and final objection is that no system has yet been devised which can effectually reach the vagrants and the You can assess them until, you are black in the face, as the sayng goes, and you are as well off after the assessment as you were before. The country at large finds many prob-lems insoluble : so does the Church.— Rev. J. T. Roche, LL. D., in Catholic

#### MUST GUARD THE YOUNG.

It cannot be too often repeated that the future welfare of the Church and of society in the United States, as in all other countries, lies in the teaching of the catechism by parents and past-ors and teachers—in the home, in the church, in the school, says Bishop Canevin of Pittsburg in a notable pastoral just issued. Religious faith, morals, character, come from that source. That a work is difficult is no reason why it may be neglected. No matter how difficult it may seem to gather all the children of the parish under sixteen years of age for religious instructions on Sundays: no matter never relax their efforts zeal to flag. It is at this period of life that boys and girls most need the light ness to become the sport and prey of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Where the priest is in earnest, parents become in earnest, children beand piety and virtue prevail.

Pastors and assistant pastors are bound by a solemn obligation of office and of strict justice to instruct all who are entrusted to them in the know-ledge of God. We are responsible to God for those who are baptized, and for those who are not baptized; for those who are Catholics, and for those who are not Catholics. We are to his life. boys and girls, growing up to be men and women, who have never had the opportunities of a Catholic school, or of the influence and our reach. There are hundreds of Christian home. Some of them are left to their fate among ignorant and ity and blasphemy, with drunkenness and depravity in their worst forms.

These we must seek out and save. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is now canonically established in this diocese as the Holy Father has decreed, and every parish is to have, according to its size and condition, a Society of Christian Doctrine. There should be a number of men and women well trained in the best methods of teaching Catechism, to assist the pastor in the week, to assemble and instruct the children, especially those children who do not attend a Catholic school. Not only the well disposed children who present themselves at the appointed time, are to be instructed, ignorant, idle negligent, and wayward are to be sought out by the pastor and his catechists in the streets, alleys, in note country places, and wherever the most careless and godless dwell that they may be taught to know Christ and obey His precepts. The most strenuous efforts ought to be made to reach those boys and girls who are ignorant of religious truths, and to teach them the catechism, else they will be a reproach to the Church and a danger and torment to society. there are religious teaching in a parnecessary for children of the parochial school, but they will be useful to seek out the careless and wayward, and if they have the true missionary spirit they will be able to save many who are now being lost to the Church by their zeal in instructing poor, neglected boys and girls, and even men and women, and by bringing them to Mass which many people will have recourse in order to avoid paying what they are public institutions in a parish, justly owe; no pastor could well put on paper all that he has learned of human principles of faith and morality, and to assist the priest in other ways in caring for the Catholic inmates of such in-

There are some who will think that the need of catechists and mission workers is not so important or so urgent

be. The need is very great : the need is apparent to those who are not blinded by sloth and indifference. We have so many coming to our churches and schools that we may neglect to seek out those who do not come. The good shepherd will give his first care and labor to find and save the strayed and lost sheep. Italians, Syrians, Šiovaks, Poles, Croatians, Slovenians, Lithuan-ians, Austrians, Belgians, and other immigrants, who are scattered through ont the diocese, living apart from other Catholics in small colonies, are some times left without anyone to speak to them in their own language of the truths of salvation and encourage them in the practice of Catholic faith and morality. We should not be content until the society of Christian Ductrine has reached every small settlement and provided our immigrant brethren with religious books and papers printed in their own language. Pastors should endeavor to provide teachers for these people—teachers who will catechise the children and instruct them in the truths and duties of a good Christian life. Our most important work is to instruct the ignorant, remove prejudice and save souls. No matter how ignorant and indifferent the people may be; no matter how little money they may contribute to support religion, a pastor is responsible to God for the spiritual welfare of all within the limits of his parish; and the more ignorant, superstitious and stolid men may seem, the more earnest and zealous will the true pastor be to gain them to Christ.
Our Diocesan Apostolate has done excellent work, and with more mission excellent work, and with more mission-aries and larger means its labors could be extended still farther. But it can not do the work of catechists and mis-sion helpers in distributing religious books and papers and gathering to-gether the children for instruction in labor camps, small mining towns, country districts and other places where there are immigrants and their chil-

dren to be cared for. There is a far reaching need of more extensive and more thorough know ledge of Catholic truth among all classes, even among Catholies edu-cated in colleges and academies. Religious education in parochial schools, and in all higher schools, ought to be he first aim of the teacher, and the most systematic, the most thorough, the most extensive course of study. Time and care should be devoted to religious instruction and practices, so that education may perfect the spiritual as well as the intellectual faculties of the pupils. It is important that teachers be well trained in secular sciences and the best methods of im-parting the knowledge of reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and so forth out it is vastly more important that Catholic teachers should be true Christians, and able by instruction and example, to make the study of Chris-tian doctrine easy and attractive to the young. Such teachers we have in the faithful, devoted and self-sacrificing men and women who devote their lives to Christian education. A Cath-olic is not educated until he knows his religion, and the knowledge of his re

#### ST. FRANCIS DE SALES DAY AT THE MISSION HOUSE.

espondence from Washington, Feb. 1, '08 Mission House.

very notable crowd that visions companions, familiar with gathered for the event consisting of coarseness and brutality, with obscenity and blasphemy, with drunkenness irom all the affiliated houses as well as from the faculty of the university. These university affairs are conducted on a very high plane and no where can such assemblages be seen as events like

this bring forth.
In the cluster of buildings may by found the brightest young men in the Church, who are preparing for careers of usefulness in the various religious orders in which they are associated. The Paulists, the Sulpicians, the Marists, the Dominicans, the Franciscans and the Holy Cross have gathered all their ablest scholastics about the uni

very representative crowd. The programme included an address by Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, rector of the Apostolic Missionary House. The Banediction was given by Right Rev. Mgr. Chase, of Texas, and the music

Father Doyle said in part: "St. Francis de Sales was a great missionary in the cantons of Switzerland, and the recent disestablishment of the national the apostle of the non-controversial received with great sorrow by al methods of the presentation of the re ligious truths.
"I have never allowed myself," said

he, "to give way to invective or reproach without repenting of it. If I Right Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker, D. D., bave the happiness of reclaiming heretics it has been by gentleness. ary 22 in the albany. N. Y. High heretics it has been by gentleness. ary 22 in the albany. N. Y. High Love is a stronger power over souls, I do not only say than severity, but than gathering, and in behalf of the class of even any reasoning."
"His success in reclaiming those

who had fallen away from the Church late, showing him as he fappeared in was marvellous. He went into the Chablais — a province that had been desolated by war and rancor-and in a laid down his life. The photograph

non-controversial method. The mission a worthy alumnus. This is the first movement for non-Catholics that emanmovement for non-Catholics that eman-ates from the Mission House forbids all into the domain of theology, brandished destroy his home or the home of another. appreciated, even by those who take as this pastoral letter represents it to contentions and controversies."

"The priests who are living at present in the Mission House have come from all over the country-from Florida on the South to Baker City, Oregon, on the west and Canada on the north—and it is their purpose when they have finished their course to return to their respective dioceses to be the home missionaries, working according to the policies and after the methods that made St. Francis de Sales so eminently successful a missionary.'

A priest living in a densely Protes an town wrote to a friend to this effect: "It i quite amzing what a change has taken place here in the feelings of non-Catholics. I can re-

What If We Had Been Aggressive ?

member the time when an anti-Catholic meeting was attended by the best peo-ple in the community and in great numbers. They were all against us bitterly. But now things are so different that at a recent concert for eur church, the Protestants made up the majority of the audience, and the whole city is very friendly. And yet in those thirty five years we have done nothing to influence them, except to creep about in black clothes and old hats and always pay our bills. What would not have been the change, how many might have been the converts, if we had carried on a zealous though pacific propaganda?"—The Missionary.

#### CATHOLIC NOTES.

By the will of the late Leopold Vilsack, which disposes of an estate of over \$5,000 000, Catholic churches, hospitals and homes in the vicinity of Pittsburg are bequeathed \$105,000.

By the will of Mrs. Charlotte Kohlhass of Lancaster, Pa., the sum of \$2,000 is left to Bishop Shanahan for the education of young men for the priesthood, and the bulk of her large estate is left to the Sisters of Mercy of Harrisburg, Pa.

English Catholic papers announce the selection by the Sacred Congrega-tion of the Propaganda of Right Rev. Mgr. Canon Ward, president of St. Edmund's College, Ware, for the vacant see of Northampton, despite his earnest "nolo episcopari." Mgr. Ward is a son of the famous Dr. William George Ward and a brother of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, editor the Dublin Review.

The possession of a prayer book obtained the last rites of the Church for an unidentified man believed to be Edward O Keefe, twenty-five years old, 747 West Forty-eighth street, Chiorgo. He was fatally injured when he attempted to board a train on the Atchison railroad at Lemont, Ill. Rev. T. Hemlock, when notified that a stranger was dying, having in his pos-session a prayer book, hurried to the scene and administered extreme unction. A few minutes later the man

Nearly all the property of Mrs. Annie Vernen, the bilind authoress, who died recently is bequeathed for charitable and religious purposes. The Maryland School for the Bilnd is given all real estate, consisting prin-cipally of ground rents. Mrs. Vernon was a graduate of the school. Cardinal Correspondence from Washington, Feb. 1, '08.

The most interesting event in the Catholic University life last week was the celebration of the patronal feast of St. Frances de Sales at the Apostolic Mission Honse.

Mission Honse. estimated at \$50,000.

The County Kerry, Ireland, has been plunged in grief by the death of Mother Ignatius O Connell, superioress of the Presentation Convent. Cahleciveen. Born near Abbeyfeale in 1826 she entered the religious life in 1852, and was professed in 1854. were the special objects of her solici-tude-young girls anxious to become nuns and boys who showed a vocation for the Church. There are in Great Britain, America, Australia and Africa nuns and priests working for the glory of God who owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mother Ignating, and who will hear of her death with deep sorrow.

The Cincinnati archdiocese has sustained a great loss in the death of Right Rev. Megr. John M. Mackey, Ph. D., president of Mt. St. Mary eminary, Cedar Point, and one of the oldest and most prominent priests in the province. Magr. Mackey died late was rendered in first class style by the stricken with apoplexy Tuesday morning, following an attack of the grip, and passed away without regaining consciousness. Surrounding his death watched at his side all day, and a Church in Geneva gives the story of number of priests. The announcement of his life a peculiar freshoess. He was

Rarely is the memory of a Catholic 1880 there was presented to the High School a photograph of the dead prehis Pontifical robes a short time before he left to take up the post where he will be replaced later by a handsome Church seventy-two thousand apostates.

In dignified oil painting which will hang upon the wall of the school apostle because he is the apostle of the chapel, a memorial for years to come of gra uate has had his picture hung there by his former classmates.

NORA BRADY'S VOW. BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER V. But now, too great for fetters grown
Too proud to bend the slavish knee,
Loved Erin mocks the tyrant's thrall,
And firmly vows the will be free.

But mark you treacherous, stealthy knave

One bright sunny morning, just four weeks after Dennis Byrne left Glen-dariff, he returned, footsore and weary enough. Parting with John Halloran under the gloomy circumstances of their last interview had been the saddest trial which had ever wrung the heart of the blacksmith of Kildare, and, almost unmanned, his tears now and then fell in torrents, sprink-ling the wild rocky paths he was descending. Once he met a cowherd searching for a stray heifer, and not long after, in a narrow gorge, came abreast of two or three shy, sullenlooking men, wearing a look of terror on their countenance, who, having been into the valley to buy meal and potatoes, had heard and seen enough to make them fly back to their mountain sheelings, perfectly satisfied to forego the necessaries they were in pursuit of, for the agreeable certainty of knowing that they had escaped hanging and quartering. Dennis soon discovered that their alarm was not groundless; for as he approached nearer to the low-lands he perceived detachments of Eng lish soldiers galloping in every direction over the country; he saw that they were stationed at the farm houses and at the crost-roads, and knew that, unless the providence of God delivered him, he should have a narrow escape, if indeed he did not really fall into their hands. But danger and peril always whet the edge of an Irishman's wit; his love of adventure imparts a zest to the most unequal rencon're, while all the chivalry and will of his nature are roused to defeat the purposes of those who would trample on him; and, when he finds that mere physical strength cannot serve him, his keen wit, like a legion, is ready to grapple with an army of difficulties. Dennis Byrne's disguise was perfect, and his limp in imitable, although it added a heavy weight to every mile; while with the vacant, simple look he assumed, and a brogue which was absolutely terrible, he succeeded in passing unharmed more than one Saxon corion, who were en-gaged in torturing and tormenting the harmless peasantry with an abuse of authority of which the Vandals of a remoter age might have been ashamed. Whenever he splea them in the distance, he began to sing, with a voice which indicated a pair of lungs as tough and strong as his own great bellows in the smithy at Kildare, some wild Gaelic song, which, to those who were near enough to hear the words, was about as intelligible as the clatter of a mill-wheel, until they surrounded him with curses and questions not a few; when, by his half witted answers, his rough Connaught brogue, assumed for the ocwonder, he not only secured the free dom of the road, but succeeded in learning much that he wished to know, and on several occasions absolutely re-ceived as many shillings as blows.

He learned that the principal chiefs in the late outbreak had been arrested

and imprisoned; it was believed and hop d they would be hung, certainly transported. He heard John Halloran's name loaded with imprecations and curses, as one who had escaped; they feared he had got safe out of the coun try; if not, such means were provided for his arrest as must certainly prove effectual in his capture.

At last Dennis found himself within the Park-gate at Glendariff. As he ap proached the house, he saw at once ho it was. Sentincle in the uniform of the 4th regiment of Highlanders were stationed here and there about the mansion and grounds; and if at first he felt surprised at the circumstance of no guard being placed at the lodge, he understood it now; but he thanked God fervently that the hunted fugitive unwarily into this well-contrived ambuscade. As to himself, "he didn't care a snap if they took him prisoner; it was just what he wanted, unless they would put another face intirely on the

The shutters were all closed, and only the kitchen-door was open. Tarough this he saw Nora flitting around as usual; perhaps more heavily and silently, for no wild melody trilled out with the gladness of a pure and motion of her busy hands. Limping up toward the kitchen, thinking at the moment only of Nora, he was suddenly grasped by the arm on one side, while before him glittered in his eyes. He turned, and found himself in the cus tody of two soldiers, who demanded the

countersign. "De what? My granny used to niver was wise dat way," said Dernis, dropping the corners of his eyes and

ath together. What be your business, and where you from last?" asked the old

' An' surely yer honor's scaret me wits out ov me intirely. I a most for-got whedder I was ever been or not," exclaimed Dennis, the picture of a

fool. "Come, ye hirplin' gaberlunzle, to Captain Saunders: he's the chief that'll make ye glow'r. Hech, s'rs! but ye'll tell him where ye come frae ast. Dennis Byrne's ragged collar and lead ing him into John Halloran's library Captain Saunders with one of two of his officers was at breakfast. He was a man past middle age, with the harsh physiognomy of his nation; (It is said that the Scotch officers and soldiers, greatly to their honor, at this period in Ireland, behaved like men from whose bosom humanity had not taken flight) his hair was crisp and

Covenanter's, while his small, keen said the Scotchman, laughing.

gray eyes were almost hidden by the haggy, black brows which overhung

"Now, I rede ye, speak the truth,' whispered the sergeant to Dennis, after he had paused for an instant, bolt upright, to make a military salute to his commanding officer.

"Who are you?" asked Captain Saunders, after hearing his subordin-

ate's report.
"Only a poor innocent baccah man

beggin' here an' there a crust an' a bone, yer honor," replied Dennis, com posedly.
"And do you know the premises you

are on? That I could imprison you, transport you, for daring to put your foot on these grounds without authority? Oh, you are a douse laddie, my ragged reend!" said Captain Saunders "Christ pardon an' save uz, an' where am I at all then? yer worship axes me; ah' surely it's I ought to be axin' you where I be, seein' you're here, an' I, a poor baccah lad, wid his staff an' bag, jest from de hills of

Tipperary," replied Dennis.
"The devil you are!" exclaimed the captain, excited by this piece of news; and pray what were you after in that

Is dat a Shanghai, sir ? My grannie had lots o' hins, but I nivir h'ar her mintion any sich breed as dat, said Dennis, looking perfectly innocent while the young officers, angry, but amused, endeavored to suppress a laugh. 'I say, rascal, what business had ye in Tipperary?" roared Captain Saund

ers. 'I dunno, yer honor. I h'ard I was born dare : but, bein' a poor orphin, I can't swear to de fact, and be rayson of me beravement, for I was a destitute orphin, yer honor, I bad to take de wallet on me shoulder, and ax de hos pitality of me neighbors an' the coun pitality of me neighbors an the coun-thry peoples; but, save us, sirs! I'm druv off me ould bate intirely by de sogering an fighting dat's goin on sure. Betune de sogers takin me for a rebel, an de rebels takin me for a divil of a informer; an yer honor, I was glad to git out of it intirely," said Dennis, with an emphasis and strength of brogue which was deafening even to

Scotch ears. "Gude's sake, mon, ye deserve hangng for the thud (Confused noise, ) and claver ye make. Can't ye speak Queen's English?" exclaimed Ca exclaimed Captain Saunder, about the corner of whose

Lord's sake, sir! Can yer hono pake in de grand ould Celtic diction, dat I bin used to all my born days?
If you can do dat, sir, I'm at your sarvice from mornin' till night: me tongue gets on de right groove den, sir, an' runs like a stame-carridge; but de English is a furrin' lingo to me, an' my tongue goes blunderin' over de brogue her he's safe, of it, till I don't zactiy know what I across the sea."

says myself. No; and I'm glad I don't, you paw key," said Captain Saunders. "Here Jock Hazel, search this fellow. He fore knave than fool, in my opinion.' And without ceremony they proceeded to search the person of Denais. They tore away the shreds of lining from his ragged hat, looked u der the borrowed and rusty old wig he wore, emptied his wallet and poked carefully among the bones and crusts which were scattered on the floor. They divested him of his coat, shors, and stockings; in fact, the quisition extended from his head to his heels, leaving none of his tattered garments unexplored. But of course they found nothing, except the dark, glossy curl of John Halloran's hair, which Captain Saunders held carefully, yet cautiously, between his forefinger and thumb, while the investigation

"I am not yet satisfied, you vaga-ond, but that you're a rebel." "Me! — ullalu — Chorp an dacul 1" Me!" shouted Dennis, with a wild look of a samed terror.

"Yes; and you are my prisoner, until impart. I am satisfied that you are a leal subject of her majesty's. If you attempt the grounds of this-eh-ah-

An' may I stay, yer honor, undher yer lordship's purtiction?" exclaimed Dennis, apparently overjoyed; "an' an I have a little clane straw to slape r, an' a sup to ate? An' will yer honor afther givin a poor, disolate orpbin ist bit o' hair betune yer fingers?

uspect, if this hair could talk it would ell tales. It is strangely like the hair t that portrait in the drawing-room, said Captain Saunders, ad-Donald,'

dressing one of the officers.
"Dher Chorp agus manim" (By my soni and body) exclaimed Dennis; an' thin yer honor's eyes desave you intirely; for dat bair belonged to cousin's husband of me own, dat wid de small pox last Whi'suntide.

In an instant the dark curl was lving at Dennis Byrne's feet, while, half wild with the dread of contagion, Cap'ain Saunders vociferously ordered him out of the house, and called for brandy, camphor, and vinegar. Glad to escap Dennis snatched up the precio and, again thrusting it into his bosom, was led under guard to the kitcher where Nora, with her back to the door was bending over some fine article of dress she was ironing.

"Mistress," said the soldier, "here's a fellow you'll be gade enough to take care of : he's a sonsie-looking chiel, an nae doot he'll have your wits in a creel afore night.

Poor Dennis! This is the most anxious moment of all. Suppose Nora should turn suddenly and exhibit an emotion which would betray all? brave Nora, she was not one to break down in that way. She raised herself up, and looked at both; she recognized her sweetheart at a glance, but, except the quickened and joyous throbbing at her heart, she was quite calm.

"And what is it I'm to do with him?" she asked, scornfully.
"He's to be fed and housed — that's gray, cut as close to his head as a the order, lassie. He's a prisoner,

full on Dennis Byrne.

"Why, ma'am," he whimpered, "I'm a poor orphin from Tipperary hills, an' ud like a bowl o' stirabout, an' a rasher, an' a mug o' ale or whisky, an' a could towl, if you has de likes of it by

"I shall have to set the table for the gentleman from Tipperary," she said, with a light, merry laugh. "Perhaps yer honor'll take a bit of venison, and me bottled sherry?"

"Anything your ladyship plazes !"
"If was a man, I'd shake you to smithereens," said Nora, bustling around, while Sergeant Hazel, with a laugh, wished her good luck of the bar gain he had brought her, and went away. Neither of them uttered a word until he was out of hearing : for he was too good a soldier to go out of sight.

Nora dear ! "Thanks be to God, Dennis Byrne, that you re back to safety."
Both spoke in Irisa. "Did you see

him, Dannis?"
"I did. I saw him, and think he is

safe. "Oa, thanks be to God !" exclaimed Nora, while tears flowed over her checks. Now tell me about it, dear." He told her. "Oh, how glad this news will make the broken heart in there! Dennis, she's been drooping like a flower when the first bitter wind from the Reek blows on it; but, oh, Dennis Byrne, there's worse news for you to hear yet

What ?" he asked while his cheek

paled.
"The lady and her children are poor -so poor-so very poor, Dennis. You and I, with our strong arms and stout hearts, is richer than they,' said Nora, with a short sob. "Glendariff is theirs no longer."
"Not theirs? Whose then, in the

name of the world, is it?"
"And who but Donald Dhu More,

the vile informer, that's a disgrace to his blood, his name, and his country who but he is master nowat Glendariff? He wasn't like a hound at Mister Halloran's heels for nothing." heel on the "I wish I could put ay

murdering villain's neck ! for, by my soul, I'd scorn to touch him with my hand," said Dennis, bitterly. All this time, and it was not long,

Nora was getting a meal together to the beggar-man, and the soldier from his post watched them narrowly. When you put that plate down beside me, a suillish mahuil agus machree, Light of my eyes and heart.) take up lock of hair I'll put down. It's Take it to Mrs. Halloran, and

give it to her with his love, and tell her he's safe, and by this time is Nora did as she was directed, with great dexterity, and thrust it into her pocket just as Sergeant Hazel came into the kitchen, ostensibly for a drink of water, but in reality to see what

was going on. "An' now, you pittiogue," broke out Nora, "there's a dinner for a king; and if you're a good Christian you'll thank God for it. And you're welcome in His holy name. Could you stop a minit, sir?" she said to the sergeant. "I must run up and see what Mrs. Halloran wents: may be it's a dish of tay, poor lady : she didn't ate a morsel to-day, by rayson of the headache that's racking her, laving the heartache out of the bargain : an' there's heaps of silver laying about on the dressers, spoons and the like that it would be easy to slip in a wallet like

proceeded. Concluding their fruitles search, they gave him permission to put on his clothes; when Captain wandering beggar; but, when it came to thief, he could scarcely hold his peace. But he did, right manfully, peace. But he did, right manually, and Nors, with a mischlevous twinkle in her eyes, ran up to cheer Mrs. Halloran with the tidings she had to

She was lying on her couch -the Glendariff, you'll find a bullet in your head before you know what you're She had shed but few tears, and exhibited scarcely any emotion. McCarthy had seen her every even he could not rouse her from passive heaviness of her grief. The delicate bloom had waned and faded entirely from her beautiful face he eyes had grown larger and bright and her fingers were even in moti "For what? Whose hair is it? I tapping on the back of a book, writhing and twisting around eac other, or tearing to shreds, scraps ( paper and the fl wers that little Gra orgat her every day. poke upless some one addressed has but lay, the live long day, silent, pros trated, and hopeless. Whenever th little children came in and hung cares ngly around her, she would kiss the gently and send them away; and the innocent ones, awed into silence by her strange mood, would slip away with noiseless steps, glad to go from the darkened room out into the sir and sunshine.

"How are you feeling now, maire has -my own dear loving lady? said Nora, kneeling down beside her, and taking up the long, slender hand Well. — well enough," she said;

without unclosing her eyes. have news -good news," whispered Nora.

Mrs. Halloran started up, and, push ing back the long curls from her face, gazed wildly at Nora, then, letting

"It is no dream, asthore, but awake you are; and don't for the world's sake cry out, for fear them that's on the watch will suspect us. Denois Byrne's come back. He saw him : h is well, and is by this time over the say. "Escaped! Alive! Well!" gasped Mrs. Halloran. "My God, 1 thank thee. But is there no message—no

"There is," said Nora, interrupting her while she took out the crisp, Scotchman arose and saluted her with mind, we'll go before the priest.

"It's well for them that's made so many beggars to have 'em fed. It's an ould game, well understood in Ireland, robbing Peter to pay Paul. What do you want?" she said, turning her eyes full on Dennis Byrne.

"Why, ma'am," he whimpered, "I'm a poor orphin from Tipperary hills, an' u'd like a bowl o' stirabout, an' a staker sai's mug o' sle or whisky, an' she whispered; "my noble John!" she whispered; "my noble John!" she whispered; "my noble John!" Then a tear like a single, heavy rain-drop fell on the dark hair, where it lay

like a gem.
"Yes," said Nora, who saw that tear, and hoped it was the harbinger of others; "for such a one as he to go wandering in a strange land —may be sick, and anywise lonesome an' ho

"Oh, my husband! why cannot I be with you in poverty and exite?" Then tears began to flow more freely. "Where is he, Nora Brady?" "I den't know, ma'am, only that Deanis Byrne seen him on Ballyhowry

Mountain, where he came to hide."
"Hide! John Halloran, the noblest and best of God's creatures, skulking ike a hunted beast !" cried Mrs. Halloran, while torrents of tears drenched her cheeks.

Nora was satisfied. "The tears will do you good, dear lady," she said, "and in a little waile I will send poor Gracie and Desmond up. The child-er's lost their smiles and color, and coes moping around like orphans.

"Yes, send them up — poor little ones!" said Mrs. Halloran. "Bat one word, Nora: where is my cousin

"Faith, ma'am, he's been away these four days. Mrs. Shea says he has gone to Dublim; anywise, it's a good riddance."

"He's safe-my husband! my heart's own love -safe said Mrs. Halloran clasping her hands together. "A of God guard and guide him! "Angel This news gives me life. I dety all now, and, and trusting in the providence of my Father in heaven, I, His creature, will bear all in His holy name."

Ere long the sound of little feet out-

side and a timid knock at the door was heard. Mrs. Halloran went with feeble steps to open it, and found the two children standing, with a half-frightened look, on the threshold. She stooped and kissed them tenderly, and, olding the little soft hands in hers, ed them to the couch, where, leaning against her pillows almost exhausted, she gathered them to her bosom in s ong, ender embrace. Desmond was a ble child. He was now eight years I. His eyes were large and blue, his forehead bold and broad, surmounted a coronal of short, crisp, carling ir. His nose harnonized with his other features, while his mouth, with out losing the sweetness of childhood, wore an expression of firmness and sweetness truly remarkable. Gracie was five summers old. Her brown hair was smoothly braided back from her round, childish forehead; her eyes were blue, and full of thought and gentleness, and her complexion very fair and pure. But there was a deep, tranquil thoughtfulness in the child's countenance, a tender grace and a calc repose in every movement, which had gained for her throughout the demesne the sobriquet of "Little Lady." Her father used to call her "Little Poet;" for not only would the fair and beauti-ful in nature call forth sweet responses from the child's soul, but her language often expressed the most exquisite ideas. A bright star, a rainbow, a rich sunset, the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the odor of flowers, were the quiet raptures of a life which was full of heaven.

Mrs. Halloran, while holding them that warm embrace, spoke cheer ingly to them, asked them a thousand questions which dispelled their timidity and soon won them to smiles.

"But, mother," said Desmond,
"where is my father? And what are these grim, ugly soldiers doing at Glendariff? If I was a man, mother, Mrs. I'd let them know what it was to stay where they were not wanted. does not father come home ?"

She was lying on her couch —the same low couch that her husband had He has just sent his love to you; but bitterly.

"The has just sent his love to you; but bitterly.

"The black, murthering informe

" Not tell that my father sent his love ?-Oh, mother !'
"No, Desmond; you must not speak to any one except myself. Come always and talk to me about him."

Would they kill him, if I did ?" " They might. They are watching and waiting here for him, to put him in prison, because he loved his country oo well; but he is safe and far away from them; but they must not know i

"Mother! That is the reason they called mega little rebel the other day, cried the boy, while indignant tear forced their way into his eyes. Yes. Now you will be careful, for

dear father's sake, both of you? Yes, mother.' "Yes, mamma," said soft voiced

little Gracie; but I shall never, never see my papa again "Child, do not say so," said Mrs. Halloran, holding her off, and looking

eagerly and anxiously to see if there were any signs of illness in her face; but she could see none, and, kissing her tenderly, she sent them away until evening. After that the child used to come every day to talk, in a low voice about her father, asking a thousand questions, while her quivering lips and lushed cheeks betrayed how often her heart was full almost to agony. Thus some weeks passed away. De

nis quite satisfied to be a prisoner of war at Glendariff, and Mrs. Halloran pared wildly at Nora, tues, teems them. The officers and soluters them shoulder, whispered, "Is it real, or am shoulder, whispered, "Is it real, or am were rigorous in all that appertained they cartainly inflicted to their duty, they certainly inflicted no gratuitous insults on the family. A message came to Mrs. Halloran one day-Captain Saunder's compliments, and a request that she would meet him in the drawing room on business. Agi tated and excited, she scarcely knew why-for she imagined that she had drained the cup of her bitterest sorrows in the separation from her hus- not stay here like outcasts. When I band—she wrapped her shawl about do all I want to do, if I'm not too ould, her and went down. The rugged an Dennis Byrne does not change his

blunt courtesy, and wheeled a large softly cushioned chair nearer the fire or her use. He "hoped she was well."

"Thank you, I am quite well," she replied, courteously.

"Madam," he said, in his broad
Scotch accent, which we leave to the
imagination of the reader, "I hope—
ahem—that what I have to say will not be quite unexpected. At any rate, it is painful; but you understand that I

am vowed to military obedience and the like, and therefore am only the medium of those in authority." "Does it concern my husband sir?"
to broke in. "If it does, for God's

sake let me hear it, without a waste of words. Has Mr. Halloran fallen into the hands of the government?"
"I fear—that is—shem—I believe

not, madam. There is a rumor that he has escaped." "Thank God!" she ejaculated. "But his estate, madam—you know that in these unfortunate cases estates

are generally-"
"Confiscated, of course," she said quietly. "But here is a letter, madam, for

you. It came from Dublin with my official papers to-day, and will probably explain the thing more to your satisfaction than I could do." Mrs. Halloran tore open the letter, and

My Dear Cousin :-" The govern ment, as a reward for services render ed, has been pleased to bestow on me a grant of the Glendariff estate. Do ot, however, allow this to alter any of your plans, or cause you to leave until it is perfectly convenient. If I

can serve you, command me.
'Your affectionate kinsman,

DONALD MORE "I understand the matter fully, now, sir," she said, calmly, but deadly pale. "Mr. More is now the master of John Halloran's possessions."

" He is, madam. "I presume he has been engaged in the honorable occupation of discover-ing and denouncing from time to time those men who have proved how well they have loved their country by sacrifleing everything for it. He has, Judas-like, sold his honor, his kindred, his country, for gold; and, base as he s, England, still more base, rewards him with honors and possessions. In short, onald More is an informer !" aid, with withering scorn.

Captain Saunders shrugged his houlders, then handed her the cfficial documents, which corroborated all that

her kinsman had written.
"Will you please to write, sir, and say that I shall leave Glendariff in two

days?"
"Madam," said the officer, touched with profound respect for grief borne with such submissive dignity, "do not go. Make some arrangement with this man. He is your kinsman." "Never, sir! No consideration, al-

though I am next to houseless, would induce me to remain. There is a frag-ment of land on which stand a few cattered ruins, bequeathed to me by my ancestors, which cannot be alienated, to which I shall retire. I thank you now for the consideration you have shown toward me and mine. A different person might have added much bit terness to my sorrows. Adien I" said Mrs. Halloran, rising from the chair and retiring with dignity from the apariment. Here her courage failed er, and for a few moments a storm of adignation and grief shook her to the When it passed away, she rang for Nora, then, opening her cabinet and bureau, she began to wrap her iew is and valuables in separate par-

Is. I am here, ma'm. Can I do anything for you?" said Nors, coming in. "But what in the world's name are you afther, Mrs. Halloran ?"

Nora, listen my friend, we are to eave, Glendariff; it is ours no longer. Sold, ma'm ?" said Nora, choking

ack her tears.
"Sold! Yes. Sold for John Halloran's life; the purchase money is paid in his exile and the rain of his namily. My cousin, Donald More, is now master of Glendariff," she said,

May St. Patrick's curse rest on him! cried Nora. "Its just what I thought he'd do, so I did. I knowed he was false-hearted to the core; and now he's robbed what't worse than the widdy, for whin a woman lays her husband in a quiet grave, knowing his soul to be in the hands of a werciul God, she knows that what's done is ight an' best, an' not like he was druy ut into the wide world, without home or friends, in a strange land, laving his nearted, with a traitor to the fore to rob an' rack-rent and presente his orphane. Ochone!' cried Nora, wring-ing her hands. "It's a hard triai, maire ban asthore, my darling, but there's a God above us, an' He hears me now," she said, snatching Mrs. Halloran's crucifix from the oratory and holding it up toward heaven, "and the Blessed Virgin hears me say, the cross of her dear Son, that I'll spend the rest of my life for them that's been all to me, nor think of me own until they come to their rights ag'in.

"Nora! Nora! Why did you do it?" exclaimed Mrs. Hallorau. "I cannot permit it. Your life and happiness shall not be wasted because mine are. We have a home —s poor one, it is true—where, by the sale of my jewels, we can live. Tre old Abbey will shelter us and give us lood. shall come with me-you and Dennis Byrne,

"Dennis Byrne! of course Dennis will stay there; he can farm and do the likes; but for me! I'm going to look for Mister Hallcran the hear he gets to Ameriky, an' workwork my fingers off till there's a home there ready to bring ye all together once more - That's what I'm going to do; for Ireland's no longer a place for the Irisb, an' you an' the childer shall

"Let us begin to get ready to leave Glendariff. Tell Dennis and Mrs.

" Mrs. Shea, madam! Mrs. Shea will stay to keep house for the born villain that's coming," cried Nora, "Oa, it was beautiful, sure, to see what cronies they got to be, an' how polished she was with the sogers! Mrs. Shea, indeed!"

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Halloran wearily; "let us prepare to go." "Or course we must ma's wish it was to right, since Glendaris no longer in the tamily. My pride's up; an' if I only had Donald More here now, I'd make his hair rise on his head with the harangue I'd give him."

#### CHAPTER VI.

"I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
I a the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget Old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair...

The next day a police-constable, at tended by four subordinate officia made his appearance at Glendarit "He had been sent down from Dublin, he informed Captain Saunders, "by Donald More, Eq., to protect the property, and see that nothing except Mrs. Halloran's personal effects were removed from the house."

'You've come on a brown except

You've come on a braw errand. said Captain Saunders, with bitter irony, "an one weel suited to such a hoodie craw. There na mickle to fe for yer thrapple, and there's only desolate ladye and twa bairnies spend your valor on. Yes, yes, your documents are all correct. You will have perfect indeemity for any auda-city you may commit; but, I rede ye, city you may commit; but, I rede you insult to the ladye. None of us, and a burning spot glowed on the cheeks of the honest old Scotchman-"none of us were sent here to inter-fere with her."

The brutal countenance of the man expressed merely a blank and passing look of amazement and annoyance. He evidently had not expected such a reeption, and could he have understoon the meaning of that the old officer said he would have sent up to Dablin favorable report of his loyalty. As was, the cool irony of his tone, and th uncourteous reception he gave him stung him is such a manner that, had e been with his canals or his inferior he would have given vent to the rage which he now thought it was mos

rudent to suppress. It's the law, captain'; it's not ME ir. It's the law. Taey might all to the devil, sir, headlong, if the law et 'em, an' I d not put a jack-straw their way," he replied, sullenly. "Bu somebody must see this Mistress Hal loran, and read these documents to

"Come with me " said the old so dier, rising from his chair, and striding through the hall toward the drawing room, which he had seen Mrs. Halloran enter, with her children, a short time before. He tapped lightly on the door, which was opened by Desmond, who sprang back, and stood scowling at him out, and his clinched fists were ex tended forward. Captain Saunders laid his large, brawny hand gently on the boy's head, and passed in. Mrs Halloran arose, with her accustome grace and courtesy, to receive him although the appearance of a strange with him evidently agitated her. She was every instant expecting news from her husband, and if this was the senger who had come to tell her he was aken, she must die. So she though nd Captain Saunders, who read her fears in her pale, anxious countenance

nastened to relieve them, by saying "Do not be alarmed, madam. Th gentleman, who is of the law, has only come down from Dublin on a mere legal formula, which, I believe, is usual on such occasions; and I, thinkin', perhaps as you have -- no, ahem -- no friend near ye, took the liberty of breaking the

ousiness to you."
"Thank you, from my soul, sir," re plied Mrs. Halloran, with a grateful look, and inexpressibly relieved. What is your business with me, sir?
"I was sent down, ma'am, from Dub

lio, by Donald More, Esq."
"To drive me from the shelter of my own roof," she said, in a calm but bi er tone. "It were a needless pre-aution, however. I shall leave, as ter tone. intended, in the morning. It being his even though unjustly, cient to drive me from it, if I had m other shelter than those ruins below us or the vastnesses of the hill.

Madam, this relates to the graith and effects belonging to yoursel. over the in-the hand it to Mrs. Halloran, sir,

I don't know that it will be strictly

accordin' to law' sir.'
"It will. Mrs. Halloran, glanca over it. It's nae a fletterin' document I'll admit; but may be the sooner it's ower the better," said Captain Saun-ders, passing the unfolded parchment rom the constable's hands to her.

Her eyes ran rapidly over it. A red pot was soon kindled on each pale cheek, her lins were firmly compressed until they come to their rights.

Now rest aisy, Mary asthore: you're not frindless; and what Nora Brady heart was throbbing, and know how sharp and deep the blow had struck sharp and deep the blow had struck that she'll do." I his own fair daughters in the quiet vale of Kinloch; and had he dared, could have done it without disloyalty, h would have made her wrongs his o After she had read it to the last word she refolded the parchment, handed it back to the man, and, turning to Cap-tain Saunders, said—

"The treachery of friends and kinsmen is harder to bear than injuries re ceived from strangers. My personal effects are not numerous, and, if my necessities were not so great, I would make Donald More a free gift of them, slong with the rest I brought John Halloran, still the noblest and best of men, though now outlawed and called rebel, for that which, had it been suc-cessful, would have ranked him among the world's best heroes. I brought him but little, except my love and an undying trust in the purity of his character. That no tyranny can rob me of. Have or the born cried Nora. the sogers !

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might all

o Dablin

bairnies t. You will

Glendariff

if an old soldier may advise you, take advantage of it, without giving your-

advantage of it, without giving yearself mair trouble."

'Thank you. That will do," she
said, bowing to the police-constable.
Then her face drooped down in her
long, slender hand, and she was silent
and lost in thought. The official left
the drawing room and the closing door and lost in thought. The olders lets the drawing-room, and the closing door roused her. "Pardon me," she said to the old officer, who had been regarding her with deep loterest; "these things e on me like tempests to an un tion I must ask, Captain Saunders. I presume, sir, on your goodness and un expected friendsbip, to beg you, as a last favor, to tell me if any news has come of the-of-John Halloran, my

'Madam, I do not know," said Cap tain Saunders, speaking with the broad accent which made his phraseology almost unintelligible whenever he was excited by any unusual emotion, "that what I have to tell will involve any principle of duty, under existing cir cumstances. Rumor has made public all I know, and, as our plans are all frustrated regarding him, it will do no harm for you to know that he is either in France or on his way to America.

Thank God!" she exclaimed fervently; "thank God! Oh, sir, if you knew John Halloran, you would not grudge him his liberty." "Madam, whatever I may feel for

you, I have no sympathy with rebels," outspoke the Scotchman. "That's what he called me! that's

what he called me, mamma! How dare you call my father a rebel, you base English soldier? He's a thousand times better than you are; and if he was here, he'd thrash you away from Hendariff," most unexpectedly shouted

'Desmond, my boy!" exclaimed Mrs.

Halloran, drawing him, flushed and struggling, to her bosom. "You are a bold little rebel," said Captain Saunders, laughing, and try-ing to lay his hand on the brown, curly head, which still lifted itself defiantly toward him. "It would be safe to get you out of the country, before you pegin to give our gracious queen trouble. Madam, I must leave you. I wish you well; and if my presence at Glendariff has in any way inconven-lenced or distressed you, I hope that the fact of its being involuntary on my part will excuse me."

Mrs. Halloran frankly held out her and, saying. "I only thank the kind Providence that led you hither. You have been a friend and protector in these sore trials. Had another person been sent to Glendariff, my misery might have been aggravated. But I must say farewell. In the morning I shall leave this place forever."

It did not require much time and labor to select and pack the effects of saintly men, some small apartments Mary Halloran intended to have reband's portrait, and three or four cop. as occasion might require, into the available means of living. The rest, those rich and beautiful things which he exquisite and elegant taste of John some cherished association, she left, or rather abandoned, because in the ruined place she was going to she knew there was scarcely a habitable room, and that everything superfluous would embarrass and inconvenience her. "He will scarcely sell or send them away," she thought, as she wandered through the here they are safe, and I shall love to come in fancy, and ceople these rooms again with the familiar faces which have always been here, and think of everything being as he left it and as I aw it last.

Mrs. Shea, as Nora had predicted, emained at Glendariff, and it was diffi cult to discover whether it was from otives of self interest or really, as she said, " to kape her eyes on her master's said, "to kape her eyes on her master's property, that that thief of the world, Donald Dhu, had got his clutch on, but wouldn't hould it long, if dhrames was to be believed. So cheer up, Mistress Halloran, honey, an' don't let a could thought of me come into yer gintle heart. God knows, I'd rayther go; but if I do, who'll take care of yer own till ye come back again?"

Mrs. Shea wept abundantly, and ex bited the most genuine emotions of rief, which were quite satisfactory to Il except Nora Brady, who said noth ng, but looked sideways, and turned the end of her pretty retrousse nose a little more toward the zenith than nature intended. The baccah man, with his snuff-colored wig and ragged garments, had suddenly disappeared; and when the cars came up from Kildare to take Mrs. Halloran's effects to the distant glen of Agerlow, one of them was driven by a stout, handsome young fellow, whom Nora called "Cousin Dannis," and who was recog-nized by Captain Saunders' orderly as the blacksmith who had shod his horse

barbarons phraseology and idiobis reply, they can be forwarded to me."

"But see here, madam; look at this
clause. It will save you trouble, and
me time," said the official. "Here:
it reads, 'Mrs. Halloran knows what
articles to remove, and will retain only
such articles as she is entitled to by
possession prior to her marriam. no fears, therefore, for yourself and your employer. I shall give you a list of the effects belonging to me; he will limping so many days about Glendariff,

the articles as she is entitled to by yond its gates, the world appeared to be seesion prior to her marriage with halloran.'"

'That is clear enough, madam; and it had done to our common mother, Eve, ages ago. when, driven from Paradise, she went forth to a pillor may advise you take of hittoriess and harm. In grimage of bitterness and tears. In that hour of farewell, in that little space of time, more earth-ties were broken and torn asunder than sometimes happen in a long lifetime. The weight of years had seemed to fall suddenly on her, and the world stood revealed in its bare mockery to her gaze. Human hopes had been dashed like frail crystal vases to the earth, and broken ; human joys had sung their brief summer song, and fled. And it is well, O merciful God, when the bleak tempests of life come on the tempers to an uncompeted of the canged bird. I have had but few cares, and but little to think of except my own happiness, since my marriage with John Halloran. But there is one questions the gloom, we can see, through the clouds above us, glimpses of that light which never fades, and

> luring us to the land of eternal repose. She said but little as they journeyed along. The struggle was a silent and bitter one; but gradually the recollec-tion of a merciful and overruling Providense, the tender love of the Holy Virgin, and thoughts of these sorrows sing, like life, transitory, soothed he mind. Then came back the memory of her little ones, and the devotion of Nora, to cheer her. These were deathless; such love and such principles flowed only from God, and she felt that, even in her desolation, there were rills of gladness, and a staff on which her weakness might lean, which would blossom like the prophet's rod. And the mourner lifted up her head, not rejoic ing, but peaceful, and resigned to the

will of her Father in heaven. Situated on a beautiful and picture-sque hill side which overhung the glen of Agerlow, the ruins of the old fendal castle and abbey of Fada Brae pre sented an imposing spectacle from a distance. Had it been on the Rhine, painters, tourists, and posts would have immortalized it : but here it was scarcely known beyond the obscurity of the valley it overlooked, and the sketch-books of a few antiquarians who had visited it more by chance than in tention. And yet its architectual beauties, some of which remained in tact, were wonderful, and vindicated eloquently the civiliza ion and perfection of science in the oarly ages of Ire-land. There were the graceful arches, the crusted marbles, the stupendous buttresses, the fautastic gargoyles, the Stained glass, which are only imitated in this our day, the splendid architrave, the massive pillars, the groined roof, the rich sculpture - which time had mildewed, but not erased—had broken and made ruins of, but not destroyed the fragments, each one of which told a proud tale of other days. And now to the ruined halls of their ancestors the last descendants of the princely McCarthy Mores had come, seeking refuge and shelter. The fox had made his hole, and the cony his burrow, and the owl her nest, in the long deserted ruins. There was scarcely a portion of

them sheltered from the weather. But in the cloisters, once the holy retreat Mary Halloran intended to have moved to Fada-Brae Abbey. Some antique pieces of furniture, beds and antique pieces of furniture, beds and language of furniture, beds and language of furniture, beds and language of furniture around her began to wear a er uten sits for kitchen use, all of which ad belonged to her mother, or herself and a few necessary farming implebefore her marriage, and most of which bad descended through many genera tions to her possession, she took. Her kitchen with the same faultless neatjeweis and rich clothing, which she ness that had always reigned in the one save him.'

at Glendariff, and privately instructed Mary again, she reserved for such contingen-cles as poverty might disclose, to turn, mystery of cooking and getting up linen. As Nora was beginning to pre-pare for flight beyond the sea in her search after John Halloran, she was impatient, in the single devotion of her honest heart, to commence her toils in Halloran had gathered around her, and honest heart, to commence her toils in which were, every one, consecrated by the far off land she was going to, for place she was going to she knew there a home, for those she loved. One day Dennis Byrne came up from the market town with a letter for Mrs. Halloran. and inconvenience her. "He will lt was a thick, heavy letter, but the scarcely sell or send them away," she thought, as she wandered through the house that night, lingering beside each precious memento of brighter days: Mrs. Halloran, who tore off the envelope, and found within a note from Father McCarthy, and a letter from her husband. With a cry of joy, she opened and read it. It was from Boston. He had arrived the state of the envelope Boston. He had arrived there in safety and except that he was fatigued with the voyage, he was well, and exected to obtain employment, which could enable him to provide a home, in the land of his exile, for his family; but his movements were undecided, and he besought her to remain in quiet and hope until she heard from him again. And then followed an account of his adventures after Dennis Byrne had left him on Ballyhowry Mountain; how, in the disguise of an old woman, he had got on board the smuggler's craft, and had narrowly escaped an English cruiser in the Channel, and been almost shipwrecked on the coast of France, after which his progress was

comparatively unobstructed by dangers

words of undving love, and messages of

affection to all, especially to his "little dove" Gracie, whom, he said, he would give all the world just to fold

one moment to his bosom. He thought of Desmond, he said, as of a young

eaglet, who would protect the nestlings at home, who would be a brave, good boy until his father came back. He

was ever before him, with his flashing eyes and proud bearing, and it com-forted him to know that the boy had in

sary to the formation of a great and good character. Nora and Dennis were named with affection, and many were the grateful messages that came to them; then followed words of cheer and full of hope John Halloran was throughout the letter. His goodness, his nobleness of soul, his kind thoughts for all, were perceptible in every word, until the family at Fada Brae thought

almost that he had been in their midst. Father McCarthy's note informed Mrs. Halloran of his increasing in-firmities, and of a bad cold, which had confined him to his bed. Her sorrows weighed heavily on him in his old age, but he trusted the letter he sent her would cheer and comfort her. As soon as he could get about, she would see him; and any letters she might wish to send to her husband she could inclose

to him. That night, as Mrs. Halloran was sitting alone by her sleeping children, Nora came in quietly, and said she would like to speak to her, if it would not interrupt her. Since the change in Mcs. Halloran's fortunes, instead of behaving with greater familiarity, Nora had treated her with almost scrupulous ceremony, and had impressed it on the minds of Dennis and Ellen that they must never show, by word or look or act, their consciousness of the down fall of the family, but must make up by their respect what was wanting in the rest of the world toward her.

"To be sure, Nora dear," replied Irs. Hailoran. "Come in. I feel Mrs. Hailoran. almost happy to night. Oh, Nora, God has been very good to me," said she, holding out her hand, while her eyes filled with tears. Nora took the hand and folded it to her bosom, then kissed it, and laid it tenderly down where it was resting when she came in.
"Sit down, dear Nora; sit here, and

tell me all you have to say.' "This will do, suillish machree," she said, kneeling beside Mrs. Halloran, and laying her hand on hers. "I feel easier so; for I can look right into the lace of you.'

"Well, as you please. Yours is like sunshine to me, Nora, always. But what is the matter?—what do you wish?" said Mary Halloran, smoothing her hand over the glossy black braids on Nora's forehead.

"Well, alanna! I'm thinking, new, that, if you can spare me, I'd better happy. I only wish, if I ever marry, that I may be half as happy."

"Go! Nora Brady! Would you leave "Tat-tut, child. You have high-

"Go! Nora Brady! Would you leave exclaimed Mrs. Halloran.

interests that I'd be goin', but then as Misther Halloran is gone over the seas to Amerikey, an' they say, he can never come back again, and as the fine ould property's gone out of the family, and although this is a grand and ancient place, it is poor, and will not support the wants of a lady and two childer, that are highborn like yerse!', I thought, as I'm young an' strong, I'd better attractive to her husband the smelling, draughty public bar.'' enough to bring you there, where, please God, we'll all be together once ing to remain are you not?" again, we can be true to her in our hearts, and pray for them that's left in it." Here tears gathered and flashed in Nora's fine black eyes, while Mrs. the yard and down a boreen, aga Halloran, comprehending at once all a man who was walking unstea her unselfish devotion, fell forward on

"How can I spare you, Nora? Yet how to refuse you I cannot tell," at last said Mrs. Halloran.
"Spare me, madam! Why, there's Ellen I've been drilling an' taching until she bates myself out entirely, and a faithful, good, quiet girl she is and a faithful, good, quiet girl she is, and handy at everything; an Dennis—why, Dennis can do anything he sets his things around her began to wear a hands to, sure, an' willing enough he s home-like and pleasant aspect. Dennis exchanged some old silver for a cow there's Misther Halloran, he might want some better friend by him than strangers if he's sick or in trouble, an' if so be he hasn't got a start yet-God

> Mary Halloran was silent thoughtful. Nora's last argument had almost persuaded her. Still, she felt so dependent on her, and had been so accustomed to seeing her about her, "Hump! Hoity-toity," muttere

" America is a country of great which she would receive gold that extent, Nora. Suppose my husband would purchase comforts, and perhaps should have left Boston: you'd find yourself in a strange country, friend less and unprotected," she suggested. "Surely, ma'am, you ought to know by this time that I've a tongue in my head and wits sharp enough to find

him," said Nora, quickly.
"But it takes money!"
"Troth an' I know that; an' its

and mine mislead you. I confess, it would comfort me to know that you were near my husband; but to send you forth into the wide, cold world-across the perilous ocean—away from the shelter of my home, and from one who loves the earth you tread on—I cannot do it, Nora, even for John Halloran's sake."

"Then, ma'am, I must go without your consent, because I know, an' God knows, that it will be well in the end. I am ready to go away in the morning.
"Oh, Nora! oh, Nora Brady! can ever requite your love?" said Mrs. Halloran, in a broken voice. "Since you will, may Heaven bless you; may good angels guide and guard you. Go and should you find my husband, giv my heart's best love to him. But must write; there are some jewels I must send him to purchase comforts with. On that I might go with you!" or delays until he reached in safety the shores of America. Then came a thousand expressions of endearment and anxious solicitude; questions and

That day week, Nora Brady was on her way, in the fine packet-ship "Fidelia," to Boston.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If we would break the bread of comfor to hearts oppressed by the burdens o the world we must strengthen our own hearts against temptations. We must be known not as frivolous weaklings but a few weeks before.

It is no wonder they did recognize him as the lame beggar who had been limin as the lame beggar who had been limin all the elements of strength neces-

THE YANKEE NIECE.

A STORY WITH A USEFUL MORAL "You say he is always druns," said e Yankee niece, looking hard at her ant through the turf-smoke that filled

he roomy, but untidy kitchen.
"Always," snapped the latter.
"And you never tried anything to are him of it?"

"Tried? Heaven bless you, I aven't left a stone unturned."
"What on earth is the use of turning stones?" asked the niece, who had habit of taking things literally. "Haven't you ever tried anything sentials." habit of taking things literally. dusting, scrubbing and cleaning. She was very tired, but she would not give e-making the home attractive to

one—making the home attractive to making an outle couple to making the home attractive the home attractive to making the home

done for these dozen years."

I don't see what difference that skes, and. When you were young formed. Sometimes he stayed in dur-meethearts, did you ever put on a ling the evenings. At other times he had scarcely swallowed his evening is it not worth your while to hten his home and make it more she world—make it so that, during sight of his humiliated, shamed face the world-make it so that, during ura to you and make the day long he sits beside you at the well-pared meal or opposite you in the tot of the peat fire on the clean, ght hearth?"

Irs. Carey's eyes were moist, and ump rose in her throat. Ashamed of temporary weakness, she pulled rself together and answered roughly: Holty-toity! You've been readin' too bany of them novels, E leen. If your nother was alive, it would be the sorowful day to her. Makin' the home trractive for Maurice Carey, when he turns in dead drunk! 'Twould be well

I have't read many novels, aunt, and none that my mother would not ove of (God give her rest this day!) My ideas of lite are taken from her example. She always dressed neatly, and had the table spread as daintily as if she were a duchess when father came home drunk. We hadn't manh money as you know hat hadn't much money, as you know, but

falutin' notions, I can see. The sooner "Let me tell you, muourneen, how you get rid of them, the better. When it is. It's not for myself or my own you have spent a month or two here, you'll have different views of Maurice Carey, an' attractive homes."

'I hope not, aunt. I don't believe uncle is so bad. Is he not my dear father's own brother? There cannot be so great a difference between them. Anyway, I shall never believe that it isn't in the power of every good woman to make her home and company more attractive to her husband than evil-

'Hoity toity! Try it. You are going to remain with us six months,

shall stay till I've cured Uncle Maurice," answered the girl gaily, as a man who was walking unsteadily towards her, holding a scythe in a perilcus position.

"Tis a pity you don't fill up the rats in this avenue," she went on, unheeding. "A man and yourself would do it in half a day." We'd do many things only for

"if's," he answered sullenly.
"There—I told you so," began Mrs.
Carey, as they entered the smoke filled

"Would you not mind not talking too much while I am with you, aunt? and said the girl. "Your voice reminds m so much of mother, and-I want to cry explanation.
"Hump! Hoity-toity," muttered

Mrs. Carey, under her breath, as she proceeded with the cooking of the

evening meal, Meanwhile Eileen was clearing the untidy kitchen and setting the table while she talked affably to her uncle about the kind father who waited for her return on the far kide of the At lantic, the saintly mother who rested in the sunny churchyard in the heart of the Western World; the order, method, neatness, trimness, etc., of the women there; their help in the building up of the great Western building up of the great Western Empire; the purpose, determination and grit of the men, and so on. Maurice listened attentively, gave his opinion every now and then, and, when supper was over, sat down at the fire brightly by the addition of some sticks of wood), instead of taking his usual journey to the crossroads.

Eileen smiled to herself, put the children early to bed, much against their wishes, and sat down beside her uncle to continue their conversation. When Mrs. Carey joined in with her customery grumblings at Maurice (she had become incapable of talking on any subject save his shortcomings), Eileea commenced sobbing, and the good woman, who was in reality the oul of hospitality, was obliged to take refuge in silence, less she might hurt her visitor too keenly.

Eileen was up betimes next morning; and when Mrs. Carey came down in a dirty blouse and a skirt much in need of mending, the sight of a spotlessly clean kitchen, a bright peat fire, and a girl in a Holland frock and large pron putting the finishing touches to a neat breaklast table, on the centre of which stood a bowl of fresh-picked roses, caused her to retrace her steps to indulge in her morning ablutions brush her still beautiful hair, and change her untidy garments. Maurice appeared soon after, unwashed and unkempt, and, at sight of him, Eileen said sweet y:

Uncle dear, would you mind greatly washing and tidying yourself before

you sit down to breakfast? It will be Concational. ready in a minute, but I must tidy the little ones first," and she went on

laving the youngsters without getting a spot on her own frock, so deft was she.

Mrs. Carey blushed a little as they

sat down to the meal when Maurice remarked: "Eh! Faith, Nancy, but you're lookin' as young as the day we were spliced," but she enjoyed the compliment, nevertheless, and forget

to mention such a thing as a fault of his

All day Eileen worked like a brick,

So was Maurice; yet not quite re formed. Sometimes he staved in days

meal when he was off to his old haunt

disarmed her anger, and she only re-membered his good points and all his

dishearten Eileen. She knew she had got in the thin end of the wedge, and

time. As a neat, tidy home, well-cooked meals, and clean children be-

came the rule rather than the excep-

tion, the temptation to stop indoors and enjoy the pleasures of home life

grew on Maurice, and overmastered

that other temptation which had hither to been irresistible. After Eileen's

visit had lasted some months, he startled her one day, as they walked together to Mass (watching his wife and pretty little ones some yards on in front), by ejaculating:

wasn't love of drink made me take it.

The house used to be that thronged an

it was, I used to run from it all. But

-don't say a word to your aunt. She's the best woman in the world, the best

wife a man ever had, but she used no

"Tis the way you've bewitched us

all," Mrs. Carey said, later on.
"Indeed no, aunt," answered the
girl, "I have only been experiment

dirty, an' the children bawlin

rightly understand things.

crying-an-the short and the long

"As sure as God is in heaven, it

she had full hope of driving it home in

during the meal.

was transformed.

## New Jerm

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REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. S., PRES. Mrs. Carey gave vent to sarcastic re marks anent the girl's efforts during

ing my favorite theories. Good prac-

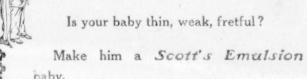
ing my favorite theories. Good practices are more profitable than turning stones. Eh, aunt!"

"God bless you, asthore. 'Twas He sent you to us. But—you'll stay over the six months—a year, maybe?"

"A bailiff and twenty peelers would—n't get me out until Uncle Maurice is perfect, quite perfect," answered Eileen, laughing; but there were tears in her aunt's eyes—ters of happiness.—N. F. D. in The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart. the Sacred Heart.

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Buberibers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coftey:

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is frence and ability, and, above all, that it is removed with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenulusly defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time vermoting he best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and roore, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic Smith with the service of the country of your very sincerely in Christ,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

Apostolic Delegate.

University of Ottawa. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900,

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
four estimable paper, Thu CATHOLIC RECORD,
and congravulate you upon the manner in
which it is published. Its matter and form
are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit
pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasare, I can recommend it to the fathrul.
Bleesing you and wishing you success believe
me to remain.

Ain,
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ
† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Acost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1908.

A MYSTERY.

A never failing source of wonder the individual who learns nothing, forgets nothing, and is at no pains to conceal his identity. Year after year we see the same old stories doing duty as arguments against the Church. Ruskin has it that everyone knows now that the once fortune guiding stars that used to twinkle in a mysterious manner are only hydrogen gas - and they stink as they twinkle-but a few of us are not aware that ghost stories are hot air, more or less malodorous. That they bear no resemblance to the truth does not deter some preachers from foisting them on the public as proof of Rome's iniquity. Very discouraging indeed. The scientist obeys the orders of observation and experi ment. The medical man keeps abreast of the facts. The historian has in view the fruits of research. The business man quests new methods for the better exploiting of his wares. But some preachers never give us a fair hearing and never investigate the charges they bring against us. They repeat endlessly and monotonously the ghost stories that have been handed down to them. Their best writers do not be lieve them: the historian treats them with contempt; but they treasure them as heaven-sent gems of wisdom. That this assertion is well within the bounds of accuracy is evidenced by the fact of their neglecting no opportunity to show that, so far as the Church is concerned, they are living in the land of We wonder at their cari. putrid ferment. catures of Catholic doctrine, but the earth earthy, would scorn to em ploy. We are sorry for the poor people whose prejudices are kept alive by this kind of preacher. For we believe that were the average Protestant incited to clear his mind of misconception, and to see us as we are, he would approach the Church with an open mind. But as this preacher will not do this, the Catholic layman can do his part by challenging calumny and by exposing the charges brought against the Church to the satisfaction, not indeed of the bigot, but of men of sense, of whatever cast of opinion. This may be done in the daily press. When an editor endeavors to read into Papal documents his preconceived ideas the layman can give the public a corrective in the guise of a letter to the paper. When we are reviled as the enemies of democracy he can state the Church's doctrine on the question

A TIME TO SPEAK.

There is a time, says Cardinal Newman, for silence and a time to speak : the time for speaking is come. I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, To make assurance doubly sure he out of all semblance to its original who know just where they stand, who called distinguished specialists to his form, any and all schemes which may know what they hold and what they aid. "Give the country," they said, be suggested for the pacification of the do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, with distribes against the Church: to local self-government. who know so much of history that they can defend it.

WHY NOT PROHIBIT THIS.

visit a certain section of this country. | done what they could to make a mock- | The landlord interest seems to domin On our arrival we were treated with ery of authority and obedience. They ate the majority, and the well-known

conjectured from the looks and words of the inhabitants that we were under suspicion. Determined to probe the mystery we accosted an individual and asked him to explain the meaning of the transition from courtesy to veiled hostility. The good fellow solved the mystery by saying, "You're a Cathoic." And he went on to tell us that he knew all about the Church and had no hesitancy in branding us as undesirable citizens. Upon attempting to give him an instruction he said that he accepted Chiniquy's verdict against us. The poor man wallowed in his ignorance and was proud of it. We can, however, make some excuse for him. But what excuse can be given for Evangelical Protestantism which has stood sponsor for the foul slanders and has scattered them broadcast over this country. Owing to its agency Chiniquy's abominable books are found in many a hamlet to the stifling of concord and truth. They are in Protestant homes because the men who ought to know that they contain the most shameless calumnies against Catholic priests and Catholic women have been instrumental in putting them there. But how long is this putrescent drivel going to be in the armory of Evangelical Protestantism? Is the poisoning of the wells to be always in honor among these non-Cathc-

STILL AT OURBEC.

Without Quebec some editors and preachers would have little need of certain words. For instance, reactionary would not be seen so often Mediæval methods would no longer be war cry, and the gentleman with the open Bible would plough the sands in other countries. But as it is on the map and plays withal no insignificant role in the Dominion it is a target for the shafts of any comer. Some wish to convert it; others decry its apathy toward Anglo - Saxon ideals; others again, abuse it. As anyone can have a shot at it, and use any weapon from the ancient stink pot to the quick fring gun of the daily print, there is always a noise in the country. Meanwhile Quebec gaining in strength, guarding truly a father to his people, and at all its homes, temperate and faithful to the Church, plods on, undaunted and to promote their temporal as well as sure of itself. It is one of the most valu- their spiritual welfare. His charities able assets of the Dominion. Its his- will never be known in this world, for tory from the days of the Bourbon lilies glory of noble achievement. Its sons have been distinguished as churchmen, orators, statesmen, litterateurs-it has, in a word, done more or our fame than my other province in Canada. And with regard to the virtues which make a people great it has nothing to learn rom any section of this country.

IN A STATE OF FERMENT.

We are told by a writer on Modernish that the body politic is in a state of ferment. While we cannot discern what this has to do with the matter we admit that the phrase is rather fraved on the edges. When de Metternich heard it he remarked that he did not know whether it was a spirituous or

There are, of course, indications of what astonishes us the most is that ferment. We change our opinions O'Connell, pastor of St. Mary's Roman men who are supposed to extend God's every other week. We can get a creed Catholic Church, died suddenly during Kingdom on earth do not hesitate to to fit the century for the asking. We use weapons which others, who are of declaim against authority in things Limerick.

> following the latest religious charlatan. But, says a triend, we are a nation of hustiers. Even so, we are not sure that agitation must be praised without stint. It may be a species of hysteria or a sign that we have not acquired the art of taking pleasure in repose and solitude.

> > DONOSO CORTES.

I am a Catholic, said Donoso Cortes. hold and believe all the Catholic Apostolie, Roman Church holds and believes. To know what I ought to think and believe I look not to philosophers but to the doctors of the Church. I question not the wise, but rather picus women and children-two vessels of benediction, because the one is purified by tears and the other is fragrant with the perfume of innocence.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Clemenceau Government remains in power though considering the personalities composing it it has been pared to offer, and the House of Lords. singularly disappointing. When Clemenceau became Premier we were foes of all schemes to do justice to the assured that under his ministrations Irish people, may be depended upon to France would be restored to health. throw out entirely or cut and carve promise it education and culture." law and bade it go forward to what illustration of selfishness as the Hous they called prosperity and what his of Lords forcing a course of procedure A short time ago we had occasion to tory terms degradation. They have the very reverse of statesmanship. due courtesy, but after a day or so we have devoiced social economy from motto, morally rotten, "What we have

the Gospel and are face to face with the Socialists who know their power and whose ranks are recruited daily from the army of the discontented and from the men in whose veins is the blood of the Revolution.

The counterpart of the men who wor shipped a harlot is abroad in France and is manifesting his contempt for the spurious democracy that satisfies neither his mind nor his body.

ABOUT CLUBS.

In every parish there are devout per sons of both sexes who are ready for any service. Docile and jealous they give plenteously of self-sacrifice to any parochial enterprise. But there are too many laymen who stand afar off, goner ous with criticism, but backward with assistance of either purse or hand. Others, while willing to give money, take no active part in things parochial. And yet men of influence and education could do much to strengthen the hands of the pastor. They hear much that never reaches his ears, and are, perchance, more conversant with the aims and ambitions of Catholics. They listen to criticism, witness the strugglings of their fellows, and are in a position to plan to disarm criticism and to help the struggling. Not that the people. the pastor is deaf, but remarks are, as a rule, expurgated before they come to him, and, moreover, he has little time and less money to do many things which would benefit his people. He would like, for instance, to have a club devoted to serious business, not indeed to the eschewing of the social and athletic features, but allowing them but a secondary place. We mean a club that would have as its aim the education of those who need it.

DEATH OF VERY REV. DEAN O'CONNELL.

The sad intelligence reached us last week of the sudden death of Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, P. P., Mount Forest, diocese of Hamilton. The deceased priest was one of the best known as well as one of the most deservedly esteemed priests of Ontario. He was seasons his best efforts were employed he was one of those noble souls whose to the present time is radiant with the good deeds were of the unostentations character. An ambition to promote the spread of God's kingdom upon earth took complete possession of him. and the work he has done for the Church in the Mount Forest parish, where his flock were comparatively small and not possessed of much of this world's good will remain for long in the hearts and minds of his people, whose gratitude will be abiding and whose prayers will be earnest and constant that he may in the world eternal, receive the reward of the good and faithful shepherd of Christ's flock. To His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, we send our heartfelt sympathy. He has lost one of the best and bravest priests of his flock. The press dispatch announcing the

Deceased of age and was born years spiritual and prove our consistency by o'clock last night, apparently best of health norning when Miss Crowe, the housekeeper, called him, there was no re and on investigating it was found he was dead.

Dean O'Connell has had charge of parish for the last thirty years, and was very popular amongst his own parishioners and amongst all denomina tions and his place will be hard to fill He filled various charges under the die ese of Hamilton, and is well know throughout western Ontario. A broth er in Sedalia, Mo., survives, and Father Cody of Hamilton and Mr. Cody, postmaster, Oakville, are nephews.

NO HOME RULE BILL.

Advices from England lead to the conclusion that no Home Rule measure will be introduced at the present Session of the House of Common There are two opposing forces with which the Government has to reckon. The Irish nationalists, on the onelhand, are not in the humor to accept such a meagre dish of self government as the present liberal administration are pre which may be termed the hereditary " large doses of democracy : soothe it | Irish people which bears any semblance

Perhaps no other body of legislators Then they enmeshed France in a net of in the world gives us such a striking

we hold," they have nailed to their mast-head. All doubt as to the course of the House of Commons or Irish legislating, was, we are told, set at rest on February 3rd, when Mr. Herbert H. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared on behalf of the Premier, that the Government had no intention of reintroducing the Irish Council bill.

The Earl of Dadley (Conservative), who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland during Mr. Balfour's Ministry (1902-05) created somewhat of a sensation amongst the Unionist benches of the House of Lords by disassociating himself entirely from the policy of coer cion in Ireland as advocated by the Opposition. The leaders of the present Liberal Government, the Earl of Dadley said, were not going far enough in their conciliatory methods to please

Speaking on the same topic in the House of Commons, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, refused definitely to put the crimes act into operation. He said he loathed boycotting, and expressed the opinion that there never would be peace and contentment in Ireland until the untenanted lands had been divided among

What puzzles the average onlooker is the want of prompt action on the part of the Government to place vacant lands in the hands of the peasantry for cultivation. The owners should be compelled to sell or rent these lands at a reasonable price. They will not, however, do one thing or the other unless forced. The lands are allowed either to remain idle or be used for pasturage with the view of compelling the payment of exorbitant prices by the Government and the peasantry. The variety of other meanings like them Ministry are to be commended for not truly constitute the content of the paying heed to the demand for the application of the coercion act. This act has for generations been an utter failure. It is now an established fact that harshness and injustice will produce but bitter fruit in Ireland. The opposite course is the sane one. Trust the people," should be the motto. If this is done there well in a few years be no Irish question to yex

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

Advices from England a few weeks Socialism was making considerable headway in that country. Later ictelligence puts quite a different complexion on the matter. The London Morning Post, of January 22nd, states that the Labour Party at its conference in Hull on the previous day, re jected by 951,000 votes to 91,000 a proposal to amend the constitution by the insertion of a declaration in favor of Socialism. The same paper also gives us the information that the Catholic Bishop of Clifton, speaking at Birmingham on Socialism and liberty, said the older schools of Socialism would have all abolished the institution of marriage out-and out. "Modern Socialists," he said, "promised comdeath of Father O'Connell is as follows:

Mount Forest, Feb. 2.—Rev. B. J.
O'Connell, pastor of St. Mary's Roman of Catholic Church, died endeally design and a control of the marriage tie. Distinctions of I to follow this line of argument and control of the marriage tie. of the marriage tie. Distinctions of wealth, birth and class having been swept away greater width of selection its adherents, occasion might be given might be ensured for the marrying man. but would his choice be his own, or would his helpmate be assigned him by officials of the omnipotent State? Might not the State, having to support all husbands and wives, erect its own matrimonial tribunals and pro nounce on such matters as physical fitness, polygamy, polyandry and divorce? Socialism could promise no stability, security, or increase of happiness to the domestic circle. It would pluck up hearth and home, and raze the Britisher's castle to the ground. Out of its schools would issue a generation without God, tutored to despise the past, with few objects of human interest in the present, a dwarfed, uninteresting, and unheroic race."

We hope such of our Canadians as may be tinged with Socialistic leanings will ponder well the sage advice of this destinguished English church. man. Many thoughtless and innocent persons have been enrolled under the banner of Socialist through paying heed to the un Christian and anti-Christian demagogues who would lead us into a condition of living, destructive of all those grand ideals which make a nation strong, and a people happy and free in the truest sense of the terms.

We have seen too many a bark freighted with our golden hopes go down in the troubled sea of life; we have planted too many a tree of desire, and watched and waited till we deep the fruit was ripe, and then plucked it, and found it turn to dust and ashes on our eager lips; we have seen and felt these things too often to be very sanguine about any great happines life can possibly bring. And yet, alas! we launch another bark, and yet, again! ruthlessly destroy.

MORAL ASPECT OF SOCIALISM. ELOQUENT ADDRESS BY FATHER HENRY DAY, S. J.

At the Picton Hall, Liverpool, recently, the Rev. Henry Day, S. J. red an address on the moral as

pect of Socialism.

The word Socialism, said the The word Socialism, said the lecturer, admits of many and widely different interpretations. Of these one is not unfrequently used to express any effort to prevent or mitigate the suffer ings of the poor, and the many evils of modern industrial life. Socialism in modern industrial life. Socialism in this sense is evidently praiseworthy. Another meaning commonly attached to the word is a general leaning to the social principle known as collectivism. Socialism so understood represents a rational and historical reaction from extreme individualism. Allow me a short digression to explain this. For fully three centuries and until the last fifty years the economic and social principle of individualism, which is the opposite of collectivism, prevailed throughout western civilization. According to this teaching the ultimate good of society depended chiefly on the free prosecution of his individual inter ests by each of its members, and fre competition, leading to the survival of the fittest, was held to be the surest foundation of a prosperous State. How ever, much of truth and good this theory contained it came in practice to be abused, and its abuse caused a LEADERS OF INDUSTRY AMONG THE revulsion of feeling in favor of the contrary collectivist doctrine. The idea of this latter teaching i central that social health and human happiness is something apart from and above the separate interests of individuals, and that the production and distribution of wealth, like any other public function cannot safely be entrusted to the un-fettered freedom of individuals, but needs to be organized and controlled by the State for the benefit of the col lective community. Such Socialism again is commendable. It is a moder te expression of a principle which is chief characteristic of the Christian religion, and may be taken to represent

treme system of Collectivism, which admittedly and according to the authadmittedly and according to entic statements of its official plat forms and recognized leaders advocates the inalienable ownership, production and distribution of all ecmic goods and means of production by the democratic State. Now, the subject of my address is precisely Socialism in this proper and Advices from England a few weeks ago would lead to the belief that Socialism was making considerable set before you is its moral bearing as distinct from its economic significance. At at time when Socialists are endeavoring to discount the morally pernicious teachings of many of their nost prominent writers and speakers, I propose to demonstrate the futility of their task, and to show that Socialism in its fundamental principles is in direct and necessary antagonism with the Christian religion, with the Christian

the common trend of healthy public opinion of to-day. But do these and a

sociological concept which we are con-

essential definition and technical des cription of present day Socialism? Certainly they do not. The scientific

name of Social Democracy is a much more thoroughgoing sort. It is an ex-

Certainly they do not.

home, and with Christian ethics. SOCIALISM ANTAGONISTIC TO CHRISTIAN

ITY. In the first place, Socialism is direct ly antagonistic to the Christian relig ion. To prove this assertion I might reasonably quote as evidence the blat ant and blasphemous expressions against God's truths and Christ's testimony which are being daily uttered by Social conclude the anti-Christianity of Socialsm from the character and conduct of to specious but really crude and illogical objections. Thus I conceivably ceive a letter to morrow morning to the effect that the writer was acquainted with a most religious Socialist who was an assiduous Bible reader and a Sunday school teacher to boot. And this would entail my replying somewhat in this way: "Excellent. All praise to your friend. He has evidently a good heart. Hope he may continue to keep all right, but fear there may be some illusi Then a postsoript might be added: "No slight intended to yourself or friend, but we must remember that there are ess wise men in all spheres of lifethat not all are logically minded, and that even religious persons are at times inconsistent."

But to avoid all possibility of cavil, and to adhere strictly to the line of argument which I proposed at the out-set, I will confine my proof of the anti-Christianity of Socialism to the evidence of its own accepted and admitted principles. Now these testimonies declare an irreconcilable opposition between Christian truth and Socialist doctrines. An admitted principle of Socialism, for instance, asserts that all religions are not only distinct, but separate from, and entirely alien to, politics and the welfare of the State. SENSE OF JUSTICE BLUNTED.

"Never was there a time of greater grity. If one cannot be honest and succeed in the line of business in which he is engaged then he should seek for other means of livelihood. Men are appalled to day at the diffi-culties which present themselves in safeguarding their interests from dishonesty. There is something lack merely that worldliness is coming in, ing in our education if even among but religion is withdrawing itself from our so-called educated youth there are mighty loose ideas of honesty. are mighty loose ideas of honesty. The sense of injustice between man and man seems blunted, because, as it seems to me, education does not teach the meaning of sin. We need more of God and His Positive Law if we would have men build themselves into the integrity of life which stands the test of all temptations. We are ing."

obliged to have vigorous and efficient watchmen to protect all our busine interests and as has recently be said, the question is now raised as to who will watch the watchman. We have allowed false ideas to be placed before our youth, and public sanction is given to many things which savor strongly of dishonesty. In what the people read, in what they see, there seems to be a growing failure to condemn false conduct, unnatural lives, and dishonest methods. The novel and the stage both give a glory to the stage between the stage both give a glory to the stage between the stage both give a glory to the stage between the stage be before our youth, and public vice and a weakness to virtue and our youth is led to believe that true strength is in the sowing of wild oats.
The age is full of fakers and charlatans and the cure-all remedies in medicine are equalled by the get-rich quick methods in business. Both are dishonest and both violate the principles of business integrity, yet where there is a measure of success they seem to attract a greater share of tention than the honest God-fearing practitioner or the straight-forward,

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onorable merchant.
"The business man's aim should at honest business just as the honest financier's aim should be at honest fin ance. The cornering of the necessition of life, the adding of a cent a pound or cent a gallen to make good philan thropic contributions may be considered smartness in business, but we n seriously consider the honesty of it.

GREAT.

"I have been always led to believe that our leaders of industry, our business men, have a right to be considness men, have a right to be considered in the class of our great men. Our school day enthusiasm consider the great men as those who were at the head of our armies or wh as statesmen formulated the great charters of national development. But after all, they were not the only great men; I question if they were the greatest of the great men. I rather love to consider the men who in qui t energy and perseverance, with a large dose of self reliance and faith, hav chance with the future and have built our cities, giving us the opportunities for education, and who have helped in the application to communities of the principles which the states great men evolved, and put into practical life the blessings which the great army leaders preserved for us by their sacrifices and blood. In our commercial life, the centers of finan-Sociali-m of the day which goes by the cial strength have been developed and labor has had its opportunities for gain and the savings of labor have been protected by their business care Public spirit and generous charity have contributed toward the great educational and charitable tions of the community, and we have seen the village rise to the dignity of a city and take upon itself the char acter of a great metropolis, having over its broad surface churches an institutions, all bring the people to a closer sense of duty to their God and to one another. The up building of a city and the development of its mighty institutions mercial ability of its honest and energetic and ambitions business ho have placed within the reach all the opportunities for the growth and development along lines of religious and charitable thought which have filled the lives of the people."-Providence Visitor.

" BREAKING UP CREEDS "

PROTESTANTISM IS A FAILURE SAYS CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER

A declaration remarkable in its frankess, and in its pointed acknowledge ment of the power of the Catholic Church, has just been made from a Protestant pulpit, by Rev. Newman Smyth of the Congregational Church. Mr. Smyth is a minister well known throughout the middle West where he

has filled several charges. Speaking Sunday week at New Haven Connecticut, in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of that city, Rev. Mr. Smyth said: "For a hundred years now we have been breaking up creeds rather than making them, and the whole period may prove to be a transitional era in the history of Chris-

tianity.' "There are signs of the passing of this Protestant age. They are to be discerned alike in the success and in the failure of Protestantism, I need not linger to record its splendid successes Procestantism has its triumphant arch Its crowning achievement is that it has won the victory forever for the spirit-ual liberty of the individual man-Henceforth the right of private judg ment, which the age of Protestant Christianity has won, can never be abolisted or destroyed. But when one success in history another task is at the door. Another

age is at hand.
"The signs of it are written also across the failure of this Protestant age. I am not saying that its failures in any direction are complete. They may be summed up in this judgment that the Protestant faith is losing mastery over the controlling forces of mod ern life. This is apparent to some ex tent in all the spheres of life. For one thing Protestantism has lost the old authority of the church. It has lost it in its own families. Romanism has authority in the family from birth to need to develop along the highest and death; from baptism to extreme unction-best lines the spirit of business inte au hority also in the State; our churches, as churches, are not accounted to be political powers. More than this, Protestantism as organized, or rather, as it is disorganized in our churches, has lost control over large areas of religious thought. It is not our churches.

"Protestantiam has lost power to give to the people a good religious edu-

cation.' Rev. Mr. Symth is a veteran minister and a deep student. He concedes the "failure of Protestantism," and in the last paragraph he gives the reason, the neglect of " religious trainprev unio whic It oppo just only for a not frien not give towa those them God the guisl each and l Go striv His. by c ness woul and brotl forgi anyti when can apply impa empl His Savie be n does life law

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#### RETRIBUTION.

It is the law of all nations that where the rights of any of its parts are out raged proportionate retribution must follow, and this we see is the rule of God as applied to individuals in their icalings with one another, for our di-rine Lord said. "As we mete it out to others, it will be meted out to us." to others, it will be meted out to us."
The law of charity or love of man for his fellow men was enjoined from the beginning and was well observed by the first Christians. I was the distinctive sign of their character, the virtue by which they were known, and marked them as distinct from the Jews and pagans of the time, who were wont overlain. "Behold how these Christians of the strength of the to exclaim, "Behold, how these Chris-tians love one another!" It was the lesson our Lord Himself had inculcated on the spostles and which He taught them to practice one toward another, and in turn to extend to all men. It is recorded that, taking a little child one day, our Lord placed it in the midst of ostles and, filled with an admira tion for its simplicity and innocence, for its trust and guilelessness, He ex ned, "Ol such is the kingdom of en," and he said to the apostles, heaven, Unless ve be as little children ye

shall not enter into the kingdom of

What a lesson in those words an what a rebuke for proud, haughty, overbearing men who are so domineering and cruel to one another; who are so harsh in their dealings and so re vengeful in their feelings and so vengetul in their feelings and so unmerciful towards those offend ing them! The guileless and forgiv-lng ways of children must be men's ways, who are only children of older owth. Children have their little misunderstandings, their spats and their quarre's: but how quick the reconciliations and how complete the forgiveness! Are men's misunderdings and offenses toward one another of any more moment for the most part, and yet how long a time it takes to settle them and to have them forgiven and forgotten! We see how the generous and forgiving spirit of childhood passes away with its years, and how our stay in this cold and sel fish world changes us and infuses us with its hard heartedness and cruelty, and to bring us back to first principles and to the ways of innocent and generous youth, God's grace is ever at our

we should act up to that nobler and better nature which we can have in Christ our Lord by uniting our heart and soul to Him. His perfect spirit and just law will animate and direct us if we will, and become the principle and rule of our conduct. We recall how our Lord taught mercy and forgiveness and how He exemplied His teaching by His practice, since He forgave His executioners and said of those crucifying Him, "Father, forhem, they know not what they And His example was imitated by St. Stephen, the first to shed his blood for Christ, who said of those stoning him unto death, "Father, lay not this sin to their charge." "Fordivine injunction and mercy is prom ised to those who will show mercy. err is human, to forgive, divine, says the poet. We are all sinners in the sight of God and must needs throw ourselves on His mercy. He has for given us much and often, let us in return forgive one another. Let us forgive those little faults and offences commit one against the other more through frailty than malice, forgive and forget them and blot them out of our minds altogether and God will for-give us our greater offences. It is thus that the bond of love and union will prevait among us as our Lord w have it, and this union here will be

be accepted just the same by an all-just and all-seeing God. We must only bide our time and wait and hopfor a better feeling, which may or may not come from those who once were friendly, or at least not inimical. It is not equally easy to all natures to for-give, though grace will be given towards supplying the difference, if those needing it stand ready to avail themselves of it. As St. Paul says, God's grace is sufficient. It is ever the same for all. God, is no distinguisher of persons. He is all in all to each and every one, and ready to hear and help all who call upon His aid.

God asks us only to remember to strive to do our part and He will do casting Him into exterior darkwould His heavenly Father do to each and every one unless he forgive his brother from his heart." It is easy to Rule: lorgive. Yes, it is easy never to have anything in our hearts against any one when we think of the help God's grace can be to us if we only seek it and apply it to our souls. It is thus God parts to us His own spirit, as ex-His own Divine Son, our Lord and Saviour, who bade us learn of Him, to meek and humble of heart. No les God wait always until the next to punish the infractions of His aw in this. Terrible have been the examples wherein He has visited His rath upon those offending against the aw of charity or brotherly love by refusal to be reconciled and reunited with their offending brethren. It is on such that He sometimes pours out the vials of His wrath in this life in the hope that, forewarned, they may be brought to the true spirit of charity and escape His wrath in eternity .-Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and

The new year offers the opportunity to make good the neglected resolutions of past years. Try anew. New chances of success present themselves.

Fenelon says: "It is better to wait and open the door with a key, than to break the lock through impatience."

#### MENACES TO THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ORDER.

The New York Journal and its anne are two publications that are pretty well known to most of our readers. Under other names they are only too well known to Catholic readers in

many cities of the country.

For it is stating simple truth to assert that Catholics are very largely their patrons. People of our faith buy these papers in New York, in Boston, in Chicago and in San Francisco. Why, we have never able to understand un less it is due to the fact that they are

cheap. However cheap they may be, it has long been our deliberate opinion that they are dangerous. They are slowly but insidiously poisoning the mind of the American millions, making unques tionably for irreligion, immorality and anarchy. Deftly but undoubtedly they are sowing the seed of destruction.

That they are anti Catholic cannot

be denied. A few Sundays ago the Sunday American contained an article on "Woman's Proper Sphere" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It would appear harmless, judging from the title, but in reality it was not. Its illustration was startling. A woman was tied to a stake and a big, fat monk was standing near, reading out of a book. Another monk was mercilessly setting fire to the fagots surrounding her, a look of horrible fanaticism writhing his counten ance. Dore might have drawa such cruelty in depicting the devils in hell, for portraying human beings—and those human beings clergymen of the great Catholic Church — after the manner described.

The text that accompanied this astounding picture was equally amazing. In the language of Father Yorke of the San Francisco Leader "the picture was nothing to the information conveyed in the article itself. We are told that the Catholic Church ground woman into the dust, counted her very flesh unclean, and burned her alive by the thousands-all on account of origin-We are also told that ' Pope John XXII, was flayed alive on suspicion of sorcery.' The life and times of John XXII. are well known, but his extraordinary end has been kept secret

articles. Religion has been mocked and misrepresented, and atheism of the rankest sort has been set forward as the true answer to the riddle of existence. The effect of such a can paign on young, The cry is inseparable from human ex and immature minds must be disastrous. They do not see the evil they are tak-ing into their system. In a short time the poison has done its work. The faith is dead. A grave responsibility rests on parents who allow that paper into their homes. They are sending their children to school and church to their children to school and church to the answer of our Lord to the disbring them up Christians; that paper is ciples' wail of woe is the only one tearing down what they are trying to be given: "Why are you fearful, O build up. We often wonder what kind ye of little faith?" Faith is the of self-respect such parents have. The paper ridicules them and all they bo lieve in, and they have not spunk

enough to kick it out of doors.

And yet one may ask any number of his Catholic friends-especially women these journa's are liked and receive in roply the statement that deceived .- Intermountain Catholic. "They are all right." If there is any ing that makes one shudder for the future of Christian civilization it is this alarming attitude of so many of our people. These journals reek with false philosophy, false history, false theology, and are full to the brim with have it, and this union here will be the fitting preparation for the life of union with God and with one another, which the blessed enjoy in heaven.

It may be that our wish to be reconciled with others will sometimes be opposed and resented, but in this case our good will and good intentions will be accorated just the same by an all the sevented just the same by an all the sevented into their fidelity to the more to corrupt the minds of their from his p-lace under the separation from his p-lace under the separation homes to corrupt the minds of their from his palace under the separation children. How deeply the noses of law on December 17, 1906.

some good people secretly stick into the cesspools of rottenness, has always been a mystery to us.—Catholic Sun. If no make p.lace under the law on December 17, 1906.

The immediate cause of congestion of the lungs. A had been seriously ill only

#### SIR E. H. CARSON FOR IRISH

HOME RULE. Justin M'Carthy, in The Independ-ent, forecasts "The Approaching Political Crisis in England" at the next session of Parliament. This experienced publicist declares that the determination of the Liberals is "to deprive the hereditary chamber once for all of its autocratic and absolute power over the decisions of the chamber which represents the great majority of the people of these islands."

Mr. McCarthy then touches on the Irish cause and on a new and distin-guished English advocate of Home

" My countrymen in the United States, and, indeed, all sympathizers there with the Irish national cause, must feel deeply interested in the speech delivered a few days, at a public work in one of the counties. lic meeting in one of the counties, by Sir Edward H. Carson, a distinguished member of the bar, King's Counsel, and representative in the House of Commons of that ancient fortress of Conservatism, Dublin University. Sir Edward Carson appears to have opened his eyes at last to the fact that Conservatism must no longer hope to effect any good result by endeavoring to resist the Home Rule movement in Iroland the Home Rule movement in Ireland. In the most direct and emphatic language he told his audience that England must abandon the idea of enforce ing on Ireland her system of govern-ment by a majority of votes in the British House of Commons, that she must sooner or later give to Ireland a system which will enable her to manage her national affairs for herself, and that the sooner she makes up her mind to adopt such a course the better it will be for the peace, the prosperity, and the progress of the whole kingdom. Such a declaration coming from such a nan cannot but have an influence even over some of the most antiquated and it is one of the most remarkable evidences we have had for a

long time of the manner in which the justice and the reasonableness of Irc-and's claim for Hone Rule are making themselves recognized among all classes in these countries. After the struggle with the Lords the Home Rule question will come again before Parlia-

#### NEED OF RELIGION.

History and experience combined teach the necessity of religion for in dividual happiness, the welfare of so ciety and the perpetuation of national existence. From the cradle to the grave pain and sorrow are inseparable from man's existence. They give the best knowledge of this world, for they show clearly that this life is but the threshold of eternity. The young, building castles in the air, dream of inture future happiness; pain and sorrov come and all their pleasant anticipa tions are marred. Only heaven, that is revealed beyond the grave, brings

Society, which is knit together by law and order, needs religion. With-out religion, which has for its basis obedience to the will of God, there is no toundation for morality. What are termed right and wrong are eternal verities emanating from the divine will of God, and without God would be meaningless. Atheism is not compatible with mortality. Hence to preserve law and order religion is needed. As with society so with national existences. Remove all knowledge of God and re but certainly no Christian artist would ligious restraint and the downward care to stand responsible before God tendency to barbarism will soon be tendency to barbarism will soon be manifest. Such was the sad fate of some of the most renowed nations antiquity after their separation from

the synagogue.

Our age is now beginning to realize the full import of the disciples' wail of woe when their ship in the stormy ocean was about to sink, and they cried This cry has gone up from the heart of humanity in every age; goes up to day and will go up till the end of time. The cry is universal in space and in time. All need supernatural aid to save them from perishing. Like the timid disciples in the boat when a great tempest arose, all who live in the dinary span of life have similar experiences when they are forced to ex extraordinary end has been kept secret from historians till revealed to the world by the wonderful Ella Wheeler That woeful exclamation is not confined switer truthiully says:

"For a long while a steady campaign against Christianity has been conducted in that paper's editorials and special articles. Palicipa has been more described by the employer, articles. not the employe, have been appealing to heaven for the past two months, since the financial crisis began, with istence. Tae very rich feel its abso lute necessity more than the poor washerwoman who saves from he scanty earnings sufficient to pay her annual taxes. But in the midst of pain and sorrow which affects hunanity is there no redress or consolation remedy, the only solace in the stormy ocean of life. What is faith? It is a ocean of life. What is faith? It theological virtue which consists believing, without doubting, all the truths Almighty God has revealed. Faith rests on the veracity of God, Who could neither deceive

#### DEATH OF OLDEST PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

CARDINAL RICHARD, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS. WHO BROKE DOWN UNDER

The immediate cause of death was congestion of the lungs. Although he had been seriously ill only a few days. the venerable prince of the Church, vigorous and active down to the time of the en'orcement of the separation law, broke down under the strain of persecution, and had been perceptibly

failing in health for many n onth When Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, imparted the news of Cardinal Richard's death to the Pope, His Holiness knelt in prayer, and when he arose from his knees he ex-claimed: "He was not even allowed to close his eyes in his own house.

The funeral services took place at Notre Dame Cathedral. A message of condolence from President Fallieres has been received at the house of Deputy Cochin.

Francis Maria Benjamin Richard was born at Nantes on March 9, 1819 He came of a family of the old nobility of France, and spent his childhood in the chateau of Lavergne. He entered the Seminaire St. Salpice in 1849, was for several years vicar general of Nantes, and in 1871 was appointed Bishop of Belley. He became coadjutor to Arch bishop Guibert, of Paris, in 1875, and succeeded the latter in 1886. He was

made a Cardinal May 24, 1889. Approaching his eighty-ninth year, Cardinal Richard was the oldest mem ber of the Sacred College, a fact which lent additional pathos to his forcible expulsion from his palace in the closing days of 1906. The expulsion was made the occasion of an imposing manifestation on the part of the Catholics of Paris, including many of the priests of the city, members of the nobility and thousands of men, women and children. The assemblage completely blocked the street in front of the palace. The e present sang hymns as the Archbishop was assisted into a carriage by the Co adjutor Archbishop, Mgr. Amette, and two vicar generals. When the Cardinal seated himself the crowd knelt and chanted, and the venerable prelate who was much moved, stood up and

blessed the multitude. As the prelate reseated himself a number of young Catholics detached the horses from the carriage, and with

difficulty dragged it through the masses lining the streets, amid cries of "Long live the Cardinal! Long live Pius X!" It took about three-quarters of an ur to pull the carriage to the resi dence of Denys Cochin, a distance of about one mile, and a much longer time would have been consumed had it not been for the fact that it was preceded and followed by a detachment of Repub

lican Guards.
One of the last public acts of the Cardinal was on January 15 last, when, at the Church of Notre Dame du Bons cours, he received the Augustinian ters of Charity, who had that day en expelled from the Hotel Dieu under the separation law, after the order had acted as nurses in that municipal hospital for centuries. The Cardinal held a service in behalf of the expelled Sisters, after which he be stowed his benediction on all present.

- Philadelphia Catholic Standard and

#### AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT INDEX.

The Catholic Herald (England) referg to English press strictures on the its to the fact of the (Protestant) hbishop of Canterbury having aced publications of a Protestant ister on the Protestant Index by hibiting their further pub ication, noting the prosecution in Landon a street orator on a charge of blasmy it remarks upon it as 'additional dence that England has nothing to en from the Pope in the matter pressing mischievous or unpalatable opinion.'

Farther proof in the same direction quoted from a London daily, which, nmenting on the prosecution referred gives some English law on the sub t: "Prosecutions for blasphemy, such as are now going on in London ( paper says), are so rare nowadays that it is generally forgotten that it is an offence against both common and statute law. By an Act of William III. a person was declared a blasphemer who should deny any of the Persons of the Trinity to be God, or assert that there are more Gods than one, or deny the truth of Christianity or the Scriptures. In deference to the opinions of Unitarians and others the first clause was afterwards omitted. In 1841 Mr. Moxon, the publisher, was successfully prosecuted for having published Shel 's " Queen Mab."

On such English enactment and pracas this law stands in the Statute Book of England it is not consistent in English critics to assail the Vatican for the existence of an index which does not send men to jail for writing distasteful matter, but simply declares that such

So we see that there is an English Protestant "Index." and much more penal than that of the Catholic Church. -N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

#### THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

The charge that the Catholic Church keeps the Bible from her adherents. as asserted last week by a Michiga Baptist preacher, is of course absurd but strange to say anyone who mingles much with a certain class of Protestants ears it often. Like the ghost of the miable Banquo, and the claim that Latin America is priest-ridden someow it will not down.

Educated Protestants, however, are t without knowledge of the truth that f it were not for the care of the Church here would have been no Bible. two years ago the Scientific American bublished a very good account of the Biblis Pamperum, or Bible of the Poor used in the early Middle Ages by those who could not read. The sacred story was told by means of pictures and there Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, died on January 23, at the home of Denys Cochin, Conservative Deputy, looking over a collection of clippings we "I cite these figures to you for the came upon the following from the Pro-

> "In the days of the apostles the Old Testament had been translated into Greek and the New Testament was written in Greek, the language of the people. In the middle of the second entury the Bible was translated into Latin and Syrisc that it might be under stood by the people. At the end of the fourth century the Pope had St. Jerome revise the Latin version in common use and later the saint prepared the great Vulgate version of the Scripture in Latin when Latin was the universal language of the Western world. During the Mid-dle Ages whoever could read at all could read Latin and the Scripture was at his command. It was translated into Gothic about 350, into Armenian in 411. When the modern languages began to take shape, the first works were translations or paraphrases of the Bible. St. Bede as engaged on his death-bed in trans ating the Gospel of St. John into Angl. Saxon. There were two versions of the Gospels current in the tenth century in England, six hundred years before Protestantism. After the Norman con quests the language of the higher classes was French and they had the Bible in their tongue. There is still preserved a complete French Bible preserved a complete Frency."
> written in the thirteenth century."
> More tells us," says a

"Sir Thomas More tells us," says a later and Catholic authority, "that 'the whole Bible was long before Wiklif's days by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue and by good and godly people with votion and soberness well and reverent y read. What is true of England is rue also of the other countries of Europe. During the three centuries before the Reformation the Scriptures were to be had in Italian, Spanish, German, Dan ish and Flemish. Immediately after the invention of printing, Bibles printed in these languages before Luther was born or Henry VIII. broke away from the Church. The Italian Bible was printed in 1471, the French Bible in 1477 and eighteen editions of the Bible in German appeared before Luther's."

During the last few months the L'ving Church has contained another article which made pratically the same state-ments. The fact that the Bible was translated into Latin and Syriac in the equal rights to all, and by placing men second century, into Gothic in 350, into

Armenian in 411, in part into Auglo-Saxon by St. Bede in 735, with two versions current in the tenth century, all these, including the German Bible existed before the time of Luther, cer tainly do not indicate that the Church did much keeping, as charged. very existence really proves that those persons who bring such charges have small scholarship. Presumably as culture advances and un Christian dice dies, we shall see few assertions of the kind .- Catholic Sun.

#### A STORY OF DR STAFFORD.

Many stories are being told in the Washington papers of the late Dr. Stafford. One of the best relates the manner in which he came into possession of a cherished edition of Shakes peare.

Several years ago a man visited St. Patrick's rectory, having with him a

Boydal edition of Shakespeare.
"I am in great want," he said, "and I have come to beg you to buy this book for a hundred dollars." The priest looked at the book and answered:

"My friend, do you not know that this edition is worth several thousand dollars?"

The man admitted that he knew its value, but that he was in such imme distensed that he would be glad to Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Consellit for even half the sum he had stipation and Biliousness. "Fruit-aasked, if only the doctor would want it, tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a

"Oh, yes, I want it. I want it as a starving man wants food. I have for many years longed for just this Boydal, and I expect to long for it until I die, but I should be a thief to take it at your terms. If I were rich I would buy but it is utterly beyond my means. The man insisted that he must sell his book that night, no matter who was the purchaser.
"In which case." the priest said. I

should be a mean thief, indeed, to take advantage of your stress of mind."

Dr. Stafford loaned the man the told him to take his book to two friends of his, one a bishop of the Episcopal Church, and the other a Senator from the West. Both he explained, were well enough to want so rare an edition of his works

happened that the man took his book first to the Senator—Cushman K. Davis—and told him of Dr. Stafford's refusal to buy the book at the offered

The Senator considered it a good tory, and that night at a large dinner arty he repeated it to a group of fel-w Senators and a Justice of the Sureme Court. They, too, considered it good story, and, as a result a few ghts afterward Dr. Stafford was amazed to receive the book, bearing the names of the Senators and the Justice, all of whom had subscribed and made im a gift of his lorged-for "Boydal.

#### SO-CALLED "CATHOLIC" ROGUES IN PUBLIC LIFE.

MAYOR DUNNE OF CHICAGO PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO THEM. Chicago Inter Opean Jan. 29.

"A good Catholic must be a good citizen; a bad Catholic is sometimes an ind fierent citizen and sometimes a bad citizen," said former Mayor Elward F. Danne in an address to the Catholic Order of Foresters, delivered last night at the Grand Pacific hotel on "The Catholic Citizen."

" In every one of the 125 large cities of the United States Catholics exceed in membership all the Protestant churches combined. More than onehalf of the population of 14 of the great states of the Union are Catholics. More than 75 per cent of the

purpose of calling your attention to the great responsibility which rests country. powerful factors in the formation of the

KEEP ROGUES OUT OF OFFICE. "For this reason it becomes your duty as good citizens to study the

needs of your city, of your state, and of your country. In a country where every man's vote counts he should make that vote count for the best in terests of the community, no matter to what church he belongs. Every citizen what church he belongs. should pay attention to the questions that arise from day to day in the body politic and make up his mind intelligently thereon. And every citizen should do his own thinking.
"In considering public questions and

in casting your ballots put patriotism before party, principle before man, and man before Mammon. Vote for no man who is unreliable or untrustworthy But if you must vote for either of two rogues, vote for the non-Catholic rogue. The Catholic rogue will not thus bring upon you discredit and disgrace.

The Catholic Church has always taught, "Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. The sanctity of life, the sacredness of property and the purity of the home have ever been inculcated by the Catholic Church. Therefore work for the enactment and enforcement of laws that preserve life, property and the sacredness of the family ties; for the placing of men in public effice who will be loyal to these principles."

STICK TO REPUBLICAN IDEALS. "Exert yourself at all times to proserve these great safeguards of hu liberty—trial by jary, writ of habeas corpus and a free ballet. These are the mainstays of republican liberty, and assaults on them are attacks upon

the principles of republican liberty. By standing for the preservation of these great fundamentals of liberty, b, standing for the equal enforcement of the laws, by securing the enactment and enforcement of laws which secure

## EAT ORANGES

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP WELL

Careful tests have proved beyond uestion that orange juice has c y defined medicinal virtues. Those pelled "to diet"—find that after eat-ing oranges regularly for breakfast there is no distress, no palpitation. Where there was a tendency wards constipation, the eating of oranges regulated the bowels.

In skin troubles, those who began the morning meal with an orange

There is, however, a quicker way to get better results. ne or two "Fruit-a-tives" tablets at bedtime in addition to the juice of an orange before breakfast the next morning. "Fruit-a-tives" are the juices of oranges, apples, figs and is many times intensified by the special way of combining them. Valu-

Take the juice of an orange before breakfast-take "Fruit-a-tives" night-and you will quickly be rid of



loval to the public interests the Cathlic citizenship will grow powerful for public good and powerful in the estimation and regard of its fellow citizens."

#### THE BEST WAY TO FIGHT SOCIALISM

Discussing the socialistic theories of Joseph Medill Patterson, of Chicago, the editor of Collier's expresses him

elf with sanity and justice: ' Socialism, to us, is a mistake which the world has often made, and by which it has as often been set back: the effort to have government orea e an essentially new world; the belief that universal virtue can be enforced and administered by a bureaucracy. Two principles must forever be true: humanity, brothergood, sympathy on the one hand, growing now, and needing to grow far more and on the other hand personal initiative and self reliance and individual variation, virtues which need to be restrained but never killed. We must not, for the sake of the weak, check the opportunities of the strong. If, then we sympathize with many of the ideals in government machinery, the best we can do is to work steadily, patiently upon the Catholic population of this hopefully to equalize burdens and You are able in many com-and in many states, to be fairer distribution of taxation; to favor opportunities: to invent and apply a always a greater proportionate reward laws and in placing men in public to ordinary labor; to end the illicit influence of the rich; not to fear fashion, and to keep our hearts open and our minds alive. Unhappily many persons make a virtue of impatience and treat with scorn a steady progress. The Kingdom of Heaven approaches, but it can be reached by no sudden jump. 'Is this Jerusalem?' asked the children, with every new town, in Peter the Hermit's crusade, 'No, poor children,' Matthew Arnold answered, 'not this town, nor the next, nor yet the next, is Jerusalem. Jerusalem is far off, and it needs time and strength and much endurance reach it. Seas and mountains, labor and peril, hunger and thirst, disease and death, are between you and Jerusalem."



#### FIVE-MINUIE SEEMON.

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

DORGOTHA GITMENT, The Eingdom of heaven is like to loaven. the women most and hid in three measures and, till the whole was instanced. (M.str.

The progress of spiritual life is slow with most of us, my dear brethren. We go sling day by day, and it seems as if we had advanced but himle since the day we began. It seems to us as if we were sull standing at the standing-place, and the goal as far of as ever. The good resolutions which we made when we began to serve God are not forgot ten, neither are they broken. But the same eval influences are all about us, tempting as and luring as on to nominit and again, as in the days of our wholedweats new, and which we have renounced many a time since. And the older we grow the ferner, perhaps, become those We think it may be that mov we ought to be free from them; that as we have stopped similing, the desire, ever involuntary, of similing again ought to leave us. And because bempitalions confinue we imagine that son as within us and that we must prope The result is not satisfacbory, and we hed and worry and delade ourselves with the ballef that we are wholly evil and that we have made no since we started. We have faller line the error so common especially among pious people, that concupie

The bruth of the whole matter is this, Soripture: "My son, when there comest to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for

God whiten us to purge our souls as wall as to strongthen them, and He allows us to be tempted that we may have not only the merit of remistance. but shee the strength which comes from repeatedly engaging in battle with the memor. For the more von fight, the greater will be your experience in the you gain, the more easily will you gain se which God puts in your band

The whole man is to be purged and cleaned. Nothing projetted can enter beaven. So if you have put yourself supreme purpose of saving men. Of hatto the hands of God, you must bet Him do with you what He pleases. hat His ways and means, and His ways are not your ways. So He allows satur to tempt you as He allowed him to bemunt St. Parl and Joh, and indeed all and He note you to be patient while He works out His purpose in your soul. Look, therefore, on the temptations with which you are beent as so many changes by which you may resist, and so advance. Indeed I would not bid you to see snything else from God but grate to oversome. With each temptather that comes there are our use. and the good of your soul. And do not bediscouraged if these temptations last as long as your life in this world. Do ment gest discouraged in the Christian ide and be tempted to may: "I make no advance, became I am not free from temptation. But rather in the midet of your brisk may with St. Paul: "I

#### THE MINISTEY.

WEAT INDICEMBNT IN PROTESTANT DEM POR TOURS WHEN

of the mission neveneer for the con- spread arms of the Reference arm of non-Catholins, has a most afros graew beanot ris to lacifogone and to sameled maniferent the Holy Pather se against the amaries We. That orgents or that suatre seems the most erforme wing of liberal manger, is everyone sepesaling to us, from smoon non-Catholius and it speaks "Come nate Me, and I will give you ism among non-Catholius and it speaks "Co of the recent titlerance of the Holy read. Father as only applied evidence that take research that would take nothing music that seems to be one of the most for the sended truth except what is special jury we are to have in heaven, proven by empirical evidence, that beyond all size in our churches is the smalld even deny the existence of a Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. and because its elbelveness defea the Emmattes, God, with its with its all samples, or the existence of God be days into the end of the world; and

any hospility to that large-minded dear house, His house, to find their juy smiontain method that admits revels and rest.

the ashoromory, that is now eviscenst-pendulat using and we now each his girl bernell or through the manager fing much at the religious life of the works, the praises of the beauty of the store Mrs. Eyan ofers a charge day. If The Ordinok notific but see it, boliness and the loveliness of the taber fight the disease, and there is never nation of the Lord, those tabernacies but one supplication—" that notifing be wittellity of Protestantism and is a wherein a man was accounted blest to said about it." deploye in the department of religion.

Dr. Burrell, who is staurch and We read of the illustrious artist,

The rest there is no God but is v.

and he made this snewer, dreamily:

"I saw waiting till they have taken as country, where if ying a venues of anothless, you would be likely to remain then: I saw targed to specific had been such as the lost? To seek and to save the lost? But they passened, of power, of reality, of say there are no find. To preach the patient, of hollness, and of sancallying truth? What truth? A personal God?

They may there is no God but is v. as around a subdirection and to save the lost of the country of patients. The may there is no God but is v. age to be adounted for by natural laws. Is some one absorbed in prayer before a statue, and the is affirmed to have been other in the dear devotion of the Way.

"It seems to me there is no other in the dear devotion of the Way."

are righthed away suppose I devote uposit to the prescring of chica. But where shall I find my chines? In the Bibs? Pools pools! The Bible is movely one of the many volumes of the world's liberature and by no means the truest of them In the demlorne? The anthomy back of it than any other portion of this dispredited book. Is there, then, no ultimate authority for broth and morals? Only in the inner con-actionness of the individual. The question of entering the ministry, then,

resolves abself anto this : Shall I invent the assets of my life in a profession which has no end but to persuade s man no believe what pleases him, be what he would like no be, and do what, in his opinion, without may reference to " suthority," he ought to do? And, that being so, is the game worth the cundle !

"If he is really a "smart" young mus

he will be some he surver no knows that he has only one life to live in this world, and it behooves him to make the most of it. He would be a tool to put all his eggs in snot a basket as the ministry of the New Theology. It isn't worth while. The man who shops word to help people keep warn and hake their bread is a contributor to the general good, but the man who thes when he has nothing to say non-producer. His profession ought to fall for want of cantidates. ensure there is nothing in it. It is a marbabe, however, to assume that bright young men are not conscora-ing themselves, here and there are everywhere, to the work of presching the straight gospel. The doubter drope out; why not? But the youth who be lieves in Christ and the Bible poveds the privilege of treading in the beaten path of service; and he shows that the

#### THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF THE CATEOLIC CHURCE.

will there ever be."

higher form of service is promising a positive gospel, on the authority of a

Thus saidh the Lord," with the

The Catholic Church is a marvellous Rosherer and preserver of the arts that emposite and elevate the soul of man-People sometimes that his best grand address, planted among and built large by by the poor; yet these edifines are the first homes of the poor, their source. their condort, the strong and ghorious uplifiers of their eyes and thoughts from sortist owns and parting trible.

PALEDIE. Anonitecture, music, poetry, history, dignified be the high perfection, and to quote St Augustine, the branculity of order, al courtiers of the Catholic Church. poor man enders the samed walls of her calledrals. Within and without What nobility of abruchure in valued of your trials say with 5t. Paul: "I not," in measure pillars, in septing arones, meets his gaze! What pir these hard up for me a mover of justice in these hard upon the walls and glow from the state of glass windows! Departed there is the story of Christ's Passion in the way of the Oross, the Olivies stadions, seven or each side while the windows tell of the Christ stopy the saids and angels in their The Missionsry, published at the givey and over the grant, high aliast a possible wishing facuse and the organ is the science crucify, with the widerepre the Sacret Heart, or that Chris in the

The spent of the impense lingers on a position of hostillity to the flowers that adorn the albara. The play throughout within and without the third finite for the place, music burch. Tes, there is at not that is the contains overflow of the gen by any lines in the spectrum.

There is not, and never has been, glad His children who come to His

d phone things that are not proven in him had way, contaction before ; and the passed in a large, and either to t

Strong in his sid faith, touches of the Murillo, that he used to State hours to house the greatest doctor for interrogent and the faith touches of the Murillo, that he used to State hours the faith the greatest doctor for interrogent faith the greatest doctor for interrogent faith the greatest doctor for interrogent faith. There are whose colories or interrogent faith the greatest doctor for interrogent faith. There are whose colories or interrogent faith the greatest doctor for interrogent faith. There are supported by the murillo, that he had not been a faith the greatest doctor for interrogent faith the greatest doctor faith the greatest doctor faith the greatest doctor faith the greatest fai

They say there is no God but law, an artist's admiration and to embodie unaided by Mes Ryan.

Sometime, not ourselves, his whole being to inself. Feet is not that maketh for right-someness? The supermatural? They say that the supermatural? They say that the supermatural? They say that the supermatural played out, and all things of the Catholic faith? Here olicit of the ivery needles stopped, and

The idea that an requires explanation is to it all but devotion to the heavity of to see the young men and women of the united to first and by faith? What is it but our regly to the years point by this dread disease. I have seen before an objection and joint had not not considered as fundamental are rigidized away suppose I devote on the condition of the condit not worship graves images, though living—and yet nothing could be done.
Ignorant men may accuse us of it; but We have had to stand by and watch we do love and venerate those things a life that was so dear to us slip a way that recall to our minds and hearts our by inches as the days passed. I just that recall to our minds and hearts our by hones as the d true Friend and Lover, and we know can't talk about it." that these things help to elevate the soul, and to refine it, and to win it

#### OLD - PASHIONED HEART AND NEW-FASEIONED MIND.

GLIMPSE OF IMES. THOS. F. RYAN AND HER ACTIVITIES.

The New York Herald recently con-Evan, which of the millionaire, which is pleasant to read because of the refresh ing contrast to the named type not only of wealth and fashion, but also of the modern "professional" philaphropial. Absorbing to the writer in the Herald Mrs. Eyat is unique among the women of her kind in New York, in that phil tanthropy has not become a fact at the difference lies in the wider scope of work made possible by the increase of her bushend's fortune. Her generous heart has not changed since the days

when "Tom" Ryan was a cherk at \$2 a week. Down in the Jestill Father, parish, in 16th street, there are men and wanter to-day who recount the munificence of "Tom" Ryan's wife thirty years ago, when her modest home was in a five-room apartment, then called " half a house."

Up in the big old-hashioned siming-room of her First avenue home, where the greater part of her like is spend, Ryan's friends find her a of the fastioned beart and new fast koned mind. The phonures, the chints opvered chairs, the music bur, the tribbing needles and the darring ball speak of the simplicity of her manure, while the up-to date fish-top deal, over in the south corner, with the nest rolls of files and its tellephone, tell of another side to her mature. These two exprenses of the modest home loving onsewife, and the oversient century Woman of afairs, are constantly meet ing in the life of Mrs. Eyan. Many three a day the click of the front Enduing beedles give way to the cal ы порогами бинивыя в пенняе бу beliephone. Between the matches round a baby sould or a thry hood, churches are built, hospitals planned who was given by and victus flattrens.

HER DOMINED OF PUBLICATE No public at bacy prior has ever parried the name of Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan. She does not often give to pubcollections, and it is said that she has done an, with the guilt went the Phis retirence is not afectation. Putlimity as Mrs. Ryan s bete moure.

When Mrs. Ryan Williamed a clear trons railroad Wreck hear her country remidence at Suffern and may the made guate provision for the ill and wounded she built and encoved a fine hospital there. When a reporter went to ower the story, Mrs. Bysh said :

Why should shything be written should this? They needed a hospital and I was able to provide it. It is nothing more than I should have fone, balk shout it? Say that they have a hospital, but for t mention ny out well find some wa who does hard work all days every week and on the sewenth pives her nime women, and this for no compensation. There are hundreds of such women in that story would do more good and be more indereshing than to just print a year about my doing this latine thing. Mrs. Ryan dices, be it to build a califedrel, a church, a hospital or mission, It is a sample thing to find employ-ment for men and wamen who have others depending upon back efforts; it is a binthe thing to make work for women who are included by the progress of the day to meet the demands of present conditions. It is a hande thing to send an ill women or a definate buy out into God's noun-bry, where the air is undefied, the fold expression. The preliate nobly ad-nounishing and the sprain of work is units that he finds it a little difficult

NOWE OF THE STATUTE THOMAS

Many a shop girl in New York has been driven to No. 60 Pitth avenue in which as a month of truth, a well as the well as the string, enabling, and satisfying both to be more hunts from the corruge and gone settlemes of a region of infrance that the Church has exerted for the interest of Mrs. Ryan. On her threath beyond the ten of amentafic remake it, just as the scheduler has told

as of the stars beyond the ten of amentafic remake it, just as the scheduler has told

as of the stars beyond our rision.

It is tout amentafic better that is

senson in the word, in the stars beyond our rision.

The tout amentafic better that is

senson in the word of the ten of the star beyond shoulders and a

senson in the tree, should not be the tired, should not be the star beyond the tree, should not the star be one is never

fewersh Church began this work in the

fewersh quite : such a one is never

Out in the dry sand desert of Artonoma, where manure has proved that We read of the Elementary artist, she is the greatest doctor for butered the Production ministry. He says, close the church; someone saked seeking health, Mrs. Sysnator the direct children of the round man who is shinking of entering the ministry;

"Put yourself in his place. With

"I saw walting till they have taken supposed in that country, where living

a more expedient man. The stonement? of the Cross, another at the crib. What physical affliction so terrible in this

And after another pause, the ivory needles slipped on again, weaving out some to Josus Christ.—Shored Heart a soft fine garment for some poor women's child.

Mrs. Ryan is never idle, and her fine white hards work ceased and J. Many a humble hard working woman in New York has proudly dressed her baby in clothes that were made by the riol

HER WETBODS. Mrs. Eyer is interested in wage-erners of every class, and there are lew fields of labor in this country she has not sided in some way. Several years ago she was in a great herry to ged beliephone connection with a bost es office. It was at the rush and the Gramercy office was very busy. Mrs. Ryan beard the weary wome of operator come over the wire can't get them now : I'll ber again and

That alternoon Mrs. Byan called the manager's office. "What happens to ill operators ?" she saled. "Wly, they go home," was the sur-

DECEMBE BILLIAMENT

But you don't take care of them when they get ill? Most of those girls or their families need what they make. Don't you take care of them at all when they get Ill ?"

No. The telephone company doesn't take care of the employees—at couldn't afford to do that. But before that day's sun went down Mrs. Eyan had permanently endowed four rooms at St. Vancent's Hospital for ill or work out dephone operators, and the managers of all the offices were notified that this had been done. As usual, Mrs. Eyan's name was not mentioned. In the same manner three rooms were endowed for nurses, who spending their lives in the care of the III, are not cared for gradie at any of the New York hospitals when them own beath breaks.

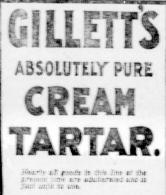
But these are only a few of the small and untrown charities of this woman, who gives away \$1,000 000 every year. As a philandhropist ber work has been far-reaching. She has built more oburbbes and missions for orphan asylums and hospitals bian and other Dring person. AS A CAMBOOLOG

For nearly a quarter of a century Mrs. Bysa has had one or another of her some at Georgehown University. Her poungest son is now completing a scientistic course there, and to conmemorate this she has given an \$18 000 gymnasium, one of the finest diving hals in the country, thoroughly equipped, and several additions to the tri-versity library. She has also excloved spholageltips there, and in many other universides, where subliness boys without means can be given the best

Mrs. Eyan has the privilege of a chapel in her private car, the Pere Marquette, which honor has been er tended to only one other person, the Queen of Spain. In her many tours her out and any radious employees or others desiring to attend Mass were welcomed. She has a private chapel in her Pilith avenue home, and one of the finest private thapels in the United States attached to her residence at Sufferen. when other women of wealth organishing from a might's pleasure in the early hours of the morning, Mrs. Ryan is up and about, and the first hour of the sparise finds her beginning Is in always " a little thing " that ber day with the service of God in her DINE THE

#### SOME CONTROVERSIES The controversy now progressing in

the North American Review, between Architectop Ireland and Professor Briggs is specially notable for the absence of all "oding theologicum" and personalities. It is formible argument or him to rival the coursesy Professor, but he does it in an admirable manner. The North American Review of Ingersoll's day was different ly conducted. George Harrey, the present editor, is a model of fairness and proportiony. In a recent issue of the Freeman's Journal Ser. published, reveals how Judge Black was charred from conditions his versy with the food-mornhed biasphen-Ingerso and how that sprey one



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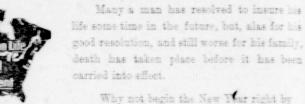
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with the roted Ostholic effitor. This reminds me of a conversation I once had with Gordon Clierk of Washington, D. C., one of the most pungent of writters. I told Clierke that the one charitable explanation of ingersol's turpitude was demonic possession. Mr. Clarke replied : "I never thought of that. It is probably true. I knew the Colonel well. On all other subjects but the Christian religion, he was same and often Juninous. When the name of Christ or His relligion was mention ed, his face twitched convulsively, his trame became distorted and his language betrayed the apparent passion of an evil apirit." what must be thought of a North American Review editor who con Ingersoll's withedness ? Harvey is a different kind of a man, and all honor to thin I-James R. Randall in Catholic Columbian.

is a voyage, in the progress of which we are continually charging our spenes. We first leave thisthood behind us, then pouls, then the years of ripened manhood, ther the better and most pleasing part of old age. If one good chambe goes by you, just

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S. T. L.

ORD

It was said that Napoleon's presence in a battle doubled the strength of his in a battle doubled the strength of the forces. Half the effectiveness of an army resides in the soldiers' faith in their leader. When the leader doubts,

hesitates, wavers, the whole army is thrown into confusion; but his confidence doubles the assurance of every man under him.

The mental faculties, like soldiers,

must believe in their leader — the unconquerable will. The mind of the
doubter, the hesitator, the waverer,
the man who is not sure of himself, who thinks he is not equal to what he has undertaken, is set toward failure, and everything works against him. There is a weakening all along the line.

Is a weakening all along the line.

In an emergency, as in danger, a man can often perform feats of great strength which he could not even approximate in cold blood. Arousing a man multiplies his power tremendously. Think of what delicate men and women, even invalids, have accomplished when dominated by some supreme occasion or a mighty passion. The imperious "must" gives added strength and unusual power to all the faculties. So great self-faith, an unwavering self-confidence, braces the entire man, physically, mentally, morally. It physically, mentally, morally. It raises him to his highest power, and makes him do with ease what would be impossible without this wonderful

An overmastering faith in oneself often enables comparatively ignorant men and women to do marvelous things — feats which sensitive, timid, doubt ing people, of far greater ability and much finer texture and nobler qualities

shrink from attempting.
Your achievement will never rise higher than your self-faith. It would be as reasonable for Napoleon to have expected to get his army over the Alps by sitting down and declaring that the undertaking was too great for him, as for you to hope to achieve anything significant in life while harboring grave

onbts and fears as to your ability.

The miracles of civilization have en performed by men and women of great self confidence, who had unwavering faith in their power to accomplish the tasks they undertook. The race would have been centuries behind what it is to day had it not been for their grit, their determination, their persistence in finding and making real the thing they believed in and which the world often denounced.

The Law Of Success.

There is no law by which you can get success without expecting it, vigorously demanding it, assuming it. There must be a strong, firm self-faith first, or the thing will never come. cannot rise higher than its source. A great success must have a great source expectation, in self-confidence, and persistent endeavor to attain it. matter how great the ability, how large the genius, or how splendid the education, the achievement will never rise higher than the confience. He can who thinks he can, and he can't who thinks he can,

It does not matter what other people think of you, of your plans, or of your aims. No matter if they call you a visionary, a crank, or a dreamer, you must believe in yourself. If you formust believe in yourself. If you for-sake yourself by losing your could ence, you can accomplish nothing. Never allow anybody or any misfor-tune to shake your belief in yourself. may lose your property, your h, your reputation, even, but there is always some hope for you so

The men who do not go to Church would give them. They are living in their lower natures—lives, at best, of their lower natures—lives, at best, of refined or asthetic animalism, but more probably immoral, corrupt and sensual. Loss of religion, luke-warm ness in it, results commonly from violations of the moral law—from the loss of honesty, chastity or sobriety. Honest, not hypocritical, churchegoing, would bring men back to virtue and piety, through instruction, prayer and worship, through strengthening and purifying sacraments, and through sympathy, good example and mutual help. Right reason teaches the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, the filial relation of man to God, and the moral interval of the soul, the existence of God, the filial relation of man to God, and the moral interval of the soul, the existence of God, the filial relation of man to God, and the moral interval of the soul, the existence of God, the filial relation of man to God, the filial relation of man to God, and sould not have hurt Johnny or got the chance; they had no food; and had not even taken their overcoats. They had travelled ten miles, and had on the even taken their overcoats. They had travelled ten miles, and had on the even taken their overcoats. They had to not even taken their overcoats. They had to a big town, but it was dark to his friends; but he had a sense of humor which was a little wicked, and cold, and spowing, and men and could not resist the delight of "stuffied up." Of course his nonsense about the horrors of flogging was not all believed, but it left an impression; and ten minutes had not passed before the horrors of flogging was not all believed, but it left an impression; and ten minutes had not passed before the horrors of flogging was not all believed, but it left an impression; and ten minutes had not possed before the horrors of flogging was not all believed, but it left an impression; and ten minutes had not possed to his creation to have hum possed before the horrors of mortality of the soul, the existence of God, the filial relation of man to God, and the moral law graven on men's hearts by the obedience to the moral law is necessary for man's happiness here and hereafter, and for the best good of human society. Therefore, if there were no Christian revelation nor Christian church at all, wise and true men would form ethical and religious societies, to have the aid of association in the greatest of all concerns.

Signs of Deterioration of Character. When you are satisfied with medio-

when commonress doesn't trouble

When you do not feel troubled by a poor day's work, or when a slighted job does not haunt you as it once did. When you are satisfied to do any thing "just for now," expecting to do

the midst of confused, systemless surroundings which you might remedy.

When you can listen without pro

When you can listen without protest to indecent stories.

When your ambition begins to cool and you no longer demand the same standard of excellence that you once did.

When you do not make a confidant of your mother as you once did, or are ill at ease with her.

When you begin to think the minutes, while Johnny's sobs and so sill ngs gradually died away.

"You poor, foolish, little fellow!" said Father McReady at last, stroking the child's hair; you foolish, little fellow! What did you want to run away from me for? I try to be kind to you."

By degrees, as Father McReady When you begin to think your father an old fogy.

When at ease with her.

By degrees, as Father McReady talked, Johnny lost his fear, and began to talk too.

When you begin to associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and you would not want the members of your families to know that you know.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

> By Rev. George Bampfield. CHAPTER VI.

FATHER MCREADY'S STORY.

" Do you think he'il flog us?" said Johnny, with tears in his eyes. He had talked very bravely about it the night before, but for all that he had lain awake a little longer than usual, and visions of home—his father's caress-ing arms and his mother's kiss—had mixed with visions of himself writhing

beneath the master's lash.

'He'll flog us right enough,' said
Corney, "you've had your warnings,
haven't you, Pop?"

"What warnings?" said Johnny.

"Oh! he always gives two warnings; it's hop, skip, and a jump with Father McReady. The first time you disobey -anything bad, you know—he gives a little hop at you—talks to you—makes himself certain, he says, that "you know the law, poor boy;" the second time it's a skip, a little further than the hop; he looks angry, and blows you up; and some of the fellows say his blowings up are worse than his

floggings."
"Yes," put in Hardwin, "I do hate to be jawed at."

'You, you Rhinoceros,' laughed Corney, 'no wonder: your skin's so hard; a flogging's nothing to you. Why! it would take a cart whip worked by a sixty-horse power steam engine to make you feel. Well, Johnny, the third time Father McReady jumps, and the further you are away from him when

he jamps the better."
"Does he hit hard?" "Don't he?" said Corner; "he don't do it often, but when he does it, he does it.

"But oh! I say! does it hurt much?" The mischievous twinkle was in Corney's eyes, and a curl of humour about the corners of his mouth, spite of his own expected flogging, as he made answer, "Awful! it's the worst punishment out, you know. They have it now for fellows they can't cure with prison or anything else.'

"How does it feel?"
"On! the first stroke is just like a thousand cats fastening their claws into you."
"And the second?" said Hardwin,

laughing. " And the second is like those same thousand cats drawing their claws out There are no accidents in this world.

There is no room for chance in God's world of system and supreme order. Everything must have not only a cause, but also a sufficient cause—a cause as large as the result. A stream you know, you don't feel it so much."

"" Does he give fifty and Lebes on the cause of the cause o "Does he give fifty?" said Johnny, turning still whiter than before —

"nonsense."

" Fifty!" said Corney. "Ah! he's a one-er when he's at it. Fifty's not the number for what he gives." The spirit of "stuffing up" was in Corney, and he did not leave his poor little victim till he had drawn a picture of horrors, some of which at least Johnny's fears drove him to believe Johnny's true. He told how when he was flogged himself he had five times fainted and been brought to by burnt feathers, Father McReady still standing over him to apply the birch the moment he off full of life and spirits and went on for six weeks afterwards, and a London physician of great eminence had been called in to rescue him from the jaws of death. "That's what makes me so long," said Corney: "I was quite a dump before that flogging; but people

When Cornelius scampered away, chuckling at his own cleverness, he and the air soit, but of a sudden the

done.

Johnny now felt the thousand cats tearing at him with more fury than ever; his flogging was certain; and he shed a deluge of tears as, in obedience to a summons from Brother Severus, he left Hardwin and entered Father Mc-Ready's room alone.

Ready's room alone.

He could scarcely believe it true, when Father McRady, getting up from the table where he had been writing, took him by the hand and made him sit down on a little low chair haids him settled him on the head and thing "just for now," expecting to do
it better later.

When you can work antroubled in

wanted to have a talk with him. He

"Please, Sir, I didn't know it was any harm. It isn't wrong to run away,

reason, so he didn't know what you edness wanted. Little dogs can't be naughty, you see, Jonnny; but little boys can away at least those of them who we got away

well then, you see to run away is an not a to parents; unless there's some very strong reason, it could never be right. Little dogs need not stop where they're put; little boys must. God puts them

"Some time ago, there were three boys about your age, wao became great irlends together. They were always up and down the playground together, with their arms around each other's necks, talking. I don't like too much of that sort of thing "that sort of thing "ther McReady, by the way—I would rather see boys playing go to sleep; one even too slee

"No father and mother-or rather, what is worse—one of them had a father, but he had left his child. He brought me the boy when he was but a baby—a poor, diseased, miserab e baby—and after a few months I heard no more of him. I took care of the poor orphan baby till he grew up into strong, healthy, boy."
"My father wouldn't leave me,"

dren. What should I have them about goods in a shop, Johnny, they don't pay. Well! the poor little fellows, after they had been with me a good many years, got reading tales about Robinson Crusoe and that sort of thing and took it into their heads to

go away. Far away in the North-two hundred miles away-one of them had a cousin, he didn't know where. They would go and find him, and then live happy together—the three by themselves—with no lessons, and no masters, and no one to interfere with their friendship. " How would they get food ?" asked

Johnny. "They didn't think of that. So one

there is always some hope for you so long as you keep a firm taith in your self. If you never lose that, but keep pushing on, the world will somer or later make way for you, and you may regain the confidence of those who have denounced you.—O. S. M. in Success.

Religion is Needed.

Success.

Su

need most the good things the Church | did not know what harm his words had | wind changed; it became bitterly cold;

Wrangle was in great trouble; he would not have hurt Johnny or got him into mischief for the world, and he was mightily relieved when he was told an hour or so after wards that the two had returned, looking very sheepish in the care of a policeman who had suspected and brought them back in triumph.

Johnny now felt the thousand cats tearing at him with more fury than the lightest breath of cold wird in the infirmary—could not stand wind in the infirmary-could not stand up against this strong wind. 'I cannot go on!' he said, 'let us sit down!"'

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"Did they sit down all in the wet

and snow?" said Johnny.
"Oaly for a time; they got up and "Yes, Johany, it is. Didn't I see you playing yesterday with my little dog, 'Brindle'?"
"Yes," answered Johany, wondering what Brindle had to do with it.
"Well! you were calling him naughty and threatening to beat him."
"He wouldn't stop where I put him," said Johany, getting interested; "I wanted him to stand up on his hind legs in a corner, and he wouldn't."
"Poor Brindle! I think you were a little nard on him. First of all, he isn't your dog, so he wasn't bound to the your don't like to speak; they did not like, poor foolish lads, to

isn't your dog, so he wasn't bound to they start, and the five foolish lads, to obey you; and then he hasn't any tell the tale of their folly, and wretchand weakness made their shywanted. Little dogs can't be naughty, you see, Jonnoy; but little boys canat least those of them who've got reason. Tell me, my son, who put you here?'
'' 'f'ather,'' said Johnny, beginning to whimper.

Here are a deeper; and though their lives began to be in danger, they shrank began to be in danger, they shrank boy non his beat, but the driving snow blinded him, and the boys were afraid to cry out. Cart after cart came to whimper. to whimper.

"Did no wish you to stop?"

"Yes," said Johnny.

"And to obey your masters? Very and to obey your masters? Very that to obey your masters are to run away is an one farther—the top of a could go no farther-the top of a rise in the road, and down in a w, in the midst of trees, was a smal ottage. The light from its windows shone cheerily out, and the poor boys looked at it and longed to be under the put; little boys must. God puts them where they are, and puts their master to take care of them. Now, listen, Johnny, while I tell you a story."

And Johnny left off whimpering and settled himself to listen.

"Some time ago, there were three colldren to be alone; how they need, as God wills them to reed, the help of

of them lay quietly down and tried to jacket and wrapped it round his head. for the wind had blown his cap away, 'and his head,' he said, 'was cold. "No father and mother—or rather,
"No father and mother—or rather,
"No father and mother—or rather, pleasant to him, and he went away so

j)yously-but it was not pleasant now. "Poor, poor boy! his sobs grew weaker and weaker, and he ran about less : and at last, as the dull morning

trembling lip. "My father wouldn't leave me," said Johnny.

"No, my boy, he wouldn't; how can parents do it? but they do it an these bad days, and this one did it."

"Did you like the bys?" said Johnny, getting still a little nearer to Father McReady.

"Of course I did. I like all-children. What should I have them about the said o'clock a workman came by and found them; and help was got from the cottage in the dip of the hill whose friendly light had shone upon the n in vain. He was not dead; they bore them all into the warm shelter of a gentleman's farmhouse close at hand; into the shelter of warm hearts, and wise hearts; with love " About 6 o'clock a workman came hearts, and wise hearts; with love enough to tend them with no stint of me for if I didn't? They are not like pains; and wisdom to win back the goods in a shop, Johnny, they don't ebbing life by slow degrees. But for pay. Well! the poor little fellows, poor little James it was all in vain; he opened his eyes once on the shelter and the love he had cried for—and he

" And the other two?"

Hail from

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" The other two did not so much as take cold; and they are now you schoolfellows, and one of them iswill you guess, Johnny ?"

Who, Father? "Thomas Hardwin, who tempted you to run away this morning; so easily," murmured Father McReady, "do boys forget lessons, and forget kindness!
"Please, Father," said John

slipping his hand into Father Mc-Ready's, "I will not run away again." "Do not, my child; the day that poor lad died was the saddest day of my life. But after all, Johnny, his death was not so very sad ; he is warm and sheltered and happy in heaven, I doubt not. It would be sadder a great deal, my poor toy, if you were to fall into mischief; and boys do fall into mis chief if they begin with running away. God bless you, Johnny, and keep you good.'

There were tears in Johnny's eyes as he went out, and he did what only a Catholic boy would naturally do. The Oratory door was open, and be stole in and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, and then before the image of our Lady; " oh! mother!" he said, "it very hard to be good; please help

A few minutes afterwards Corney was standing in the passage, when Johnny rushed by him, hiding his face. "Hallo!" said Corney, "I wonder "Hallo!" said Corney, "I wonder what's up now? I must look after that buy better," mused Corney in a fatherly kind of way, "or he'll gowrong."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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LONDON, CANADA

MIGH HONOR FOR PUBLIC -SPIRITED PRIEST.

Doane of Newark, N. J., was unveiled in Rector Park, that city, last week with exercises remarkable for the fact that the great throngs who participated had almost nothing in common save their reverence for the memory of a man who was venerated as a good man who was venerated as a good priest and a good citizen. Catholics and Protestants, churchman and lay man, joined in the demonstration and the life of Mgr. Doane was extelled with equal fervor by a Governor elect, among the people. The Government

and it was accepted by Mayor Hauss-ling in an appropriate speech. Other speakers were Bishop O'Connor, Governor elect John Franklin Fort, Con-gressman R. Wayne Parker, Rabbi Lenght and Rev. Louis S. Osborne.

Lencht and Rev. Louis S. Osborne.

"It is a slight tribute to speak good of a man of whom we could not say aught else," said the rabbi. "His whole life was one of devotion to every good cause. Magr. Doane was a patriotic American citizen, loving our great country for the lofty principles for which it stands. He took ciples for which it stands. He took spire her children to the performance the warmest interest in all that ten of heroic and mintly deeds. As, by ied to the betterment and improve her commands, she upbuilds characte

ing laurels were his extreme simplicately and his unbounded charity. He upheld the rights of all humanity irremeath their gentle sway; Patagonia. spective of creed or racial distinction, judge in righteousness the poor and defenseless, to plead for the oppressed, with all pervading eloquence to maintain justice, love and mercy. He was with all pervading eloquence to main-tain justice, love and mercy. He was a father to the fatherless, drying the orphan's tears and stilling the widow's bitter sob, benefactor to the needy giving while it was his to give giving while it was his to give, and with it all so modest and retiring that his own right hand knew not what his

"Monsignor Doane still lives and others through the influences of noble character and charitable deed. He character and charitable deed. He women "Sister" and "Mother," and will live in the reflection of all who knew him, and coming generations, when they look up to this monument, will learn that it immortalizes a man who was appreciated and honored for his manly virtues, a man of the purest battle-field in the driving storm of shot and shell. They are the spiritual "Such is my humble tribute to Father Doane, the tribute of the Jew-

Magr. Doane was a convert to the thing for Him and His. Taith and a brother of the Episcopal Very different, sometimes, in rule, in Bishop Doane of Albany. He labored as a priest and citizen in Newark for great religious orders; but the chief apwards of forty years.

#### IRISH COERCION.

London, Feb. 3.-The Earl of Dudley, Conservative, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Mr. Balfour's ministry, 1902-05, created somewhat of a sensation among the Unionist benches of the House of Lords this avaning by disassociating himself entirely from the policy of coercion in Ireland. He advocated opposition. The leaders of the policy of coercion in Ireland. He advocated opposition. The leaders of the present Liberal Government, the Earl of Dudloy said, were not going far enough in their concillatory methods to please him. The policy of coercion cat the root of all true union between Engiand and Ireland; it would gialdly have, not one life but ten trees to spare in His service and to end upon the scaffold and the block. With Theophane Venard they cry, "Long any many suffering last for Christian Yardhadaya, and the service and to end upon the scaffold and the block. With Theophane Venard they cry, "Long any suffering last for Christian My Lord!" With Peter Claver they end upon the scaffold and the block. With Theophane Venard they cry, "Long any suffering last for Christian My Lord!" With Peter Claver they end upon the scaffold and the block. With Theophane Venard they cry, "Long any suffering last for Christian My Lord!" With Peter Claver they end upon the scaffold and the block. With Theophane Venard they cry, "Long any suffering last for Christian My Lord!" With Peter Claver they end upon the scaffold and the block. With Theophane Venard they cry, "Long any suffering last for Christian My Lord!" With Peter Claver they end upon the scaffold and the block. With Theophane Venard they cry, "Long any suffering last for Christian My Lord!" With Peter Claver they are they can be seen that they cry they are they are they can be seen to be seen they cry they are they can be seen they can be seen to be seen the seen they can be seen they can be seen to be seen they can be seen to be seen they can be seen they can be seen they can be see mean war to the knife, and in the long contagion, wretchedness, if so they may run it would make the Government of win souls to heaven. Ireland impossible.

and such a policy would gain the ad- the Catholic Church. We ought remarks the Earl of Dudley was lous orders should be perused by us;

cheered heartily by the supporters of

STATUE OF MOR. DOANE UNVEILED IN
NEWARK, N. J.-A JEWISH RABBIS
Chief Secretary for Ireland, refused de-A monument to the late Mgr. G. H.

Doane of Newark, N. J. was unveiled in Rector Park, that city, last week with exercises remarkable for the fact that the great throngs who participated had almost nothing in common save the life of Mgr. Doane was extolled with equal fervor by a Governor elect, a Congressman, a Mayor, an Episcopal clergyman and a Hebrew rabit. a Congressman, a Mayor, an Episcopal clergyman and a Hebrew rabbi.

The Hon. James Smith, Jr., of Newark, presented the statue to the city, sire to seil, but they were holding out for unreasonably high prices.

ment of the commanty in which he lived: no movement for the public weal but it had in him the ablest promoter and strongest defender.

"He was a man who loved all his fellow men, making no distinction between man and man. Barriers which religions, nationalities and societies raise to separate one child of God from another, he knew them not, he stepped across them. But his crown so her commands, she upbuilds character, so by her counsels she incites men and women to the daily life of poverty, that do her discussions orders. Onward they go, like trained armies, those spiritual sons of Benedict and Augustine, of Francis and Dominic, of Vincent de Paul and Ignatius Loyola, of Alphonsus de Lignori and Paul of the Cross, of John Baptist de la Balle, of Dom stepped across them. But his crown Bosco, and of Cardinal Lavigarie. The deserts of Africa know their fearless neath their gentle sway; Patagonia, China, Japan each alike becomes their home, according as the great White Father at Rome parcels out the world

sacred fires illumine and inflame.

The women, too, leave all-home, parents, friends, wealth, ease, to themselves joyfully to the service of the sick, the old, the poor, the sinner will live on forever in the lives of the negro, the indian, the Hottentot call these delicate, high-bred, cultured wounds to be bound up, and their sore hearts to be comforted. The lepers re-joice to see these Sisters dwell in their midst; dying soldiers behold them on the daughters of Catherine of Siena and of Katherine Deexel, of Julie Billiart and who knew no creed, no race nor seeof Jesus; they have given up every-

idea is the glory of God, the love of Christ, the desire for personal perfection, the work all for God. God above all, and all in God; life to be lived for Him, death to be died for Him, martyr-ONE CONSERVATIVE EARL FAVORS dom to be rejoiced in for His sake, and all temptations to be scorned and power of the faith to rouse them to noble deeds, not in one era, not in one nation, but everywhere. Everywhere are vocations; through all the ages there are martyrs, and oiten martyrs who thank God for the grace and the opportunity to die for Him, and who

We, weaker men, shudder sometimes The only real solution of the Irish even to read what these noble men and question, the speaker continued, was to valiant women have done and borne be found in the prompt and consistent yet we are of the same hely lineage as remedying of the admitted grievances, they are, born of the same great mother, serence and support of a majority of know our kindred better than we do the people. At the conclusion of his know them. The annals of our relig

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the present-day deed of these orders should be familiar to us, and should be to us our glory. From fire like theirs sanctity is a contagion so is this saintly heroism. May our young men and young women in America rejoice to spend and be spent in Christ's service and to battle loyally and without self-seeking for the King Who died for them!—Sacred Heart Review.

#### A SUMMARY OF MODERNISM.

Monsignor Canon Moyes, writing on Modernism in the Ninetsenth Century and After, gives the history and the reasons for the condemnation of Modernism in a nutshell, so to speak, as

To the plain question, Why has the Pope condemned the Modernists? an answer sufficiently plain and substan tial may be given on the fingers of one

Because the Modernists have denied that the divine facts related in the Gospei are historically true.

2. Because they have denied that Christ for most of His life knew that He was God, and that He ever knew that He was the Saviour of the world.

3. Because they have denied the divine sanction, and the perpetuity of the great dogmas which enter into the Christian creed.

4. Because they have denied that Christ Himself personally ever founded the Church or instituted the Sacra

ments.
5. Because they deny and subvert by teaching that the Pope and the Bishops derive their powers not directly from Christ and His Apostles, but from the Christian people.

In conclusion, it may be observed that one of the plainest features of the Encyclical is that the doctrinal teaching, which Plus X opposes to these Modernist denials is one which rests upon the teaching of St. Paul and the Evangelists, and was the common property of the Fathers and the Councils long centuries before the Scholasties came into existence. Nothing, therefore, can be more puerile than any attempt to discount it as mere Scholasticism.—Boston Pilot.

SONGS OF THE AVERAGE MAN.

Sacred Heart Review. One of the best things in the book of verses "Songs of the Average Man" by Sam Walter Foss is his satire entitled "The 'New' Journalism." It is so good and so true, and fits in so well with the opinions so often expressed | Editor of the Catholic Record. by the Review on the same subject that we can not refrain from presenting is are two letters, one of which has (My dear to our readers :-

Ply your muck rakes, thrust them in To the fetid bogs of sin; Lift them dripping with the slime of the resuppole of our time; ugh our printing press

100,000 Pairs

MM Be Cines YMAN.

St. Louis, Mo.

St. George's

Baking Powder Glad of it, too! I don't get any more complaints—but lots of So out with these old lines."

Pour we through our printing press
Tons of moral purridness;
Let it through the land be spread,
Let the people all be fed.
Ply your mack-rakes with all haste,
Lest some fifth shall run to waste;
Rake out every carrion shape.
Let no noisome thing escape;
Heave it from your sewers vast,
We will scatter it broadcast.
This is stuff supremely good
for our hungry children a food.

Let the printing press be whirled Smear this sewage round the world : Let not your supply grow less
Dump it through our printing press:
Smear again its league long rolls—
Food, my masters, tood for souls.

This is surely a strong and striking picture of the procedure of the journal-sm which believes in printing every thing no matter how disgusting — nay, all the better for being so disgusting that it can find. Powerful as is this satire, it is perhaps unfair to quote it from this book and leave unquoted other poems that are full of the sweetness and sanity of Mr. Foss who, above all things, is a constitutional optimist. and whose portry, with all its depth and keenness of thought and strength of form, as a kindly flavor that makes it palatable to all who love what is old-fashioned and enduring. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Buston. Price

#### ABOUT PUNCTUATION.

arthorities on pure another authorities on pure attention and a think the propries sautation. And I think the propries sautation. And I think the propries sautation. There is no reason in sight why a letter might not be begin in this way — London, Feb. 5, 1982, not be begin in this way — any letter this morning, at a sautation and the sautation of the sautation

gaintation.
On page 368, there is (My dear Dr. Newman,
-); on page 372, (Very Reverend and Dear Sir); on page 373, (Very Rev. and Dear Sir); on page 374, (Very Reverend and Dear Sir); on page 374, (Very Reverend and Dear Sir); on A writer might as well put a semicolon,
period, or a boot jack after the salutation a
to put a colon.

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